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THE
Novelists Magazin
VOL. V.

CONTAINING

Tristram Shandy,
The Chinese Tales,
and
The Sisters.

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1781.

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THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY,

GENTLEMAN.

BY THE REV. MR. STERNE.

Ταῖσιν τὰς Ἀνθρώπων ὁ τὰ Πράγματα,
Ἀλλὰ τὰ περὶ τῶν Πραγμάτων, Δαίμονα.

LONDON:

Printed for HARRISON and Co. No. 18, Paternoster-Row.

M DCC LXXXI.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE MR. PITT,

SIR,

NEVER poor Wight of a Dedicator had leſs hopes from his Dedication, than I have from this of mine; for it is written in a bye corner of the kingdom, and in a retired thatched houſe, where I live in a conſtant endeavour to fence againſt the infirmities of ill health, and other evils of life, by mirth; being firmly perſuaded that every time a man ſmiles, but much more ſo when he laughs, it adds ſomething to this fragment of life.

I humbly beg, Sir, that you will honour this book, by taking it—(not under your protection, it muſt protect itſelf, but)—into the country with you; where, if I am ever told, it has made you ſmile, or can conceive it has beguiled you of one moment's pain—I ſhall think myſelf as happy as a miniſter of ſtate;—perhaps much happier than any one (one only excepted) that I have ever read or heard of.

I am, great Sir,

(and what is more to your honour)

I am, good Sir,

Your well-wiſher, and

moſt humble fellow-ſubject,

L. STERNE.

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

CHAP. I.

I Wiſh either my father or my mother, or indeed both of them, as they were in duty both equally bound to it, had minded what they were about when they begot me: had they duly conſidered how much depended upon what they were then doing—that not only the production of a rational being was concerned in it, but that poſſibly the happy formation and temperature of his body, perhaps his genius and the very caſt of his mind—and, for aught they knew to the contrary, even the fortunes of his whole houſe, might take their turn from the humours and diſpoſitions which were then uppermoſt—had they duly weighed and conſidered all this, and proceeded accordingly—I am verily perſuaded I ſhould have made a quite different figure in the world from that in which the reader is likely to ſee me.—Believe me, good folks, this is not ſo inconſiderable a thing as many of you may think it—you have all, I dare ſay, heard of the animal ſpirits, as how they are tranſfuſed from father to ſon, &c. &c.—and a great deal to that purpoſe——well, you may take my word, that nine parts in ten of a man's ſenſe or his nonſenſe, his ſucceſſes and miſcarriages in this world, depend upon their motions and activity, and the different tracts and trains you put them into; ſo that when they are once ſet a going, whether right or wrong, 'tis not a halfpenny matter—away they go cluttering like hey-go-mad; and, by treading the ſame ſteps over and over again, they preſently make a road of it, as plain and as ſmooth as a garden walk, which when they are once uſed to, the devil himſelf ſometimes ſhall not be able to drive them off it.

'Pray my dear,' quoth my mother, 'have you not forgot to wind up the 'clock?'—'Good G—d!' cried my father, making an exclamation, but taking care to moderate his voice at the ſame time, 'did ever woman, ſince the 'creation of the world, interrupt a 'man with ſuch a ſilly queſtion?'—'Pray, what was your father ſaying?'——'Nothing.'

CHAP. II.

——'Then, positively, there is no-
'thing in the question that I can see,
'either good or bad.'—'Then, let me
'tell you, Sir, it was a very unsea-
'sonable question at least; because it
'scattered and dispersed the animal spi-
'rits, whose business it was to have
'escorted and gone hand in hand with
'the *HOMUNCULUS*, and conducted
'him safe to the place destined for his
'reception.

'The HOMUNCULUS, Sir, in how-
'ever low and ludicrous a light he may
'appear in this age of levity, to the
'eye of folly or prejudice;—to the eye
'of reason in scientifick research, he
'stands confessed—a being guarded and
'circumscribed with rights. The mi-
'nutest philosophers, who, by the bye,
'have the most enlarged understand-
'ings, (their souls being inversely as
'their enquiries) shew us incontestibly,
'that the HOMUNCULUS is created
'by the same hand, engendered in the
'same course of nature, endowed with
'the same loco-motive powers and fa-
'culties with us:—that he consists, as
'we do, of skin, hair, fat, flesh, veins,
'arteries, ligaments, nerves, cartilages,
'bones, marrow, brains, glands, geni-
'tals, humours, and articulations—is
'a being of as much activity—and, in
'all senses of the word, as much and as
'truly our fellow-creature, as my Lord-
'chancellor of England.—He may be
'benefitted—he may be injured—he
'may obtain redress;—in a word, he has
'all the claims and rights of humanity,
'which Tully, Puffendorff, or the best
'ethick writers, allow to arise out of
'that state and relation.

'Now, dear Sir, what if any accident
'had befallen him in his way alone?—
'or that, through terror of it, natural
'to so young a traveller, my little gen-
'tleman had got to his journey's end
'miserably spent—his muscular strength
'and virility worn down to a thread—
'his own animal spirits ruffled beyond
'description—and that in this sad dis-
'ordered state of nerves he had lain down
'a prey to sudden starts, or a series of
'melancholy dreams and fancies, for
'nine long, long months together—I
'tremble to think what a foundation
'had been laid for a thousand weaknesses
'both of body and mind, which no skill
'of the physician or the philosopher could
'ever afterwards have set thoroughly to
'rights.'

CHAP. III.

TO my uncle Mr. Toby Shandy do I stand indebted for the preceding anecdote, to whom my father, who was an excellent natural philosopher, and much given to close reasoning upon the smallest matters, had oft, and heavily, complained of the injury—but once more particularly, as my Uncle Toby well remembered, upon his observing a most unaccountable obliquity (as he called it) in my manner of setting up my top, and justifying the principles upon which I had done it—the old gentleman shook his head, and in a tone more expressive by half of sorrow than reproach—he said his heart all along foreboded, and he saw it verified in this, and from a thousand other observations he had made upon me, that I should neither think nor act like any other man's child:—'But, alas!' continued he, shaking his head a second time, and wiping away a tear which was trickling down his cheeks, 'My 'Tristram's misfortunes began nine 'months before ever he came into the 'world.'

——My mother, who was sitting by, looked up—but she knew no more than her backside what my father meant—but my uncle, Mr. Toby Shandy, who had been often informed of the affair, understood him very well.

CHAP. IV.

I Know there are readers in the world, as well as many other good people in it who are no readers at all—who find themselves ill at ease, unless they are let into the whole secret, from first to last, of every thing which concerns you.

It is in pure compliance with this humour of theirs, and from a backwardness in my nature to disappoint any one soul living, that I have been so very particular already. As my Life and Opinions

Opinions are likely to make ſome noiſe in the world, and, if I conjecture right, will take in all ranks, profeſſions, and denominations of men whatever—be no leſs read than the Pilgrim's Progreſs itſelf—and, in the end, prove the very thing which Montaigne dreaded his Eſſays ſhould turn out, that is, a book for a parlour-window—I find it neceſſary to conſult every one a little in his turn; and therefore muſt beg pardon for going on a little farther in the ſame way: for which cauſe, right glad I am, that I have begun the hiſtory of myſelf in the way I have done; and that I am able to go on, tracing every thing in it, as Horace ſays, *ab ovo*.

Horace, I know, does not recommend this faſhion altogether: but that gentleman is ſpeaking only of an epick poem or a tragedy—(I forget which;)—beſides, if it was not ſo, I ſhould beg Mr. Horace's pardon; for in writing what I have ſet about, I ſhall confine myſelf neither to his rules, nor to my man's rules that ever lived.

To ſuch, however, as do not chuſe to go ſo far back into theſe things, I can give no better advice, than that they ſkip over the remaining part of this chapter; for I declare before-hand, 'tis wrote only for the curious and inquiſitive.

—— Shut the door —— I was begot in the night, betwixt the firſt Sunday and the firſt Monday in the month of March, in the year of our Lord one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighteen. I am poſitive I was.—But how I came to be ſo very particular in my account of a thing which happened before I was born, is owing to another ſmall anecdote known only in our family, but now made publick for the better clearing up this point.

My father, you muſt know, who was originally a Turky merchant, but had left off buſineſs for ſome years, in order to retire to, and die upon, his paternal eſtate in the county of ——, was, I believe, one of the moſt regular men in every thing he did, whether 'twas matter of buſineſs, or matter of amuſement, that ever lived. As a ſmall ſpecimen of this extreme exactneſs of his, to which he was in truth a ſlave, he had made it a rule for many years of his life, on the firſt Sunday-night of every month throughout the whole year — as certain as ever the Sunday-night came—to wind up a large houſe-clock, which we had ſtanding on the back-ſtairs head, with his own hands:—and being ſomewhere between fifty and ſixty years of age, at the time I have been ſpeaking of—he had likewiſe gradually brought ſome other little family concernments to the ſame period; in order, as he would often ſay to my Uncle Toby, to get them all out of the way at one time, and be no more plagued and peſtered with them the reſt of the month.

It was attended but with one misfortune, which, in a great meaſure, fell upon myſelf, and the effects of which, I fear, I ſhall carry with me to my grave; namely, that from an unhappy aſſociation of ideas which have no connection in nature, it ſo fell out at length, that my poor mother could never hear the ſaid clock wound up, but the thoughts of ſome other things unavoidably popped into her head—and *vice verſâ*:— which ſtrange combination of ideas, the ſagacious Locke, who certainly underſtood the nature of theſe things better than moſt men, affirms to have produced more wry actions than all other ſources of prejudice whatſoever.

But this by the bye.

Now it appears, by a memorandum in my father's pocket-book, which now lies upon the table, that on Lady-day, which was on the 25th of the ſame month in which I date my geniture—my father ſet out upon his journey to London with my eldeſt brother Bobby, to fix him at Weſtminſter-ſchool; and, as it appears from the ſame authority, that he did not get down to his wife and family till the ſecond week in May following—it brings the thing almoſt to a certainty. However, what follows in the beginning of the next chapter, puts it beyond all poſſibility of doubt.

—— 'But pray, Sir, what was your 'father doing all December, January, 'and February?'— 'Why, Madam, 'he was all that time afflicted with a 'ſciatica.'

CHAP. V.

ON the fifth day of November 1718, which, to the æra fixed on, was as near nine calendar months as any

huſband could in reaſon have expected —was I, Triſtram Shandy, gentleman, brought forth into this ſcurvy and diſaſterous world of ours.—I wiſh I had been born in the moon, or in any of the planets, (except Jupiter or Saturn, becauſe I never could bear cold weather) for it could not well have fared worſe with me in any of them (though I will not anſwer for Venus) than it has in this vile, dirty planet of ours—which, o' my conſcience, with reverence be it ſpoken, I take to be made up of the ſhreds and clippings of the reſt!——Not but the planet is well enough, provided a man could be born in it to a great title or to a great eſtate; or could any how contrive to be called up to publick charges, and employments of dignity or power—but that is not my caſe—and therefore every man will ſpeak of the fair as his own market has gone in it; —for which cauſe, I affirm it over again, to be one of the vileſt worlds that ever was made—for I can truly ſay, that from the firſt hour I drew my breath in it, to this, that I can now ſcarce draw it at all, for an aſthma I got in ſkaiting againſt the wind in Flanders—I have been the continual ſport of what the world calls Fortune; and though I will not wrong her, by ſaying ſhe has ever made me feel the weight of any great or ſignal evil—yet, with all the good temper in the world, I affirm it of her, that in every ſtage of my life, and at every turn and corner where ſhe could get fairly at me, the ungracious ducheſs has pelted me with a ſet of as pitiful miſadventures and croſs accidents as ever ſmall hero ſuſtained.

CHAP. VI.

IN the beginning of the laſt chapter, I informed you exactly *when* I was born; but I did not inform you *how*. No, that particular was reſerved entirely for a chapter by itſelf;—beſides, Sir, as you and I are in a manner perfect ſtrangers to each other, it would not have been proper to have let you into too many circumſtances relating to myſelf all at once—you muſt have a little patience. I have undertaken, you ſee, to write not only my Life, but my Opinions alſo; hoping and expecting that your knowledge of my character, and of what kind of a mortal I am, by the one, would give you a better reliſh for the other. As you proceed farther with me, the ſlight acquaintance, which is now beginning betwixt us, will grow into familiarity; and that, unleſs one of us is in fault, will terminate in friendſhip.—*O diem præclarum!*—then nothing which has touched me will be thought trifling in it's nature, or tedious in it's telling. Therefore, my dear friend and companion, if you ſhould think me ſomewhat ſparing of my narrative on my firſt ſetting out—bear with me—and let me go on, and tell my ſtory my own way:—or, *if I* ſhould ſeem now and then to triſle upon the road—or ſhould ſometimes put on a fool's cap with a bell to it, for a moment or two as we paſs along—don't fly off—but rather courteouſly give me credit for a little more wiſdom than appears upon my outſide;—and as we jog on, either laugh with me, or at me, or in ſhort, do any thing—only keep your temper.

CHAP. VII.

IN the ſame village where my father and my mother dwelt, dwelt alſo a thin, upright, motherly, notable, good old body of a midwife, who with the help of a little plain good ſenſe, and ſome years full employment in her buſineſs, in which ſhe had all along truſted little to her own efforts, and a great deal to thoſe of Dame Nature—had acquired, in her way, no ſmall degree of reputation in the world—by which word *world*, need I in this place inform your worſhip, that I would be underſtood to mean no more of it, than a ſmall circle deſcribed upon the circle of the great world, of four Engliſh miles diameter, or thereabouts, of which the cottage where the good old woman lived, is ſuppoſed to be the centre?—She had been left, it ſeems, a widow in great diſtreſs, with three or four ſmall children, in her forty-ſeventh year; and as ſhe was at that time a perſon of decent carriage—grave deportment—a woman moreover of few words, and withal an object of compaſſion, whoſe diſtreſs, and ſilence under it, called out the louder for a friendly

a friendly lift; the wife of the parſon of the pariſh was touched with pity—and having often lamented an inconvenience, to which her huſband's flock had for many years been expoſed, inaſmuch as there was no ſuch thing as a midwife, of any kind or degree, to be got at, let the caſe have been never ſo urgent, within leſs than ſix or ſeven long miles, riding—which ſaid ſeven long miles, in dark nights and diſmal roads, the country thereabouts being nothing but a deep clay, was almoſt equal to fourteen; and that in effect was ſometimes next to having no midwife at all—it came into her head, that it would be doing as ſeaſonable a kindneſs to the whole pariſh, as to the poor creature herſelf, to get her a little inſtructed in ſome of the plain principles of the buſineſs, in order to ſet her up in it. As no woman thereabouts was better qualified to execute the plan ſhe had formed than herſelf, the gentlewoman very charitably undertook it; and having great influence over the female part of the pariſh, ſhe found no difficulty in effecting it to the utmoſt of her wiſhes. In truth, the parſon joined his intereſt with his wife's in the whole affair; and in order to do things as they ſhould be, and give the poor ſoul as good a title by law to practiſe, as his wife had given by inſtitution—he chearfully paid the fees for the ordinary's licence himſelf, amounting in the whole, to the ſum of eighteen ſhillings and four-pence; ſo that, betwixt them both, the good woman was fully inveſted in the real and corporal poſſeſſion of her office, together with all it's *rights, members, and appurtenances whatſoever.*

Theſe laſt words, you muſt know, were not according to the old form in which ſuch licences, faculties and powers, uſually ran, which in like caſes had heretofore been granted to the ſiſterhood: but it was according to a neat *formula* of *Didius* his own deviſing, who having a particular turn for taking to pieces and new framing over again, all kind of inſtruments in that way, not only hit upon this dainty amendment, but coaxed many of the old licenſed matrons in the neighbourhood, to open their faculties afreſh, in order to have this whim-whām of his inſerted.

I own, I never could envy Didius in theſe kinds of fancies of his:—but every man to his own taſte.—Did not Dr. Kunaſtrokius, that great man, at his leiſure hours, take the greateſt delight imaginable in combing of aſſes tails, and plucking the dead hairs out with his teeth, though he had tweezers always in his pocket? Nay, if you come to that, Sir, have not the wiſeſt of men in all ages, not excepting Solomon himſelf—have they not had their HOBBY-HORSES;—their running-horſes—their coins, and their cockle-ſhells—their drums and their trumpets—their fiddles, their pallets—their maggots, and their butterflies?—and ſo long as a man rides his hobby-horſe peaceably and quietly along the king's highway, and neither compels you or me to get up behind him—pray, Sir, what have either you or I to do with it?

CHAP. VIII.

——*De guſtibus non eſt diſputandum*;—that is, there is no diſputing againſt hobby-horſes; and, for my part, I ſeldom don—or could I with any ſort of grace, had I been an enemy to them at the bottom; for happening, at certain intervals and changes of the moon, to be both fidler and painter, according as the fly ſtings——Be it known to you, that I keep a couple of pads myſelf, upon which, in their turns, (nor do I care who knows it) I frequently ride out and take the air;—though ſometimes, to my ſhame be it ſpoken, I take ſomewhat longer journies than what a wiſe man would think altogether right.—But the truth is, I am not a wiſe man;—and, beſides, am a mortal of ſo little conſequence in the world, it is not much matter what I do; ſo I ſeldom fret or fume at all about it: nor does it much diſturb my reſt, when I ſee ſuch great lords and tall perſonages as hereafter follow;—ſuch, for inſtance, as my Lord A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, and ſo on, all of a row, mounted upon their ſeveral horſes—ſome with large ſtirrups, getting on in a more grave and ſober pace—others, on the contrary, tucked up to their very chins, with whips acroſs their mouths, ſcouring and ſcampering

it

it away like ſo many little party-coloured devils aſtride a mortgage—and as if ſome of them were reſolved to break their necks.—'So much the better,' ſay I to myſelf; 'for in caſe the worſt ſhould 'happen, the world will make a ſhift 'to do excellently well without them; 'and, for the reſt—why—God ſpeed 'them—e'en let them ride on without 'oppoſition from me; for were their 'lordſhips unhorſed this very night, 'tis 'ten to one but that many of them 'would be worſe mounted by one half 'before to-morrow morning.'

Not one of theſe inſtances, therefore, can be ſaid to break in upon my reſt.—But there is an inſtance, which I own puts me off my guard, and that is, when I ſee one born for great actions—and, what is ſtill more for his honour, whoſe nature ever inclines him to good ones;—when I behold ſuch a one, my lord, like yourſelf, whoſe principles and conduct are as generous and noble as his blood, and whom, for that reaſon, a corrupt world cannot ſpare one moment;—when I ſee ſuch a one, my lord, mounted, though it is but for a minute beyond the time which my love to my country has preſcribed to him, and my zeal for his glory wiſhes—then, my lord, I ceaſe to be a philoſopher, and in the firſt tranſport of an honeſt impatience, I wiſh the hobby-horſe, with all his fraternity, at the devil.

'MY LORD,

'I Maintain this to be a dedication, 'notwithſtanding it's ſingularity 'in the three great eſſentials of matter, 'form, and place: I beg, therefore, 'you will accept it as ſuch, and that 'you will permit me to lay it, with the 'moſt reſpectful humility, at your lord-'ſhip's feet—when you are upon them '—which you can be when you pleaſe; '—and that is, my lord, whenever 'there is occaſion for it—and I will 'add, to the beſt purpoſes too. I have 'the honour to be, my lord, your lord-'ſhip's moſt obedient, and moſt de-'voted, and moſt humble ſervant,

'TRISTRAM SHANDY.'

CHAP. IX.

I Solemnly declare to all **mankind**, that the above dedication **was made** for no one prince, prelate, pope, **or potentate**—duke, marquis, earl, **viſcount** or baron, of this or any other **realm in** Chriſtendom—nor has it yet **been hawked** about, or offered **publickly or privately**, directly or indirectly, **to any** one perſon or perſonage, **great or ſmall**; but is honeſtly a true virgin **dedication**, untried on upon any **ſoul living**.

I labour this point ſo **particularly**, merely to remove any offence or **objection** which might ariſe againſt it **from** the manner in which I propoſe to **make** the moſt of it—which is the **putting** it up fairly to publick ſale; **which I now** do.

——Every author has a **way of his** own in bringing his points to **bear**;—for my own part, as I hate **chaffering** and higgling for a few guineas **in a dark** entry—I reſolved within myſelf, **from** the very beginning, to deal ſquarely **and** openly with your great folks **in this** affair, and try whether I ſhould not come off the better by it.

If, therefore, **there is any one duke**, marquis, earl, viſcount, or baron, **in theſe** his majeſty's dominions, **who** ſtands in need of a tight genteel dedication, and whom the above will ſuit—(for, by the bye, unleſs it ſuits in ſome degree, I will not part with it)—it is much at his ſervice for fifty guineas——which I am poſitive is twenty guineas leſs than it ought to be afforded for, by any man of genius.

My lord, if you examine it over again, it is far from being a groſs piece of daubing, as ſome dedications are. The deſign, your lordſhips ſees, is good, the colouring tranſparent—the drawing not amiſs;—or, to ſpeak more like a man of ſcience, and meaſure my piece in the painter's ſcale, divided into 20—I believe, my lord, the outlines will turn out as 12—the compoſition as 9—the colouring as 6—the expreſſion 13 and a half—and the deſign—if I may be allowed, my lord, to underſtand my own deſign, and ſuppoſing abſolute perfection in deſigning, to be as 20—I think

think it cannot well fall ſhort of 19. Beſides all this—there is keeping in it; and the dark ſtrokes in the hobby-horſe, (which is a ſecondary figure, and a kind of back-ground to the whole) give great force to the principal lights in your own figure, and make it come off wonderfully;—and beſides, there is an air of originality in the *tout enſemble*.

Be pleaſed, my good lord, to order the ſum to be paid into the hands of Mr. Dodſley, for the benefit of the author; and in the next edition care ſhall be taken that this chapter be expunged, and your lordſhip's titles, diſtinctions, arms, and good actions, be placed at the front of the preceding chapter: all which, from the words, '*De guſtibus non eſt diſputandum*,' and whatever elſe in this book relates to HOBBY-HORSES, but no more, ſhall ſtand dedicated to your lordſhip.—The reſt I dedicate to the MOON; who, by the bye, of all the Patrons or Matrons I can think of, has moſt power to ſet my book a going, and make the world run mad after it.

'BRIGHT GODDESS!

'If thou art not too buſy with Candid and Miſs Cunegund's affairs—'take Triſtram Shandy's under thy 'protection alſo.'

CHAP. X.

WHATEVER degree of ſmall merit, the act of benignity in favour of the midwife might juſtly claim, or in whom that claim truly reſted—at firſt ſight ſeems not very material to this hiſtory;—certain however it was, that the gentlewoman, the parſon's wife, did run away at that time with the whole of it: and yet, for my life, I cannot help thinking but that the parſon himſelf, though he had not the good fortune to hit upon the deſign firſt—yet, as he heartily concurred in it the moment it was laid before him, and as heartily parted with his money to carry it into execution, had a claim to ſome ſhare of it—if not to a full half of whatever honour was due to it.

The world, at that time, was pleaſed to determine the matter otherwiſe.

Lay down the book, and I will allow you half a day to give a probable gueſs at the grounds of this procedure.

Be it known, then, that for about five years before the date of the midwife's licence, of which you have had ſo circumſtantial an account—the parſon we have to do with had made himſelf a country-talk by a breach of all decorum, which he had committed againſt himſelf, his ſtation, and his office—and that was, in never appearing better, or otherwiſe mounted, than upon a lean, ſorry, jack-aſs of a horſe, value about one pound fifteen ſhillings; who, to ſhorten all deſcription of him, was full brother to Roſinante, as far as ſimilitude congenial could make him; for he anſwered his deſcription to a hair-breadth in every thing—except that I do not remember 'tis any where ſaid, that Roſinante was broken-winded; and that, moreover, Roſinante, as is the happineſs of moſt Spaniſh horſes, fat or lean—was undoubtedly a horſe at all points.

I know very well that the Hero's horſe was a horſe of chaſte deportment, which may have given grounds for the contrary opinion: but it is as certain at the ſame time, that Roſinante's continency (as may be demonſtrated from the adventure of the Yangueſian carriers) proceeded from no bodily defect or cauſe whatſoever, but from the temperance and orderly current of his blood. And let me tell you, Madam, there is a great deal of very good chaſtity in the word, in behalf of which you could not ſay more for your life.

Let that be as it may, as my purpoſe is to do exact juſtice to every creature brought upon the ſtage of this dramatick work—I could not ſtifle this diſtinction in favour of Don Quixote's horſe: in all other points, the parſon's horſe, I ſay, was juſt ſuch another—for he was as lean, and as lank, and as ſorry a jade, as Humility herſelf could have beſtrided.

In the eſtimation of here and there a man of weak judgment, it was greatly in the parſon's power to have helped the figure of this horſe of his—for he was maſter of a very handſome demi-peaked ſaddle, quilted on the ſeat with green pluſh, garniſhed with a double row of ſilver-headed ſtuds, and a noble pair of

of ſhining braſs ſtirrups, with a houſing altogether ſuitable, of grey ſuperfine cloth, with an edging of black lace, terminating in a deep, black, ſilk fringe, *poudre d'or*—all which he had purchaſed in the pride and prime of his life; together with a grand embоſſed bridle, ornamented at all points as it ſhould be.——But not caring to banter his beaſt, he had hung all theſe up behind his ſtudy-door; and, in lieu of them, had ſeriouſly befitted him with juſt ſuch a bridle and ſuch a ſaddle, as the figure and value of ſuch a ſteed might well and truly deſerve.

In the ſeveral ſallies about his pariſh, and in the neighbouring viſits to the gentry who lived around him—you will eaſily comprehend, that the parſon, ſo appointed, would both hear and ſee enough to keep his philoſophy from ruſting. To ſpeak the truth, he never could enter a village, but he caught the attention of both old and young.—Labour ſtood ſtill as he paſſed—the bucket hung ſuſpended in the middle of the well—the ſpinning-wheel forgot it's round—even chuck-farthing and ſhuffle-cap themſelves ſtood gaping till he had got out of ſight; and, as his movement was not of the quickeſt, he had generally time enough upon his hands to make his obſervations—to hear the groans of the ſerious, and the laughter of the light-hearted; all which he bore with excellent tranquillity. His character was—he loved a jeſt in his heart; —and as he ſaw himſelf in the true point of ridicule, he would ſay, he could not be angry with others for ſeeing him in a light in which he ſo ſtrongly ſaw himſelf——ſo that to his friends, who knew his foible was not the love of money, and who therefore made the leſs ſcruple in bantering the extravagance of his humour, inſtead of giving the true cauſe—he choſe rather to join in the laugh againſt himſelf; and as he never carried one ſingle ounce of fleſh upon his own bones, being altogether as ſpare a figure as his beaſt—he would ſometimes inſiſt upon it, that the horſe was as good as the rider deſerved;—that they were, centaur-like—both of a piece. At other times, and in other moods, when his ſpirits were above the temptation of falſe wit—he would ſay, he found himſelf going off faſt in a conſumption—— and, with great gravity, would pretend, he could not bear the ſight of a fat horſe without a dejection of heart, and a ſenſible alteration in his pulſe; and that he had made choice of the lean one he rode upon, not only to keep himſelf in countenance, but in ſpirits.

At different times, he would give fifty humorous and appoſite reaſons for riding a meek-ſpirited jade of a broken-winded horſe, preferable to one of mettle;—for on ſuch a one he could ſit mechanically, and meditate as delightfully *de vanitate mundi, et fugæ ſæculi*, as with the advantage of a death's head before him:—that in all other exercitations, he could ſpend his time, as he rode ſlowly along, to as much account as in his ſtudy;—that he could draw up an argument in his ſermon—or a hole in his breeches—as ſteadily on the one as in the other;—that briſk trotting and ſlow argumentation, like wit and judgment, were two incompatible movements—but that upon his ſteed—he could unite and reconcile every thing; he could compoſe his ſermon—he could compoſe his cough—and, in caſe nature gave a call that way, he could likewiſe compoſe himſelf to ſleep.——In ſhort, the parſon upon ſuch encounters would aſſign any cauſe, but the true cauſe—and he witheld the true one, only out of a nicety of temper, becauſe he thought it did honour to him.

But the truth of the ſtory was as follows—In the firſt years of this gentleman's life, and about the time when the ſuperb ſaddle and bridle were purchaſed by him, it had been his manner, or vanity, or call it what you will, to run into the oppoſite extreme.—In the language of the county where he dwelt, he was ſaid to have loved a good horſe, and generally had one of the beſt in the whole pariſh ſtanding in his ſtable always ready for ſaddling; and as the neareſt midwife, as I told you, did not live nearer to the village than ſeven miles, and in a vile country—it ſo fell out, that the poor gentleman was ſcarce a whole week together without ſome piteous application for his beaſt; and as he was not an unkind-hearted man, and every caſe was more preſſing and more diſtreſsful than the laſt—as much

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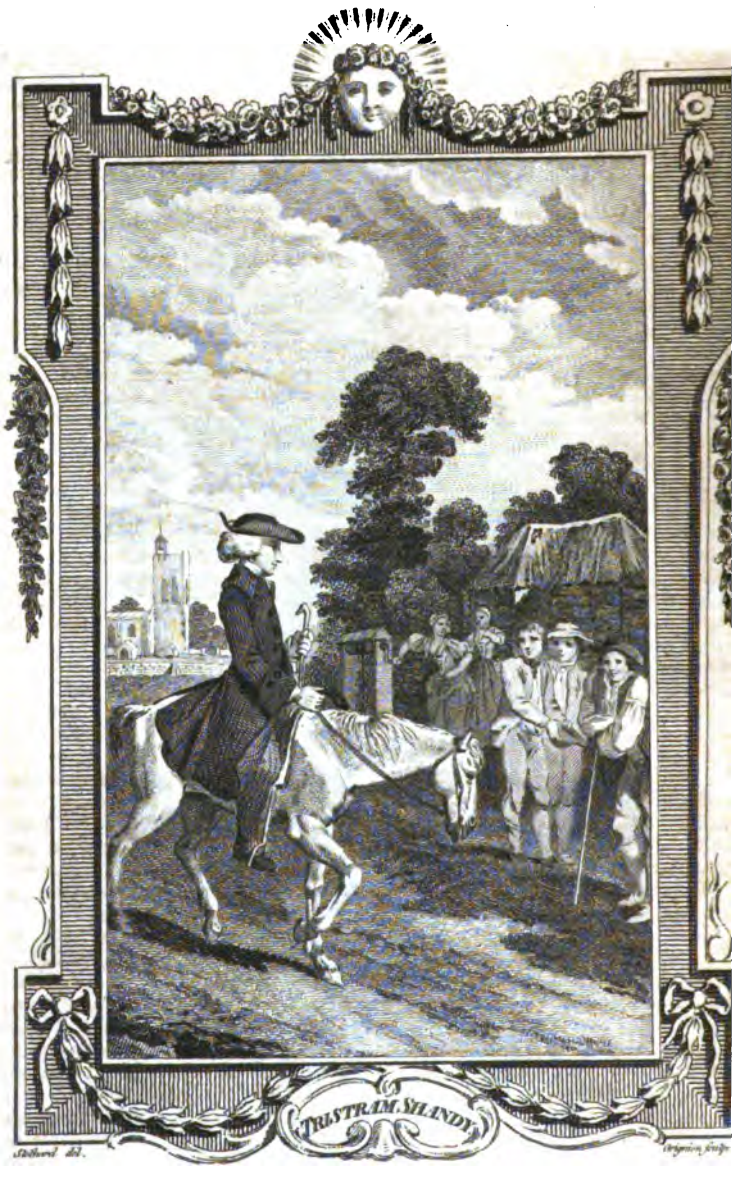

Plate I.

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as he loved his beaſt, he had never a heart to refuſe him; the upſhot of which was generally this, that his horſe was either clapped, or ſpavined, or greazed; —or he was twitter-boned, or broken-winded—or ſomething, in ſhort, or other, had befallen him, which would let him carry no fleſh—ſo that he had every nine or ten months a bad horſe to get rid of, and a good horſe to purchaſe in his ſtead.

What the loſs in ſuch a balance might amount to, *communibus annis*, I would leave to a ſpecial jury of ſufferers in the ſame traffick to determine; —but let it be what it would, the honeſt gentleman bore it for many years without a murmur, till at length, by repeated ill accidents of the kind, he found it neceſſary to take the thing under conſideration; and upon weighing the whole, and ſumming it up in his mind, he found it not only diſproportioned to his other expences, but withal ſo heavy an article in itſelf, as to diſable him from any other act of generoſity in his pariſh: beſides this, he conſidered, that with half the ſum thus galloped away, he could do ten times as much good—and what ſtill weighed more with him than all other conſiderations put together, was this—that it confined all his charity into one particular channel, and where, as he fancied, it was the leaſt wanted, namely, to the child-bearing and child-getting part of his pariſh; reſerving nothing for the impotent—nothing for the aged —nothing for the many comfortleſs ſcenes he was hourly called forth to viſit, where poverty, and ſickneſs, and affliction, dwelt together.

For theſe reaſons, he reſolved to diſcontinue the expence; and there appeared but two poſſible ways to extricate him clearly out of it;—and theſe were, either to make it an irrevocable law never more to lend his ſteed upon any application whatever—or elſe be content to ride the laſt poor devil, ſuch as they had made him, with all his aches and infirmities, to the very end of the chapter.

As he dreaded his own conſtancy in the firſt—he very chearfully betook himſelf to the ſecond; and though he could very well have explained it, as I ſaid, to his honour—yet, for that very reaſon, he had a ſpirit above it; chuſing rather to bear the contempt of his enemies, and the laughter of his friends, than undergo the pain of telling a ſtory, which might ſeem a panegyrick upon himſelf.

I have the higheſt idea of the ſpiritual and refined ſentiments of this reverend gentleman, from this ſingle ſtroke in his character, which I think comes up to any of the honeſt refinements of the peerleſs Knight of La Mancha; whom, by the bye, with all his follies, I love more, and would actually have gone farther to have paid a viſit to, than the greateſt hero of antiquity.

But this is not the moral of my ſtory: the thing I had in view was, to ſhew the temper of the world in the whole of this affair.—For you muſt know, that ſo long as this explanation would have done the parſon credit, the devil a ſoul could find it out—I ſuppoſe his enemies would not, and that his friends could not—but no ſooner did he beſtir himſelf in behalf of the midwife, and pay the expences of the ordinary's licence to ſet her up—but the whole ſecret came out; every horſe he had loſt, and two horſes more than ever he had loſt, with all the circumſtances of their deſtruction, were known and diſtinctly remembered.—The ſtory ran like wild-fire.—'The parſon had a 'returning fit of pride which had juſt 'ſeized him, and he was going to be 'well mounted once again in his life; 'and if it was ſo, 'twas plain as the 'ſun at noon-day, he would pocket 'the expence of the licence, ten times 'told, the very firſt year—ſo that every 'body was left to judge what were his 'views in this act of charity.'

What were his views in this, and in every other action of his life—or rather what were the opinions which floated in the brains of other people concerning it—was a thought which too much floated in his own, and too often broke in upon his reſt, when he ſhould have been found aſleep.

About ten years ago this gentleman had the good fortune to be made entirely eaſy upon that ſcore——it being juſt ſo long ſince he left his pariſh, and the whole world at the ſame time,

behind him—and stands accountable to a Judge of whom he will have no cause to complain.

But there is a fatality attends the actions of some men—order them as they will, they pass through a certain medium, which so twists and refracts them from their true directions—that, with all the titles to praise which a rectitude of heart can give, the doers of them are nevertheless forced to live and die without it.

Of the truth of which this gentleman was a painful example.—But to know by what means this came to pass, and so make that knowledge of use to you, I insist upon it that you read the two following chapters, which contain such a sketch of his life and conversation, as will carry it's moral along with it. When this is done, if nothing stops us in our way, we will go on with the midwife.

CHAP. XI.

YORICK was this parson's name, and what is very remarkable in it, (as appears from a most ancient account of the family, wrote upon strong vellum, and now in perfect preservation) it had been exactly so spelt for near—I was within an ace of saying, nine hundred years:—but I would not strake my credit in telling an improbable truth, however indisputable in itself;—and therefore I shall content myself with only saying, it had been exactly so spelt, without the least variation or transposition of a single letter, for I do not know how long—which is more than I would venture to say of one half of the best surnames in the kingdom; which, in a course of years, have generally undergone as many chops and changes as their owners.—Has this been owing to the pride, or to the shame of the respective proprietors?—In honest truth, I think, sometimes to the one, and sometimes to the other, just as the temptation has wrought. But a villainous affair it is, and will one day so blend and confound us all together, that no one shall be able to stand up and swear, that his own great grandfather was the man who did either this or that.

This evil had been sufficiently fenced against by the prudent care of the Shandy family, and their religious preservation of these records I quote; which do further inform us, that the family was originally of Danish extraction, and had been transplanted into England early as in the reign of Horwendillus King of Denmark, in whose court, it seems, an ancestor of this Mr. Yorick and from whom he was lineally descended, held a considerable post to the death. Of what nature this considerable post was, this record saith not—it only adds, that, for near two centuries, it had been totally abolished altogether unnecessary, not only in the court, but in every other court of christian world.

It has often come into my head, that this post could be no other than that of the king's chief jester;—and that Hamlet's Yorick, in our Shakespeare—many of whose plays, you know, are founded upon authenticated facts—was certainly the very man.

I have not the time to look into Saxo Grammaticus's Danish History, to know the certainty of this;—but if you have leisure, and can easily get at the book you may do it full as well yourself.

I had just time, in my travels through Denmark with Mr. Noddy's eldest son—whom, in the year 1741, I accompanied as governor, riding along with him at a prodigious rate through most parts of Europe, and of which original journey performed by us two, a most delectable narrative will be given in the progress of this work—I had just time, I say, and that was all, to prove the truth of an observation made by a long sojourner in that country. Namely, that Nature was neither very lavish, nor was she very stingy, in her gifts of genius and capacity to it's inhabitants;—but, like a discreet parent, was moderately kind to them all; observing such an equal tenor in the distribution of her favours, as to bring them, in those points, pretty near to a level with each other; so that you will meet with few instances in that kingdom of refined parts; but a great deal of good plain household understanding amongst all ranks of people, of which every body has a share—which is, I think, very right.

With us, you see, the case is quite different:—we are all ups and downs in

in this matter.—You are a great genius;—or, 'tis fifty to one, Sir, you are a great dunce and a blockhead:—not that there is a total want of intermediate steps—no, we are not so irregular as that comes to—but the two extremes are more common, and in a greater degree, in this unlimited island—where Nature, in her gifts and dispositions of this kind is most whimsical and capricious; Fortune hardly not being more so in the bequest of her goods and chattels than she.

This is all that ever staggered my faith in regard to Yorick's extraction; who, by what I can remember of him, and by all the accounts I could ever get of him, seemed not to have had one single drop of Danish blood in his whole crasis: in nine hundred years, it might possibly have all run out.—I will not philosophize one moment with you about it; for, happen how it would, the fact was this—that instead of that cold phlegm and exact regularity of sense and humours, you would have looked for in one so extracted; he was, on the contrary, as mercurial and sublimated a composition, as heteroclite a creature in all his declensions; with as much life and whim, and *gaieté de cœur* about him, as the kindliest climate could have engendered and put together. With all this fail, poor Yorick carried not one ounce of ballast—he was utterly unpractised in the world; and at the age of twenty-six knew just about as well how to steer his course in it, as a romping, unsuspicious girl of thirteen—so that upon his first setting out, the brisk gale of his spirits, as you will imagine, run him foul ten times in a day of somebody's tackling; and as the grave and more slow-paced were often-est in his way—you may likewise imagine, 'twas with such he had generally the ill luck to get the most entangled. For aught I know, there might be some mixture of unlucky wit at the bottom of such *fracas*;—for, to speak the truth, Yorick had an invincible dislike and opposition in his nature to gravity—not to gravity, as such—for where gravity was wanted, he would be the most grave or serious of mortal men for days and weeks together—but he was an enemy to the affectation of it, and declared open war against it, only as it appeared a cloak for ignorance, or for folly—and then, whenever it fell in his way, however sheltered and protected, he seldom gave it much quarter.

Sometimes, in his wild way of talking, he would say, that gravity was an arrant scoundrel, and he would add—, of the most dangerous kind too, because a sly one; and that, he verily believed, more honest, well-meaning people, were bubbled out of their goods and money by it in one twelvemonth, than by pocket-picking and shop-lifting in seven. In the naked temper which a merry heart discovered, he would say, there was no danger—but no *itself*—wherein, the very essence of gravity was design, and consequently deceit;—'twas a taught trick, to gain credit of the world for more sense and knowledge than a man was worth;—and that, with all it's pretensions, it was no better, but often worse, than what a French wit had long ago defined it; viz. 'A mysterious carriage of the body to cover 'the defects of the mind;'—which definition of gravity, Yorick, with great imprudence would say, deserved to be wrote in letters of gold.

But, in plain truth, he was a man unhackneied and unpractised in the world, and was altogether as indiscreet and foolish on every other subject of discourse where policy is wont to impress restraint. Yorick had no impression but one, and that was what arose from the nature of the deed spoken of; which impression he would usually translate into plain English without any periphrasis—and too oft, without much distinction of either personage, time, or place—so that when mention was made of a pitiful or an ungenerous proceeding—he never gave himself a moment's time to reflect who was the hero of the piece—what his station—or how far he had power to hurt him hereafter:——but if it was a dirty action—without more ado—the man was a dirty fellow—and so on,——And as his comments had usually the ill fate to be terminated either in a bon mot, or to be enlivened throughout with some drollery or humour of expression, it gave wings to Yorick's indiscretion. In a word, though he never sought, yet at the same time, as he seldom shunned occasions of saying what came uppermost, and without much

ceremony—he had but too many temptations in life, of feathering his wit and his humour—his gibes and his jests, about him.——They were not loft for want of gathering.

What were the conſequences, and what was Yorick's catastrophe thereupon, you will read in the next chapter.

CHAP. XII.

THE *mortgagor* and *mortgagee* differ the one from the other not more in length of purſe, than the *jeſter* and *jeſtee* do in that of memory. But in this the compariſon between them runs, as the ſcholiaſts call it, upon all-fours; which, by the bye, is upon one or two legs more than ſome of the beſt of Homer's can pretend to—namely, that the one raiſes a ſum, and the other a laugh; at your expence, and thinks no more about it. Intereſt, however, ſtill runs on in both caſes; the periodical or occaſional payments of it, juſt ſerving to keep the memory of the affair alive; till, at length, in ſome evil hour, pop comes the creditor upon each, and by demanding principal upon the ſpot, together with full intereſt to the very day, makes them both feel the full extent of their obligations.

As the reader (for I hate your *iſts*) has a thorough knowledge of human nature, I need not ſay more to ſatisfy him, that my hero could not go on at this rate without ſome ſlight experience of theſe accidental memento's. To ſpeak the truth, he had wantonly involved himſelf in a multitude of ſmall book-debts of this ſtamp—which, notwithſtanding Eugenius's frequent advice, he too much diſregarded; thinking, that as not one of them was contracted through any malignancy—but, on the contrary, from an honeſty of mind, and a mere jocundity of humour, they would all of them be croſſed out in courſe.

Eugenius would never admit this; and would often tell him, that one day or other he would certainly be reckoned with; and he would often add, in an accent of ſorrowful apprehenſion—to the uttermoſt tiniu. To which Yorick, with his uſual carelieſs of heart, would anſwer with a "Pſhaw!"—and if the ſubject was ſtarted in fields, with a hop, ſkip, and a jum the end of it: but if cloſe pent up the ſocial chimney-corner, where culprit was barricadoed in with a t and a couple of arm-chairs, and co not ſo readily fly off in a tangen Eugenius would then go on with lecture upon diſcretion in words to purpoſe, though ſomewhat better together.

'Truſt me, dear Yorick, this 'wary pleaſantry of thine will ſoo 'or later bring thee into ſcrapes a 'difficulties, which no after-wit 'extricate thee out of.—In theſe ſallie 'too oft, I ſee, it happens, that a p 'ſon laughed at, conſiders himſelf 'the light of a perſon injured, with a 'the rights of ſuch a ſituation belong 'ing to him; and when thou viewe 'him in that light too, and reckons u 'his friends, his family, his kindre 'and allies—and muſters up with them 'the many recruits which will liſt un 'der him from a ſenſe of common dan 'ger—'tis no extravagant arithmetick 'to ſay, that for every ten jokes, thou 'haſt got a hundred enemies; and till 'thou haſt gone on, and raiſed a ſwarm 'of waſps about thine ears, and art 'half ſtung to death by them, thou 'wilt never be convinced it is ſo.

'I cannot ſuſpect it in the man whom 'I eſteem, that there is the leaſt ſpur 'from ſpleen or malevolence of intent 'in theſe ſallies—I believe and know 'them to be truly honeſt and ſportive '——But conſider, my dear lad, that 'fools cannot diſtinguiſh this—and that 'knaves will not; and thou knoweſt 'not what it is, either to provoke the 'one, or to make merry with the 'other:—whenever they aſſociate for 'mutual defence, depend upon it, they 'will carry on the war in ſuch a man 'ner againſt thee, my dear friend, as to 'make thee heartily ſick of it, and of 'thy life too.

'Revenge from ſome baneful corner 'ſhall level a tale of diſhonour at thee, 'which no innocence of heart or inte 'grity of conduct ſhall ſet right.—The 'fortunes of thy houſe ſhall totter— 'thy character, which led the way to 'them, ſhall bleed on every ſide of it— 'thy faith queſtioned—thy works be 'lyed—thy wit forgotten—thy learn-

ing

'leg trampled on. To wind up the 'laſt ſcene of thy tragedy, Cruelty and 'Cowardice, twin ruffians, hired and 'ſet on by Malice in the dark, ſhall 'ſtrike together at all thy infirmities 'and miſtakes—the beſt of us, my dear 'lad, lie open there;——and truſt me—'truſt me, Yorick,—*when to gratify a 'private appetite, it is once reſolved 'upon, that an innocent and an helpleſs 'creature ſhall be ſacrificed, 'tis an eaſy 'matter to pick up ſticks enough from 'any thicket where it has ſtrayed, to 'make a fire to offer it up with!*'

Yorick ſcarce ever heard this ſad vaticination of his deſtiny read over to him, but with a tear ſtealing from his eye, and a promiſſory look attending it, that he was reſolved, for the time to come, to ride his tit with more propriety.—But, alas, too late!—a grand confederacy, with ***** and ***** at the head of it, was formed before the firſt prediction of it.—The whole plan of the attack, juſt as Eugenius had foreboded, was put in execution all at once—with ſo little mercy on the ſide of the allies—and ſo little ſuſpicion in Yorick, of what was carrying on againſt him—that when he thought, good eaſy man! full ſurely preferment was o'ripening, they had ſmote his root, and then he fell, as many a worthy man had fallen before him.

Yorick, however, fought it out with all imaginable gallantry for ſome time; till overpowered by numbers, and worn out at length by the calamities of the war—but more ſo by the ungenerous manner in which it was carried on—he threw down the ſword; and though he kept up his ſpirits in appearance to the laſt, he died, nevertheleſs, as was generally thought, quite broken-hearted.

What inclined Eugenius to the ſame opinion, was as follows.

A few hours before Yorick breathed his laſt, Eugenius ſtept in with an intent to take his laſt ſight and laſt farewel of him: upon his drawing Yorick's curtain, and aſking how he felt himſelf, Yorick, looking up in his face, took hold of his hand—and, after thanking him for the many tokens of his friendſhip to him—for which, he ſaid, if it was their fate to meet hereafter, he would thank him again and again—he told him, he was within a few hours of giving his enemies the ſlip for ever. 'I 'hope not!' anſwered Eugenius, with tears trickling down his cheeks, and with the tendereſt tone that ever man ſpoke—'I hope not, Yorick!' ſaid he. Yorick replied, with a look up, and gentle ſqueeze of Eugenius's hand; and that was all—but it cut Eugenius to his heart. 'Come, come, Yorick,' quoth Eugenius, wiping his eyes, and ſummoning up the man within him, 'my dear lad, be comforted—let not 'all thy ſpirits and fortitude forſake 'thee at this criſis when thou moſt 'wants them;—who knows what re'ſources are in ſtore, and what the 'power of God may yet do for thee?'—Yorick laid his hand upon his heart, and gently ſhook his head. 'For my 'part,' continued Eugenius, crying bitterly as he uttered the words, 'I de'clare I know not, Yorick, how to part 'with thee—and would gladly flatter 'my hopes,' added Eugenius, chearing up his voice, 'that there is ſtill 'enough left of thee to make a biſhop '—and that I may live to ſee it.'—— 'I beſeech thee, Eugenius,' quoth Yorick, taking off his night-cap as well as he could with his left-hand—his right being ſtill graſped cloſe in that of Eugenius—'I beſeech thee to take a view of 'my head.'—'I ſee nothing that ails 'it,' replied Eugenius. 'Then, alas! 'my friend,' ſaid Yorick, 'let me tell 'you, that 'tis ſo bruiſed and miſ'ſhapen'd with the blows which ***** 'and *****, and ſome others, have ſo 'unhandſomely given me in the dark, 'that I might ſay with Sancho Panca, 'that ſhould I recover, and "mitres "thereupon be ſuffered to rain down "from heaven as thick as hail, not one "of them would fit it."—Yorick's laſt breath was hanging upon his trembling lips ready to depart as he uttered this;—yet ſtill it was uttered with ſomething of a Cervantick tone;—and as he ſpoke it, Eugenius could perceive a ſtream of lambent fire lighted up for a moment in his eyes—faint picture of thoſe flaſhes of his ſpirit, which (as Shakeſpeare ſaid of his anceſtor) were wont to ſet the table in a roar!

Eugenius was convinced from this, that the heart of his friend was broke; he

he squeezed his hand—and then walked softly out of the room, weeping as he walked. Yorick followed Eugenius with his eyes to the door——he then closed them—and never opened them more.

He lies buried in a corner of his church-yard, in the parish of ——, under a plain marble flab, which his friend Eugenius, by leave of his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than these three words of inscription, serving both for his epitaph and elegy:

ALAS, POOR YORICK!

Ten times a day has Yorick's ghost the consolation to hear his monumental inscription read over with such a variety of plaintive tones, as denote a general pity and esteem for him——a foot-way crossing the church-yard close by the side of his grave—not a passenger goes by without stopping to cast a look upon it—and sighing, as he walks on,

Alas, poor YORICK!

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

IT is ſo long ſince the reader of this rhapſodical work has been parted from the midwife, that it is high time to mention her again to him, merely to put him in mind that there is ſuch a body ſtill in the world, and whom, upon the beſt judgment I can form upon my own plan at preſent—I am going to introduce to him for good and all: but as freſh matter may be ſtarted, and much unexpected buſineſs fall out between the reader and myſelf, which may require immediate diſpatch—'twas right to take care that the poor woman ſhould not be loſt in the mean time:—becauſe, when ſhe is wanted, we can no way do without her.

I think I told you, that this good woman was a perſon of no ſmall note and conſequence throughout our whole village and township—that her fame had ſpread itſelf to the very out-edge and circumference of that circle of importance, of which kind every ſoul living, whether he has a ſhirt to his back or no, has one ſurrounding him;—which ſaid circle, by the way, whenever 'tis ſaid that ſuch a one is of great weight and importance in the *world*—I deſire may be enlarged or contracted in your worſhip's fancy, in a compound-ratio of the ſtation, profeſſion, knowledge, abilities, height and depth (meaſuring both ways) of the perſonage brought before you.

In the preſent caſe, if I remember, I fixed it at about four or five miles, which not only comprehended the whole pariſh, but extended itſelf to two or three of the adjacent hamlets in the ſkirts of the next pariſh; which made a conſiderable thing of it. I muſt add, that ſhe was, moreover, very well looked on at one large grainge-houſe, and ſome other odd houſes and farms within two or three miles; as I ſaid, from the ſmoke of her own chimney:—but I muſt here, once for all, inform you, that all this will be more exactly delineated and explained in a map, now in the hands of the engraver, which, with many other pieces and developments to this work, will be added to the end of the twentieth volume—not to ſwell the work—I deteſt the thought of ſuch a thing;—but by way of commentary, ſcholium, illuſtration, and key to ſuch paſſages, incidents, or inuendos, as ſhall be thought to be either of private interpretation, or of dark or doubtful meaning, after my Life and my Opinions ſhall have been read over (now don't forget the meaning of the word) by all the *world*—which, betwixt you and me, and in ſpite of all the gentlemen-reviewers in Great Britain, and of all that their worſhips ſhall undertake to write or ſay to the contrary—I am determined ſhall be the caſe.—I need not tell your worſhip, that all this is ſpoken in confidence.

CHAP. XIV.

UPON looking into my mother's marriage-ſettlement, in order to ſatisfy myſelf and reader in a point neceſſary to be cleared up, before we could proceed any farther in this hiſtory;—I had the good fortune to pop upon the very thing I wanted before I had read a day and a half ſtraight forwards—it might have taken me up a month;—which ſhews plainly, that when a man ſits down to write a hiſtory—though it be but the hiſtory of Jack Hickathrift or Tom Thumb, he knows no more than his heels what lets and confounded hindrances he is to meet with in his way—or what a dance he may be led, by one excurſion or another, before all is over. Could a hiſtoriographer drive on his hiſtory, as a muleteer drives on his mule—ſtraight forward—for inſtance, from Rome all the way to Loretto—without ever once turning his head aſide to the right-hand or to the left—he might venture to foretel you to an hour when he ſhould get to his journey's end;—but the thing is, morally ſpeaking, impoſſible: for, if he is a man of the leaſt ſpirit, he will have fifty deviations from a ſtraight line to make with this or that party as he goes along, which he can no ways avoid. He will have views and proſpects to himſelf perpetually ſoliciting his eye, which he can no more help ſtanding ſtill to look at than he can fly; he will moreover have various

Accounts to reconcile;
Anecdotes to pick up;
Inſcriptions to make out;
Stories to weave in;
Traditions to ſift;
Perſonages to call upon;
Panegyricks to paſte up at this door,
Paſquinades at that—all which, both the man and his mule are quite exempt

from. To ſum up all; there are archives at every ſtage to be looked into, and rolls, records, documents, and endleſs genealogies, which juſtice ever and anon calls him back to ſtay the reading of:—in ſhort, there is no end of it!—For my own part, I declare, I have been at it theſe ſix weeks, making all the ſpeed I poſſibly could—and am not yet born:—I have juſt been able, and that's all, to tell you *when* it happened, but not *how*—ſo that you ſee the thing is yet far from being accompliſhed.

Theſe unforeſeen ſtoppages, which I own I had no conception of when I firſt ſet out;—but which, I am convinced now, will rather increaſe than diminiſh as I advance—have ſtruck out a hint which I am reſolved to follow;—and that is—not to be in a hurry—but to go on leiſurely, writing and publiſhing two volumes of my life every year—which, if I am ſuffered to go on quietly, and can make a tolerable bargain with my bookſeller, I ſhall continue to do as long as I live.

CHAP. XV.

THE article of my mother's marriage-ſettlement, which I told the reader I was at the pains to ſearch for, and which, now that I have found it, I think proper to lay before him—is ſo much more fully expreſſed in the deed itſelf, than ever I can pretend to do it, that it would be barbarity to take it out of the lawyer's hand.—It is as follows.

'And this indenture further witneſſeth, That the ſaid Walter Shandy, merchant, in conſideration of the ſaid intended marriage to be had, and, by God's bleſſing, to be well and truly ſolemnized and conſummated between the ſaid Walter Shandy and Elizabeth Mollineux aforeſaid, and divers other good and valuable cauſes and conſiderations him thereunto ſpecially moving—doth grant, covenant, condeſcend, conſent, conclude, bargain, and fully agree, to and with John Dixon, and James Turner, Eſqrs. the above-named truſtees, &c. &c.—To wit, That in caſe it ſhould hereafter ſo fall out, chance, happen, or otherwiſe come to paſs—that the ſaid Walter Shandy, merchant, ſhall have left off buſineſs before the time of times that the ſaid Elizabeth Mollineux ſhall according to the courſe of nature, or otherwiſe, have left off bearing and bringing forth children;—and that, in conſequence of the ſaid Walter Shandy having ſo left off buſineſs, he ſhall, in deſpite, and againſt the free will, conſent, and good-liking, of the ſaid Elizabeth Mollineux—make a departure from the City of London, in order to retire to, and dwell upon, his eſtate at Shandy-Hall, in the county of———, or at any other country-ſeat, caſtle, hall, manſion-houſe, meſſuage or grainge-houſe, now purchaſed, or hereafter to be purchaſed, or upon any part or parcel thereof—That then, and as often as the ſaid Elizabeth Mollineux ſhall happen to be enſient with child or children ſeverally and lawfully begot, or to be begotten, upon the body of the ſaid Elizabeth Mollineux, during her ſaid coverture—he the ſaid Walter Shandy ſhall, at his own proper coſt and charges, and out of his own proper monies, upon good and reaſonable notice—which is hereby agreed to be within ſix weeks of her the ſaid Elizabeth Mollineux's full reckoning or time of ſuppoſed and computed delivery—pay, or cauſe to be paid, the ſum of 120l. of good and lawful money, to John Dixon and James Turner, Eſqrs. or aſſigns——upon TRUST and confidence, and for and unto the uſe and uſes, intent, end, and purpoſe following:—That is to ſay, That the ſaid ſum of 120l. ſhall be paid into the hands of the ſaid Elizabeth Mollineux, or to be otherwiſe applied by them the ſaid truſtees, for the well and truly hiring of one coach, with able and ſufficient horſes, to carry and convey the body of the ſaid Elizabeth Mollineux, and the child or children which ſhe ſhall be then and there enſient and pregnant with—unto the city of London; and for the further paying and defraying of all other incidental coſts, charges, and expences whatſoever—in and about, and for and relating to, her ſaid intended delivery and lying-in, in the ſaid city or ſuburbs thereof. And that the ſaid Elizabeth Mollineux ſhall and may, from time to time, and at all ſuch time and times

as

'as are here covenanted and agreed 'upon—peaceably and quietly hire 'the ſaid coach and horſes, and have 'free ingreſs, egreſs, and regreſs, 'throughout her journey, in and from 'the ſaid coach, according to the te-'nor, true intent and meaning of theſe 'preſents; without any let, ſuit, trou-'ble, diſturbance, moleſtation, diſ-'charge, hindrance, forfeiture, evic-'tion, vexation, interruption, or in-'cumbrance whatſoever.—And that it 'ſhall moreover be lawful to and for 'the ſaid Elizabeth Mollineux, from 'time to time, and as oft or often as 'ſhe ſhall well and truly be advanced in 'her ſaid pregnancy to the time here-'tofore ſtipulated and agreed upon—to 'live and reſide in ſuch place or places, 'and in ſuch family or families, and 'with ſuch relations, friends and 'other perſons, within the ſaid city of 'London, as ſhe at her own will and 'pleaſure, notwithſtanding her preſent 'coverture, and as if ſhe was a *feme ſole* 'and unmarried—ſhall think fit.—And 'this indenture further witneſſeth, 'That for the more effectually carrying 'of the ſaid covenant into execution, 'the ſaid Walter Shandy, merchant, 'doth hereby grant, bargain, ſell, releaſe, 'and confirm, unto the ſaid John Dixon 'and James Turner, Eſqrs. their heirs, 'executors and aſſigns, in their ac-'tual poſſeſſion now being, by virtue of 'an indenture of bargain and ſale for 'a year to them the ſaid John Dixon and 'James Turner, Eſqrs. by him the 'ſaid Walter Shandy, merchant, there-'of made; which ſaid bargain and 'ſale for a year, bears date the day 'next before the date of theſe preſents, 'and by force and virtue of the ſtatute 'for transferring of uſes into poſſeſſion '——All that the manor and lordſhip 'of Shandy, in the county of ——, 'with all the rights, members, and 'appurtenances thereof; and all and 'every the meſſuages, houſes, build-'ings, barns, ſtables, orchards, gar-'dens, backſides, tofts, crofts, garths, 'cottages, lands, meadows, feedings, 'paſtures, marſhes, commons, woods, 'under-woods, drains, fiſheries, wa-'ters, and water-courſes;—together 'with all rents, reverſions, ſervices, 'annuities, fee-farms, knights fees, 'views of frank-pledge, eſcheats, re-'liefs, mines, quarries, goods and chat-'tels of felons and fugitives, felons of 'themſelves and put in exigent, deo-'dands, free warrens, and all other ro-'yalties and ſeignories, rights, and juriſ-'dictions, privileges and hereditaments 'whatſoever—And alſo the advowſon, 'donation, preſentation, and free diſ-'poſition, of the rectory or parſonage 'of Shandy aforeſaid, and all and every 'the tenths, tythes, glebe-lands ——' In three words—'My mother was to 'lay in, (if ſhe choſe it) in London.'

But in order to put a ſtop to the practice of any unfair play on the part of my mother, which a marriage-article of this nature too manifeſtly opened a door to, and which indeed had never been thought of at all, but for my Uncle Toby Shandy—a clauſe was added in ſecurity of my father, which was this:—'That in caſe my mother here-'after ſhould, at any time, put my fa-'ther to the trouble and expence of a 'London journey, upon falſe cries and 'tokens;—that for every ſuch inſtance, 'ſhe ſhould forfeit all the right and 'title which the covenant gave her 'to the next turn—but no more;—and 'ſo on, *toties quoties*, in as effectual 'a manner, as if ſuch a covenant be-'twixt them had not been made.'—This, by the way, was no more than what was reaſonable;—and yet, as reaſonable as it was, I have ever thought it hard that the whole weight of the article ſhould have fallen entirely, as it did, upon myſelf.

But I was begot and born to misfortunes;—for my poor mother, whether it was wind or water—or a compound of both—or neither;—or whether it was ſimply the mere ſwell of imagination and fancy in her;—or how far a ſtrong wiſh and deſire to have it ſo, might miſlead her judgment;—in ſhort, whether ſhe was deceived or deceiving in this matter, it no way becomes me to decide. The fact was this, that in the latter end of September 1717, which was the year before I was born, my mother having carried my father up to town much againſt the grain.—he peremptorily inſiſted upon the clauſe;—ſo that I was doomed, by marriage-articles, to have my noſe ſqueezed as flat to my face, as if the deſtinies had actually ſpun me without one.

How this event came about—and what train of vexatious diſappointments, in one ſtage or other of my life, have

purſued me from the mere loſs, or rather compreſſion, of this one ſingle member—ſhall be laid before the reader all in due time.

CHAP. XVI.

MY father, as any body may naturally imagine, came down with my mother into the country in but a pettiſh kind of a humour. The firſt twenty or five and twenty miles he did nothing in the world but fret and teaze himſelf, and indeed my mother too, about the curſed expence, which he ſaid might every ſhilling of it have been ſaved;—then what vexed him more than every thing elſe was, the provoking time of the year—which, as I told you, was towards the end of September, when his wall-fruit, and green-gages eſpecially, in which he was very curious, were juſt ready for pulling.——Had he been whiſtled up to London, upon a Tom Fool's errand, in any other month of the whole year, he ſhould not have ſaid three words about it!

For the next two whole ſtages, no ſubject would go down, but the heavy blow he had ſuſtained from the loſs of a ſon, whom it ſeems he had fully reckoned upon in his mind, and regiſtered down in his pocket-book, as a ſecond ſtaff for his old age, in caſe Bobby ſhould fail him. The diſappointment of this, he ſaid, was ten times more to a wiſe man, than all the money which the journey, &c. had coſt him, put together—Rot the 120l.—he did not mind it a ruſh!

From Stilton, all the way to Grantham, nothing in the whole affair provoked him ſo much as the condolances of his friends, and the fooliſh figure they ſhould both make at church the firſt Sunday;—of which, in the ſatirical vehemence of his wit, now ſharpened a little by vexation, he would give ſo many humorous and provoking deſcriptions—and place his rib and ſelf in ſo many tormenting lights and attitudes, in the face of the whole congregation; that my mother declared, theſe two ſtages were ſo truly tragi-comical, that ſhe did nothing but laugh and cry in a breath, from one end to the other of them all the way.

From Grantham, till they had croſſed the Trent, my father was out of all kind of patience at the vile trick and impoſition which he fancied my mother had put upon him in this affair—'Cer-'tainly,' he would ſay to himſelf over and over again, 'the woman could not 'be deceived herſelf;—if ſhe could—'what weakneſs!'—Tormenting word! which led his imagination a thorny dance; and, before all was over, played the deuce and all with him—for ſure as ever the word *weakneſs* was uttered, and ſtruck full upon his brain;—ſo ſure it ſet him upon running diviſions upon how many kinds of weakneſſes there were; that there was ſuch a thing as weakneſs of the body—as well as weakneſs of the mind:—and then he would do nothing but ſyllogize within himſelf, for a ſtage or two together, how far the cauſe of theſe vexations might, or might not, have ariſen out of himſelf.

In ſhort, he had ſo many little ſubjects of diſquietude ſpringing out of this one affair, all fretting ſucceſſively in his mind as they roſe up in it, that my mother, whatever was her journey up, had but an uneaſy journey of it down.—In a word, as ſhe complained to my Uncle Toby, he would have tired out the patience of any fleſh alive.

CHAP. XVII.

THOUGH my father travelled homewards, as I told you, in none of the beſt of moods—*piſhawing* and *piſſing* all the way down—yet he had the complaiſance to keep the worſt part of the ſtory ſtill to himſelf;—which was, the reſolution he had taken of doing himſelf the juſtice which my Uncle Toby's clauſe in the marriage-ſettlement empowered him; nor was it till the very night in which I was begot, which was thirteen months after, that ſhe had the leaſt intimation of his deſign:—when my father happening, as you remember, to be a little chagrined and out of temper—took occaſion as they lay chatting gravely in bed afterwards, talking over what was to come—to let her know that ſhe muſt accommodate herſelf as well as ſhe could to the bargain made between them in their marriage-deeds; which was to lye-in of her next child in the country, to balance the laſt year's journey.

My father was a gentleman of many virtues

virtues—but he had a ſtrong ſpice of that in his temper, which might, or might not, add to the number.—'Tis known by the name of perſeverance in a good cauſe—and of obſtinacy in a bad one: of this my mother had ſo much knowledge, that ſhe knew 'twas to no purpoſe to make any remonſtrance,—ſo ſhe e'en reſolved to ſit down quietly, and make the moſt of it.

CHAP. XVIII.

AS the point was that night agreed, or rather determined, that my mother ſhould lie-in of me in the country, ſhe took her meaſures accordingly; for which purpoſe, when ſhe was three days, or thereabouts, gone with child, ſhe began to caſt her eyes upon the midwife, whom you have ſo often heard me mention; and before the week was well got round, as the famous Dr. Maningham was not to be had, ſhe had come to a final determination in her mind—notwithſtanding there was a ſcientifick operator within ſo near a call as eight miles of us, and who, moreover, had expreſsly wrote a five ſhillings book upon the ſubject of midwifery, in which he had expoſed, not only the blunders of the ſiſterhood itſelf—but had likewiſe ſuperadded many curious improvements for the quicker extraction of the fœtus in croſs-births, and ſome other caſes of danger, which delay us in getting into the world;—notwithſtanding all this, my mother, I ſay, was abſolutely determined to truſt her life, and mine with it, into no ſoul's hand but this old woman's only.—Now this I like;—when we cannot get at the very thing we wiſh—never to take up with the next beſt in degree to it:—no, that's pitiful beyond deſcription.—It is no more than a week from this very day, in which I am now writing this book for the edification of the world—which is March 9, 1759—that my dear, dear Jenny, obſerving I looked a little grave, as ſhe ſtood cheapening a ſilk of five and twenty ſhillings a yard—told the mercer, ſhe was ſorry ſhe had given him ſo much trouble; and immediately went and bought herſelf a yard-wide ſtuff of tenpence a yard.—'Tis the duplication of one and the ſame greatneſs of ſoul; only what leſſened the honour of it ſomewhat, in my mother's caſe, was, that ſhe could not heroine it into ſo violent and hazardous an extreme, as one in her ſituation might have wiſhed, becauſe the old midwife had really ſome little claim to be depended upon—as much, at leaſt, as ſucceſs could give her; having, in the courſe of her practice of near twenty years in the pariſh, brought every mother's ſon of them into the world without any one ſlip or accident which could fairly be laid to her account.

Theſe facts, though they had their weight, yet did not altogether ſatisfy ſome few ſcruples and uneaſineſſes which hung upon my father's ſpirits in relation to his choice. To ſay nothing of the natural workings of humanity and juſtice—or of the yearnings of parental and connubial love, all which prompted him to leave as little to hazard as poſſible in a caſe of this kind;—he felt himſelf concerned in a particular manner, that all ſhould go right in the preſent caſe—from the accumulated ſorrow he lay open to ſhould any evil betide his wife and child in lying-in at Shandy-Hall.—He knew the world judged by events, and would add to his afflictions in ſuch a misfortune, by loading him with the whole blame of it.—'Alas o'day!—had Mrs Shandy, poor 'gentlewoman! had but her wiſh in 'going up to town juſt to lie-in and 'come down again—which, they ſay, 'ſhe begged and prayed for upon her 'bare knees—and which, in my opi'nion, conſidering the fortune which 'Mr. Shandy got with her, was no 'ſuch mighty matter to have complied 'with—the lady and her babe might 'both of them have been alive at this 'hour!'

This exclamation, my father knew, was unanſwerable:—and yet, it was not merely to ſhelter himſelf—nor was it altogether for the care of his offſpring and wife that he ſeemed ſo extremely anxious about this point;—my father had extenſive views of things—and ſtood moreover, as he thought, deeply concerned in it for the publick good, from the dread he entertained of the bad uſes an ill-fated inſtance might be put to.

He was very ſenſible that all political writers upon the ſubject had unanimouſly agreed and lamented, from the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign down to his own time, that the current of men and money towards the metropolis, upon

on one frivolous errand or another—ſet in ſo ſtrong—as to become dangerous to our civil rights; though, by the bye—a *current* was not the image he took moſt delight in—a *diſtemper* was here his favourite metaphor, and he would run it down into a perfect allegory, by maintaining it was identically the ſame in the body national as in the body natural, where the blood and ſpirits were driven up into the head faſter than they could find their ways down—a ſtoppage of circulation muſt enſue, which was death in both caſes.

There was little danger, he would ſay, of loſing our liberties by French politicks or French invaſions;—nor was he ſo much in pain of a conſumption from the maſs of corrupted matter and ulcerated humours in our conſtitution, which he hoped was not ſo bad as it was imagined;—but he verily feared, that in ſome violent puſh, we ſhould go off, all at once, in a ſtate apoplexy—'And 'then,' he would ſay, 'the Lord have 'mercy upon us all!'

My father was never able to give the hiſtory of this diſtemper—without the remedy along with it.

'Was I an abſolute prince,' he would ſay, pulling up his breeches with both his hands, as he roſe from his arm-chair, 'I would appoint able judges 'at every avenue of my metropolis, who 'ſhould take cognizance of every fool's 'buſineſs who came there;—and if, 'upon a fair and candid hearing, it 'appeared not of weight ſufficient to 'leave his own home, and come up bag 'and baggage, with his wife and children, farmers ſons, &c. &c. at his 'backſide, they ſhould be all ſent back, 'from conſtable to conſtable, like vagrants, as they were, to the place of 'their legal ſettlements. By this means 'I ſhould take care, that my metropolis tottered not through it's own 'weight—that the head be no longer 'too big for the body—that the extremes, now waſted and pinned in, 'be reſtored to their due ſhare of nouriſhment, and regain with it their natural ſtrength and beauty:—I would 'effectually provide, that the meadows 'and corn-fields of my dominions, 'ſhould laugh and ſing;—that good 'cheer and hoſpitality flouriſh once 'more—and that ſuch weight and influence be put thereby into the hands 'of the ſquirality of my kingdom, as 'ſhould counterpoiſe what I perceive 'my nobility are now taking from 'them.

'Why are there ſo few palaces and 'gentlemen's ſeats,' he would aſk, with ſome emotion, as he walked acroſs the room, 'throughout ſo many delicious 'provinces in France? whence is it that 'the few remaining *chateaus* amongſt 'them are ſo diſmantled—ſo unfurniſhed—and in ſo ruinous and deſolate 'condition?—Becauſe, Sir,' (he would ſay) 'in that kingdom no man has any 'country intereſt to ſupport—the little 'intereſt of any kind, which any man 'has any where in it, is concentrated 'in the court, and the looks of the 'grand monarque; by the ſun-ſhine of 'whoſe countenance, or the clouds which 'paſs acroſs it, every Frenchman lives 'or dies.'

Another political reaſon which prompted my father ſo ſtrongly to guard againſt the leaſt evil accident in my mother's lying-in in the country—was, that any ſuch inſtance would infallibly throw a balance of power, too great already, into the weaker veſſels of the gentry, in his own, or higher ſtations;—which, with the many other uſurped rights which that part of the conſtitution was hourly eſtabliſhing—would, in the end, prove fatal to the monarchial ſyſtem of domeſtick government eſtabliſhed in the firſt creation of things by God.

In this point he was entirely of Sir Robert Filmer's opinion, that the plans and inſtitutions of the greateſt monarchies in the eaſtern part of the world, were originally all ſtolen from that admirable pattern and prototype of this houſhold and paternal power—which, for a century, he ſaid, and more, had gradually been degenerating away into a mixed government; the form of which, however deſirable in great combinations of the ſpecies—was very troubleſome in ſmall ones—and ſeldom produced any thing, that he ſaw, but ſorrow and confuſion.

For all theſe reaſons, private and publick, put together—my father was for having the man-midwife by all means—my mother by no means. My father begged and intreated, ſhe would for once recede from her prerogative in this matter, and ſuffer him to chuſe for her:—my mother, on the contrary, inſiſted upon her privilege in this matter, to chuſe for herſelf—and have no mortal's

help but the old woman's.—What could my father do? He was almoſt at his wit's end—talked it over with her in all moods—placed his arguments in all lights;—argued the matter with her like a chriſtian—like a heathen—like a huſband—like a father—like a patriot—like a man.——My mother anſwered every thing only like a woman; which was a little hard upon her:—for as ſhe could not aſſume and fight it out behind ſuch a variety of characters—'twas no fair match—'twas ſeven to one.——What could my mother do?—She had the advantage (otherwiſe ſhe had been certainly overpowered) of a ſmall reinforcement of chagrin perſonal at the bottom, which bore her up, and enabled her to diſpute the affair with ſo equal an advantage—that both ſides ſung *Te Deum*. In a word, my mother was to have the old woman—and the operator was to have licence to drink a bottle of wine with my father and my uncle Toby Shandy in the back parlour—for which he was to be paid five guineas.

I muſt beg leave, before I finiſh this chapter, to enter a caveat in the breaſt of my fair reader;—and it is this—Not to take it abſolutely for granted, from an unguarded word or two which I have dropt in it—'that I am a married man.'—I own, the tender appellation of 'my 'dear, dear Jenny'—with ſome other ſtrokes of conjugal knowledge, interſperſed here and there, might naturally enough have miſled the moſt candid judge in the world into ſuch a determination againſt me.—All I plead for, in this caſe, Madam, is ſtrict juſtice; and that you do ſo much of it to me, as well as to yourſelf—as not to prejudge, or receive ſuch an impreſſion of me, till you have better evidence than, I am poſitive, at preſent can be produced againſt me.—Not that I can be ſo vain or unreaſonable, Madam, as to deſire you ſhould therefore think, that my dear, dear Jenny, is my kept miſtreſs;—no—that would be flattering my character in the other extreme, and giving it an air of freedom, which, perhaps, it has no kind of right to. All I contend for, is the utter impoſſibility, for ſome volumes, that you, or the moſt penetrating ſpirit upon earth, ſhould know how this matter really ſtands.—It is not impoſſible, but that my dear, dear Jenny! tender as the appellation is, may be my child.—Conſider—I was born in the year eighteen.—Nor is there any thing unnatural or extravagant in the ſuppoſition, that my dear Jenny may be my friend.——'Friend!—my 'friend?'—'Surely, Madam, a friend-'ſhip between the two ſexes may ſub-'ſiſt, and be ſupported without——' 'Fy, Mr. Shandy!'—'Without any 'thing, Madam, but that tender and 'delicious ſentiment, which ever mixes 'in friendſhip, where there is a diſference 'of ſex. Let me intreat you to ſtudy 'the pure and ſentimental parts of the 'beſt French romances;—it will really, 'Madam, aſtoniſh you to ſee with what 'a variety of chaſte expreſſions this de-'licious ſentiment, which I have the 'honour to ſpeak of, is dreſſed out.'

CHAP. XIX.

I Would ſooner undertake to explain the hardeſt problem in geometry, than pretend to account for it, that a gentleman of my father's great good ſenſe—knowing, as the reader muſt have obſerved him, and curious too, in philoſophy;—wiſe alſo in political reaſoning—and in polemical (as he will find) no way ignorant;—could be capable of entertaining a notion in his head, ſo out of the common track—that I fear the reader, when I come to mention it to him, if he is the leaſt of a cholerick temper, will immediately throw the book by—if mercurial, he will laugh moſt heartily at it—and if he is of a grave and ſaturnine caſt, he will, at firſt ſight, abſolutely condemn as fanciful and extravagant—and that was, in reſpect to the choice and impoſition of Chriſtian names, on which he thought a great deal more depended than what ſuperficial minds were capable of conceiving.

His opinion, in this matter, was—that there was a ſtrange kind of magick bias, which good or bad names, as he called them, irreſiſtibly impreſſed upon our characters and conduct.

The hero of Cervantes argued not the point with more ſeriouſneſs—nor had he more faith—or more to ſay on the powers of necromancy in diſhonouring his deeds, or on Dulcinea's name in ſhedding luſtre upon them, than my father had on thoſe of Triſmegiſtus or Archimedes, on the one hand—or of Niky and Simpkin on the other. 'How many

'Ceſare

'Cæsars and Pompeys,' he would say, 'by mere inspiration of the names, have 'been rendered worthy of them!—And 'how many,' he would add, 'are 'there, who might, have done exceeding well in the world, had not their 'characters and spirits been totally 'depressed and Nicodemus'd into nothing!

'I see plainly, Sir, by your looks,' (or as the case happened) my father would say—'that you do not heartily 'subscribe to this opinion of mine—'which, to those,' he would add, 'who 'have not carefully sifted it to the bottom—I own, has an air more of fancy than of solid reasoning in it:—and 'yet, my dear Sir, if I may presume 'to know your character, I am morally assured, I should hazard little in 'stating a case to you, not as a party in 'the dispute—but as a judge; and trusting my appeal upon it to your own 'good sense and candid disquisition in 'this matter——you are a person free 'from as many narrow prejudices of 'education as most men—and, if I 'may presume to penetrate farther into 'you—of a liberality of genius above 'bearing down an opinion, merely because it wants friends. Your son—'your dear son—from whose sweet and 'open temper you have so much to expect—your Billy, Sir!—would you 'for the world, have called him *Judas?* '—would you, my dear Sir,' he would say, laying his hand upon your breast, with the genteelest address—and in that soft and irresistible piano of voice, which the nature of the *argumentum ad hominem* absolutely requires—'Would you, 'Sir, if a *Jew* of a god-father had proposed the name for your child, and 'offered you his purse along with it, 'would you have consented to such a 'desecration of him?——O my God!' he would say, looking up, 'if I know 'your temper right, Sir, you are incapable of it!—you would have trampled upon the offer—you would have 'thrown the temptation at the tempter's 'head with abhorrence!

'Your greatness of mind in this action, which I admire, with that generous contempt of money, which you 'shew me in the whole transaction, is 'really noble—and what renders it 'more so, is the principle of it—the 'workings of a parent's love upon the 'truth and conviction of this very hypothesis, namely, that was your s 'called Judas, the sordid and treache 'ous idea, so inseparable from the nam 'would have accompanied him throug 'life like his shadow, and, in the en 'made a miser and a rascal of him—i 'spite, Sir, of your example!'

I never knew a man able to answ this argument.—But, indeed, to spea of my father as he was—he was ce tainly irresistible both in his oration and disputations,—he was born an ora tor—Θεοδίδακτος. Persuasion hung upo his lips, and the elements of logick an rhetorick were so blended up in him—and, withal, he had so shrewd a guess at the weaknesses and passions of his respondent—that Nature might have stood up and said—'This man is elo-'quent.'—In short, whether he was on the weak or the strong side of the question, 'twas hazardous in either case to attack him.——And yet, 'tis strange, he had never read Cicero, nor Quintilian de Oratore, nor Isocrates, nor Aristotle, nor Longinus, amongst the ancients;—nor Vossius, nor Skioppius, nor Ramus, nor Farnaby, amongst the moderns;—and what is more astonishing, he had never in his whole life the least light or spark of subtilty struck into his mind, by one single lecture upon Crackenthorp or Burgersdicius, or any Dutch logician or commentator—he knew not so much as in what the difference of an argument *ad ignorantiam*, and an argument *ad hominem* consisted; so that I well remember, when he went up along with me to enter my name at Jesus College in ****, —it was a matter of just wonder with my worthy tutor, and two or three fellows of that learned society—that a man who knew not so much as the names of his tools, should be able to work after that fashion with them.

To work with them in the best manner he could, was what my father was, however, perpetually forced upon:—for he had a thousand little sceptical notions of the comick kind to defend—most of which notions, I verily believe, at first entered upon the footing of mere whims, and of a *vive la bagatelle*; and as such he would make merry with them for half an hour or so, and having sharpened his wit upon them, dismiss them till another day.

I mention this, not only as matter of hypothesis or conjecture upon the progress and establishment of my father's many

many odd opinions—but as a warning to the learned reader againſt the indiſcreet reception of ſuch gueſts, who, after a free and undiſturbed entrance, for ſome years, into our brains—at length claim a kind of ſettlement there—working ſometimes like yeaſt—but more generally after the manner of the gentle paſſion, beginning in jeſt, but ending in downright earneſt.

Whether this was the caſe of the ſingularity of my father's notions—or that his judgment, at length, became the dupe of his wit—or how far, in many of his notions, he might, though odd, be abſolutely right—the reader, as he comes at them, ſhall decide. All that I maintain here, is, that in this one, of the influence of Chriſtian names, however it gained footing, he was ſerious; he was all uniformity—he was ſyſtematical; and, like all ſyſtematick reaſoners, he would move both heaven and earth, and twiſt and torture every thing in nature to ſupport his hypotheſis. In a word, I repeat it over again—he was ſerious!—and, in conſequence of it, he would loſe all kind of patience whenever he ſaw people, eſpecially of condition, who ſhould have known better—as careleſs and as indifferent about the name they impoſed upon their child, or more ſo, than in the choice of *Ponto* or *Cupid* for their puppy-dog.

This, he would ſay, looked ill—and had, moreover this particular aggravation in it, viz. that when once a vile name was wrongfully or injudiciouſly given, 'twas not like the caſe of a man's character, which, when wronged, might hereafter be cleared—and, poſſibly, ſome time or other, if not in the man's life, at leaſt after his death—be, ſome how or other, ſet to rights with the world—but the injury of this, he would ſay, could never be undone—nay, he doubted even whether an act of parliament could reach it—He knew, as well as you, that the legiſlature aſſumed a power over ſurnames—but for very ſtrong reaſons, which he could give, it had never yet adventured, he would ſay, to go a ſtep farther.

It was obſervable, that though my father, in conſequence of this opinion, had, as I have told you, the ſtrongeſt likings and diſlikings towards certain names—that there were ſtill numbers of names which hung ſo equally in the balance before him, that they were abſolutely indifferent to him. *Jack*, *Dick*, and *Tom*, were of this claſs: theſe my father called neutral names—affirming of them, without a ſatire, that there had been as many knaves and fools, at leaſt, as wiſe and good men, ſince the world began, who had indifferently borne them—ſo that, like equal forces acting againſt each other in contrary directions, he thought they mutually deſtroyed each other's effects: for which reaſon, he would often declare, he would not give a cherry-ſtone to chuſe, amongſt them. *Bob*, which was my brother's name, was another of theſe neutral kinds of Chriſtian names, which operated very little either way; and as my father happened to be at Epſom when it was given him,—he would oft-times thank Heaven it was no worſe. *Andrew* was ſomething like a negative quantity in algebra with him; 'twas worſe, he ſaid, than nothing:—*William* ſtood pretty high—*Numps* again was low with him—and *Nick*, he ſaid, was the DEVIL.

But, of all the names in the univerſe, he had the moſt unconquerable averſion for *Triſtram*—he had the loweſt and moſt contemptible opinion of it of any thing in the world—thinking it could poſſibly produce nothing in *rerum natura*, but what was extremely mean and pitiful: ſo that, in the midſt of a diſpute on the ſubject, in which, by the bye, he was frequently involved—he would ſometimes break off in a ſudden and ſpirited EPIPHONEMA, or rather EROTESIS, raiſed a third, and ſometimes a full fifth, above the key of the diſcourſe—and demand it categorically of his antagoniſt, whether he would take upon him to ſay, he had ever remembered—whether he had ever read—or even, whether he had ever heard tell of a man, called *Triſtram*, performing any thing great or worth recording!—'No,' he would ſay;—'*Triſtram*—the thing is im-'poſſible!'

What could be wanting in my father, but to have wrote a book to publiſh this notion of his to the world? Little boots it to the ſubtle ſpeculatiſt to ſtand ſingle in his opinions—unleſs he gives them proper vent—it was the identical thing which my father did—for in the year ſixteen, which was two years before I was born, he was at the pains of writing an expreſs DISSERTATION ſimply upon the word *Triſtram*—ſhewing the world, with great candour and

modeſty, the grounds of his great abhorrence to the name.

When this ſtory is compared with the title-page, will not the gentle reader pity my father from his ſoul—to ſee an orderly and well-diſpoſed gentleman—who though ſingular, yet inoffenſive in his notions—ſo played upon in them by croſs-purpoſes—to look down upon the ſtage, and ſee him baffled and overthrown in all his little ſyſtems and wiſhes; to behold a train of events perpetually falling out againſt him, and in ſo critical and cruel a way, as if they had purpoſely been planned and pointed againſt him, merely to inſult his ſpeculations.—In a word, to behold ſuch a one, in his old age, ill-fitted for troubles, ten times in a day ſuffering ſorrow; ten times in a day calling the child of his prayers TRISTRAM!—Melancholy diſſyllable of ſound! which, to his ears, was uniſon to *Nincompoop*, and every name vituperative under heaven.—By his aſhes! I ſwear it—if ever malignant ſpirit took pleaſure, or buſied itſelf in traverſing the purpoſes of mortal man—it muſt have been here!—and if it was not neceſſary I ſhould be born before I was chriſtened, I would this moment give the reader an account of it.

CHAP. XX.

——'How could you, Madam, be 'ſo inattentive in reading the laſt chapter? I told you in it, *that my mother 'was not a Papiſt.*'—'Papiſt! you told 'me no ſuch thing, Sir.'—'Madam, I 'beg leave to repeat it over again, that 'I told you as plain, at leaſt, as words, 'by direct inference, could tell you, 'ſuch a thing.'—'Then, Sir, I muſt 'have miſſed a page.'—'No, Madam, 'you have not miſſed a word.'—'Then 'I was aſleep, Sir.'—'*My pride, Ma-*'*dam, cannot allow you that refuge.*'—'Then I declare, I know nothing at all 'about the matter.'—'That, Madam, 'is the very fault I lay to your charge; 'and as a puniſhment for it, I do inſiſt 'upon it, that you immediately turn 'back, that is as ſoon as you get to the 'next full-ſtop, and read the whole 'chapter over again.'——I have impoſed this penance upon the lady, neither out of wantonneſs or cruelty; but from the beſt of motives; and therefore ſhall make her no apology for it when ſhe returns back——'tis to rebuke a vicious taſte, which has crept into thouſands beſides herſelf—of reading ſtraight forwards, more in queſt of the adventures, than of the deep erudition and knowledge which a book of this caſt, if read over as it ſhould be, would infallibly impart with them.—The mind ſhould be accuſtomed to make wiſe reflections, and draw curious concluſions, as it goes along; the habitude of which made Pliny the Younger affirm, that he never read a book ſo bad, but he drew ſome profit from it. The ſtories of Greece and Rome, run over without this turn and application—do leſs ſervice, I affirm it, than the Hiſtory of Pariſmus and Pariſmenus, or of the Seven Champions of England, read with it.

——But here comes my fair lady. 'Have you read over again the chapter, 'Madam, as I deſired you?'—'*You* 'have: and did you not obſerve the 'paſſage, upon the ſecond reading, 'which admits the inference?'—'Not 'a word like it!'—'Then, Madam, 'be pleaſed to ponder well the laſt line 'but one of the chapter, where I take 'upon me to ſay, it was *neceſſary* I 'ſhould be born before I was chriſtened. 'Had my mother, Madam, been a Papiſt, 'that conſequence did not follow *.'

It

* The Romiſh Rituals direct the baptiſing of the child, in caſes of danger, *before* it is born—but upon this proviſo, that ſome part or other of the child's body be ſeen by the baptizer:——But the doctors of the Sorbonne, by a deliberation held amongſt them, April 10, 1733—have enlarged the powers of the midwives, by determining, that though no part of the child's body ſhould appear—that baptiſm ſhall nevertheleſs be adminiſtered to it by injection—'*par le moyen d'une petite canulle*;'—Anglicè, *a ſquirt*.—'Tis very ſtrange that St. Thomas Aquinas, who had ſo good a mechanical head, both for tying and untying the knots of ſchool-divinity—ſhould, after ſo much pains beſtowed upon this—give up the point at laſt as a ſecond *la choſe impoſſible*—'Infantes in maternis 'uteris exiſtentes,' (quoth St. Thomas) 'baptizari poſſunt *nullo modo*.'——O Thomas! Thomas!

If the reader has the curioſity to ſee the queſtion upon baptiſm *by injection*, as preſented to the doctors of the Sorbonne—with their conſultation thereupon, it is as follows.

MEMOIRE

It is a terrible misfortune for this same book of mine, but more so to the republick of letters—so that my own is quite swallowed up in the consideration of it—that this self-same vile pruriency for fresh adventures in all things, has got so strongly into our habit and humours—and so wholly intent are we upon satisfying the impatience of our concupiscence that way—that nothing but the gross and more carnal parts of a composition will down:—the subtle hints and sly communications of science fly off, like spirits, upwards—the heavy moral escapes downwards—and both the one and the other are as much lost to the world, as if they were still left in the bottom of the ink-horn.

I wish the male reader has not passed by many a one, as quaint and curious as this one in which the female reader has been detected. I wish it may have it's effects—and that all good people, both male and female, from her example, may be taught to think as well as read.

CHAP.

MEMOIRE presenté à Messieurs les Docteurs de SORBONNE *.

'UN chirurgien accoucheur, represente à messieurs les docteurs de Sorbonne, qu'il 'y a des cas, quoique très rares, où une mere ne sçauroit accoucher, & même où l'enfant 'est tellement renfermé dans le sein de sa mere, qu'il ne fait paroître aucune partie de son 'corps; ce qui seroit un cas, suivant les rituels, de lui conferer, du moins sous condition, 'le baptême. Le chirurgien, qui consulte, prétend, par le moyen d'une *petite canulle*, de 'pouvoir baptiser immediatement l'enfant, sans faire aucun tort à la mere.—Il demand 'si ce moyen, qu'il vient de proposer, est permis & légitime, & s'il peut s'en servir dans 'le cas qu'il vient d'exposer.'

REPONSE.

'LE Conseil estime, que le question proposée souffre de grandes difficultes. Les théologiens posent d'un coté pour principe, que la baptême, qui est une naissance spirituelle, 'suppose une premiere naissance: il faut être né dans le monde, pour renaître en Jesus 'Christ, comme ils l'enseignent. S. Thomas, 3 part. quæst. 88. artic. 11. suit cette 'doctrine comme une verité constante; "L'on ne peut," dit ce S. Docteur, "baptiser les enfans qui sont renfermés dans le sein de leurs meres:" & S. Thomas est fondé 'sur ce, que les enfans ne sont point nés, & ne peuvent être comptés parmi les autres 'hommes; d'ou il conclud, qu'ils ne peuvent être l'objet d'une action extérieure, pour 'recevoir par leur ministére, les sacremens nécessaires au salut: "*Pueri in maternis uteris "existentes nondum prodierant in lucem ut cum aliis hominibus vitam ducant; unde non "possunt subjici actioni humanæ, ut per eorum ministerium sacramenta recipiant ad salu-"tem.*" Les rituels ordonnent dans la pratique ce que les theologiens ont établi sur les 'mêmes matieres; & ils deffendent tous, d'une maniére uniforme, de baptiser les enfans qui sont renfermés dans le sein de leurs meres, s'ils ne font paroître quelque partie 'de leurs corps. Le concours des théologiens, & des rituels, qui sont les régles des 'diocéses, paroît former une autorité qui termine la question presente; cependant le 'Conseil de conscience considerant d'un côté que le raisonnement des théologiens 'est uniquement fondé sur une raison de convenance, & que la desfense des rituels 'suppose que l'on ne peut baptiser immediatement les enfans ainsi renfermés dans 'le sein de leurs meres, ce qui est contre la supposition presente; & d'un autre côté, 'considerant que les mêmes théologiens enseignent, que l'on peut risquer les sacremens 'que Jesus Christ à établis comme des moyens faciles, mais necessaires pour sanctifier 'les hommes; & d'ailleurs estimant, que les enfans renfermés dans le sein de leurs 'meres, pourroient être capables de salut, parcequ'ils sont capables de damnation—— 'pour ces considerations, & en égard à l'exposé, suivant lesquel on assure avoir trouvé un 'moyen certain de baptiser ces enfans ainsi renfermés, sans faire aucun tort à la mere. 'Le Conseil estime que l'on pourroit se servir du moyen proposé, dans la confiance qu'il 'à, que Dieu n'a point laissé ces sortes d'enfans sans aucuns secours; & supposant, com-'me il est exposé, que le moyen dont il s'agit est propre à leur procurer le baptême; 'cependant comme il s'agiroit, en autorisant la pratique proposée, de changer une regle 'universellement établie, le Conseil croit que celui qui consulte doit s'addresser à son 'évêque, & à qui il appartient de juger de l'utilité & du danger du moyen proposé, & 'comme, sous le bon plaisir de l'évêque, le Conseil estime qu'il faudroit recourir au 'Pape, qui à le droit d'expliquer les régles de l'eglise, & d'y déroger dans le cas, ou la 'loi ne sçauroit obliger, quelque sage & quelque utile que paroisse la maniére de baptiser

* Vide Deventer. Paris edit. 4to, 1734, p. 366.

CHAP. XXI.

——'I wonder what's all that noiſe, 'and running backwards and forwards 'for, above ſtairs!' quoth my father, addreſſing himſelf, after an hour and a half's ſilence, to my Uncle Toby—who, you muſt know, was ſitting on the oppoſite ſide of the fire, ſmoaking his ſocial pipe all the time, in mute contemplation of a new pair of black pluſh breeches which he had got on. 'What can they be doing brother?' quoth my father: 'we can ſcarce hear 'ourſelves talk.'

'I think,' replied my Uncle Toby, taking his pipe from his mouth, and ſtriking the head of it two or three times upon the nail of the left-thumb, as he began his ſentence; 'I think,' ſays he;——But to enter rightly into my Uncle Toby's ſentiments upon this matter, you muſt be made to enter firſt a little into his character, the outlines of which I ſhall juſt give you, and then the dialogue between him and my father will go on as well again.

——Pray what was that man's name—for I write in ſuch a hurry I have no time to recollect or look for it—who firſt made the obſervation, that there was great inconſtancy in our air and climate? Whoever he was, 'twas a juſt and good obſervation in him.—But the corollary drawn from it—namely, that it is this which has furniſhed us with ſuch a variety of odd and whimſical characters—that was not his—it was found out by another man, at leaſt a century and a half after him.—Then again, that this copious ſtore houſe of original materials, is the true and natural cauſe that our comedies are ſo much better than thoſe of France, or any others that either have or can be wrote upon the continent—that diſcovery was not fully made till about the middle of King William's reign, when the great Dryden, in writing one of his long prefaces, (if I miſtake not) moſt fortunately hit upon it. Indeed, towards the latter end of Queen Anne, the great Addiſon began to patronize the notion, and more fully explained it to the world in one or two of his Spectators—but the diſcovery was not his.—Then, fourthly and laſtly, that this ſtrange irregularity in our climate, producing ſo ſtrange an irregularity in our characters—doth thereby, in ſome ſort, make us amends, by giving us ſomewhat to make us merry with when the weather will not ſuffer us to go out of doors—that obſervation is my own; and was ſtruck out by me this very rainy day, March 26, 1759, and betwixt the hours of nine and ten in the morning.

Thus—thus, my fellow-labourers and aſſociates in this great harveſt of our

'dont il s'agit, le Conſeil ne pourroit l'approuver ſans le concours de ces deux autorités. 'On conſeile au moins à celui qui conſulte, de s'addreſſer à ſon évêque, & de lui faire 'part de la preſente déciſion; afin que, ſi le prelat entre dans les raiſons ſur leſquelles 'les docteurs ſouſſignés s'appuyent, il puiſſe être autoriſé dans le cas de néceſſité, ou il 'riſqueroit trop d'attendre que la permiſſion fût demandée & accordée d'employer le 'moyen qu'il propoſe ſi avantageux au ſalut de l'enfant. Au reſte, le Conſeil, en 'eſtimant que l'on pourroit s'en ſervir, croit cependant, que ſi les enfans dont il s'agit, 'venoient au monde, contre l'eſperance de ceux qui ſe ſeroient ſervis du même moyen, 'il ſeroit néceſſaire de les baptiſer *ſous condition:* & en cela le Conſeil ſe conforme à 'tous les rituels, qui en autoriſant le baptême d'un enfant qui fait paroître quelque 'partie de ſon corps, enjoignent néantmoins, & ordonnent de le baptiſer *ſous condition*, 's'il vient heureuſement au monde.

'Déliberé en Sorbonne, le 10 Avril 1733.

'A. LE MOYNE.
'L. DE ROMIGNY.
'DE MARCILLY.'

Mr. Triſtram Shandy's compliments to Meſſrs. Le Moyne, De Romigny, and De Marcilly; hopes they all reſted well the night after ſo tireſome a conſultation.—He begs to know, whether, after the ceremony of marriage, and before that of conſummation, the baptizing all the HOMUNCULI at once, flap-dash, *by injection*, would not be a ſhorter and ſafer cut ſtill; on condition, as above, that if the HOMUNCULI do well, and come ſafe into the world after this, that each and every of them ſhall be baptized again (*ſous condition*;)—and provided, in the ſecond place, that the thing can be done—which Mr. Shandy apprehends it may, *par le moyen d'une* petite canulle, *& ſans faire aucun tort à la mere.*

learning,

learning, now ripening before our eyes; does it is, by ſlow ſteps of cauſal increaſe, that our knowledge, phyſical, metaphyſical, phyſiological, polemical, moral, mathematical, ænigmatical, technical, biographical, romantical, chemical, and obſtetrical, with fifty other branches of it, (moſt of them ending, as theſe do, in *ical*) have, for theſe two laſt centuries and more, gradually been creeping upwards towards that Ακμὴ of their perfections, from which, if we may form a conjecture from the advances of theſe laſt ſeven years, we cannot poſſibly be far off.

When that happens, it is to be hoped it will put an end to all kind of writings whatſoever—the want of all kind of writing will put an end to all kind of reading—and that in time—*ex vacuo begets poverty, poverty peace*, —muſt, in courſe, put an end to all kind of knowledge—and then—we ſhall have all to begin over again; or, in other words, be exactly where we ſtarted.

—— Happy! thrice happy times!—I only wiſh that the æra of my begetting, as well as the mode and manner of it, had been a little altered—or that it could have been put off, with any convenience to my father or mother, for ſome twenty or five and twenty years longer, when a man in the literary world might have ſtood ſome chance.——

But I forgot my Uncle Toby, whom all this while we have left knocking the aſhes out of his tobacco-pipe.

His humour was of that particular ſpecies, which does honour to our atmoſphere; and I ſhould have made no ſcruple of ranking him amongſt one of the firſt-rate productions of it, had not there appeared too many ſtrong lines in it of a family likeneſs, which ſhewed that he derived the ſingularity of his temper more from blood than either wind or water; or any modifications or combinations of them whatever: and I have, therefore, oft-times wondered, that my father, though I believe he had his reaſons for it; upon his obſerving ſome tokens of excentricity, in my courſe when I was a boy—ſhould never once endeavour to account for them in this way: for all the Shandy family were of an original character throughout—I mean, the males—the females had no character at all——except, indeed, my Great Aunt Dinah—who, about ſixty years ago, was married and got with child by the coachman; for which my father, according to his hypotheſis of Chriſtian names, would often ſay, ſhe might thank her godfathers and godmothers.

It will ſeem very ſtrange—and I would as ſoon think of dropping a riddle in the reader's way, which is not my intereſt to do, as ſet him upon gueſſing how it could come to paſs, that an event of this kind, ſo many years after it had happened, ſhould be reſerved for the interruption of the peace and unity which otherwiſe ſo cordially ſubſiſted between my father and my Uncle Toby. One would have thought, that the whole force of the misfortune ſhould have ſpent and waſted itſelf in the family at firſt—as is generally the caſe.—But nothing ever wrought with our family after the ordinary way. Poſſibly, at the very time this happened, it might have ſomething elſe to afflict it; and as afflictions are ſent down for our good, and that as this had never done the Shandy family any good at all, it might lay waiting till apt times and circumſtances ſhould give it an opportunity to diſcharge it's office. —Obſerve, I determine nothing upon this.—My way is ever to point out to the curious different tracts of inveſtigation, to come at the firſt ſprings of the events I tell—not with a pedantick *feſcue*—or in the deciſive manner of Tacitus, who outwits himſelf and his reader—but with the officious humility of a heart devoted to the aſſiſtance merely of the inquiſitive—to them I write—and by them I ſhall be read—if any ſuch reading as this could be ſuppoſed to hold out ſo long—to the very end of the world.

Why this cauſe of ſorrow, therefore, was thus reſerved for my father and uncle, is undetermined by me. But how and in what direction it exerted itſelf ſo as to become the cauſe of diſſatisfaction between them, after it began to operate, is what I am able to explain with great exactneſs, and is as follows.

My Uncle Toby Shandy, Madam, was a gentleman, who, with the virtues which uſually conſtitute the character of a man of honour and rectitude—poſſeſſed one in a very eminent degree, which is ſeldom or never put into the catalogue; and that was, a moſt extreme and unparalleled modeſty of nature—though I correct the word nature, for this reaſon, that I may not prejudge a point which muſt ſhortly come to a hearing, and that is, whether this

modeſty

modesty of his was natural or acquired.—Which ever way my Uncle Toby came by it, 'twas nevertheless modesty in the truest sense of it; and that is, Madam, not in regard to words, for he was so unhappy as to have very little choice in them—but to things——and this kind of modesty so possessed him, and it arose to such a height in him, as almost to equal, if such a thing could be, even the modesty of a woman: that female nicety, Madam, and inward cleanliness of mind and fancy, in your sex, which makes you so much the awe of ours.

You will imagine, Madam, that my Uncle Toby had contracted all this from this very source—that he had spent a great part of his time in converse with your sex; and that, from a thorough knowledge of you, and the force of imitation which such fair examples render irresistible—he had acquired this amiable turn of mind.

I wish I could say so—for unless it was with his sister-in-law, my father's wife and my mother—my Uncle Toby scarce exchanged three words with the sex in as many years.—No, he got it, Madam, by a blow.—'A blow!'—Yes, Madam; it was owing to a blow from a stone, broke off by a ball from the parapet of a horn-work at the siege of Namur, which struck full upon my Uncle Toby's groin—'Which way could 'that effect it?'—The story of that, Madam, is long and interesting—but it would be running my history all upon heaps to give it you here—'tis for an episode hereafter; and every circumstance relating to it, in it's proper place, shall be faithfully laid before you—Till then, it is not in my power to give farther light into this matter, or say more than what I have said already—that my Uncle Toby was a gentleman of unparalleled modesty, which happening to be somewhat subtilized and rarified by the constant heat of a little family pride—they both so wrought together within him, that he could never bear to hear the affair of my Aunt Dinah touched upon, but with the greatest emotion.—The least hint of it was enough to make the blood fly into his face; but when my father enlarged upon the story in mixed companies, which the illustration of his hypothesis frequently obliged him to do—the unfortunate blight of one of the fairest branches of the family, would set my Uncle Toby's honour and modesty o'bleeding; and he would often take my father aside, in the greatest concern imaginable, to expostulate, and tell him, he would give him any thing in the world, only to let the story rest.

My father, I believe, had the truest love and tenderness for my Uncle Toby that ever one brother bore towards another, and would have done any things in nature, which one brother in reason could have desired of another, to have made my Uncle Toby's heart easy in this or any other point. But this lay out of his power.

——My father, as I told you, was a philosopher in grain—speculative—systematical—and my Aunt Dinah's affair was a matter of as much consequence to him, as the retrogradation of the planets to Copernicus—the backslidings of Venus in her orbit fortified the Copernican system, called so after his name; and the backslidings of my Aunt Dinah in her orbit, did the same service in establishing my father's system—which, I trust, will for ever hereafter be called the Shandean system, after his.

In any other family dishonour, my father, I believe, had as nice a sense of shame as any man whatever—and neither he, nor (I dare say) Copernicus, would have divulged the affair in either case, or have taken the least notice of it to the world, but for the obligations they owed, as they thought to truth.—'*Amicus Plato*,' my father would say, construing the words to my Uncle Toby, as he went along—'*Amicus Plato*; 'that is, Dinah was my aunt—*sed magis amica Veritas*—but Truth is my 'sister.'

This contrariety of humours betwixt my father and my uncle, was the source of many a fraternal squabble. The one could not bear to hear the tale of family disgrace recorded—and the other would scarce ever let a day pass to an end without some hint at it.

'For God's sake,' my Uncle Toby would cry, 'and for my sake, and for 'all our sakes, my dear brother Shandy, do let this story of our aunt's and 'her ashes sleep in peace!—how can 'you—how can you have so little feeling and compassion for the character 'of our family?'—'What is the character of a family to an hypothesis?' my father would reply.—'Nay, if you 'come to that—what is the life of a family?'—'The life of a family!' my

Uncle

Uncle Toby would ſay, throwing himſelf back in his arm-chair, and lifting up his hands, his eyes, and one leg. —'Yes, the life;'—my father would ſay, maintaining his point. 'How ma-'ny thouſands of 'em are there every 'year that come caſt away, (in all ci-'vilized countries at leaſt)—and con-'ſidered as nothing but common air, 'in competition of an hypotheſis!'—'In my plain ſenſe of things,' my Uncle Toby would anſwer, 'every ſuch 'inſtance is downright *murder*, let who 'will commit it.'—'There lies your 'miſtake,' my father would reply; 'for, '*in foro ſcientiæ*, there is no ſuch thing 'as *murder*—'tis only *death*, brother.'

My Uncle Toby would never offer to anſwer this by any other kind of argument, than that of whiſtling half a dozen bars of Lillabullero.—You muſt know it was the uſual channel through which his paſſions got vent, when any thing ſhocked or ſurprized him—but eſpecially when any thing which he deemed very abſurd was offered.

As not one of our logical writers, nor any of the commentators upon them, that I remember, have thought proper to give a name to this particular ſpecies of argument—I here take the liberty to do it myſelf, for two reaſons. Firſt, that, in order to prevent all confuſion in diſputes, it may ſtand as much diſtinguiſhed for ever, from every other ſpecies of argument—as the *Argumentum ad Verecundiam*, *ex Abſurdo*, *ex Fortiori*, or any other argument whatſoever;—and, Secondly, that it may be ſaid by my children's children, when my head is laid to reſt—that their learned grandfather's head had been buſied to as much purpoſe once, as other people's—that he had invented a name—and generouſly thrown it into the TREASURY of the *Ars Logica*, for one of the moſt unanſwerable arguments in the whole ſcience. And if the end of diſputation is more to ſilence than convince—they may add, if they pleaſe, to one of the beſt arguments too.

I do therefore, by theſe preſents, ſtrictly order and command, that it be known and diſtinguiſhed by the name and title of the *Argumentum Fiſtulatorium*, and no other—and that it rank hereafter with the *Argumentum Baculinum*, and the the *Argumentum ad Crumenam*, and for ever hereafter be treated of in the ſame chapter.

As for the *Argumentum Tripodium*, which is never uſed but by the woman againſt the man; and the *Argumentum ad Rem*, which, contrariwiſe, is made uſe of by the man only againſt the woman;—as theſe two are enough in conſcience for one lecture—and moreover, as the one is the beſt anſwer to the other,—let them likewiſe be kept apart, and be treated of in a place by themſelves.

CHAP. XXII.

THE learned Biſhop Hall, I mean the famous Dr. Joſeph Hall, who was Biſhop of Exeter in King James the Firſt's reign, tells us in one of his Decads, at the end of his Divine Art of Meditation, imprinted at London, in the year 1610, by John Beal, dwelling in Alderſgate Street, 'that it is an abo-'minable thing for a man to commend 'himſelf:'—and I really think it is ſo.

And yet, on the other hand, when a thing is executed in a maſterly kind of a faſhion, which thing is not likely to be found out—I think it is full as abominable, that a man ſhould loſe the honour of it, and go out of the world with the conceit of it rotting in his head.

This is preciſely my ſituation.

For in this long digreſſion which I was accidentally led into, as in all my digreſſions (one only excepted) there is a maſter-ſtroke of digreſſive ſkill, the merit of which has all along, I fear, been overlooked by my reader—not for want of penetration in him—but becauſe 'tis an excellence ſeldom looked for, or expected indeed, in a digreſſion—and it is this: that though my digreſſions are all fair, as you obſerve—and that I fly off from what I am about, as far, and as often too, as any writer in Great Britain; yet I conſtantly take care to order affairs ſo, that my main buſineſs does not ſtand ſtill in my abſence.

I was juſt going, for example, to have given you the great outlines of my Uncle Toby's moſt whimſical character;—when my Aunt Dinah and the coachman came acroſs us, and led us a vagary ſome millions of miles into the very heart of the planetary ſyſtem: notwithſtanding all this, you perceive that the drawing of my Uncle Toby's character went on gently all the time——not the great contours of it—that was impoſſible—but ſome familiar ſtrokes and faint deſignations of it, were here and there touched in, as we went along, ſo that

that you are much better acquainted with my Uncle Toby now than you was before.

By this contrivance, the machinery of my work is of a ſpecies by itſelf; two contrary motions are introduced into it, and reconciled, which are thought to be at variance with each other. In a word, my work is digreſſive, and it is progreſſive too—and at the ſame time.

This, Sir, is a very different ſtory from that of the earth's moving round her axis, in her diurnal rotation, with her progreſs in her elliptick orbit which brings about the year, and conſtitutes that variety and viciſſitude of ſeaſons we enjoy—though I own it ſuggeſted the thought—as I believe the greateſt of our boaſted improvements and diſcoveries have come from ſome ſuch trifling hints.

Digreſſions, inconteſtibly are the ſunſhine—they are the life, the ſoul of reading——take them out of this book, for inſtance—you might as well take the book along with them—one cold eternal winter would reign in every page of it: —reſtore them to the writer—he ſteps forth like a bridegroom—bids all-hail; brings in variety, and forbids the appetite to fail.

All the dexterity is in the good cookery and management of them, ſo as to be not only for the advantage of the reader, but alſo of the author; whoſe diſtreſs, in this matter, is truly pitiable: for if he begins a digreſſion—from that moment, I obſerve, his whole work ſtands ſtock ſtill; and if he goes on with his main work—then there is an end of his digreſſion.

——This is vile work.—For which reaſon, from the beginning of this, you ſee, I have conſtructed the main work and the adventitious parts of it with ſuch interſections, and have ſo complicated and involved the digreſſive and progreſſive movements, one wheel within another, that the whole machine, in general, has been kept a going—and, what's more, it ſhall be kept a-going theſe forty years, if it pleaſes the Fountain of Health to bleſs me ſo long with life and good ſpirits.

CHAP. XXIII.

I Have a ſtrong propenſity in me to begin this chapter very nonſenſically, and I will not baulk my fancy.—Accordingly I ſet off thus:

If the fixture of Momus's glaſs in the human breaſt, according to the propoſed emendation of that arch-critick, had taken place—firſt, this fooliſh conſequence would certainly have followed—that the very wiſeſt and the very graveſt of us all, in one coin or other, muſt have paid window-money every day of our lives.

And, ſecondly—that had the ſaid glaſs been there ſet up, nothing more would have been wanting, in order to have taken a man's character, but to have taken a chair and gone ſoftly, as you would to a dioptrical bee-hive, and looked in—viewed the ſoul ſtark naked—obſerved all her motions—her machinations—traced all her maggots from their firſt engendering to their crawling forth—watched her looſe in her friſks, her gambols, her capricios; and after ſome notice of her more ſolemn deportment, conſequent upon ſuch friſks, &c.—then taken your pen and ink and ſet down nothing but what you had ſeen, and could have ſworn to—but this is an advantage not to be had by the biographer in this planet; in the planet Mercury (belike) it may be ſo, if not better ſtill for him—for there the intenſe heat of the country, which is proved by computators, from it's vicinity to the ſun, to be more than equal to that of red-hot iron—muſt, I think, long ago have vitrified the bodies of the inhabitants, (as the efficient cauſe) to ſuit them for the climate (which is the final cauſe;) ſo that betwixt them both, all the tenements of their ſouls, from top to bottom, may be nothing elſe, for aught the ſoundeſt philoſophy can ſhew to the contrary, but one fine tranſparent body of clear glaſs (bating the umbilical knot)—ſo that, till the inhabitants grow old and tolerably wrinkled, whereby the rays of light, in paſſing through them, become ſo monſtrouſly refracted—or return reflected from their ſurfaces in ſuch tranſverſe lines to the eye, that a man cannot be ſeen through—his ſoul might as well, unleſs for mere ceremony—or the trifling advantage which the umbilical point gave her—might, upon all other accounts, I ſay, as well play the fool out o'doors as in her own houſe.

But this, as I ſaid above, is not the caſe of the inhabitants of this earth—our minds ſhine not through the body, but are wrapt up here in a dark covering of uncryſtalized fleſh and blood; ſo that, if we would come to the ſpecifick characters of them, we muſt go ſome other way to work.

Many,

Many, in good truth, are the ways, which human wit has been forced to take to do this thing with exactneſs.

Some, for inſtance, draw all their characters with wind-inſtruments—Virgil takes notice of that way in the affair of Dido and Æneas—but it is as fallacious as the breath of Fame—and, moreover, beſpeaks a narrow genius. I am not ignorant that the Italians pretend to a mathematical exactneſs in their deſignations of one particular ſort of character among them, from the *forte* or *piano* of a certain wind-inſtrument they uſe,—which they ſay is infallible.—I dare not mention the name of the inſtrument in this place—'tis ſufficient we have it amongſt us—but never think of making a drawing by it—this is ænigmatical, and intended to be ſo, at leaſt, *ad populum*—and therefore, I beg, Madam, when you come here, that you read on as faſt as you can, and never ſtop to make any enquiry about it.

There are others, again, who will draw a man's character from no other helps in the world, but merely from his evacuations—but this often gives a very incorrect outline—unleſs, indeed, you take a ſketch of his repletions too; and by correcting one drawing from the other, compound one good figure out of them both.

I ſhould have no objection to this method, but that I think it muſt ſmell too ſtrong of the lamp, and be rendered ſtill more operoſe, by forcing you to have an eye to the reſt of his *non-naturals*.—Why the moſt natural actions of a man's life ſhould be called his non-naturals—is another queſtion.

There are others, Fourthly, who diſdain every one of theſe expedients—not from any ſterility of his own, but from the various ways of doing it, which they have borrowed from the honourable devices which the Pentagraphick * brethren of the bruſh have ſhewn in taking copies.—Theſe, you muſt know, are your great hiſtorians.

One of theſe you will ſee drawing a full-length character *againſt the light*—that's illiberal—diſhoneſt—and hard upon the character of a man who ſits.

Others, to mend the matter, will make a drawing of you in the *camera*—that is moſt unfair of all—becauſe, *there* you are ſure to be repreſented in ſome of your moſt ridiculous attitudes.

To avoid all and every one of theſe errors, in giving you my Uncle Toby's character, I am determined to draw it by no mechanical help whatever—nor ſhall my pencil be guided by any one wind-inſtrument which ever was blown upon, either on this or on the other ſide of the Alps—nor will I conſider either his repletions or his diſcharges—or touch upon his non-naturals—but, in a word, I will draw my Uncle Toby's character from his *hobby-horſe*.

CHAP. XXIV.

IF I was not morally ſure that the reader muſt be out of all patience for my Uncle Toby's character,—I would here previouſly have convinced him that there is no inſtrument ſo fit to draw ſuch a thing with, as that which I have pitched upon.

A man and his hobby-horſe, though I cannot ſay that they act and re-act exactly after the ſame manner in which the ſoul and body do upon each other: yet doubtleſs there is a communication between them of ſome kind; and my opinion rather is, that there is ſomething in it more of the manner of electrified bodies—and that by means of the heated parts of the rider, which come immediately into contact with the back of the hobby-horſe.—By long journies and much friction it ſo happens, that the body of the rider is at length filled as full of hobby-horſical matter as it can hold;—ſo that if you are able to give but a clear deſcription of the nature of the one, you may form a pretty exact notion of the genius and character of the other.

Now the hobby-horſe which my Uncle Toby always rode upon was, in my opinion, a hobby-horſe well worth giving a deſcription of, if it was only upon the ſcore of his great ſingularity; for you might have travelled from York to Dover—from Dover to Penzance in Cornwall—and from Penzance to York back again, and not have ſeen ſuch another upon the road; or if you had ſeen ſuch a one, whatever haſte you had been in, you muſt infallibly have ſtopped to have taken a view of him.

* Pentagraph; an inſtrument to copy prints and pictures mechanically, and in any proportion.

Indeed, the gait and figure of him was ſo ſtrange, and ſo utterly unlike was he, from his head to his tail, to any one of the whole ſpecies, that it was now and then made a matter of diſpute—whether he was really a hobby-horſe or no: but as the philoſopher would uſe no other argument to the ſceptick, who diſputed with him againſt the reality of motion, ſave that of riſing upon his legs, and walking acroſs the room; ſo would my Uncle Toby uſe no other argument to prove his hobby-horſe was a hobby-horſe indeed, but by getting upon his back and riding him about—leaving the world, after that, to determine the point as it thought fit.

In good truth, my Uncle Toby mounted him with ſo much pleaſure, and he carried my Uncle Toby ſo well—that he troubled his head very little with what the world either ſaid or thought about it.

It is now high time, however, that I give you a deſcription of him—but to go on regularly, I only beg you will give me leave to acquaint you firſt how my Uncle Toby came by him.

CHAP. XXV.

THE wounds in my Uncle Toby's groin, which he received at the ſiege of Namur, rendering him unfit for the ſervice, it was thought expedient he ſhould return to England, in order, if poſſible, to be ſet to rights.

He was four years totally confined—part of it to his bed, and all of it to his room; and in the courſe of his cure, which was all that time in hand, ſuffered unſpeakable miſeries—owing to a ſucceſſion of exfoliation from the *os pubis*, and the outward edge of that part of the *coxendix* called the *os illium*—both of which bones were diſmally cruſhed, as much by the irregularity of the ſtone, which I told you was broke off the parapet—as by it's ſize—(though it was pretty large) which inclined the ſurgeon all along to think, that the great injury which it had done my Uncle Toby's groin, was more owing to the gravity of the ſtone itſelf, than to the projectile force of it—which he would often tell him was a great happineſs.

My father at that time was juſt beginning buſineſs in London, and had taken a houſe—and as the trueſt friendſhip and cordiality ſubſiſted between the two brothers—and that my father thought my Uncle Toby could no where be ſo well nurſed and taken care of as in his own houſe—he aſſigned him the very beſt apartment in it. And what was a much more ſincere mark of his affection ſtill, he would never ſuffer a friend or an acquaintance to ſtep into the houſe on any occaſion, but he would take him by the hand, and lead him up ſtairs to ſee his brother Toby, and chat an hour by his bed-ſide.

The hiſtory of a ſoldier's wound beguiles the pain of it—my uncle's viſitors at leaſt thought ſo, and in their daily calls upon him, from the courteſy ariſing out of that belief, they would frequently turn the diſcourſe to that ſubject—and from that ſubject the diſcourſe would generally roll on to the ſiege itſelf.

Theſe converſations were infinitely kind; and my Uncle Toby received great relief from them, and would have received much more, but that they brought him into ſome unforeſeen perplexities, which for three months together, retarded his cure greatly; and if he had not hit upon an expedient to extricate himſelf out of them, I very believe they would have laid him in his grave.

What theſe perplexities of my Uncle Toby were—'tis impoſſible for you to gueſs: if you could—I ſhould bluſh; not as a relation—not as a man—nor even as a woman—but I ſhould bluſh as an author; inaſmuch as I ſet no ſmall ſtore by myſelf upon this very account, that my reader has never yet been able to gueſs at any thing. And in this, Sir, I am of ſo nice and ſingular a humour, that if I thought you was able to form the leaſt judgment or probable conjecture to yourſelf, of what was to come in the next page—I would tear it out of my book.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

CHAP. I.

I Have begun a new book, on purpoſe that I might have room enough to explain the nature of the perplexities in which my Uncle Toby was involved, from the many diſcourſes and interrogations about the ſiege of Namur, where he received his wound.

I muſt remind the reader, in caſe he has read the hiſtory of King William's wars—but if he has not—I then inform him that one of the moſt memorable attacks in that ſiege, was that which was made by the Engliſh and Dutch upon the point of the advanced counterſcarp, between the gate of St. Nicholas, which incloſed the great ſluice or water-ſtop, where the Engliſh were terribly expoſed to the ſhot of the counter-guard and demi-baſtion of St. Roch: the iſſue of which hot diſpute, in three words, was this; that the Dutch lodged themſelves upon the counter-guard, and that the Engliſh made themſelves maſters of the covered-way before St. Nicholas gate, notwithſtanding the gallantry of the French officers, who expoſed themſelves upon the glacis ſword in hand.

As this was the principal attack of which my Uncle Toby was an eye-witneſs at Namur—the army of the beſiegers being cut off, by the confluence of the Maes and Sambre, from ſeeing much of each others operations—my Uncle Toby was generally more eloquent and particular in his account of it; and the many perplexities he was in, aroſe out of the almoſt inſurmountable difficulties he found in telling his ſtory intelligibly, and giving ſuch clear ideas of the differences and diſtinctions between the ſcarp and counterſcarp—the glacis and covered-way—the half-moon and ravelin—as to make his company fully comprehend where and what he was about.

Writers themſelves are too apt to confound theſe terms; ſo that you will the leſs wonder, if in his endeavours to explain them, and in oppoſition to many miſconceptions, that my Uncle Toby did oft-times puzzle his viſitors, and ſometimes himſelf too.

To ſpeak the truth, unleſs the company my father led up ſtairs were tolerably clear-headed, or my Uncle Toby was in one of his beſt explanatory moods, 'twas a difficult thing, do what he could, to keep the diſcourſe free from obſcurity.

What rendered the account of this affair the more intricate to my Uncle Toby, was this—that in the attack of the counterſcarp, before the gate of St. Nicholas, extending itſelf from the bank of the Maes, quite up to the great water-ſtop—the ground was cut and croſs cut with ſuch a multitude of dykes, drains, rivulets, and ſluices, on all ſides

—and he would get ſo ſadly bewildered, and ſet faſt amongſt them, that frequently he could neither get backwards or forwards to ſave his life; and was oft-times obliged to give up the attack upon that very account only.

Theſe perplexing rebuffs gave my Uncle Toby Shandy more perturbations than you would imagine; and as my father's kindneſs to him was continually dragging up freſh friends and freſh enquirers—he had but a very uneaſy taſk of it.

No doubt my Uncle Toby had great command of himſelf—and could guard appearances, I believe, as well as moſt men; yet any one may imagine, that when he could not retreat out of the ravelin without getting into the half-moon, or getting out of the covered-way without falling down the counter-ſcarp, nor croſs the dyke without danger of ſlipping into the ditch, but that he muſt have fretted and fumed inwardly:—he did ſo—and theſe little and hourly vexations, which may ſeem trifling and of no account to the man who has not read Hippocrates—yet, whoever has read Hippocrates, or Dr. James Mackenzie, and has conſidered well the effects which the paſſions and affections of the mind have upon the digeſtion—(why not of a wound as well as of a dinner?)—may eaſily conceive what ſharp paroxiſms and exacerbations of his wound my Uncle Toby muſt have undergone upon that ſcore only.

——My Uncle Toby could not philoſophize upon it—'twas enough he felt it was ſo—and having ſuſtained the pain and ſorrows of it for three months together, he was reſolved ſome way or other to extricate himſelf.

He was one morning lying upon his back in his bed, the anguiſh and nature of the wound upon his groin ſuffering him to lye in no other poſition, when a thought came into his head, that if he could purchaſe ſuch a thing, and have it paſted down upon a board, as a large map of the fortification of the town and citadel of Namur, with it's environs, it might be a means of giving him eaſe.—I take notice of his deſire to have the environs along with the town and citadel, for this reaſon—becauſe my Uncle Toby's wound was got in one of the traverſes, about thirty toiſes from the returning angle of the trench, oppoſite to the ſalient angle of the demi-baſtion of St. Roch—ſo that he was pretty confident he could ſtick a pin upon the identical ſpot of ground where he was ſtanding on when the ſtone ſtruck him.

All this ſucceeded to his wiſhes; and not only freed him from a world of ſad explanation—but, in the end, it proved the happy means, as you will read, of procuring my Uncle Toby his hobby-horſe.

CHAP. II.

THERE is nothing ſo fooliſh, when you are at the expence of making an entertainment of this kind, as to order things ſo badly, as to let your criticks and gentry of refined taſte run it down: nor is there any thing ſo likely to make them do it, as that of leaving them out of the party—or, what is full as offenſive, of beſtowing your attention upon the reſt of your gueſts in ſo particular a way, as if there was no ſuch thing as a critick (by occupation) at table.

—— I guard againſt both; for, in the firſt place, I have left half a dozen places purpoſely open for them—and in the next place, I pay them all court.—Gentlemen, I kiſs your hands; I proteſt no company could give me half the pleaſure—by my ſoul I am glad to ſee you—I beg only you will make *no* ſtrangers of yourſelves, but fit down without any ceremony, and fall on heartily.

I ſaid I had left ſix places, and I was upon the point of carrying my complaiſance ſo far, as to have left a ſeventh open for them—and in this very ſpot I ſtand on; but being told by a critick (though not by occupation—but by nature) that I had acquitted myſelf well enough, I ſhall fill it up directly, hoping, in the mean time, that I ſhall be able to make a great deal of more room next year.

——'How, in the name of wonder!' could your Uncle Toby, who, it 'ſeems, was a military man, and whom 'you have repreſented as no fool—be 'at the ſame time ſuch a confuſed, 'pudding-headed, muddle-headed, fel-'low, as——' Go look!

So, Sir Critick, I could have replied; but I ſcorn it——'tis language unurbane—and only befitting the man who

who cannot give clear and satisfactory accounts of things, or dive deep enough into the first causes of human ignorance and confusion. It is moreover the reply valiant—and therefore I reject it; for though it might have suited my Uncle Toby's character as a soldier excellently well—and had he not accustomed himself, in such attacks, to whistle the Lillabullero, as he wanted no courage, 'tis the very answer he would have given; yet it would by no means have done for me. You see, as plain as can be, that I write as a man of erudition—that even my similies, and my allusions, and my illustrations, and my metaphors, are euridite—and that I must sustain my character properly, and contraft it properly, too—else what would become of me? Why, Sir, I should be undone——at this very moment that I am going here to fill up one place against a critick—I should have made an opening for a couple.

—— Therefore I answer thus.

'Pray, Sir, in all the reading which 'you have ever read, did you ever read 'such a book as Locke's Essay upon 'the Human Understanding?—Don't 'answer me rashly—because many, I 'know, quote the book, who have not 'read it—and many have read it who 'understand it not.—If either of these 'is your case, as I write to instruct, I 'will tell you in three words what the 'book is.—It is a history——' 'A 'history! of who? what? where? 'when?'—'Don't hurry yourself—It 'is a history-book, Sir, (which may 'possibly recommend it to the world) 'of what passes in a man's own mind; 'and if you will say so much of the 'book, and no more—believe me, you 'will cut no contemptible figure in a 'metaphysick circle.

But this by the way.

'Now if you will venture to go along 'with me, and look down into the bot-'tom of this matter, it will be found 'that the cause of obscurity and con-'fusion, in the mind of man, is three-'fold.

'Dull organs, dear Sir, in the first 'place. Secondly, slight and transient 'impressions made by the objects when 'the said organs are not dull. And 'thirdly, a memory like unto a sieve, 'not able to retain what it has received. '—Call down Dolly your chamber-'maid, and I will give you my cap and 'bell along with it, if I make not this 'matter so plain, that Dolly herself 'should understand it as well as Mal-'branche.—When Dolly has indited 'her epistle to Robin, and has thrust 'her arm into the bottom of her pocket 'hanging by her right side—take that 'opportunity to recollect that the or-'gans and faculties of perception can 'by nothing in this world be so aptly 'typified and explained as by that one 'thing which Dolly's hand is in search 'of.—Your organs are not so dull that 'I should inform you—'tis an inch, 'Sir, of red seal-wax.

'When this is melted and dropped 'upon the letter, if Dolly fumbles too 'long for her thimble, till the wax 'is over-hardened, it will not receive 'the mark of her thimble from the 'usual impulse which was wont to im-'print it.—Very well.—If Dolly's wax, 'for want of better, is bees-wax, or of 'a temper too soft—though it may re-'ceive—it will not hold the impression, 'how hard soever Dolly thrusts against 'it—and last of all, supposing the wax 'good, and eke the thimble, but ap-'plied thereto in careless haste, as her 'mistress rings the bell—in any one of 'these three cases, the print left by the 'thimble will be as unlike the proto-'type as a brass jack.

'Now you must understand, that not 'one of these was the true cause of the 'confusion in my Uncle Toby's dis-'course; and it is for that very reason 'I enlarge upon them so long, after the 'manner of great physiologists — to 'shew the world, what it did *not* arise 'from.

'What it *did* arise from, I have hint-'ed above, and a fertile source of ob-'scurity it is—and ever will be—and 'that is, the unsteady uses of words 'which have perplexed the clearest and 'most exalted understandings.

'It is ten to one (at Arthur's) whe-'ther you have ever read the literary 'histories of past ages—if you have—'what terrible battles, 'yclept logoma-'chies, have they occasioned and per-'petuated with so much gall and ink-'shed—that a good-natured man can-'not read the accounts of them without 'tears in his eyes.

'Gentle critick! when thou hast 'weighed all this, and considered with-'in thyself how much of thy own know-'ledge, discourse, and conversation, has

'been

'been peſtered and diſordered, at one 'time or other, by this, and this only— 'What a pudder and racket in COUN-'CILS about ὑσὶα and ὑπόϛασις; and in 'the SCHOOLS of the learned about 'power and about ſpirit—about eſ-'ſences, and about quinteſſences—about 'ſubſtances, and about ſpace—What 'confuſion in greater THEATRES from 'words of little meaning, and as in-'determinate a ſenſe! when thou con-'ſidereſt this, thou wilt not wonder at 'my Uncle Toby's perplexities—thou 'wilt drop a tear of pity upon his ſcarp 'and his counterſcarp—his glacis and 'his covered-way—his ravelin and his 'half-moon: 'Twas not by ideas—by 'heaven! his life was put in jeopardy 'by words.'

CHAP. III.

WHEN my Uncle Toby got his map of Namur to his mind, he began immediately to apply himſelf, and with the utmoſt diligence, to the ſtudy of it; for nothing being of more importance to him than his recovery, and his recovery depending, as you have read, upon the paſſion and affections of his mind, it behoved him to take the niceſt care to make himſelf ſo far maſter of his ſubject, as to be able to talk upon it without emotion.

In a fortnight's cloſe and painful application—which, by the bye, did my Uncle Toby's wound upon his groin no good—he was enabled, by the help of ſome marginal documents at the feet of the elephant, together with Gobeſius's Military Architecture and Pyroballogy, tranſlated from the Flemiſh, to form his diſcourſe with paſſable perſpicuity; and before he was two full months gone—he was right eloquent upon it, and could make not only the attack of the advanced counterſcarp with great order—but having, by that time, gone much deeper into the art than what his firſt motive made neceſſary, my Uncle Toby was able to croſs the Maes and Sambre; make diverſions as far as Vauban's line, the abbey of Salſines, &c. and give his viſitors as diſtinct a hiſtory of each of their attacks, as of that of the gate of St. Nicholas, where he had the honour to receive his wound.

But deſire of knowledge, like the thirſt of riches, increaſes ever with the acquiſition of it, The more my Uncle Toby pored over his map, the more he took a liking to it—by the ſame proceſs and electrical aſſimilation, as I told you—through which I ween the ſouls of connoiſſeurs themſelves, by long friction and incumbition, have the happineſs, at length, to get all be-virtued—be-pictured—be-butterflied, and be-fiddled,

The more my Uncle Toby drank of this ſweet fountain of ſcience, the greater was the heat and impatience of his thirſt—ſo that before the firſt year of his confinement had well gone round, there was ſcarce a fortified town in Italy or Flanders, of which, by one means or other, he had not procured a plan—reading over as he got them, and carefully collating therewith the hiſtories of their ſieges, their demolitions, their improvements, and new works—all which he would read with that intenſe application and delight, that he would forget himſelf—his wound—his confinement—his dinner.

In the ſecond year, my Uncle Toby purchaſed Ramelli and Cataneo, tranſlated from the Italian—likewiſe Stevinus, Marolis, the Chevalier de Ville, Lorini, Cochorn, Sheeter, the Count de Pagan, the Marſhal Vauban, Monſ. Blondel—with almoſt as many more books of military architecture, as Don Quixote was found to have of chivalry, when the curate and barber invaded his library.

Towards the beginning of the third year, which was in Auguſt ninety-nine, my Uncle Toby found it neceſſary to underſtand a little of projectiles—and having judged it beſt to draw his knowledge from the fountain-head; he began with N. Tartaglia, who it ſeems was the firſt man who detected the impoſition of a cannon ball's doing all that miſchief under the notion of a right line—This N. Tartaglia proved to my Uncle Toby to be an impoſſible thing.

——Endleſs is the ſearch of truth.

No ſooner was my Uncle Toby ſatisfied which road the cannon-ball did *not* go, but he was inſenſibly led on, and reſolved in his mind to enquire and find out which road the ball *did* go: for which purpoſe he was obliged to ſet off afreſh with old Maltus, and ſtudied him devoutly.—He proceeded next to Gallileo and Torricellius—wherein, by certain

certain geometrical rules, infallibly laid down, he found the preciſe path to be a PARABOLA—or elſe an HYPERBOLA—and that the parameter, or latus rectum, of the conick ſection of the ſaid path, was to the quantity and amplitude in a direct ratio, as the whole line to the ſine of double the angle of incidence, formed by the breach upon an horizontal plane;—and that the ſemi-parameter—'Stop! my dear Uncle Toby—ſtop!—go not one foot farther into this thorny and bewildered track—intricate are the ſteps! intricate are the mazes of this labyrinth! intricate are the troubles which the purſuit of this bewitching phantom, KNOWLEDGE, will bring upon thee!—O my uncle; fly—fly—fly from it as from a ſerpent!—Is it fit—good-natured man! thou ſhould'ſt ſit up, with the wound upon thy groin, whole nights, baking thy blood with hectick watchings!—Alas! 'twill exaſperate thy ſymptoms—check thy perſpirations—evaporate thy ſpirits—waſte thy animal ſtrength—dry up thy radical moiſture—bring thee into a coſtive habit of body—impair thy health—and haſten all the infirmities of thy old age!——O my uncle! my Uncle Toby!'

CHAP. IV.

I Would not give a groat for that man's knowledge in pen-craft, who does not underſtand this—that the beſt plain narrative in the world, tacked very cloſe to the laſt ſpirited apoſtrophe to my Uncle Toby—would have felt both cold and vapid upon the reader's palate—therefore I forthwith put an end to the chapter, though I was in the middle of my ſtory.

——Writers of my ſtamp have one principle in common with painters. Where an exact copying makes our pictures leſs ſtriking, we chuſe the leſs evil; deeming it more pardonable to treſpaſs againſt truth, than beauty. This is to be underſtood *cum grano ſalis*; but be it as it will—as the parallel is made more for the ſake of letting the apoſtrophe cool, than any thing elſe—'tis not very material whether upon any other ſcore the reader approves of it or not.

In the latter end of the third year, my Uncle Toby, perceiving that the parameter and ſemi-parameter of the conick ſection angered his wound, he left off the ſtudy of projectiles in a kind of a huff, and betook himſelf to the practical part of fortification only; the pleaſure of which, like a ſpring held back, returned upon him with redoubled force.

It was in this year that my uncle began to break in upon the daily regularity of a clean ſhirt—to diſmiſs his barber unſhaven—and to allow his ſurgeon ſcarce time ſufficient to dreſs his wound; concerning himſelf ſo little about it, as not to aſk him once in ſeven times dreſſing, how it went on; when, lo!—all of a ſudden, for the change was as quick as lightning, he began to ſigh heavily for his recovery—complained to my father—grew impatient with the ſurgeon—and one morning, as he heard his foot coming up ſtairs, he ſhut up his books, and thruſt aſide his inſtruments, in order to expoſtulate with him upon the protraction of his cure, which, he told him, might ſurely have been accompliſhed, at leaſt, by that time.—He dwelt long upon the miſeries he had undergone, and the ſorrows of his four years melancholy impriſonment; adding, that had it not been for the kind looks and fraternal chearings of the beſt of brothers—he had long ſince ſunk under his misfortunes.—My father was by; my Uncle Toby's eloquence brought tears into his eyes—'twas unexpected——My Uncle Toby, by nature was not eloquent—it had the greater effect——the ſurgeon was confounded:—not that there wanted grounds for ſuch, or greater marks of impatience—but 'twas unexpected too; in the four years he had attended him, he had never ſeen any thing like it in my Uncle Toby's carriage; he had never once dropped one fretful or diſcontented word; he had been all patience—all ſubmiſſion.

——We loſe the right of complaining ſometimes by forbearing it—but we often treble the force.—The ſurgeon was aſtoniſhed; but much more ſo, when he heard my Uncle Toby go on, and peremptorily inſiſt upon his healing up the wound directly—or ſending for Monſieur Ronjat, the king's ſerjeant-ſurgeon, to do it for him.

The deſire of life and health is implanted in man's nature—the love of liberty and enlargement is a ſiſter paſſion

ſion to it: theſe my Uncle Toby had in common with his ſpecies; and either of them had been ſufficient to account for his earneſt deſire to get well and out of doors—but I have told you before, that nothing wrought with our family after the common way—and from the time and manner in which this eager deſire ſhewed itſelf in the preſent caſe, the penetrating reader will ſuſpect there was ſome other cauſe or crotchet for it in my Uncle Toby's head.—There was ſo, and 'tis the ſubject of the next chapter to ſet forth what that cauſe and crotchet was. I own, when that's done, 'twill be time to return back to the parlour fire-ſide, where we left my Uncle Toby in the middle of his ſentence.

CHAP. V.

WHEN a man gives himſelf up to the government of a ruling paſſion—or, in other words, when his *hobby-horſe* grows head-ſtrong—farewel cool reaſon and fair diſcretion!

My Uncle Toby's wound was near well, and as ſoon as the ſurgeon recovered his ſurprize; and could get leave to ſay as much—he told him, 'twas juſt beginning to incarnate; and that if no freſh exfoliation happened, which there was no ſign of—it would be dried up in five or ſix weeks. The ſound of as many Olympiads twelve hours before, would have conveyed an idea of ſhorter duration to my Uncle Toby's mind.—The ſucceſſion of his ideas was now rapid—he broiled with impatience to put his deſign in execution—and ſo, without conſulting farther with any ſoul living—which, by the bye, I think is right, when you are predetermined to take no one ſoul's advice—he privately ordered Trim, his man, to pack up a bundle of lint and dreſſings, and hire a chariot and four to be at the door exactly at twelve o'clock that day, when he knew my father would be upon Change. So leaving a bank note upon the table for the ſurgeon's care of him, and a letter of tender thanks for his brother's—he packed up his maps, his books of fortification, his inſtruments, &c. and by the help of a crutch on one ſide, and Trim on the other—my Uncle Toby embarked for Shandy-Hall.

The reaſon, or rather the riſe of this ſudden demigration, was as follows.

The table in my Uncle Toby's room, and at which, the night before this change happened, he was ſitting with his maps, &c. about him—being ſomewhat of the ſmalleſt, for that infinity of great and ſmall inſtruments of knowledge which uſually lay crouded upon it—he had the accident, in reaching over for his tobacco-box, to throw down his compaſſes, and in ſtooping to take his compaſſes up, with his ſleeve he threw down his caſe of inſtruments and ſnuffers—and as the dice took a run againſt him, in his endeavouring to catch the ſnuffers in falling—he thruſt Monſieur Blondel off the table, and Count de Pagan o'top of him.

'Twas to no purpoſe for a man, lame as my Uncle Toby was, to think of redreſſing all theſe evils by himſelf—he rung his bell for his man Trim—'Trim,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'pr'ythee ſee what confuſion I have 'here been making—I muſt have ſome 'better contrivance, Trim.—Canſt thou 'not take my rule, and meaſure the 'length and breadth of this table, and 'then go and beſpeak me one as big 'again?'——'Yes, and pleaſe your 'honour,' replied Trim, making a bow; 'but I hope your honour will be ſoon 'well enough to get down to your 'country-ſeat—where, as your honour 'takes ſo much pleaſure in fortification, 'we could manage this matter to a T.'

I muſt here inform you, that this ſervant of my Uncle Toby's, who went by the name of Trim, had been a corporal in my uncle's own company——his real name was James Butler—but having got the nick-name of Trim in the regiment, my Uncle Toby, unleſs when he happened to be very angry with him, would never call him by any other name.

The poor fellow had been diſabled for the ſervice, by a wound on his left knee by a muſket-bullet, at the battle of Landon, which was two years before the affair of Namur—and as the fellow was well beloved in the regiment, and a handy fellow into the bargain, my Uncle Toby took him for his ſervant—and of excellent uſe was he, attending my Uncle Toby in the camp, and in his quarters, as a valet, groom, barber, cook, ſempſter, and nurſe; and, indeed, from firſt to laſt, waited upon him

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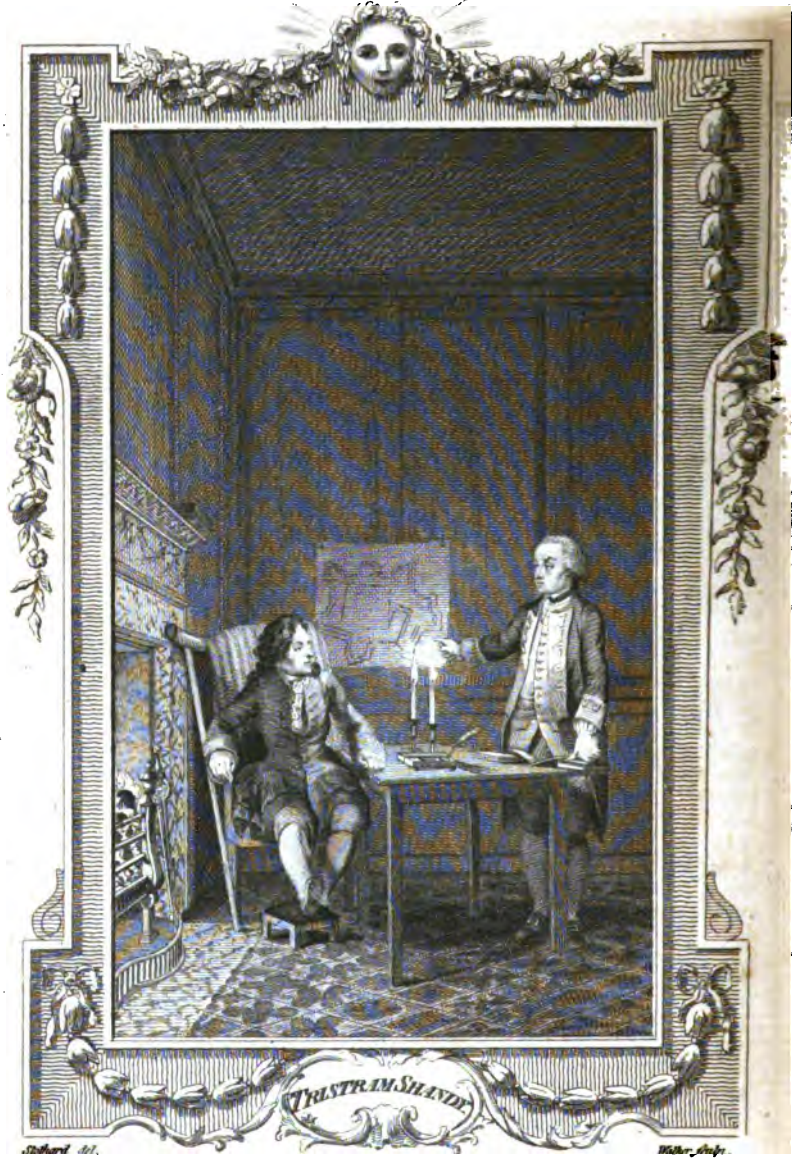

Plate III.

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him and served him with great fidelity and affection.

My Uncle Toby loved the man in return, and what attached him more to him still, was the similitude of their knowledge—for Corporal Trim, (for so, for the future, I shall call him) by five years occasional attention to his master's discourse upon fortified towns, and the advantage of prying and peeping continually into his master's plans, &c. &c. &c. and besides what he gained SUBSIDIARILY, as a bodyservant, was *hobby-horsical per se*—had become an extreme proficient in the fciences; and was thought, by the cook and chamber-maid, to know as much of the nature of strong-holds as my Uncle Toby himself.

I have but one more stroke to give to finish Corporal Trim's character—and it is the only dark line in it.—The fellow loved to advise—or rather, to hear himself talk: his carriage, however, was so perfectly respectful, 'twas easy to keep him silent when you had him so; but set his tongue a-going—you had no hold of him—he was voluble—the eternal interlardings of *your honour*, with the respectfulness of Corporal Trim's manner, interceding so strong in behalf of his elocution—that though you might have been incommoded—you could not well be angry. My Uncle Toby was seldom either the one or the other with him—or, at least, this fault, in Trim, broke no squares with them. My Uncle Toby, as I said, loved the man; and besides, as he ever looked upon a faithful servant—but as a humble friend, he could not bear to stop his mouth.——Such was Corporal Trim.

'If I durst presume,' continued Trim, 'to give your honour my advice,' and speak my opinion in this matter—' 'Thou art welcome, Trim,' quoth my Uncle Toby—' speak—speak 'what thou thinkeft upon the fubject, 'man, without fear.'—' Why, then,' replied Trim—(not hanging his ears, and scratching his head, like a country lout, but) ftroking his hair back from his forehead, and ftanding erect as before his division—' I think,' quoth Trim, (advancing his left, which was his lame leg, a little forwards—and pointing with his right-hand open towards a map of Dunkirk, which was pinned againft the hangings;) 'I think,' quoth Corporal Trim, 'with humble 'fubmiffion to your honour's better 'judgment—that theſe ravelins, baſtions, curtins, and horn-works, make 'but a poor, contemptible, fiddle-faddle 'piece of work of it here upon paper, 'compared to what your honour and I 'could make of it, were we in the 'country by ourfelves, and had but a 'road or a rood and a half of ground 'to do what we pleaſed with.—As 'ſummer is coming on,' continued Trim, 'your honour might fit out of 'doors, and give me the nography——' ('Call it ichnography,' quoth my uncle) —' of the town or citadel your honour 'was pleaſed to ſit down before—and 'I will be ſhot by your honour upon 'the glacis of it, if I did not fortify it 'to your honour's mind.'——' I dare 'ſay thou would'ſt, Trim,' quoth my uncle.—'For, if your honour,' continued the corporal, 'could but mark me 'the polygon, with it's exact lines and 'angles——' 'That I could do very 'well,' quoth my uncle.—' I would 'begin with the foſſé; and if your 'honour could tell me the proper depth 'and breadth——' 'I can to a hair's 'breadth, Trim,' replied my uncle.—'I would throw out the earth upon 'this hand towards the town, for the 'ſcarp—and on that hand towards the 'campaign, for the counterſcarp.'

——' Very right, Trim!' quoth my Uncle Toby.—' And when I had ſlop'ed them to your mind—an' pleaſe 'your honour, I would face the glacis, 'as the fineſt fortifications are done in 'Flanders, with ſods—and as your 'honour knows they ſhould be—and I 'would make the walls and parapets 'with ſods too.'—' The beſt engineers 'call them gazons, Trim,' ſaid my Uncle Toby.—' Whether they are ga'zons or ſods, is not much matter,' replied Trim; 'your honour knows they 'are ten times beyond a facing either 'of brick or ſtone.'—' I know they 'are, Trim, in ſome reſpects;'—quoth my Uncle Toby, nodding his head—'for a cannon-ball enters into the gazon 'right onwards, without bringing any 'rubbiſh down with it, which might 'fill the foſſé, (as was the caſe at St. 'Nicholas's Gate) and facilitate the 'paſſage over it.'

'Your honour underſtands theſe 'matters,' replied Corporal Trim, 'bet'ter than any officer in his majeſty's

'ſervice—but would your honour pleaſe 'to let the beſpeaking of the table alone, 'and let us but go into the country, I 'would work under your honour's di- 'rections like a horſe, and make forti- 'fications for you ſomething like a 'tanſy, with all their batteries, ſaps, 'ditches, and palliſadoes, that it ſhould 'be worth all the world's riding twenty 'miles to go and ſee it.'

My Uncle Toby bluſhed as red as ſcarlet as Trim went on—but it was not a bluſh of guilt—of modeſty—or of anger——it was a bluſh of joy!—He was fired with Corporal Trim's project and deſcription.—'Trim!' ſaid my Uncle Toby, 'thou haſt ſaid enough.'—'We might begin the campaign,' continued Trim, 'on the very day that his 'majeſty and the allies take the field, and 'demoliſh them town by town as faſt 'as—' 'Trim,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'ſay no more.'—'Your honour,' continued Trim, 'might ſit in your arm- 'chair,' [Pointing to it.] 'this fine 'weather, giving me your orders, and 'I would——' 'Say no more, Trim,' quoth my Uncle Toby.—'Beſides, your 'honour would get not only pleaſure 'and good paſtime—but good air, and 'good exerciſe, and good health—'and your honour's wound would be 'well in a month.'—'Thou haſt ſaid 'enough, Trim!'—quoth my Uncle Toby—(putting his hand into his breeches pocket)—'I like thy project 'mightily.'—'And if your honour 'pleaſes, I'll this moment go and buy 'a pioneer's ſpade to take down with 'us, and I'll beſpeak a ſhovel and a 'pick-ax, and a couple of——' 'Say 'no more, Trim,' quoth my Uncle Toby, leaping up upon one leg, quite overcome with rapture—and thruſting a guinea into Trim's hand—'Trim,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, 'ſay no more!—'but go down, Trim, this moment, my 'lad, and bring up my ſupper this in- 'ſtant.'

Trim ran down and brought up his maſter's ſupper—to no purpoſe—Trim's plan of operation ran ſo in my Uncle Toby's head, he could not taſte it.—'Trim,' quoth my Uncle Toby,' get me 'to-bed.'—'Twas all one.—Corporal Trim's deſcription had fired his imagination—my Uncle Toby could not ſhut his eyes.—The more he conſidered it, the more bewitching the ſcene appeared to him—ſo that, two full hours before day-light, he had come to a final determination, and had concerted the whole plan of his and Corporal Trim's decampment.

My Uncle Toby had a little neat country-houſe of his own, in the village where my father's eſtate lay at Shandy, which had been left him by an old uncle, with a ſmall eſtate of about one hundred pounds a year. Behind this houſe, and contiguous to it, was a kitchen-garden of about half an acre; and at the bottom of the garden, and cut off from it by a tall yew-hedge, was a bowling-green, containing juſt about as much ground as Corporal Trim wiſhed for:—ſo that as Trim uttered the words, 'A rood and a half of ground to do 'what they would with;' this identical bowling-green inſtantly preſented itſelf, and became curiouſly painted all at once, upon the retina of my Uncle Toby's fancy—which was the phyſical cauſe of making him change colour, or at leaſt of heightening his bluſh to that immoderate degree I ſpoke of.

Never did lover poſt down to a beloved miſtreſs with more heat and expectation, than my Uncle Toby did to enjoy this ſelf-ſame thing in private—I ſay, in private—for it was ſheltered from the houſe, as I told you, by a tall yew-hedge, and was covered on the other three ſides, from mortal ſight, by rough holly and thick ſet flowering-ſhrubs—ſo that the idea of not being ſeen, did not a little contribute to the idea of pleaſure pre-conceived in my Uncle Toby's mind.—Vain thought! however thick it was planted about—or private ſoever it might ſeem—to think, dear Uncle Toby, of enjoying a thing which took up a whole rood and a half of ground—and not have it known!

How my Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim managed this matter—with the hiſtory of their campaigns; which were no way barren of events—may make no unintereſting under-plot in the epitaſis and working-up of this drama.—At preſent the ſcene muſt drop—and change for the parlour fire-ſide.

CHAP. VI.

——'What can they be doing, bro- 'ther?' ſaid my father—'I think,' replied my Uncle Toby—taking, as I told you, his pipe from his mouth, and ſtriking the aſhes out of it as he began his

his ſentence—'I think,' replied he—'it would not be amiſs, brother, if we 'rung the bell.'

'Pray, what's all that racket over-'our heads, Obadiah?'—quoth my father.—'My brother and I can ſcarce 'hear ourſelves ſpeak.'

'Sir,' anſwered Obadiah, making a bow towards his left-ſhoulder—'my 'miſtreſs is taken very badly.'—'And 'where's Suſannah running down the 'garden there, as if they were going to 'raviſh her?'—'Sir, ſhe is running 'the ſhorteſt cut into the town,' replied Obadiah, 'to fetch the old mid-'wife.'—'Then ſaddle a horſe,' quoth my father, 'and do you go directly for 'Doctor Slop, the man-midwife, with 'all our ſervices—and let him know 'your miſtreſs is fallen into labour—'and that I deſire he will return with 'you with all ſpeed.'

'It is very ſtrange,' ſays my father, addreſſing himſelf to my Uncle Toby, as Obadiah ſhut the door—'as there is ſo 'expert an operator as Doctor Slop ſo 'near—that my wife ſhould perſiſt to the 'very laſt in this obſtinate humour of 'her's, in truſting the life of my child, 'who has had one misfortune already, to 'the ignorance of an old woman:—and 'not only the life of my child, brother—'but her own life, and with it the lives 'of all the children I might, peradven-'ture, have begot out of her hereafter.'

'Mayhap, brother,' replied my Uncle Toby, 'my ſiſter does it to ſave the ex-'pence.'—'A pudding's end!' replied my father—'the doctor muſt be paid 'the ſame for inaction as action—if not 'better—to keep him in temper.'

——'Then it can be out of nothing 'in the whole world,' quoth my Uncle Toby, in the ſimplicity of his heart—'but modeſty.—My ſiſter, I dare ſay,' added he, 'does not care to let a man 'come ſo near her ****.' I will not ſay whether my Uncle Toby, had compleated the ſentence or not—'tis for his advantage to ſuppoſe he had; as, I think, he could have added no ONE WORD which would have improved it.

If, on the contrary, my Uncle Toby had not fully arrived at his period's end—then the world ſtands indebted to the ſudden ſnapping of my father's tobacco-pipe, for one of the neateſt examples of that ornamental figure in oratory, which rhetoricians ſtyle the *apoſiopeſis*.—Juſt Heaven! how does the *poco più* and the *poco meno* of the Italian artiſts—the inſenſible *more* or *leſs*, determine the preciſe line of beauty in the ſentence, as well as in the ſtatue! How do the ſlight touches of the chiſel, the pencil, the pen, the fiddle-ſtick, *et cætera*—give the true ſwell, which gives the true pleaſure!—O my countrymen!—be nice—be cautious of your language;—and never, O! never let it be forgotten upon what ſmall particles your eloquence and your fame depend.

——'My ſiſter, mayhap,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'does not chuſe to let a 'man come ſo near her ****.' Make this daſh—'tis an *apoſiopeſis*.—Take the daſh away, and write *backſide*—'tis *bawdy*.—Scratch *backſide* out, and put *covered way* in—'tis a metaphor—and, I dare ſay, as fortification ran ſo much in my Uncle Toby's head, that if he had been left to have added one word to the ſentence—that word was it.

But whether that was the caſe or not the caſe—or whether the ſnapping of my father's tobacco-pipe ſo critically, happened through accident or anger, will be ſeen in due time.

CHAP. VII.

THOUGH my father was a good natural philoſopher—yet he was ſomething of a moral philoſopher too; for which reaſon, when his tobacco-pipe ſnapped ſhort in the middle—he had nothing to do, as ſuch, but to have taken hold of the two pieces, and thrown them gently upon the back of the fire.—He did no ſuch thing—he threw them with all the violence in the world—and, to give the action ſtill more emphaſis—he ſtarted up upon both his legs to do it.

This looked ſomething like heat—and the manner of his reply to what my Uncle Toby was ſaying, proved it was ſo.

——'Not chuſe,' quoth my father, (repeating my Uncle Toby's words) 'to let a man come ſo near her!—By 'Heaven, brother Toby! you would 'try the patience of a Job—and I think 'I have the plagues of one already, 'without it!'——'Why?—where?—'wherein?—wherefore?—upon what 'account?' replied my Uncle Toby, in the utmoſt aſtoniſhment.—'To think,' ſaid my father, 'of a man living to 'your age, brother, and knowing ſo

'little about women!'—'I know no-'thing at all about them,' replied my Uncle Toby—'and I think,' continued he, 'that the ſhock I received the year 'after the demolition of Dunkirk, in 'my affair with Widow Wadman—'which ſhock, you know, I ſhould not 'have received, but from my total ig-'norance of the ſex—has given me juſt 'cauſe to ſay, that I neither know nor 'do pretend to know, any thing about 'em or their concerns either.'—'Me-'thinks, brother,' replied my father, 'you might, at leaſt, know ſo much as 'the right end of a woman from the 'wrong.'

It is ſaid, in Ariſtotle's Maſter-Piece, that when a man doth think of any thing which is paſt—he looketh down upon the ground:—but that when he think-eth of ſomething that is to come, he looketh up towards the heavens.

My Uncle Toby, I ſuppoſe, thought of neither, for he looked horizontally.—'Right end,' quoth my Uncle Toby, muttering the two words low to himſelf, and fixing his two eyes inſenſibly as he muttered them, upon a ſmall crevice, formed by a bad joint in the chimney-piece—'Right end of a woman!—I de-'clare,' quoth my Uncle, 'I know no 'more which it is than the man in the 'moon—and if I was to think,' continued my Uncle Toby, (keeping his eye ſtill fixed upon the bad joint) 'this 'month together, I am ſure I ſhould 'not be able to find it out.'

'Then, Brother Toby,' replied my father, 'I will tell you.

'Every thing in this world,' continued my father—(filling a freſh pipe)—'every thing in this earthly world, my 'dear brother Toby, has two handles.' 'Not always,' quoth my Uncle Toby.—'At leaſt,' replied my father, 'every 'one has two hands—which comes to 'the ſame thing.—Now, if a man was 'to ſit down coolly, and conſider with 'himſelf the make, the ſhape, the con-'ſtruction, come-at-ability, and conve-'nience of all the parts which conſtitute 'the whole of that animal called woman, 'and compare them analogically—' 'I 'never underſtood rightly the meaning 'of that word;' quoth my Uncle Toby.

'ANALOGY,' replied my father, 'is 'the certain relation and agreement, 'which different——' Here a devil of a rap at the door ſnapped my father's definition (like his tobacco-pipe) in two—and, at the ſame time, cruſhed the head of as notable and curious a diſſertation as ever was engendered in the womb of ſpeculation—it was ſome months before my father could get an opportunity to be ſafely delivered of it.—And, at this hour, it is a thing full as problematical as the ſubject of the diſſertation itſelf—(conſidering the confuſion and diſtreſſes of our domeſtick miſ-adventures, which are now coming thick one upon the back of another) whether I ſhall be able to find a place for it in the third volume or not.

CHAP. VIII.

IT is about an hour and a half's tole-rable good reading ſince my Uncle Toby rung the bell, when Obadiah was ordered to ſaddle a horſe and go for Doctor Slop, the man-midwife—ſo that no one can ſay, with reaſon, that I have not allowed Obadiah time enough, poe-tically ſpeaking, and conſidering the emergency too, both to go and come—though morally and truly ſpeaking, the man perhaps has ſcarce had time to get on his boots.

If the hyper-critick will go upon this; and is reſolved after all to take a pendulum, and meaſure the true diſ-tance betwixt the ringing of the bell, and the rap at the door—and, after finding it to be no more than two mi-nutes, thirteen ſeconds, and three fifths,—ſhould take upon him to inſult over me for ſuch a breach in the unity, or rather probability of time—I would re-mind him, that the idea of duration, and of it's ſimple modes, is got merely from the train and ſucceſſion of our ideas—and is the true ſcholaſtick pen-dulum—and by which, as a ſcholar, I will be tried in this matter—abjuring and deteſting the juriſdiction of all other pendulums whatever.

I would therefore deſire him to con-ſider, that it is but poor eight miles from Shandy-Hall to Doctor Slop, the man-midwife's houſe—and that whilſt Oba-diah has been going thoſe ſaid miles and back, I have brought my Uncle Toby from Namur, quite acroſs all Flan-ders, into England—that I have had him ill upon my hands near four years—and have ſince travelled him and Corpo-ral Trim in a chariot and four, a jour-ney of near two hundred miles down into Yorkſhire—all which put together,

muſt

just have prepared the reader's imagination for the entrance of Doctor Slop upon the ſtage—as much, at leaſt, (I hope) as a dance, a ſong, or a concerto between the acts.

If my hyper-critick is intractable, pleading, that two minutes and thirteen ſeconds are no more than two minutes and thirteen ſeconds—when I have ſaid all I can about them—and that this idea, though it might ſave me dramatically, will damn me biographically, rendering my book from this very moment, a profeſſed ROMANCE, which before was a book apocryphal——If I am thus preſſed—I then put an end to the whole objection and controverſy about it all at once—by acquainting him, that Obadiah had not got above threeſcore yards from the ſtable-yard, before he met with Doctor Slop—and indeed he gave a dirty proof that he had met with him, and was within an ace of giving a tragical one too.

Imagine to yourſelf——but this had better begin a new chapter.

CHAP. IX.

IMAGINE to yourſelf a little ſquat, uncourtly figure of a Doctor Slop, of about four feet and a half perpendicular height, with a breadth of back, and a ſuſquipedality of belly, which might have done honour to a ſerjeant in the horſe-guards.

Such were the outlines of Doctor Slop's figure, which—if you have read Hogarth's Analyſis of Beauty—and if you have not, I wiſh you would—you muſt know, may as certainly be caracatured, and conveyed to the mind by three ſtrokes as three hundred.

Imagine ſuch a one—for ſuch, I ſay, were the outlines of Dr. Slop's figure, coming ſlowly along, foot by foot, waddling through the dirt upon the vertebræ of a little diminutive poney, of a pretty colour—but of ſtrength—alack!—ſcarce able to have made an amble of it, under ſuch a fardel, had the roads been in an ambling condition.—They were not.—Imagine to yourſelf, Obadiah mounted upon a ſtrong monſter of a coach-horſe, pricked into a full gallop, and making all practicable ſpeed the adverſe way.

Pray, Sir, let me intereſt you a moment in this deſcription.

Had Doctor Slop beheld Obadiah a mile off, poſting in a narrow lane directly towards him, at that monſtrous rate—ſplaſhing and plunging like a devil through thick and thin as he approached, would not ſuch a phænomenon, with ſuch a vortex of mud and water moving along with it round it's axis—have been a ſubject of juſter apprehenſion to Dr. Slop, in his ſituation, than the *worſt* of Whiſton's comets?—To ſay nothing of the NUCLEUS; that is, of Obadiah and the coach-horſe.—In my idea, the vortex alone of 'em was enough to have involved and carried, if not the doctor, at leaſt the doctor's poney, quite away with it. What then do you think muſt the terror and hydrophobia of Doctor Slop have been, when you read, (which you are juſt going to do) that he was advancing thus warily along towards Shandy-Hall, an dhad approached to within ſixty yards of it, and within five yards of a ſudden turn, made by an acute angle of the garden-wall—and in the dirtieſt part of a dirty lane—when Obadiah and his coach-horſe turned the corner, rapid, furious—pop—full upon him!—Nothing, I think, in nature, can be ſuppoſed more terrible than ſuch a rencounter—ſo impromptu! ſo ill prepared to ſtand the ſhock of it as Doctor Slop was.

What could Doctor Slop do?—He croſſed himſelf.—'Pugh!'—But the doctor, Sir, was a papiſt.—'No matter; he had better have kept hold of 'the pummel.'——He had ſo—nay, as it happened, he had better have done nothing at all; for, in croſſing himſelf, he let go his whip—and in attempting to ſave his whip betwixt his knee and his ſaddle's ſkirt, as it ſlipped, he loſt his ſtirrup—in loſing which he loſt his ſeat——and in the multitude of all theſe loſſes (which, by the bye, ſhews what little advantage there is in croſſing) the unfortunate doctor loſt his preſence of mind. So that without waiting for Obadiah's onſet, he left his poney to it's deſtiny, tumbling off it diagonally, ſomething in the ſtyle and manner of a pack of wool, and without any other conſequence from the fall, ſave that of being left, (as it would have been) with the broadeſt part of him ſunk about twelve inches deep in the mire.

Obadiah pulled off his cap twice to Doctor Slop—once as he was falling—and then again when he ſaw him ſeated.——'Ill-timed complaiſance!—Had

'not

'not the fellow better have ſtopped his 'horſe, and got off and helped him?' —Sir, he did all that his ſituation would allow—but the momentum of the coach-horſe was ſo great, that Obadiah could not do it all at once.—He rode in a circle three times round Doctor Slop, before he could fully accompliſh it any how; —and at laſt, when he did ſtop his beaſt, 'twas done with ſuch an explofion of mud, that Obadiah had better have been a league off. In ſhort, never was a Doctor Slop ſo beluted, and ſo tranſubſtantiated, ſince that affair came into faſhion.

CHAP. X.

WHEN Doctor Slop entered the back-parlour, where my father and my Uncle Toby were diſcourſing upon the nature of women—it was hard to determine whether Doctor Slop's figure, or Doctor Slop's preſence, occaſioned more ſurprize to them; for as the accident happened ſo near the houſe, as not to make it worth while for Obadiah to remount him—Obadiah had led him in as he was, unwiped, unappointed, unanealed, with all his ſtains and blotches on him.—He ſtood like Hamlet's ghoſt, motionleſs and ſpeechleſs, for a full minute and a half, at the parlour-door, (Obadiah ſtill holding his hand) with all the majeſty of mud. His hinder parts, upon which he had received his fall, totally beſmeared—and in every other part of him, blotched over in ſuch a manner with Obadiah's explofion, that you would have ſworn (without mental reſervation) that every grain of it had taken effect.

Here was a fair opportunity for my Uncle Toby to have triumphed over my father in his turn—for no mortal, who had beheld Doctor Slop in that pickle, could have diſſented from ſo much, at leaſt, of my Uncle Toby's opinion, that mayhap his ſiſter might not care to let ſuch a Doctor Slop come ſo near her ****. —But it was the *Argumentum ad hominem*; and if my Uncle Toby was not very expert at it, you may think, he might not care to uſe it.—No; the reaſon was—'twas not his nature to inſult.

Doctor Slop's preſence at that time, was no leſs problematical than the mode of it; though it is certain, one moment's reflection in my father might have ſolved it; for he had apprized Doctor Slop, but the week before, that my mother was at her full reckoning; and as the doctor had heard nothing ſince, 'twas natural and very political too in him, to have taken a ride to Shandy-Hall, as he did, merely to ſee how matters went on.

But my father's mind took unfortunately a wrong turn in the inveſtigation; running, like the hyper-critick's, altogether upon the ringing of the bell and the rap upon the door—meaſuring their diſtance, and keeping his mind ſo intent upon the operation, as to have power to think of nothing elſe—common-place infirmity of the greateſt mathematicians! working with might and main at the demonſtration, and ſo waſting all their ſtrength upon it, that they have none left in them to draw the corollary, to do good with.

The ringing of the bell, and the rap upon the door, ſtruck likewiſe ſtrong upon the ſenſorium of my Uncle Toby—but it excited a very different train of thoughts—the two irreconcileable pulſations inſtantly brought Stevinus, the great engineer, along with them, into my Uncle Toby's mind. What buſineſs Stevinus had in this affair—is the greateſt problem of all——it ſhall be ſolved—but not in the next chapter.

CHAP. XI.

WRITING, when properly managed, (as you may be ſure I think mine is) is but a different name for converſation. As no one, who knows what he is about in good company, would venture to talk all—ſo no author, who underſtands the juſt boundaries of decorum and good-breeding, would preſume to think all: the trueſt reſpect which you can pay to the reader's underſtanding, is to halve this matter amicably, and leave him ſomething to imagine, in his turn, as well as yourſelf.

For my own part, I am eternally paying him compliments of this kind, and do all that lies in my power to keep his imagination as buſy as my own.

'Tis his turn now——I have given an ample deſcription of Doctor Slop's ſad overthrow, and of his ſad appearance in the back-parlour—his imagination muſt now go on with it for a while.

Let

Let the reader imagine, then, that Doctor Slop has told his tale—and in what words, and with what aggravations, his fancy chuſes!——let him ſuppoſe, that Obadiah has told his tale alſo, and with ſuch rueful looks of affected concern, as he thinks will beſt contraſt the two figures, as they ſtand by each other——let him imagine, that my father has ſtepped up ſtairs to ſee my mother——and, to conclude this work of imagination—let him imagine the doctor waſhed—rubbed down—condoled with—felicitated—got into a pair of Obadiah's pumps, ſtepping forwards towards the door, upon the very point of entering upon action.

Truce!—truce, good Doctor Slop! ſtay thy obſtetrick hand; return it ſafe into thy boſom to keep it warm—little doſt thou know what obſtacles—little doſt thou think what hidden cauſes retard it's operation!—haſt thou, Doctor Slop—haſt thou been intruſted with the ſecret articles of this ſolemn treaty which has brought thee into this place?—Art thou aware, that at this inſtant, a daughter of Lucina is put obſtetrically over thy head?—Alas!—'tis too true.—Beſides, great ſon of Pilumnus! what canſt thou do?—Thou haſt come forth unarmed—thou haſt left thy *tire tetê*—thy new-invented forceps—thy crotchet—thy ſquirt—and all thy inſtruments of ſalvation and deliverance, behind thee.—By Heaven! at this moment they are hanging up in a green baize bag, betwixt thy two piſtols, at the bed's head!—Ring!—call!—ſend Obadiah back upon the coach-horſe to bring them with all ſpeed!—'Make great haſte, O-'badiah,' quoth my father, 'and I'll 'give thee a crown.'—'And,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'I'll give him ano-'ther.'

CHAP. XII.

'YOUR ſudden and unexpected 'arrival,' quoth my Uncle Toby, addreſſing himſelf to Doctor Slop, (all three of them ſitting down to the fire together, as my Uncle Toby began to ſpeak)—'inſtantly brought the great 'Stevinus into my head; who, you muſt 'know, is a favourite author with me.' '—Then,' added my father, making uſe 'of the argument *Ad Crumenam*—'I 'will lay twenty guineas to a ſingle 'crown-piece, (which will ſerve to give 'away to Obadiah when he gets back) 'that this ſame Stevinus was ſome en-'gineer or other, or has wrote ſome-'thing or other, either directly or in-'directly, upon the ſcience of fortifi-'cation.'

'He has ſo;' replied my Uncle Toby.—'I knew it,' ſaid my father; 'though, for the ſoul of me, I cannot 'ſee what kind of connection there can 'be betwixt Doctor Slop's ſudden com-'ing, and a diſcourſe upon fortifica-'tion—yet I fear'd it.—Talk of what 'we will, brother—or let the occaſion 'be never ſo foreign or unfit for the 'ſubject—you are ſure to bring it in.—'I would not, brother Toby,' con-tinued my father—'I declare, I would 'not have my head ſo full of curtins 'and horn-works——' 'That I dare 'ſay, you would not!' quoth Dr. Slop; interrupting him, and laughing moſt immoderately at his pun.

Dennis the critick could not deteſt and abhor a pun, or the inſinuation of a pun, more cordially than my father—he would grow teſty upon it at any time—but to be broke in upon by one, in a ſerious diſcourſe, was as bad, he would ſay, as a fillip upon the noſe—he ſaw no difference.

'Sir,' quoth my uncle Toby, addreſſing himſelf to Doctor Slop, 'the 'curtins my brother Shandy mentions 'here, have nothing to do with bed-'ſteads—though, I know, Du Cange 'ſays, that bed-curtains, in all proba-'bility, have taken their name from 'them—nor have the horn-works, he 'ſpeaks of, any thing in the world to 'do with the horn-works of cuckol-'dom——but the *curtin*, Sir, is the 'word we uſe in fortification for that 'part of the wall or rampart which 'lies between the two baſtions and 'joins them.—Beſiegers ſeldom offer to 'carry on their attacks directly againſt 'the curtin, for this reaſon, becauſe 'they are ſo well *flanked*.'—('It is the 'caſe of other curtains,' quoth Doctor Slop, laughing.) 'However,' continued my Uncle Toby, 'to make them 'ſure, we generally chuſe to place ra-'velins before them, taking care only 'to extend them beyond the foſſé or 'ditch.—The common men, who know 'very little of fortification, confound 'the ravelin and the half-moon toge-'ther—though they are very different 'things—

'things——not in their figure or con-
'ſtruction, for we make them exactly
'alike in all points—for they always
'conſiſt of two faces, making a ſalient
'angle, with the gorges, not ſtraight,
'but in form of a creſcent.'—'Where
'then lies the difference?' quoth my
father, a little teſtily.——'In their ſi-
'tuations,' anſwered my Uncle Toby:
'for when a ravelin, brother, ſtands
'before the curtin, it is a ravelin; and
'when a ravelin ſtands before a baſtion,
'then the ravelin is not a ravelin—it is
'a half-moon——a half-moon, like-
'wiſe, is a half-moon, and no more,
'ſo long as it ſtands before it's baſtion
'——but was it to change place, and
'get before the curtin—'twould be no
'longer a half-moon; a half-moon, in
'that caſe, is not a half-moon—'tis no
'more than a ravelin.'—'I think,'
quoth my father, 'that the noble ſcience
'of defence has it's weak ſides—as well
'as others.'

——'As for the *horn-works*——'
('Heigh! ho!' ſighed my father.)——
'which,' continued my Uncle Toby,
'my brother was ſpeaking of, they are
'a very conſiderable part of an out-
'work——they are called by the French
'engineers, *ouvrage a corne*, and we
'generally make them to cover ſuch
'places as we ſuſpect to be weaker than
'the reſt—'tis formed by two epaul-
'ments or demi-baſtions—they are very
'pretty; and if you will take a walk,
'I'll engage to ſhew you one well worth
'your trouble.—I own,' continued my
Uncle Toby, 'when we crown them—
'they are much ſtronger; but then they
'are very expenſive, and take up a great
'deal of ground; ſo that, in my opi-
'nion, they are moſt of uſe to cover or
'defend the head of a camp; otherwiſe
'the double tenaille——' 'By the
'mother who bore us, brother Toby!'
quoth my father, not able to hold out
any longer—'you would provoke a
'ſaint!—Here have you got us, I know
'not how, not only ſouſe into the
'middle of the old ſubject again—but
'ſo full is your head of theſe confound-
'ed works, that though my wife is this
'moment in the pains of labour, and
'you hear her cry out, yet nothing
'will ſerve you but to carry off the
'man-midwife.'—'*Accoucheur*, if you
'pleaſe!' quoth Doctor Slop. 'With
'all my heart,' replied my father; 'I
'don't care what they call you—but I
'wiſh the whole ſcience of fortification
'with all it's inventors, at the devil!—
'it has been the death of thouſands—
'and it will be mine in the end!—I
'would not, I would not, brother To-
'by, have my brains ſo full of ſaps,
'mines, blinds, gabions, paliſadoes,
'ravelins, half-moons, and ſuch trum-
'pery, to be proprietor of Namur, and
'of all the towns in Flanders with it.'

My Uncle Toby was a man patient of injuries——not from want of courage—I have told you in the fifth chapter of this ſecond book, that he was a man of courage—and will add here, that where juſt occaſions preſented, or called it forth—I know no man under whoſe arm I would have ſooner taken ſhelter——nor did this ariſe from any inſenſibility or obtuſeneſs of his intellectual parts—for he felt this inſult of my father's as feelingly as a man could do—but he was of a peaceful, placid nature—no jarring element in it—all was mixed up ſo kindly within him, my Uncle Toby had ſcarce a heart to retaliate upon a fly.

—'Go,' ſays he, one day at dinner, to an overgrown one which had buzzed about his noſe, and tormented him cruelly all dinner-time—and which, after infinite attempts, he had caught at laſt, as it flew by him—'I'll not hurt thee,' ſays my Uncle Toby, riſing from his chair, and going acroſs the room, with the fly in his hand—'I'll not hurt a hair 'of thy head!—Go,' ſays he, lifting up the ſaſh, and opening his hand as he ſpoke, to let it eſcape—'go, poor devil, 'get thee gone; why ſhould I hurt 'thee?—This world, ſurely, is wide 'enough to hold both thee and me!'

I was but ten years old when this happened—but whether it was, that the action itſelf was more in uniſon to my nerves at that age of pity, which inſtantly ſet my whole frame into one vibration of moſt pleaſurable ſenſation—or how far the manner and expreſſion of it might go towards it—or in what degree, or by what ſecret magick—a tone of voice and harmony of movement, attuned by mercy, might find a paſſage to my heart, I know not—this I know, that the leſſon of univerſal good-will then taught and imprinted by my Uncle Toby, has never ſince been worn out of my mind: and though I would not depreciate what the ſtudy of the *literæ humaniores*, at the univerſity, have done

for

for me in that reſpect, or diſcredit the other helps of an expenſive education beſtowed upon me, both at home and abroad ſince—yet I often think, that I owe one half of my philanthrophy to that one accidental impreſſion.

☞ This is to ſerve for parents and governors inſtead of a whole volume upon the ſubject.

I could not give the reader this ſtroke in my Uncle Toby's picture, by the inſtrument with which I drew the other parts of it—that taking in no more than the mere hobby-horſical likeneſs—this is a part of his moral character. My father, in this patient endurance of wrongs, which I mention, was very different, as the reader muſt long ago have noted: he had a much more acute and quick ſenſibility of nature, attended with a little ſoreneſs of temper; though this never tranſported him to any thing which looked like malignancy—yet, in the little rubs and vexations of life, 'twas apt to ſhew itſelf in a drolliſh and witty kind of peeviſhneſs—He was, however, frank and generous in his nature—at all times open to conviction; and, in the little ebullitions of this ſub-acid humour towards others, but particularly towards my Uncle Toby, whom he truly loved—he would feel more pain, ten times told, (except in the affair of my Aunt Dinah, or where an hypotheſis was concerned) than what he ever gave.

The characters of the two brothers, in this view of them, reflected light upon each other, and appeared with great advantage in this affair which aroſe about Stevinus.

I need not tell the reader, if he keeps a HOBBY-HORSE—that a man's hobby-horſe is as tender a part as he has about him; and that theſe unprovoked ſtrokes at my Uncle Toby's could not be unfelt by him.——No—as I ſaid above—my Uncle Toby did feel them, and very ſenſibly too.

'Pray, Sir, what ſaid he?—How 'did he behave?'—O, Sir! it was great: for as ſoon as my father had done inſulting his hobby-horſe—he turned his head, without the leaſt emotion, from Doctor Slop, to whom he was addreſſing his diſcourſe—and looked up into my father's face, with a countenance ſpread over with ſo much good-nature—ſo placid—ſo fraternal—ſo inexpreſſibly tender towards him—it penetrated my father to his heart: he roſe up haſtily from his chair, and ſeizing hold of both my Uncle Toby's hands as he ſpoke—'Brother Toby,' ſaid he, 'I beg thy 'pardon—forgive, I pray thee, this 'raſh humour which my mother gave 'me!'—'My dear, dear brother,' anſwered my Uncle Toby, riſing up by my father's help, 'ſay no more about 'it—you are heartily welcome, had it 'been ten times as much, brother.'—'But 'tis ungenerous,' replied my father, 'to hurt any man—a brother 'worſe——but to hurt a brother of 'ſuch gentle manners—ſo unprovoking—and ſo unreſenting—'tis baſe—'by Heaven, 'tis cowardly!'—'You 'are heartily welcome, brother,' quoth my Uncle Toby—'had it been fifty 'times as much!'—'Beſides, what 'have I to do, my dear Toby,' cried my father, 'either with your amuſements or your pleaſures, unleſs it was 'in my power (which it is not) to 'increaſe their meaſure?'

——'Brother Shandy,' anſwered my Uncle Toby, looking wiſtfully in his face—'you are much miſtaken in this 'point—for you do increaſe my pleaſure very much, in begetting children 'for the Shandy family at your time of 'life.'—'But, by that, Sir,' quoth Doctor Slop, 'Mr. Shandy increaſes 'his own.'—'Not a jot,' quoth my father.

CHAP. XIII.

'MY brother does it,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'out of *prin-'ciple*.'—'In a family way, I ſup-'poſe,' quoth Doctor Slop.—'Pſhaw!' ſaid my father, 'it is not worth talking 'of.'

CHAP. XIV.

AT the end of the laſt chapter, my father and my Uncle Toby were left both ſtanding, like Brutus and Caſſius at the cloſe of the ſcene, making up their accounts.

As my father ſpoke the three laſt words—he ſat down——my Uncle Toby exactly followed his example—only, that before he took his chair, he rung the bell, to order Corporal Trim, who was in waiting, to ſtep home for Stevinus—my Uncle Toby's houſe being no farther off than the oppoſite ſide of the way.

Some men would have dropped the ſubject of Stevinus—but my Uncle Toby had no reſentment in his heart; and he went on with the ſubject, to ſhew my father that he had none.

'Your ſudden appearance, Doctor 'Slop,' quoth my uncle, reſuming the diſcourſe, 'inſtantly brought Stevinus 'into my head.'——(My father, you may be ſure, did not offer to lay any more wagers upon Stevinus's head.)—'Becauſe,' continued my Uncle Toby; 'the celebrated ſailing-chariot, which 'belonged to Prince Maurice, and was 'of ſuch wonderful contrivance and 'velocity, as to carry half a dozen 'people thirty German miles in I don't 'know how few minutes—was invented by Stevinus, that great mathematician and engineer.'

'You might have ſpared your ſervant the trouble,' quoth Doctor Slop, '(as the fellow is lame) of going for 'Stevinus's account of it; becauſe, in 'my return from Leyden through the 'Hague, I walked as far as Schevling, 'which is two long miles, on purpoſe 'to take a view of it.'

—'That's nothing,' replied my Uncle Toby, 'to what the learned Pei'reſkius did; who walked a matter of 'five hundred miles, reckoning from 'Paris to Schevling, and from Schev'ling to Paris back again, in order to 'ſee it—and nothing elſe.'

Some men cannot bear to be outgone.

'The more fool Peireſkius!' replied Doctor Slop.—But mark, 'twas out of no contempt of Peireſkius at all: but that Peireſkius's indefatigable labour in trudging ſo far on foot, out of love for the ſciences, reduced the exploit of Doctor Slop, in that affair, to nothing.—'The more fool Peireſkius!' ſaid he again.—'Why ſo?' replied my father, taking his brother's part—not only to make reparation as faſt as he could for the inſult he had given him, which ſat ſtill upon my father's mind—but partly, that my father began really to intereſt himſelf in the diſcourſe.—'Why ſo,' ſaid he: 'Why is Peireſkius, or any 'man elſe, to be abuſed for an appetite 'for that, or any other morſel of ſound 'knowledge?—For, notwithſtanding I 'know nothing of the chariot in queſ'tion,' continued he, 'the inventor of 'it muſt have had a very mechanical 'head; and though I cannot gueſs 'upon what principles of philoſophy he 'has atchieved it—yet certainly his 'machine has been conſtructed upon 'ſolid ones, be they what they will, or 'it could not have anſwered at the rate 'my brother mentions.'

'It anſwered,' replied my Uncle Toby, 'as well, if not better: for, 'as Peireſkius elegantly expreſſes it, 'ſpeaking of the velocity of it's mo'tion, "*Tam citus erat, quam erat* "*ventus*;" which, unleſs I have for'got my Latin, is, that *it was as ſwift* '*as the wind itſelf.*'

'But pray, Doctor Slop,' quoth my father, interrupting my uncle, (though not without begging pardon for it, at the ſame time;) 'upon what principles 'was this ſelf-ſame chariot ſet a'going?'—'Upon very pretty prin'ciples, to be ſure!' replied Doctor Slop—'and I have often wondered,' continued he, evading the queſtion, 'why none of our gentry, who live 'upon large plains like this of ours—'(eſpecially they whoſe wives are not 'paſt child-bearing)—attempt nothing 'of this kind; for it would not only 'be infinitely expeditious upon ſudden 'calls, to which the ſex is ſubject—if 'the wind only ſerved—but would be 'excellent good huſbandry to make uſe 'of the winds, which coſt nothing, 'and which eat nothing, rather than 'horſes, which (the devil take 'em!) 'both coſt and eat a great deal.'

'For that very reaſon,' replied my father—'becauſe they coſt nothing, and 'becauſe they eat nothing—the ſcheme 'is bad——it is the conſumption of 'our products, as well as the manu'factures of them, which gives bread 'to the hungry, circulates trade, brings 'in money, and ſupports the value of 'our lands—and though, I own, if I 'was a prince, I would generouſly re'compenſe the ſcientifick head which 'brought forth ſuch contrivances—yet 'I would as peremptorily ſuppreſs the 'uſe of them.'

My father here had got into his element—and was going on as proſperouſly with his diſſertation upon trade, as my Uncle Toby had before, upon his of fortification—but, to the loſs of much ſound knowledge, the deſtinies in the morning had decreed that no diſſertation of any kind ſhould be ſpun by my father that day—for, as he opened his mouth to begin the next ſentence——

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

IN popped Corporal Trim with Stevinus—but 'twas too late—all the diſcourſe had been exhauſted without him, and was running into a new channel.

—'You may take the book home 'again, Trim!' ſaid my Uncle Toby, nodding to him.

'But pr'ythee, corporal,' quoth my father, drolling,—'look firſt into it, 'and ſee if thou can'ſt ſpy aught of a 'ſailing-chariot in it.'

Corporal Trim, by being in the ſervice, had learned to obey—and not to remonſtrate: ſo taking the book to a ſide-table, and running over the leaves —'An' pleaſe your honour,' ſaid Trim, 'I can ſee no ſuch thing!—however,' continued the corporal, drolling a little in his turn, 'I'll make ſure work of it, 'an' pleaſe your honour.'—So taking hold of the two covers of the book, one in each hand, and letting the leaves fall down, as he bent the covers back, he gave the book a good ſound ſhake.

'There is ſomething fallen out, 'however,' ſaid Trim, 'an' pleaſe 'your honour; but it is not a chariot, 'or any thing like one.'—'Pr'ythee, 'Corporal,' ſaid my father, ſmiling; 'what is it then?'—'I think,' anſwered Trim, ſtooping to take it up—'tis 'more like a ſermon—for it begins with 'a text of Scripture, and the chapter 'and verſe—and then goes on—not as 'a chariot, but like a ſermon directly.'

The company ſmiled.

'I cannot conceive how it is poſſible,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'for ſuch a 'thing as a ſermon to have got into my 'Stevinus.'

'I think 'tis a ſermon,' replied Trim; 'but if it pleaſe your honours, as it is 'a fair hand, I will read you a page:'—for Trim, you muſt know, loved to hear himſelf read almoſt as well as talk.

'I have ever a ſtrong propenſity,' ſaid my father, 'to look into things 'which croſs my way by ſuch ſtrange 'fatalities as theſe; and as we have 'nothing better to do, at leaſt till O-'badiah gets back, I ſhall be obliged 'to you, brother—if Doctor Slop has 'no objection to it—to order the cor-'poral to give us a page or two of it—'if he is as able to do it, as he ſeems 'willing.'—'An' pleaſe your honour,' quoth Trim, 'I officiated two whole 'campaigns, in Flanders, as clerk to 'the chaplain of the regiment.'—'He 'can read it,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'as well as I can.—Trim, I aſſure you, 'was the beſt ſcholar in my company, 'and ſhould have had the next halberd, 'but for the poor fellow's misfortune.' Corporal Trim laid his hand upon his heart, and made a humble bow to his maſter—then laying down his hat upon the floor, and taking up the ſermon in his left-hand, in order to have his right at liberty—he advanced, nothing doubting, into the middle of the room, where he could beſt ſee, and be beſt ſeen by, his audience.

CHAP. XVI.

—'If you have any objection—' ſaid my father, addreſſing himſelf to Doctor Slop. 'Not in the leaſt,' replied Doctor Slop—'for it does not ap-'pear on which ſide of the queſtion it is 'wrote—it may be a compoſition of a 'divine of our church, as well as yours; '—ſo that we run equal riſques.'—'Tis wrote upon neither ſide,' quoth Trim, 'for 'tis only upon *conſcience*, 'an' pleaſe your honours.'

Trim's reaſon put his audience into good-humour—all but Doctor Slop; who, turning his head about towards Trim, looked a little angry.

'Begin, Trim—and read diſtinctly,' quoth my father. 'I will, an' pleaſe 'your honour,' replied the corporal; making a bow, and beſpeaking attention with a ſlight movement of his right-hand.

CHAP. XVII.

——But before the corporal begins, I muſt firſt give you a deſcription of his attitude—otherwiſe he will naturally ſtand repreſented, by your imagination, in an uneaſy poſture—ſtiff—perpendicular—dividing the weight of his body equally upon both legs—his eye fixed, as if on duty—his look determined—clenching the ſermon in his left-hand, like his fire-lock.—In a word, you would be apt to paint Trim, as if he was ſtanding in his platoon ready for action.—His attitude was as unlike all this as you can conceive.

He ſtood before them with his body

ſwayed, and bent forwards juſt ſo far, as to make an angle of eighty-five degrees and a half upon the plane of the horizon—which ſound orators, to whom I addreſs this, know very well, to be the true perſuaſive angle of incidence——in any other angle you may talk and preach—'tis certain—and it is done every day—but with what effect—I leave the world to judge!

The neceſſity of this preciſe angle of eighty-five degrees and a half, to a mathematical exactneſs—does it not ſhew us, by the way, how the arts and ſciences mutually befriend each other?

How the deuce Corporal Trim, who knew not ſo much as an acute angle from an obtuſe one, came to hit it ſo exactly—or whether it was chance or nature, or good ſenſe or imitation, &c. ſhall be commented upon in that part of this cyclopædia of arts and ſciences, where the inſtrumental parts of the eloquence of the ſenate, the pulpit, the bar, the coffee-houſe, the bed-chamber, and fire-ſide, fall under conſideration.

He ſtood—for I repeat it, to take the picture of him in at one view—with his body ſwayed, and ſomewhat bent forwards—his right-leg from under him, ſuſtaining ſeven-eighths of his whole weight—the foot of his left-leg, the defect of which was no diſadvantage to his attitude, advanced a little—not laterally, nor forwards, but in a line betwixt them—his knee bent, but that not violently—but ſo as to fall within the limits of the line of beauty—and I add, of the line of ſcience too—for, conſider, it had one-eighth part of his body to bear up—ſo that in this caſe the poſition of the leg is determined—becauſe the foot could be no farther advanced, or the knee more bent, than what would allow him, mechanically, to receive an eighth part of his whole weight under it, and to carry it too.

☞ This I recommend to painters; ——need I add—to orators!—I think not; for unleſs they practiſe it—they muſt fall upon their noſes.

So much for Corporal Trim's body and legs.—He held the ſermon looſely, not careleſsly, in his left-hand, raiſed ſomething above his ſtomach, and detached a little from his breaſt—his right-arm falling negligently by his ſide, as nature and the laws of gravity ordered it—but with the palm of it open and turned towards his audience, ready to aid the ſentiment in caſe it ſtood in need.

Corporal Trim's eyes, and the muſcles of his face were in full harmony with the other parts of him—he looked frank—unconſtrained—ſomething aſſured—but not bordering upon aſſurance.

Let not the critick aſk how Corporal Trim could come by all this.—I've told him it ſhould be explained—but ſo he ſtood before my father, my Uncle Toby, and Doctor Slop—ſo ſwayed his body, ſo contraſted his limbs, and with ſuch an oratorical ſweep throughout the whole figure—a ſtatuary might have modelled from it——nay, I doubt whether the oldeſt fellow of a college—or the Hebrew profeſſor himſelf, could have much mended it.

Trim made a bow, and read as follows.

THE SERMON.

HEBREWS xiii. 18.

——*For we* truſt *we have a good conſcience.*

'TRUST!—Truſt we have a 'good conſcience!'

['Certainly, Trim,' quoth my father, interrupting him, 'you give that ſen-'tence a very improper accent; for you 'curl up your noſe, man, and read it 'with ſuch a ſneering tone, as if the 'parſon was going to abuſe the apoſtle.'

'He is, an' pleaſe your honour,' replied Trim. 'Pugh!' ſaid my father, ſmiling.

'Sir,' quoth Doctor Slop, 'Trim is 'certainly in the right; for the writer '(who I perceive is a Proteſtant) by the 'ſnappiſh manner in which he takes up 'the apoſtle, is certainly going to abuſe 'him—if this treatment of him has not 'done it already.'—'But from whence,' 'replied my father, 'have you concluded 'ſo ſoon, Doctor Slop, that the writer is 'of our church?—for aught I can ſee 'yet, he may be of any church.'—'Be-'cauſe,' anſwered Doctor Slop, 'if he 'was of ours—he durſt no more take ſuch 'a licence—than a bear by his beard—. 'If in our communion, Sir, a man was 'to inſult an apoſtle—a ſaint—or even 'the paring of a ſaint's nail—he would 'have his eyes ſcratched out.'—'What, 'by the ſaint!' quoth my Uncle Toby,

'No,

'No,' replied Doctor Slop, 'he would 'have an old house over his head.'—'Pray is the Inquisition an ancient build-'ing,' answered my Uncle Toby, or is it 'a modern one?'—'I know nothing of 'architecture,' replied Doctor Slop.—'An'please your honours,' quoth Trim, 'the Inquisition is the vilest—' 'Pr'y-'thee spare thy description, Trim; I hate 'the very name of it!' said my father. —'No matter for that,' answered Doctor Slop—'it has it's uses: for though 'I'm no great advocate for it—yet, in 'such a case as this, he would soon be 'taught better manners; and I can tell 'him, if he went on at that rate, would 'be flung into the Inquisition for his 'pains.'—'God help him then!' quoth my Uncle Toby. 'Amen!' added Trim, 'for Heaven above knows, I have a 'poor brother who has been fourteen 'years a captive in it.'—'I never heard 'one word of it before,' said my Uncle Toby, hastily—'how came he there, 'Trim?—'O, Sir, the story will make 'your heart bleed—as it has made mine 'a thousand times——but it is too long 'to be told now—your honour shall 'hear it from first to last some day when 'I am working beside you in our fortifi-'cations—but the short of the story is this—'that my brother Tom went over a ser-'vant to Lisbon—and then married a 'Jew's widow, who kept a small shop, 'and sold sausages—which some how or 'other, was the cause of his being tak-'en in the middle of the night out of 'his bed, where he was lying with his 'wife and two small children, and car-'ried directly to the Inquisition; where, '—God help him!' continued Trim, fetching a sigh from the bottom of his heart—'the poor honest lad lies con-'fined at this hour—he was as honest a 'soul,' added Trim, (pulling out his handkerchief) 'as ever blood warm-'ed!'——

——The tears trickled down Trim's cheeks faster than he could well wipe them away—A dead silence in the room ensued for some minutes—Certain proof of pity!

'Come, Trim,' quoth my father—after he saw the poor fellow's grief had got a little vent—'read on, and put this 'melancholy story out of thy head.—'I grieve that I interrupted thee; but 'pr'ythee begin the sermon again—for 'if the first sentence in it is matter of 'abuse, as thou sayest, I have a great 'desire to know what kind of provoca-'tion the apostle has given.'

Corporal Trim wiped his face—and returning his handkerchief into his pocket—and making a bow as he did it—he began again.]

THE SERMON.

HEBREWS xiii. 18.

——*For we* trust *we have a good con-science.*

'TRUST! trust we have a good 'conscience! Surely if there is 'any thing in this life which a man may 'depend upon, and to the knowledge 'of which he is capable of arriving upon 'the most indisputable evidence, it must 'be this very thing—whether he has a 'good conscience, or no.'

['I am positive I am right!' quoth Doctor Slop.]

'If a man thinks at all, he cannot 'well be a stranger to the true state of 'this account.—He must be privy to 'his own thoughts and desires—he must 'remember his past pursuits, and know 'certainly the true springs and mo-'tives which in general have govern-'ed the actions of his life.'

['I defy him, without an assistant!' quoth Doctor Slop.]

'In other matters we may be de-'ceived by false appearances; and, as 'the wise man complains, *hardly do 'we guess aright at the things that are 'upon the earth, and with labour do 'we find the things that are before us.* 'But here the mind has all the evidence 'and facts within herself—is conscious 'of the web she has wove—knows it's 'texture and fineness, and the exact 'share which every passion has had in 'working upon the several designs which 'virtue or vice has planned before her.'

['The language is good; and I de-'clare Trim reads very well!' quoth my father.]

'Now—as conscience is nothing else 'but the knowledge which the mind 'has within herself of this; and the 'judgment, either of approbation or 'censure, which it unavoidably makes 'upon the successive actions of our 'lives; 'tis plain, you will say, from 'the very terms of the proposition—'whenever this inward testimony goes 'against a man, and he stands self-'accused—that he must necessarily be a

'guilty

'guilty man.—And, on the contrary, 'when the report is favourable on his 'side, and his heart condemns him not '—that it is not a matter of *truth*, as 'the apoſtle intimates, but a matter of '*certainty* and fact, that the conſcience 'is good, and that the man muſt be 'good alſo.'

['Then the apoſtle is altogether in 'the wrong, I ſuppoſe,' quoth Doctor Slop, 'and the Proteſtant divine is in 'the right!'—'Sir, have patience,' replied my father; 'for I think it 'will preſently appear, that St. Paul 'and the Proteſtant divine are both of 'an opinion.'—'As nearly ſo,' quoth Doctor Slop, 'as eaſt is to weſt!—But 'this,' continued he, lifting both hands, 'comes from the liberty of the preſs!'

'It is no more, at the worſt,' replied my Uncle Toby, 'than the liberty 'of the pulpit; for it does not appear 'that the ſermon is printed, or ever 'likely to be.'

'Go on, Trim,' quoth my father.]

'At firſt ſight, this may ſeem to be 'a true ſtate of the caſe; and I make 'no doubt but the knowledge of right 'and wrong is ſo truly impreſſed upon 'the mind of man—that did no ſuch 'thing ever happen, as that the con'ſcience of a man, by long habits of 'ſin, might (as the Scripture aſſures it 'may) inſenſibly become hard—and, 'like ſome tender parts of his body, by 'much ſtreſs and continual hard uſage, 'loſe, by degrees, that nice ſenſe and 'perception with which God and na'ture endowed it—did this never hap'pen—or was it certain that ſelf-love 'could never hang the leaſt bias upon 'the judgment—or that the little inte'reſts below could riſe up and perplex 'the faculties of our upper regions, 'and encompaſs them about with clouds 'and thick darkneſs—could no ſuch 'thing as favour and affection enter 'this ſacred court—did wit diſdain to 'take a bribe in it; or was aſhamed to 'ſhew it's face as an advocate for an 'unwarrantable enjoyment—or, laſtly, 'were we aſſured that intereſt ſtood al'ways unconcerned whilſt the cauſe 'was hearing—and that paſſion never 'got into the judgment-ſeat, and pro'nounced ſentence in the ſtead of rea'ſon, which is ſuppoſed to preſide and 'determine upon the caſe—was this 'truly ſo, as the objection muſt ſup'poſe—no doubt, then, the religious 'and moral ſtate of a man would be ex'actly what he himſelf eſteemed it—'and the guilt or innocence of every 'man's life could be known, in gene'ral, by no better meaſure, than the 'degrees of his own approbation and 'cenſure.

'I own, in one caſe, whenever a 'man's conſcience does accuſe him (as 'it ſeldom errs on that ſide) that he is 'guilty; and unleſs in melancholy and 'hypochondriack caſes, we may ſafely 'pronounce upon it, that there is al'ways ſufficient grounds for the accu'ſation.

'But the converſe of the propoſition 'will not hold true—namely, that, 'whenever there is guilt, the conſcience 'muſt accuſe; and if it does not, that 'a man is therefore innocent—This is 'not fact—So that the common conſo'lation which ſome good Chriſtian or 'other is hourly adminiſtering to him'ſelf—that he thanks God his mind 'does not miſgive him, and that, con'ſequently, he has a good conſcience, 'becauſe he has a quiet one—is falla'cious——and as current as the in'ference is, and as infallible as the 'rule appears at firſt ſight; yet when 'you look nearer to it, and try the 'truth of this rule upon plain facts—'you ſee it liable to ſo much error from 'a falſe application—the principle upon 'which it goes ſo often perverted—the 'whole force of it loſt, and ſometimes 'ſo vilely caſt away, that it is painful 'to produce the common examples from 'human life which confirm the account.

'A man ſhall be vicious and utterly 'debauched in his principles—excep'tionable in his conduct to the world—'ſhall live ſhameleſs, in the open com'miſſion of a ſin which no reaſon or 'pretence can juſtify—a ſin by which, 'contrary to all the workings of huma'nity, he ſhall ruin for ever the delud'ed partner of his guilt—rob her of 'her beſt dowry—and not only cover 'her own head with diſhonour—but 'involve a whole virtuous family in 'ſhame and ſorrow for her ſake.—'Surely, you will think conſcience 'muſt lead ſuch a man a troubleſome 'life—he can have no reſt night or 'day from it's reproaches.

'Alas! conſcience had ſomething 'elſe to do all this time, than break 'in upon him: as Elijah reproached 'the God Baal—this domeſtick god

'was

'*was either talking, or pursuing, or*
'*was in a journey, or peradventure*
'*he slept and could not be awoke.*

'Perhaps he was gone out in company with *Honour* to fight a duel; to 'pay off some debt at play—or dirty anmuity, the bargain of his lust: perhaps '*Conscience* all this time was engaged 'at home, talking loud against petty-'larceny, and executing vengeance upon some such puny crimes as his fortune and rank in life secured him 'against all temptation of committing; 'so that he lives as merrily——' ['If 'he was of our church, though,' quoth Doctor Slop, 'he could not.']—— 'sleeps as soundly in his bed—and at 'last meets death as unconcernedly—'perhaps much more so—than a much 'better man.'

['All this is impossible with us,' quoth Doctor Slop, turning to my father—'the case could not happen in 'our church.'—'It happens in ours, 'however,' replied my father, 'but too 'often.'—'I own,' quoth Doctor Slop, (struck a little with my father's frank acknowledgment) 'that a man in the Ro-'mish church may live as badly—but 'then he cannot easily die so.'—'It is 'little matter,' replied my father, 'with an air of indifference, 'how a rascal 'dies.'—'I mean,' answered Doctor Slop, 'he would be denied the benefits 'of the last sacraments.'—'Pray, how 'many have you in all?' said my Uncle Toby; 'for I always forget.'—'Seven,' answered Doctor Slop. 'Humph!' said my Uncle Toby; though not accented as a note of acquiescence—but as an interjection of that particular species of surprize—when a man, in looking into a drawer, finds more of a thing than he expected—'Humph!' replied my Uncle Toby. Doctor Slop, who had an ear, understood my Uncle Toby as well as if he had wrote a whole volume against the seven sacraments.—'Humph!' replied Doctor Slop, (stating my Uncle Toby's argument over again to him)—'Why, 'Sir, are there not seven cardinal virtues?—Seven mortal sins?—Seven 'golden candlesticks?—Seven heavens?'—'It is more than I know,' replied my Uncle Toby.—'Are there not seven 'wonders of the world?—Seven days 'of the creation?—Seven planets?—'Seven plagues?'—'That there are!' quoth my father, with a most affected gravity. 'But pr'ythee,' continued he, 'go on with the rest of thy characters, 'Trim.']

'Another is sordid, unmerciful,' [Here Trim waved his right-hand.] 'a 'strait-hearted, selfish wretch, incapable 'either of private friendship, or publick 'spirit. Take notice how he passes by 'the widow and orphan in their distress, 'and sees all the miseries incident to human life without a sigh or a prayer.' ['An' please your honours,' cried Trim, 'I think this a viler man than the 'other!']

'Shall not conscience rise up and 'sting him on such occasions?—No; 'thank God there is no occasion, *I*
'*pay every man his own; I have*
'*no fornication to answer to my con-*
'*science—no faithless vows or promises*
'*to make up—I have debauched no*
'*man's wife or child; thank God, I*
'*am not as other men, adulterers, un-*
'*just, or even as this libertine, who*
'*stands before me.*

'A third is crafty and designing in 'his nature. View his whole life—'tis 'nothing but a cunning contexture of 'dark arts and unequitable subterfuges, 'basely to defeat the true intent of all 'laws—plain-dealing, and the safe enjoyment of our several properties.—'You will see such a one working out 'a frame of little designs upon the ignorance and perplexities of the poor 'and needy man—shall raise a fortune 'upon the inexperience of a youth, or 'the unsuspecting temper of his friend, 'who would have trusted him with his 'life.

'When old age comes on, and repentance calls him to look back upon 'this black account, and state it over 'again with his conscience—CONSCIENCE looks into the STATUTES AT LARGE—finds no express law 'broken by what he has done—perceives no penalty or forfeiture of goods 'and chattels incurred—sees no scourge 'waving over his head, or prison opening his gates upon him—What is 'there to affright his conscience?—Conscience has got safely entrenched behind the letter of the law; sits there 'invulnerable, fortified with Cases and 'Reports so strongly on all sides—'that it is not preaching can dispossess 'it of it's hold.'

[Here Corporal Trim and my Uncle Toby exchanged looks with each other.—'Aye,

—'Aye, aye, Trim!' quoth my Uncle Toby, ſhaking his head—'theſe are 'but ſorry fortifications, Trim.'—'O! 'very poor work,' anſwered Trim, 'to 'what your honour and I make of it.' —'The character of this laſt man,' ſaid Doctor Slop, interrupting Trim, 'is 'more deteſtable than all the reſt—and 'ſeems to have been taken from ſome 'pettifogging lawyer amongſt you.— 'Amongſt us, a man's conſcience could 'not poſſibly continue ſo long blinded; '—three times in a year, at leaſt, he 'muſt go to confeſſion.'—'Will that 'reſtore it to ſight?' quoth my Uncle Toby.—'Go on, Trim,' quoth my father, 'or Obadiah will have got back 'before thou haſt got to the end of thy 'ſermon.'—'Tis a very ſhort one,' replied Trim. 'I wiſh it was longer,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'for I like it 'hugely.'—Trim went on.]

'A fourth man ſhall want even this 'refuge—ſhall break through all this 'ceremony of ſlow chicane—ſcorns the 'doubtful workings of ſecret plots and 'cautious trains to bring about his pur- 'poſe—See the bare-faced villain, how 'he cheats, lyes, perjures, robs, mur- 'ders—Horrid!—But indeed much bet- 'ter was not to be expected, in the pre- 'ſent caſe—the poor man was in the 'dark!—his prieſt had got the keeping 'of his conſcience—and all he would 'let him know of it was, that he muſt 'believe in the pope—go to maſs—croſs 'himſelf—tell his beads—be a good 'catholick—and that this, in all con- 'ſcience, was enough to carry him to 'Heaven. What—if he perjures!—— 'Why—he had a mental reſervation 'in it.——But if he is ſo wicked and 'abandoned a wretch as you repreſent 'him—if he robs—if he ſtabs—will not 'conſcience, on every ſuch act, receive 'a wound itſelf?——Aye—but the 'man has carried it to confeſſion—the 'wound digeſts there, and will do well 'enough, and in a ſhort time be quite 'healed up by abſolution.——O Popery! 'what haſt thou to anſwer for?—when, 'not content with the too many natural 'and fatal ways, through which the 'heart of man is every day thus treache- 'rous to itſelf above all things—thou 'haſt wilfully ſet open this wide gate of 'deceit before the face of this unwary tra- 'veller, too apt, God knows! to go aſtray 'of himſelf; and confidently ſpeak peace 'to himſelf, when there is no peace.'

'Of this the common inſtances which 'I have drawn out of life, are too no- 'torious to require much evidence. If 'any man doubts the reality of them, 'or thinks it impoſſible for a man to be 'ſuch a bubble to himſelf—I muſt re- 'fer him a moment to his own reflec- 'tions, and will then venture to truſt 'my appeal with his own heart.

'Let him conſider in how different a 'degree of deteſtation, numbers of 'wicked actions ſtand *there*, though 'equally bad and vicious in their own 'natures—he will ſoon find, that ſuch 'of them as ſtrong inclination and 'cuſtom have prompted him to commit, 'are generally dreſſed out and painted 'with all the falſe beauties which a 'ſoft and flattering hand can give them '—and that the others, to which he 'feels no propenſity, appear at once 'naked and deformed, ſurrounded with 'all the true circumſtances of folly and 'diſhonour.

'When David ſurprized Saul ſleep- 'ing in the cave, and cut off the ſkirt 'of his robe—we read his heart ſmote 'him for what he had done—but in the 'matter of Uriah, where a faithful and 'gallant ſervant, whom he ought to 'have loved and honoured, fell to make 'way for his luſt—where conſcience 'had ſo much greater reaſon to take 'the alarm—his heart ſmote him not. 'A whole year had almoſt paſſed from 'the firſt commiſſion of that crime, to 'the time Nathan was ſent to reprove 'him; and we read not once of the leaſt 'ſorrow or compunction of heart which 'he teſtified, during all that time, for 'what he had done.

'Thus conſcience, this once able 'monitor—placed on high as a judge 'within us, and intended by our Maker 'as a juſt and equitable one too—by 'an unhappy train of cauſes and im- 'pediments, takes often ſuch imper- 'fect cognizance of what paſſes—does 'it's office ſo negligently—ſometimes 'ſo corruptly—that it is not to be truſt- 'ed alone; and therefore we find there 'is a neceſſity, an abſolute neceſſity, of 'joining another principle with it, to 'aid, if not govern, it's determina- 'tions.

'So that if you would form a juſt 'judgment of what is of infinite im- 'portance to you not to be miſled in— 'namely, in what degree of real merit 'you ſtand, either as an honeſt man, an

'uſeful

'abſolution, a faithful ſubject to your 'king, or a good ſervant to your God, '—call in religion and morality.—'Look, what is written in the law of 'God?—How readeſt thou?—Conſult 'calm reaſon, and the unchangeable 'obligations of juſtice and truth—what 'ſay they?

'Let CONSCIENCE determine the 'matter upon theſe reports—and then if 'thy heart condemns thee not, which 'is the caſe the apoſtle ſuppoſes—the 'rule will be infallible—[Here Doctor 'Slop fell aſleep.]—thou wilt have con'fidence towards God—that is, have 'juſt grounds to believe the judgment 'thou haſt paſt upon thyſelf, is the 'judgment of God; and nothing elſe 'but an anticipation of that righteous 'ſentence which will be pronounced 'upon thee hereafter by that Being to 'whom thou art finally to give an ac'count of thy actions.

'*Bleſſed is the man*, indeed, then, as 'the author of the book of Eccleſiaſti'cus expreſſes it, *who is not pricked 'with the multitude of his ſins: Bleſſed 'is the man whoſe heart hath not con'demned him; whether he be rich or 'whether he be poor, if he have a good 'heart*, (a heart thus guided and in'formed) *he ſhall at all times rejoice 'in a chearful countenance; his mind 'ſhall tell him more than ſeven watch'men that ſit above upon a tower on 'high.*'——['A tower has no ſtrength,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'unleſs 'tis 'flanked.']——'In the darkeſt doubts 'it ſhall conduct him ſafer than a thou'ſand caſuiſts, and give the ſtate he 'lives in a better ſecurity for his beha'viour than all the clauſes and reſtric'tions put together, which law-makers 'are forced to multiply:—Forced, I 'ſay, as things ſtand; human laws not 'being a matter of original choice, but 'of pure neceſſity, brought in to fence 'againſt the miſchievous effects of thoſe 'conſciences which are no law unto 'themſelves; well intending, by the 'many proviſions made—that in all 'ſuch corrupt and miſguided caſes, 'where principles and the checks of 'conſcience will not make us upright—'to ſupply their force—and, by the ter'rors of gaols and halters, oblige us to 'it.'

['I ſee plainly,' ſaid my father, 'that 'this ſermon has been compoſed to be 'preached at the Temple—or at ſome 'Aſſize.—I like the reaſoning—and am 'ſorry that Doctor Slop has fallen aſleep 'before the time of his conviction—for 'it is now clear, that the parſon, as I 'thought at firſt, never inſulted St. 'Paul in the leaſt—nor has there been, 'brother, the leaſt difference between 'them.'—'A great matter, if they had 'differed!' replied my Uncle Toby; 'the beſt friends in the world may diſ'fer ſometimes.'—'True, brother To'by,' quoth my father, ſtanking hands with him—'we'll fill our pipes, bro'ther, and then Trim ſhall go on.

'Well—what doſt thou think of it?' ſaid my father; ſpeaking to Corporal Trim, as he reached his tobacco-box.

'I think,' anſwered the corporal, 'that the ſeven watchmen upon the 'tower—who, I ſuppoſe, are all cen'tinels there, are more, an' pleaſe your 'honour, than were neceſſary—and, to 'go on at that rate, would harraſs a re'giment all to pieces, which a com'manding officer, who loves his men, 'will never do, if he can help it—be'cauſe two centinels,' added the cor'poral, 'are as good as twenty.—I have 'been a commanding officer myſelf in 'the *Corps de Gardes* a hundred times,' continued Trim, riſing an inch higher in his figure as he ſpoke—'and all the 'time I had the honour to ſerve his 'Majeſty King William, in relieving 'the moſt conſiderable poſts, I never 'left more than two in my life.'—'Ve'ry right Trim,' quoth my Uncle To'by—'but you do not conſider, Trim, 'that the towers, in Solomon's days, 'were not ſuch things as our baſtions, 'flanked and defended by other works '—theſe, Trim, was an invention ſince 'Solomon's death; nor had they horn'works, or ravelins before the curtin, in 'his time—or ſuch a foſſé as we make 'with a *cuvette* in the middle of it, 'and with covered ways and counter'ſcarps paliſadoed along it, to guard a'gainſt a *coup de main*:—So that the ſe'ven men upon the tower were a party, 'I dare ſay, from the *Corps de Garde*, 'ſet there, not only to look out, but to 'defend it.'—'They could be no more,' an' pleaſe your honour, than a Cor'poral's Guard.'—My father ſmiled inwardly—but not outwardly—the ſubject being rather too ſerious, conſidering what had happened, to make a jeſt of.—So putting his pipe into his mouth, which he had juſt lighted—he

contented himself with ordering Trim to read on. He read on as follows.]

'To have the fear of God before our 'eyes; and, in our mutual dealings with 'each other, to govern our actions by 'the eternal measures of right and 'wrong.—The first of these will comprehend the duties of religion—the second, those of morality—which are so inseparably connected together, that 'you cannot divide these two tables, 'even in imagination, (though the attempt is often made in practice) without breaking and mutually destroying 'them both.

'I said, the attempt is often made; 'and so it is—there being nothing more 'common, than to see a man who has 'no sense at all of religion, and indeed 'has so much honesty as to pretend to 'none, who would take it as the bitterest 'affront, should you hint at a suspicion 'of his moral character—or imagine 'he was not conscientiously just and 'scrupulous to the uttermost mite.'

'When there is some appearance, 'that it is so—though one is unwilling 'even to suspect the appearance of so 'amiable a virtue as moral honesty, yet 'were we to look into the grounds of 'it, in the present case, I am persuaded 'we should find little reason to envy 'such a one the honour of his motive.

'Let him declaim as pompously as 'he chuses upon the subject, it will be 'found to rest upon no better foundation, than either his interest, his pride, 'his ease, or some such little and changeable passion as will give us but small 'dependence upon his actions in matters 'of great trusts.

'I will illustrate this by an example: 'I know the banker I deal with, 'or the physician I usually call in—' ['There is no need,' cried Doctor Slop, (waking) 'to call in any physician in 'this case]—'to be neither of them men 'of much religion: I hear them make 'a jest of it every day, and treat all it's 'sanctions with so much scorn, as to 'put the matter past doubt. Well—'notwithstanding this, I put my fortune into the hands of the one—'and, what is dearer still to me, I 'trust my life to the honest skill of the 'other.

'Now let me examine what is my 'reason for this great confidence.—'Why, in the first place, I believe 'there is no probability that either of 'them will employ the power I put into 'their hands to my disadvantage—I 'consider that honesty serves the purposes of this life—I know their success in the world depends upon the 'fairness of their characters.—In a 'word, I am persuaded that they cannot hurt me without hurting themselves more.

'But put it otherwise; namely, that 'interest lay, for once, on the other 'side—that a case should happen, 'wherein the one, without stain to his 'reputation, could secrete my fortune, 'and leave me naked in the world—or 'that the other could send me out of it, 'and enjoy an estate by my death, without dishonour to himself or his art—'in this case what hold have I of either 'of them?——Religion, the strongest 'of all motives, is out of the question; '—interest, the next most powerful 'motive in the world, is strongly against me—what have I left to cast 'into the opposite scale to balance this 'temptation?——Alas! I have nothing—nothing but what is lighter 'than a bubble—I must lay at the 'mercy of HONOUR or some such capricious principle!—Strait security 'for two of my most valuable blessings, '—my property, and my life!'

'As, therefore, we can have no dependence upon morality without religion—so, on the other hand, there 'is nothing better to be expected from 'religion without morality—nevertheless, 'tis no prodigy to see a man, 'whose real moral character stands very 'low, who yet entertains the highest 'notion of himself, in the light of a 'religious man.

'He shall not only be covetous, revengeful, implacable—but even wanting in points of common honesty; yet, 'inasmuch as he talks aloud against the 'infidelity of the age—is zealous for 'some points of religion—goes twice 'a-day to church—attends the sacraments—and amuses himself with a few 'instrumental parts of religion—shall 'cheat his conscience into a judgment, 'that for this he is a religious man, 'and has discharged truly his duty to 'God: and you will find that such a 'man, through force of this delusion, 'generally looks down with spiritual 'pride upon every other man who has

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'less affectation of piety—though, perhaps, ten times more moral honesty 'than himself.

'*This, likewise, is a sore evil under the sun*; and, I believe, there is no one mistaken principle, which, for it's time, 'has wrought more serious mischiefs.—'For a general proof of this—examine 'the history of the Romish church—' ['Well, what can you make of that?' cried Doctor Slop.]—'see what scenes 'of cruelty, murder, rapine, bloodshed—' ['They may thank their 'own obstinacy!' cried Doctor Slop.]—'have all been sanctified by a religion 'not strictly governed by morality.

'In how many kingdoms of the 'world—' [Here Trim kept waving his right-hand from the sermon to the extent of his arm, returning it backwards and forwards to the conclusion of the paragraph.]

'In how many kingdoms of the 'world has the crusading sword of this 'misguided saint-errant spared neither 'age or merit, or sex or condition?—'and, as he fought under the banners 'of a religion which set him loose from 'justice and humanity, he shewed none; 'mercilessly trampled upon both—heard 'neither the cries of the unfortunate, 'nor pitied their distresses.'

['I have been in many a battle, an' 'please your honour!' quoth Trim, sighing, 'but never in so melancholy a 'one as this!—I would not have drawn 'a trigger in it against these poor souls '—to have been made a general officer!'—'Why? what do you understand of 'the affair?' said Doctor Slop, looking towards Trim, with something more of contempt than the corporal's honest heart deserved.—'What do you know, 'friend, about this battle you talk of?'—'I know,' replied Trim, 'that I 'never refused quarter in my life to any 'man who cried out for it—but to a 'woman or a child,' continued Trim, 'before I would level my musket at 'them, I would lose my life a thousand 'times!'—'Here's a crown for thee, 'Trim, to drink with Obadiah to-'night?' quoth my Uncle Toby: and 'I'll give Obadiah another too.'—'God 'bless your honour!' replied Trim—'I had rather these poor women and 'children had it.'—'Thou art an ho-'nest fellow,' quoth my Uncle Toby.—My father nodded his head—as much as to say—'and so he is.'—

'But, pr'ythee, Trim,' said my father, 'make an end—for I see thou hast 'but a leaf or two left.'

Corporal Trim read on.]

'If the testimony of past centuries in 'this matter is not sufficient—consider 'at this instant, how the votaries of 'that religion are every day thinking 'to do service and honour to God, by 'actions which are a dishonour and 'scandal to themselves.

'To be convinced of this, go with 'me for a moment into the prisons of 'the Inquisition.'——['God help my 'poor brother Tom!']——'Behold 'Religion, with Mercy and Justice 'chained down under her feet—there 'sitting ghastly upon a black tribunal, 'propped up with racks and instru-'ments of torment. Hark!—hark! 'what a piteous groan!'——[Here Trim's face turned as pale as ashes.]——'See the melancholy wretch who 'uttered it,'——[Here the tears began to trickle down.]——'just brought 'forth to undergo the anguish of a 'mock trial, and endure the utmost 'pains that a studied system of cruelty 'has been able to invent.'—['D—n 'them all!' quoth Trim, his colour returning into his face as red as blood.]—'Behold this helpless victim deliver-'ed up to his tormentors—his body 'so wasted with sorrow and confine-'ment—' ['Oh, 'tis my brother!' cried poor Trim in a most passionate exclamation, dropping the sermon upon the ground, and clapping his hands together—'I fear 'tis poor Tom!' My father's and my Uncle Toby's heart yearned with sympathy for the poor fellow's distress; even Slop himself acknowledged pity for him.—'Why, 'Trim,' said my father, 'this is not 'a history—'tis a sermon thou art 'reading: pr'ythee begin the sentence 'again.']—'Behold this helpless vic-'tim delivered up to his tormentors—'his body so wasted with sorrow and 'confinement, you will see every nerve 'and muscle as it suffers.

'Observe the last movement of that 'horrid engine!'—['I would rather face 'a cannon,' quoth Trim, stamping.]—'See what convulsions it has thrown 'him into!—Consider the nature of the 'posture in which he now lies stretched; '—what exquisite torture he endures 'by it!'—['I hope 'tis not in Portu-'gal.']—'It is all nature can bear!

'Good God! see how it keeps his 'weary soul hanging upon his trembling lips!'—['I would not read another line of it,' quoth Trim, 'for all the world—I fear, an' please your honours, all this is in Portugal, where my poor brother Tom is.'—'I tell thee, Trim, again,' quoth my father, 'it is not an historical account—it is a description.'—'It is only a description, honest man,' quoth Slop; 'there's not a word of truth in it.'—That's another story,' replied my father.—'However, as Trim reads it with 'so much concern—'tis cruelty to force 'him to go on with it.—Give me hold 'of the sermon, Trim—I'll finish it 'for thee, and thou mayest go.'—'I 'must stay and hear it too!' replied Trim, 'if your honour will allow me; '—though I would not read it myself 'for a colonel's pay.'—'Poor Trim!' quoth my Uncle Toby.—My father went on.]

'——Consider the nature of the posture in which he now lies stretched—'what exquisite torture he endures by 'it!—'Tis all nature can bear!—Good 'God! see how it keeps his weary 'soul hanging upon his trembling lips, 'willing to take it's leave—but not 'suffered to depart!—Behold the unhappy wretch led back to his cell!'—['Then, thank God, however,' quoth Trim, 'they have not killed him.']—'See him dragged out of it again to 'meet the flames, and the insults in his 'last agonies, which this principle—'this principle, that there can be religion without mercy—has prepared for 'him.'—['Then, thank God——he 'is dead!' quoth Trim; 'he is out of 'his pain—and they have done their 'worst at him!—O, Sirs!—' 'Hold 'your peace, Trim,' said my father, going on with the sermon, lest Trim should incense Doctor Slop—'we shall 'never have done at this rate.']

'The surest way to try the merit of 'any disputed notion, is to trace down 'the consequences such a notion has 'produced, and compare them with the 'spirit of Christianity—'tis the short 'and decisive rule which our Saviour 'hath left us, for these and such like 'cases, and it is worth a thousand arguments——*By their fruits ye shall know them.*

'I will add no farther to the length 'of this sermon, than by two or three 'short and independent rules deducible 'from it.

'*First*, Whenever a man talks loudly 'against religion, always suspect that 'it is not his reason, but his passions 'which have got the better of his 'CREED. A bad life, and a good 'belief, are disagreeable and troublesome neighbours; and where they separate, depend upon it, 'tis for no 'other cause but quietness sake.

'*Secondly*, When a man, thus represented, tells you in any particular 'instance—that such a thing goes *against* 'his conscience—always believe he 'means exactly the same thing, as 'when he tells you such a thing goes *against* his stomach—a present want 'of appetite being generally the true 'cause of both. In a word—trust that 'man in nothing, who has not a CONSCIENCE in every thing.

'And, in your own case, remember 'this plain distinction—a mistake in 'which has ruined thousands—that your 'conscience is not a law——no; God 'and reason made the law, and have 'placed conscience within you to determine—not, like an Asiatick cadi, 'according to the ebbs and flows of 'his own passions—but like a British 'judge, in this land of liberty and good 'sense, who makes no new law, but 'faithfully declares that law which he 'knows already written.

'FINIS.'

'Thou hast read the sermon extremely well, Trim,' quoth my father.—'If he had spared his comments,' replied Doctor Slop—'he would have 'read it much better.'—'I should have 'read it ten times better, Sir,' answered Trim, 'but that my heart was so 'full.'—'That was the very reason, 'Trim,' replied my father, 'which has 'made thee read the sermon as well as 'thou hast done—and if the clergy of 'our church,' continued my father, addressing himself to Doctor Slop, 'would 'take part in what they deliver as deeply as this poor fellow has done—as 'their compositions are fine—' ['I deny it!' quoth Doctor Slop.]—'I 'maintain it—that the eloquence of our 'pulpits, with such subjects to inflame 'it, would be a model for the whole 'world.——But, alas!' continued my father,

father, 'and I own it, Sir, with sor-'row, that, like French politicians in 'this respect, what they gain in the 'cabinet they lose in the field.'—— 'Twere a pity,' quoth my uncle, 'that 'this should be lost.'—'I like the ser-'mon well,' replied my father—'tis 'drumstick—and there is something in 'that way of writing, when skilfully 'managed, which catches the atten-'tion.'—'We preach much in that way 'with us,' said Doctor Slop.—'I know 'that very well,' said my father—but in a tone and manner which disgusted Doctor Slop, full as much as his assent, simply, could have pleased him.—'But 'in this,' added Doctor Slop, a little piqued—'our sermons have greatly the 'advantage, that we never introduce 'any character into them below a pa-'triarch or a patriarch's wife, or a 'martyr or a saint.'—'There are some 'very bad characters in this, however,' said my father, 'and I do not think the 'sermon a jot the worse for 'em.'—'But 'pray,' quoth my Uncle Toby—'who's can this be?—How could it 'get into my Stevinus?'—'A man 'must be as great a conjuror as Stevi-'nus,' said my father, 'to resolve the 'second question—the first, I think, is 'not so difficult—for, unless my judg-'ment greatly deceives me—I know 'the author; for 'tis wrote, certainly, 'by the parson of the parish.'

The similitude of the style and man-ner of it, with those my father con-stantly had heard preached in his parish-church, was the ground of his conjec-ture—proving it as strongly, as an ar-gument *à priori* could prove such a thing to a philosophick mind, that it was Yorick's, and no one's else. It was proved to be so *à posteriori*, the day after, when Yorick sent a servant to my Uncle Toby's house to enquire after it.

It seems that Yorick, who was in-quisitive after all kinds of knowledge, had borrowed Stevinus of my Uncle Toby, and had carefully popped his sermon, as soon as he had made it, into the middle of Stevinus; and by an act of forgetfulness, to which he was ever subject, he had sent Stevinus home, and his sermon to keep him company.

Ill-fated sermon! thou wast lost, af-ter this recovery of thee, a second time!—dropped through an unsuspected fis-sure in thy master's pocket, down into a treacherous and a tattered lining—trod deep into the dirt by the left hind-foot of his Rósinante, inhumanly stepping upon thee as thou falledst—buried ten days in the mire—raised up out of it by a beggar—sold for a halfpenny to a pa-rish-clerk—transferred to his parson—lost for ever to thy own, the remainder of his days—nor restored to his restless MANES till this very moment, that I tell the world the story.

Can the reader believe, that this ser-mon of Yorick's was preached at an assize, in the cathedral of York, before a thousand witnesses, ready to give oath of it, by a certain prebendary of that church, and actually printed by him when he had done—and within so short a space as two years and three months after Yorick's death?——Yorick, in-deed, was never better served in his life;—but it was a little hard to mal-treat him after, and plunder him after he was laid in his grave.

However, as the gentleman who did it was in perfect charity with Yorick—and, in conscious justice, printed but a few copies to give away—and, that I am told he could moreover have made as good a one himself, had he thought fit—I declare I would not have pub-lished this anecdote to the world——nor do I publish it with an intent to hurt his character and advancement in the church—I leave that to others—but I find myself impelled by two rea-sons, which I cannot withstand.

The first is, that, in doing justice, I may give rest to Yorick's ghost—which—as the country-people, and some others, believe—*still walks*.

The second reason is, that, by laying open this story to the world, I gain an opportunity of informing it—that in case the character of Parson Yorick, and this sample of his sermons, is liked—there are now in the possession of the Shandy family, as many as will make a hand-some volume, at the world's service—and much good may they do it.

CHAP. XVIII.

OBADIAH gained the two crowns without dispute; for he came in jingling, with all the instruments in the green baize bag we spoke of, flung across his body, just as Corporal Trim went out of the room.

'It

'It is now proper, I think,' quoth Doctor Slop, (clearing up his looks) 'as we are in a condition to be of ſome 'ſervice to Mrs. Shandy, to ſend up 'ſtairs to know how ſhe goes on.'

'I have ordered,' anſwered my father, 'the old midwife to come down 'to us upon the leaſt difficulty—for 'you muſt know, Doctor Slop,' continued my father, with a perplexed kind of a ſmile upon his countenance, 'that 'by expreſs treaty, ſolemnly ratified 'between me and my wife, you are no 'more than an auxiliary in this affair—'and not ſo much as that, unleſs the 'lean old mother of a midwife above 'ſtairs cannot do without you.—Women have their particular fancies; 'and in points of this nature,' continued my father, 'where they bear the 'whole burden, and ſuffer ſo much 'acute pain for the advantage of our 'families, and the good of the ſpecies—they claim a right of deciding, '*en ſouveraines*, in whoſe hands and 'in what faſhion, they chuſe to undergo it.'

'They are in the right of it!' quoth my Uncle Toby. 'But, Sir,' replied Doctor Slop, not taking notice of my Uncle Toby's opinion, but turning to my father—'they had better govern in 'other points—and a father of a family, who wiſhes it's perpetuity, in my 'opinion, had better exchange this prerogative with them, and give up ſome 'other rights in lieu of it.'—'I know 'not,' quoth my father, anſwering a little too teſtily, to be quite diſpaſſionate in what he ſaid—'I know not,' quoth he, 'what we have left to give up, in 'lieu of who ſhall bring our children 'into the world, unleſs that—of who 'ſhall beget them.'—'One would almoſt give up any thing,' replied Doctor Slop—'I beg your pardon!' anſwered my Uncle Toby.—'Sir,' replied Doctor Slop, 'it would aſtoniſh you to 'know what improvements we have 'made of late years in all branches of 'obſtetrical knowledge, but particularly in that one ſingle point of the 'ſafe and expeditious extraction of the '*fœtus*—which has received ſuch lights, 'that, for my part,' (holding up his hands) 'I declare, I wonder how the 'world has—' 'I wiſh,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'you had ſeen what prodigious armies we had in Flanders.'

CHAP. XIX.

I Have dropped the curtain over this ſcene for a minute—to remind you of one thing—and to inform you of another.

What I have to inform you, comes, I own, a little out of it's due courſe—for it ſhould have been told a hundred and fifty pages ago, but that I foreſaw then 'twould come in pat hereafter, and be of more advantage here than elſewhere.—Writers had need look before them, to keep up the ſpirit and connection of what they have in hand.

When theſe two things are done—the curtain ſhall be drawn up again, and my Uncle Toby, my father, and Doctor Slop, ſhall go on with their diſcourſe, without any more interruption.

Firſt, then, the matter which I have to remind you of, is this—that from the ſpecimens of ſingularity in my father's notions in the point of Chriſtian-names, and that other point previous thereto—you was led, I think, into an opinion, (and I am ſure I ſaid as much) that my father was a gentleman altogether as odd and whimſical in fifty other opinions. In truth there was not a ſtage in the life of man, from the very firſt act of his begetting—down to the lean and ſlippered pantaloon in his ſecond childiſhneſs, but he had ſome favourite notion to himſelf, ſpringing out of it, as ſceptical, and as far out of the high-way of thinking, as theſe two which have been explained.

——Mr. Shandy, my father, Sir, would ſee nothing in the light in which others placed it—he placed things in his own light——he would weigh nothing in common ſcales—no; he was too refined a reſearcher, to lie open to ſo groſs an impoſition.—'To come at the exact 'weight of things in the ſcientifick ſteel-'yard, the fulcrum,' he would ſay, 'ſhould be almoſt inviſible, to avoid all 'friction from popular tenets;—without this, the minutiæ of philoſophy, 'which would always turn the balance, 'will have no weight at all.' Knowledge, like matter, he would affirm, was diviſible *in infinitum*—that the grains and ſcruples were as much a part of it, as the gravitation of the whole world.—In a word, he would ſay, error was error—no matter where it fell—whether in a fraction,

ſuction, or a pound—it was alike fatal to truth, and ſhe was kept down at the bottom of her well, as inevitably by a miſtake in the duſt of a butterfly's wing—as in the diſk of the ſun, the moon, and all the ſtars of heaven put together.

He would often lament that it was for want of conſidering this properly, and of applying it ſkilfully to civil matters, as well as to ſpeculative truths, that ſo many things in this world were out of joint—that the political arch was giving way—and that the very foundations of our excellent conſtitution, in church and ſtate, were ſo ſapped as eſtimators had reported.

'You cry out,' he would ſay, 'we 'are a ruined, undone people.—Why?' he would aſk, making uſe of the ſorites or ſyllogiſm of Zeno and Chryſippus, without knowing it belonged to them. —'Why? why are we a ruined people? '—Becauſe we are corrupted.—— 'Whence is it, dear Sir, that we are 'corrupted?——Becauſe we are needy! '—our poverty, and not our wills, con- 'ſent.——And wherefore,' he would add, 'are we needy?—— From the 'neglect,' he would anſwer, 'of our 'pence and our halfpence:—our bank- 'notes, Sir; our guineas;—nay, our 'ſhillings—take care of themſelves.'

'It is the ſame,' he would ſay, 'throughout the whole circle of the 'ſciences—the great, the eſtabliſhed 'points of them, are not to be broke 'in upon.—The laws of nature will 'defend themſelves—but error,'—(he would add, looking earneſtly at my mother)—'error, Sir, creeps in through the 'minute holes and ſmall crevices which 'human nature leaves unguarded.'

This turn of thinking in my father, is what I had to remind you of—the point you are to be informed of, and which I have reſerved for this place, is as follows.

Amongſt the many and excellent reaſons, with which my father had urged my mother to accept of Doctor Slop's aſſiſtance preferably to that of the old woman—there was one of a very ſingular nature; which, when he had done arguing the matter as a Chriſtian, and came to argue it over again with her as a philoſopher, he had put his whole ſtrength to, depending indeed upon it as his ſheet-anchor.—It failed him: though from no defect in the argument itſelf; but that, do what he could, he was not able for his ſoul to make her comprehend the drift of it.—'Curſed luck!'—ſaid he to himſelf one afternoon, as he walked out of the room, after he had been ſtating it for an hour and a half to her, to no manner of purpoſe—'curſed 'luck!'—ſaid he, biting his lip as he ſhut the door—'for a man to be maſter 'of one of the fineſt chains of reaſoning 'in nature—and have a wife at the 'ſame time with ſuch a head-piece, that 'he cannot hang up a ſingle inference 'within ſide of it, to ſave his ſoul from 'deſtruction!'

This argument, though it was entirely loſt upon my mother—had more weight with him, than all his other arguments joined together:—I will therefore endeavour to do it juſtice—and ſet it forth with all the perſpicuity I am maſter of.

My father ſet out upon the ſtrength of theſe two following axioms:

Firſt, That an ounce of a man's own wit, was worth a ton of other people's; and,

Secondly, (which by the bye, was the ground-work of the firſt axiom—though it comes laſt) That every man's wit muſt come from every man's own ſoul—and no other body's.

Now, as it was plain to my father, that all ſouls were by nature equal—and that the great difference between the moſt acute and the moſt obtuſe underſtanding—was from no original ſharpneſs or bluntneſs of one thinking ſubſtance above or below another—but aroſe merely from the lucky or unlucky organization of the body, in that part where the ſoul principally took up her reſidence—he had made it the ſubject of his enquiry to find out the identical place.

Now, from the beſt accounts he had been able to get of this matter, he was ſatisfied it could not be where Des Cartes had fixed it, upon the top of the pineal gland of the brain; which, as he philoſophiſed, formed a cuſhion for her about the ſize of a marrow-pea; though, to ſpeak the truth, as ſo many nerves did terminate all in that one place,—it was no bad conjecture;—and my father had certainly fallen with that great philoſopher plumb into the centre of the miſtake, had it not been for my Uncle Toby—who reſcued him out of it, by a ſtory he told him of a Walloon officer at the battle of Landen, who had one part of his brain ſhot away by a muſket-

muſket-ball—and another part of it taken out after by a French ſurgeon; and after all, recovered, and did his duty very well without it.

'If death,' ſaid my father, reaſoning with himſelf, 'is nothing but the 'ſeparation of the ſoul from the body—'and if it is true that people can walk 'about and do their buſineſs without 'brains—then certes the ſoul does not 'inhabit there.' Q. E. D.

As for that certain, very thin, ſubtle, and very fragrant juice, which Coglioniſſimo Borri, the great Milaneze phyſician, affirms, in a letter to Bartholine, to have diſcovered in the cellulæ of the occipital parts of the cerebellum, and which he likewiſe affirms to be the principal ſeat of the reaſonable ſoul, (for, you muſt know, in theſe latter and more enlightened ages, there are two ſouls in every man living—the one, according to the great Metheglingius, being called the *Animus*, the other the *Anima*;)—as for this opinion, I ſay, of Borri—my father could never ſubſcribe to it by any means; the very idea of ſo noble, ſo refined, ſo immaterial, and ſo exalted a being as the *Anima*, or even the *Animus*, taking up her reſidence, and ſitting dabbling, like a tad-pole, all day long, both ſummer and winter, in a puddle—or in a liquid of any kind, how thick or thin ſoever, he would ſay, ſhocked his imagination: he would ſcarce give the doctrine a hearing.

What, therefore, ſeemed the leaſt liable to objections of any, was, that the chief ſenſorium, or head-quarters of the ſoul, and to which place all intelligences were referred, and from whence all her mandates were iſſued—was in or near the cerebellum—or rather ſomewhere about the *medulla oblongata*, wherein it was generally agreed by Dutch anatomiſts, that all the minute nerves from all the organs of the ſeven ſenſes concentered, like ſtreets and winding alleys, into a ſquare.

So far there was nothing ſingular in my father's opinion—he had the beſt of philoſophers, of all ages and climates, to go along with him.—But here he took a road of his own, ſetting up another Shandean hypotheſis upon theſe corner-ſtones they had laid for him—and which ſaid hypotheſis equally ſtood it's ground; whether the ſubtilty and fineneſs of the ſoul depended upon the temperature and clearneſs of the ſaid liquor, or of the finer net-work and texture in the cerebellum itſelf; which opinion he favoured.

He maintained, that next to the due care to be taken in the act of propagation of each individual, which required all the thought in the world, as it laid the foundation of this incomprehenſible contexture, in which wit, memory, fancy, eloquence, and what is uſually meant by the name of good natural parts, do conſiſt—that next to this and his Chriſtian name, which were the two original and moſt efficacious cauſes of all—that the third cauſe, or rather what the logicians call the *cauſa ſine quâ non*, and without which all that was done was of no manner of ſignificance—was the preſervation of this delicate and fine-ſpun web, from the havock which was generally made in it by the violent compreſſion and cruſh which the head was made to undergo, by the nonſenſical method of bringing us into the world by that part foremoſt.

—— This requires explanation.

My father, who dipped into all kinds of books, upon looking into *Lithopædus Senonenſis de Partu difficili* *, publiſhed by Adrianus Smelvgot, had found out, that the lax and pliable ſtate of a child's head in parturition, the bones of the cranium having no ſutures at that time, was ſuch—that by force of the woman's efforts, which, in ſtrong labour pains, was equal, upon an average, to the weight of four hundred and ſeventy pounds avoirdupois acting perpendicularly upon it—it ſo happened, that in forty-nine inſtances out of fifty, the ſaid head was compreſſed and moulded into the ſhape of an oblong conical piece of dough, ſuch as a paſtry-cook generally rolls up in order to make a pye of.

* The author is here twice miſtaken—for *Lithopædus* ſhould be wrote thus, *Lithopædii Senonenſis Icon.* The ſecond miſtake is, that this Lithopædus is not an author, but a drawing of a petrified child. The account of this, publiſhed by Albofius, 1580, may be ſeen at the end of Cordæus's works in Spachius. Mr. Triſtram Shandy has been led into this error, either from ſeeing Lithopædus's name of late in a catalogue of learned writers in Doctor ——, or by miſtaking *Lithopædus* for *Trinecavellius*—from the too great ſimilitude of the names.

'Good God!' cried my father, 'what 'havock and deſtruction muſt this make 'in the infinitely fine and tender tex-'ture of the cerebellum!—Or if there 'is ſuch a juice as Borri pretends—is it 'not enough to make the cleareſt li-'quid in the world both feculent and 'mothery?'

But how great was his apprehenſion, when he farther underſtood, that this force acting upon the very vertex of the head, not only injured the brain itſelf or cerebrum—but that it neceſſarily ſqueez-ed and propelled the cerebrum towards the cerebellum, which was the imme-diate ſeat of the underſtanding.—'An-'gels and miniſters of grace defend us!' cried my father—'can any ſoul with-'ſtand this ſhock?—No wonder the 'intellectual web is ſo rent and tattered 'as we ſee it; and that ſo many of our 'beſt heads are no better than a puzzled 'ſkein of ſilk—all perplexity—all con-'fuſion within-ſide.'

But when my father read on, and was let into the ſecret, that when a child was turned topſy-turvy, which was eaſy for an operator to do, and was extracted by the feet—that inſtead of the cere-brum being propelled towards the cere-bellum, the cerebellum, on the contra-ry, was propelled ſimply towards the cerebrum, where it could do no manner of hurt—'By heavens!' cried he, 'the 'world is in a conſpiracy to drive out 'what little wit God has given us—'and the profeſſors of the obſtetrick 'art are liſted into the ſame conſpira-'cy.—What is it to me which end of 'my ſon comes foremoſt into the world, 'provided all goes right after, and his 'cerebellum eſcapes uncruſhed?'

It is the nature of an hypotheſis, when once a man has conceived it, that it aſſimilates every thing to itſelf, as pro-per nouriſhment; and, from the firſt moment of your begetting it, it gene-rally grows the ſtronger by every thing you ſee, hear, read, or underſtand.—This is of great uſe.

When my father was gone with this about a month, there was ſcarce a phænomenon, of ſtupidity or of genius, which he could not readily ſolve by it—it accounted for the eldeſt ſon being the greateſt blockhead in the family.—'Poor devil!' he would ſay—'he made 'way for the capacity of his younger 'brothers.'—It unriddled the obſerva-tions of drivellers and monſtrous heads—ſhewing, *à priori*, it could not be otherwiſe—unleſs **** I don't know what. It wonderfully explained and accounted for the acumen of the Aſia-tick genius, and that ſprightlier turn, and a more penetrating intuition of minds, in warmer climates; not from the looſe and common-place ſolution of a clearer ſky, and a more perpetual ſun-ſhine, &c.—which, for aught he knew, might as well rarify and dilute the fa-culties of the ſoul into nothing, by one extreme—as they are condenſed in colder climates, by the other——but he traced the affair up to it's ſpring-head—ſhewed that, in warmer climates nature had laid a lighter tax upon the fareſt part of the creation—their pleaſures more—the neceſſity of their pains leſs—inſomuch that the preſſure and reſiſt-ance upon the vertex was ſo ſlight, that the whole organization of the cerebellum was preſerved——nay, he did not be-lieve, in natural births, that ſo much as a ſingle thread of the net-work was broke or diſplaced—ſo that the ſoul might juſt act as ſhe liked.

When my father had got ſo far—what a blaze of light did the accounts of the Cæſarean ſection, and of the towering geniuſes who had come ſafe into the world by it, caſt upon this hy-potheſis? 'Here you ſee,' he would ſay, 'there was no injury done to the 'ſenſorium—no preſſure of the head 'againſt the pelvis—no propulſion of 'the cerebrum towards the cerebellum, 'either by the *os pubis* on this ſide, or 'the *os coxcygis* on that—and pray, 'what were the happy conſequences?—'Why, Sir, your Julius Cæſar, who 'gave the operation a name—and your 'Hermes Triſmegiſtus, who was born 'ſo before ever the operation had a 'name—your Scipio Africanus—your 'Manlius Torquatus—our Edward the 'Sixth; who, had he lived, would have 'done the ſame honour to the hypothe-'ſis—theſe, and many more who figur-'ed high in the annals of fame—all 'came *ſide-ways*, Sir, into the world.'

The inciſion of the *abdomen* and *uterus* ran for ſix weeks together in my father's head—He had read, and was ſatisfied, that wounds in the *epigaſtri-um*, and thoſe in the *matrix*, were not mortal—ſo that the belly of the mother might be opened extremely well to give a paſſage to the child.—He mentioned the thing one afternoon to my mother—

merely as a matter of fact—but ſeeing her turn as pale as aſhes at the very mention of it—as much as the operation flattered his hopes, he thought it as well to ſay no more of it—contenting himſelf with admiring—what he thought was to no purpoſe to propoſe.

This was my father Mr. Shandy's hypotheſis; concerning which I have only to add, that my brother Bobby did as great honour to it (whatever he did to the family) as any one of the great heroes we have been ſpeaking of: for happening not only to be chriſtened, as I told you, but to be born too, when my father was at Epſom—being moreover my mother's firſt child—coming into the world with his head foremoſt—and turning out afterwards a lad of wonderful ſlow parts—my father ſpelt all theſe together in his opinion—and, as he had failed at one end, he was determined to try the other.

This was not to be expected from one of the fifterhood, who are not eaſily to be put out of their way—and was therefore one of my father's great reaſons in favour of a man of ſcience, whom he could better deal with.

Of all men in the world, Doctor Slop was the fitteſt for my father's purpoſe—for though his new invented forceps was the armour he had proved, and what he maintained to be the ſafeſt inſtrument of deliverance—yet, it ſeems, he had ſcattered a word or two in his book, in favour of the very thing which ran in my father's fancy—though not with a view to the ſoul's good in extracting by the feet, as was my father's ſyſtem—but for reaſons merely obſtetrical.

This accounts for the coalition betwixt my father and Doctor Slop, in the enſuing diſcourſe, which went a little hard againſt my Uncle Toby.—In what manner a plain man, with nothing but common ſenſe, could bear up againſt two ſuch allies in ſcience—is hard to conceive.—You may conjecture upon it, if you pleaſe—and whilſt your imagination is in motion, you may encourage it to go on, and diſcover by what cauſes and effects in nature it could come to paſs, that my Uncle Toby got his modeſty by the wound he received upon his groin. You may raiſe a ſyſtem to account for the loſs of my noſe by marriage-articles—and ſhew the world how it could happen, that I ſhould have the misfortune to be called TRISTRAM, in oppoſition to my father's hypotheſis, and the wiſh of the whole family, godfathers and god-mothers not excepted.—Theſe, with fifty other points left yet unravelled, you may endeavour to ſolve if you have time——but I tell you before-hand it will be in vain—for not the Sage Alquiſe, the magician in Don Belianis of Greece, nor the no leſs famous Urganda, the ſorcereſs his wife, (were they alive) could pretend to come within a league of the truth.

The reader will be content to wait for a full explanation of theſe matters till the next year—when a ſeries of things will be laid open which he little expects.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

CHAP. I.

'I Wish, Doctor Slop,' quoth my Uncle Toby—(repeating his wish for Doctor Slop a second time, and with a degree of more zeal and earnestness in his manner of wishing, than he had wished at first*) 'I wish, Doctor Slop,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'you had seen what 'prodigious armies we had in Flanders!'

My Uncle Toby's wish did Doctor Slop a disservice which his heart never intended any man—Sir, it confounded him—and thereby putting his ideas first into confusion, and then to flight, he could not rally them again for the soul of him.

In all disputes—male or female—whether for honour, for profit, or for love—it makes no difference in the case—nothing is more dangerous, Madam, than a wish coming side-ways in this unexpected manner upon a man: the safest way in general to take off the force of the wish, is for the party wished at, instantly to get upon his legs—and wish the wisher something in return, of pretty near the same value—so balancing the account upon the spot, you stand as you were—nay, sometimes gain the advantage of the attack by it.

This will be fully illustrated to the world in my chapter of wishes.—

Doctor Slop did not understand the nature of this defence—he was puzzled with it, and it put an entire stop to the dispute for four minutes and a half—five had been fatal to it——my father saw the danger—the dispute was one of of the most interesting disputes in the world—whether the child of his prayers and endeavours should be born without a head or with one—he waited to the last moment to allow Doctor Slop, in whose behalf the wish was made, his right of returning it; but perceiving, I say, that he was confounded, and continued looking with that perplexed vacuity of eye, which puzzled souls generally stare with—first in my Uncle Toby's face—then in his—then up—then down—then east—east and by east—and so on—coasting it along by the plinth of the wainscot till he had got to the opposite point of the compass—and that he had actually begun to count the brass nails upon the arm of his chair—my father thought there was no time to be lost with my Uncle Toby, so took up the discourse as follows.

CHAP. II.

——"WHAT prodigious armies "you had in Flanders!"

'Brother Toby,' replied my father, taking his wig from off his head with

* Vide page 66.

his right-hand, and with his left puffing out a ſtriped India handkerchief from his right coat-pocket, in order to rub his head, as he argued the point with my Uncle Toby——

——Now in this I think my father was much to blame: and I will give you my reaſons for it.

Matters of no more ſeeming conſequence in themſelves than—whether my father ſhould have taken off his wig with his right-hand or with his left—have divided the greateſt kingdoms, and made the crowns of the monarchs who governed them to totter upon their heads.

——But need I tell you, Sir, that the circumſtances with which every thing in this world is begirt, give every thing in this world it's ſize and ſhape!—and by tightening it, or relaxing it, this way or that, make the thing to be, what it is—great—little—good—bad—indifferent, or not indifferent—juſt as the caſe happens.

As my father's India handkerchief was in his right coat-pocket, he ſhould by no means have ſuffered his right-hand to have got engaged: on the contrary, inſtead of taking off his wig with it, as he did, he ought to have committed that entirely to the left; and then, when the natural exigency my father was under of rubbing his head, called out for his handkerchief, he would have had nothing in the world to have done, but to have put his right-hand into his right coat-pocket and taken it out—which he might have done without any violence, or the leaſt ungraceful twiſt in any one tendon or muſcle of his whole body.

In this caſe—(unleſs, indeed, my father had been reſolved to make a fool of himſelf by holding the wig ſtiff in his left-hand—or by making ſome nonſenſical angle or other at his elbow-joint, or arm-pit)—his whole attitude had been eaſy—natural—unforced: Reynolds himſelf, as great and gracefully as he paints, might have painted him as he ſat.

Now as my father managed this matter—conſider what a devil of a figure my father made of himſelf.

In the latter end of Queen Anne's reign, and in the beginning of the reign of King George the Firſt—coat-pockets were cut very low down in the ſkirt——I need ſay no more—the father of miſchief, had he been hammering at it a month, could not have contrived a worſe faſhion for one in my father's ſituation.

CHAP. III.

IT was not an eaſy matter, in any king's reign, (unleſs you were as lean a ſubject as myſelf) to have forced your hand diagonally quite acroſs your whole body, ſo as to gain the bottom of your oppoſite coat-pocket.—In the year one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighteen, when this happened, it was extremely difficult; ſo that when my Uncle Toby diſcovered the tranſverſe zig-zaggery of my father's approaches towards it, it inſtantly brought into his mind thoſe he had done duty in before the gate of St. Nicholas—the idea of which drew off his attention ſo entirely from the ſubject in debate, that he had got his right hand to the bell to ring up Trim to go and fetch his map of Namur, and his compaſſes and ſector along with it, to meaſure the returning angles of the traverſes of that attack—but particularly of that one where he received his wound upon his groin.

My father knit his brows; and as he knit them, all the blood in his body ſeemed to ruſh up into his face—my Uncle Toby diſmounted immediately.

——'I did not apprehend your Uncle Toby was o' horſeback.'——

CHAP. IV.

A Man's body and his mind, with the utmoſt reverence to both I ſpeak it, are exactly like a jerkin, and a jerkin's lining—rumple the one—you rumple the other. There is one certain exception, however, in this caſe—and that is, when you are ſo fortunate a fellow as to have had your jerkin made of a gum-taffeta, and the body-lining to it of a farcenet or thin perſian.

Zeno, Cleanthes, Diogenes Babilonius, Dionyſius, Heracleotes, Antipater, Panætius, and Poſſidonius, amongſt the Greeks—Cato, and Varro, and Seneca, amongſt the Romans—Pantenus, and Clemens Alexandrinus, and Montaigne, amongſt the Chriſtians; and a ſcore and a half of good, honeſt, unthinking, Shandean people, as ever lived, whoſe names I can't recollect—all pretended that

that their jerkins were made after this fashion—you might have rumpled and crumpled, and doubled and creased, and fretted and fridged the outside of them all to pieces——in short, you might have played the very devil with them, and at the same time, not one of the insides of them would have been one button the worse for all you had done to them.

I believe in my conscience, that mine is made up somewhat after this sort——for never poor jerkin has been tickled off at such a rate as it has been these last nine months together—and yet I declare, the lining to it—as far as I am a judge of the matter—is not a three-penny piece the worse—Pell-mell, helter-skelter, ding-dong, cut and thrust, back-stroke and fore-stroke, side-way and long-way, have they been trimming it for me!—Had there been the least gumminess in my lining—by Heaven! it had all of it, long ago, been frayed and fretted to a thread.

——You, Messieurs, the Monthly Reviewers!—how could you cut and slash my jerkin as you did?—How did you know, but you would cut my lining too?

Heartily, and from my soul, to the protection of that Being who will injure none of us, do I recommend you and your affairs—so God bless you! Only, next month, if any one of you should gnash his teeth, and storm and rage at me, as some of you did last MAY—(in which I remember the weather was very hot)—don't be exasperated, if I pass it by again with good temper—being determined as long as I live or write (which in my case means the same thing) never to give the honest gentleman a worse word or a worse wish than my Uncle Toby gave the fly which buzzed about his nose all dinner-time—'Go, go, poor devil,' quoth he—'get thee gone!—why should I 'hurt thee? This world is surely wide 'enough to hold both thee and me.'

CHAP. V.

ANY man, Madam, reasoning upwards, and observing the prodigious suffusion of blood in my father's countenance—by means of which (as all the blood in his body seemed to rush up into his face, as I told you) he must have reddened, pictorically and scientifically speaking, six whole tints and a half, if not a full octave above his natural colour——any man, Madam, but my Uncle Toby, who had observed this, together with the violent knitting of my father's brows, and the extravagant contortion of his body during the whole affair—would have concluded my father in a rage; and taking that for granted—had he been a lover of such kind of concord as arises from two such instruments being put in exact tune—he would instantly have screwed up his to the same pitch—and then the devil and all had broke loose—the whole piece, Madam, must have been played off like the sixth of Avison Scarlatti—*con furia*—like mad.——'Grant me pa-'tience!—what has *con furia—con stra-'pito*—or any other hurly-burly what-'ever, to do with harmony?'

Any man, I say, Madam, but my Uncle Toby—the benignity of whose heart interpreted every motion of the body in the kindest sense the motion would admit of—would have concluded my father angry, and blamed him too. My Uncle Toby blamed nothing but the taylor who cut the pocket-hole—so, sitting still till my father had got his handkerchief out of it, and looking all the time up in his face with inexpressible good will—my father at length went on as follows.

CHAP. VI.

——"'What prodigious armies you "had in Flanders!"

'Brother Toby,' quoth my father, 'I do believe thee to be as honest a 'man, and with as good and as up-'right a heart as ever God created—'nor is it thy fault, if all the children 'which have been, may, can, shall, 'will, or ought to be begotten, come 'with their heads foremost into the 'world—but, believe me, dear Toby, 'the accidents which unavoidably way-'lay them, not only in the article of 'our begetting 'em—though these, in 'my opinion, are well worth consider-'ing—but the dangers and difficulties 'our children are beset with, after they 'are got forth into the world, are 'enough—little need is there to expose 'them to unnecessary ones in their pas-'sage to it!'—'Are these dangers,' quoth

quoth my Uncle Toby, laying his hand upon my father's knee, and looking up ſeriouſly in his face for an anſwer; 'are 'theſe dangers greater now o'days, bro-'ther, than in times paſt?'—'Brother 'Toby,' anſwered my father, 'if a 'child was but fairly begot, and born 'alive, and healthy, and the mother 'did well after it—our forefathers ne-'ver looked farther.' My Uncle Toby inſtantly withdrew his hand from off my father's knee, reclined his body gently back in his chair, raiſed his head till he could juſt ſee the cornice of the room—and then directing the buccinatory muſcles along his cheeks, and the orbicular muſcles around his lips to do their duty—he whiſtled Lillabullero.

CHAP. VII.

WHILST my Uncle Toby was whiſtling Lillabullero to my father—Doctor Slop was ſtamping, and curſing, and damning at Obadiah, at a moſt dreadful rate—it would have done your heart good, and cured you, Sir, for ever of the vile ſin of ſwearing, to have heard him. I am determined therefore to relate the whole affair to you.

When Doctor Slop's maid delivered the green baize bag, with her maſter's inſtruments in it, to Obadiah, ſhe very ſenſibly exhorted him to put his head and one arm through the ſtrings, and ride with it ſlung acroſs his body: ſo undoing the bow-knot to lengthen the ſtrings for him, without any more ado, ſhe helped him on with it. However, as this, in ſome meaſure, unguarded the mouth of the bag, leſt any thing ſhould bolt out in galloping back at the ſpeed Obadiah threatened, they conſulted to take it off again: and in the great care and caution of their hearts, they had taken the two ſtrings and tied them cloſe (purſing up the mouth of the bag firſt) with half a dozen hard knots, each of which Obadiah, to make all ſafe, had twitched and drawn together with all the ſtrength of his body.

This anſwered all that Obadiah and the maid intended; but was no remedy againſt ſome evils which neither he or ſhe foreſaw. The inſtruments, it ſeems, as tight as the bag was tied above, had ſo much room to play in it, towards the bottom, (the ſhape of the bag being conical) that Obadiah could not make a trot of it, but with ſuch a terrible jingle, what with the *tire tête*, *forceps*, and *ſquirt*, as would have been enough, had Hymen been taking a jaunt that way, to have frightened him out of the country; but when Obadiah accelerated this motion, and from a plain trot aſſayed to prick his coach-horſe into a full gallop—by Heaven, Sir, the jingle was incredible!

As Obadiah had a wife and three children—the turpitude of fornication, and the many other political ill conſequences of this jingling, never once entered his brain—he had however his objection, which came home to himſelf, and weighed with him, as it has oft-times done with the greateſt patriots—the poor fellow, Sir, was not able to hear himſelf whiſtle.

CHAP. VIII.

AS Obadiah loved wind-muſick preferably to all the inſtrument-muſick he carried with him—he very conſiderately ſet his imagination to work, to contrive and to invent by what means he ſhould put himſelf in a condition of enjoying it.

In all diſtreſſes (except muſical) where ſmall cords are wanted, nothing is ſo apt to enter a man's head at his hat-band——the philoſophy of this is ſo near the ſurface—I ſcorn to enter into it.

As Obadiah's was a mixed caſe—mark, Sirs—I ſay, a mixed caſe—for it was obſtetrical—ſcriptical, ſquirtical, papiſtical—and as far as the coach-horſe was concerned in it—caball-iſtical—and only partly muſical—Obadiah made no ſcruple of availing himſelf of the firſt expedient which offered; ſo taking hold of the bag and inſtruments, and griping them hard together with one hand, and with the finger and thumb of the other putting the end of the hat-band betwixt his teeth, and then ſlipping his hand down to the middle of it—he tied and croſs-tied them all faſt together from one end to the other (as you would cord a trunk) with ſuch a multiplicity of round-abouts and intricate croſs turns, with a hard knot at every interſection or point where the ſtrings met—that Doctor Slop muſt have had three fifths of Job's patience, at leaſt, to have unlooſed them.—I think in my conſcience, that had Nature been in

one

ote of her nimble moods, and in humour for ſuch a conteſt—and ſhe and Doctor Slop both fairly ſtarted together—there is no man living who had ſeen the bag with all that Obadiah had done to it—and known likewiſe the great ſpeed the goddeſs can make when ſhe thinks proper, who would have had the leaſt doubt remaining in his mind—which of the two would have carried off the prize. My mother, Madam, had been delivered ſooner than the green bag infallibly—at leaſt by twenty knots.—Sport of fmall accidents, Triſtram Shandy! that thou art, and ever will be! had that trial been made for thee, and it was fifty to one but it had—thy affairs had not been ſo depreſſed—(at leaſt by the depreſſion of thy noſe)—as they have been; nor had the fortunes of thy houſe and the occaſions of making them, which have ſo often preſented themſelves in the courſe of thy life, to thee, been ſo often, ſo vexatiouſly, ſo tamely, ſo irrecoverably abandoned—as thou haſt been forced to leave them——but 'tis over—all but the account of 'em, which cannot be given to the curious till I am got out into the world.

CHAP. IX.

GREAT wits jump—for the moment Doctor Slop caſt his eyes upon his bag—(which he had not done till the diſpute with my Uncle Toby about midwifery put him in mind of it)—the very ſame thought occurred—'It is God's mercy,' quoth he to himſelf, 'that Mrs. Shandy has had ſo 'bad a time of it—elſe ſhe might have 'been brought to-bed ſeven times told, 'before one half of theſe knots could 'have got untied.'—But here, you muſt diſtinguiſh—the thought floated only in Doctor Slop's mind, without ſail or ballaſt to it, as a ſimple propoſition; millions of which, as your worſhip knows, are every day ſwimming quietly in the middle of the thin juice of a man's underſtanding, without being carried backwards or forwards, till ſome little guſt of paſſion or intereſt drive them to one ſide.

A ſudden trampling in the room above, near my mother's bed, did the propoſition the very ſervice I am ſpeaking of. 'By all that's unfortunate,' quoth Doctor Slop, 'unleſs I make 'haſte, the thing will actually befall me 'as it is!'

CHAP. X.

IN the caſe of knots—by which, in the firſt place, I would not be underſtood to mean ſlip-knots—becauſe, in the courſe of my Life and Opinions—my opinions concerning them will come in more properly when I mention the cataſtrophe of my great uncle Mr. Hammond Shandy—a little man—but of high fancy—he ruſhed into the Duke of Monmouth's affair——nor, ſecondly, in this place, do I mean that particular ſpecies of knots called bow-knots—there is ſo little addreſs, or ſkill, or patience, required in the unlooſing them, that they are below my giving any opinion at all about them.—But by the knots I am ſpeaking of, may it pleaſe your reverences to believe, that I mean good, honeſt, deviliſh tight, hard knots, made *bona fida*, as Obadiah made his—in which there is no quibbling proviſion made by the duplication and return of the two ends of the ſtrings through the annulus or nooſe made by the ſecond implication of them—to get them ſlipped and undone by——I hope you apprehend me.

In the caſe of theſe knots, then, and of the ſeveral obſtructions which, may it pleaſe your reverences, ſuch knots caſt in our way in getting through life—every haſty man can whip out his penknife and cut through them.—'Tis wrong. Believe me, Sirs, the moſt virtuous way, and which both reaſon and conſcience dictate—is to take our teeth or our fingers to them.—Doctor Slop had loſt his teeth—his favourite inſtrument, by extracting in a wrong direction, or by ſome miſapplication of it, unfortunately ſlipping, he had formerly in a hard labour, knocked out three of the beſt of them with the handle of it—he tried his fingers—alas! the nails of his fingers and thumbs were cut cloſe.—'The deuce take it! I can make no-'thing of it either way!' cried Doctor Slop.—The trampling over-head near my mother's bed-ſide increaſed.—'Pox 'take the fellow! I ſhall never get theſe 'knots untied as long as I live.'—My mother gave a groan.—'Lend me your 'penknife—I muſt e'en cut the knots 'at laſt—pugh—pſha—Lord! I have 'cut my thumb quite acroſs, to the 'very bone——curſe the fellow!—— 'if ther was not another man-midwife 'within fifty miles—I am undone for 'this bout.——I wiſh the ſcoundrel

'hanged'

'hanged!—I wiſh he was ſhot!—I wiſh 'all the devils in hell had him, for a 'blockhead!'—

My father had a great reſpect for Obadiah, and could not bear to hear him diſpoſed of in ſuch a manner——he had moreover ſome little reſpect for himſelf—and could as ill bear with the indignity offered to himſelf in it.

Had Doctor Slop cut any part about him, but his thumb—my father had paſſed it by—his prudence had triumphed—as it was, he was determined to have his revenge.

'Small curſes, Doctor Slop, upon 'great occaſions,' quoth my father, (condoling with him firſt upon the accident) 'are but ſo much waſte of our 'ſtrength and ſoul's health to no manner 'of purpoſe.'—'I own it,' replied Doctor Slop.—'They are like ſparrow-'ſhot,' quoth my Uncle Toby (ſuſpending his whiſtling) 'fired againſt 'a baſtion.'—'They ſerve,' continued my father, 'to ſtir the humours—but 'carry off none of their acrimony—— 'for my own part, I ſeldom ſwear or 'curſe at all—I hold it bad——but if 'I fall into it by ſurprize, I generally 'retain ſo much preſence of mind—' ('Right,' quoth my Uncle Toby)—'as to make it anſwer my purpoſe—'that is, I ſwear on till I find myſelf 'eaſy. A wiſe and a juſt man, how-'ever, would always endeavour to pro-'portion the vent given to theſe hu-'mours, not only to the degree of them 'ſtirring within himſelf—but to the 'ſize and ill-intent of the offence upon 'which they are to fall.'—'Injuries 'come only from the heart;' quoth my Uncle Toby. 'For this reaſon,' continued my father, with the moſt Cervantick gravity, 'I have the greateſt 'veneration in the world for that gentle-'man, who, in diſtruſt of his own diſ-'cretion in this point, ſat down and 'compoſed (that is, at his leiſure) ſ 'forms of ſwearing, ſuitable to all caſes 'from the loweſt to the higheſt provo-'cations which could poſſibly happen 'to him—which forms being well con-'ſidered by him, and ſuch moreover as 'he could ſtand to, he kept them ever 'by him on the chimney-piece, within 'his reach, ready for uſe.'—'I never 'apprehended,' replied Doctor Slop, 'that ſuch a thing was ever thought of '—much leſs executed.'—'I beg your 'pardon,' anſwered my father; 'I was 'reading—though not uſing—one of 'them to my brother Toby this morn-'ing, whilſt he poured out the tea:— 'tis here upon the ſhelf over my head— 'but, if I remember right, 'tis too violent 'for a cut of the thumb.'—'Not at all,' quoth Doctor Slop—'the devil take the 'fellow!'—'Then,' anſwered my father, 'it is much at your ſervice, Doc-'ter Slop—on condition you will read 'it aloud.'—So riſing up and reaching down a form of excommunication of the church of Rome, a copy of which, my father (who was curious in his collections) had procured out of the ledger-book of the church of Rocheſter, writ by Ernulphus the biſhop—with a moſt affecterſioufneſs of look and voice, which might have cajoled Ernulphus himſelf—he put it into Doctor Slop's hands—Doctor Slop wrapt his thumb up in the corner of his handkerchief, and with a wry face, though without any ſuſpicion, read aloud, as follows—— my Uncle Toby whiſtling Lillabullero as loud as he could all the time.

Textus de Eccleſiâ Roffenſi, per Ernulfum Epiſcopum *.

CHAP. XXV.

EXCOMMUNICATIO.

EX auctoritate Dei Omnipotentis, Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti, et ſanctorum canonum, ſanctæque et intemeratæ Virginis Dei genetricis Mariæ—

CHAP. XI.

'BY the authority of God Almigh-'ty, the Father, Son, and Holy 'Ghoſt; and of the holy canons; and 'of the undefiled Virgin Mary, mo-'ther and patroneſs of our Saviour—'

* As the genuineneſs of the conſultation of the *Sorbonne*, upon the queſtion of baptiſm, was doubted by ſome, and denied by others—'twas though proper to print the original of this Excommunication; for the copy of which Mr. Shandy returns thanks to the Chapter-clerk of the Dean and Chapter of Rocheſter.

'[I think

[' I think there is no neceſſity,' quoth Doctor Slop, dropping the paper down to his knee, and addreſſing himſelf to my father—' as you have read it over, ' Sir, ſo lately, to read it aloud—and ' as Captain Shandy ſeems to have no ' great inclination to hear it—I may ' as well read it to myſelf.'—' That's ' contrary to treaty,' replied my father—' beſides, there is ſomething ſo ' whimſical, eſpecially in the latter part ' of it, I ſhould grieve to loſe the plea- ' ſure of a ſecond reading.' Doctor Slop did not altogether like it—but my Uncle Toby offering at that inſtant to give over whiſtling, and read it himſelf to them—Doctor Slop thought he might as well read it under the cover of my Uncle Toby's whiſtling—as ſuffer my Uncle Toby to read it alone——ſo raiſing up the paper to his face, and holding it quite parallel to it, in order to hide his chargrin—he read it aloud as follows—my Uncle Toby whiſtling Lillabullero, though not quite ſo loud as before.]

——atque omnium cœleſtium virtutum, angelorum, archangelorum, thronorum, dominationum, poteſtatuum, cherubin ac ſeraphin, et ſanctorum patriarchum, prophetarum, et omnium apoſtolorum et evangeliſtarum, et ſanctorum innocentum, qui in conſpectu Agni ſoli digni inventi ſunt canticum cantare novum, et ſanctorum martyrum, et ſanctorum confeſſorum, et ſanctarum virginum, atque omnium ſimul ſanctorum et electorum Dei—Excommunicamus, et anathematizamus hunc furem, vel hunc malefactorem, N. N. et a liminibus ſanctæ Dei, eccleſiæ ſequeſtramus et æternis ſuppliciis excruciandus, mancipetur, eum Dathan et Abiram, et cum his qui dixerunt Domino Deo, ' Recede à nobis, ' ſcientiam viarum tuarum nolumus:' et ſicut aquâ ignis extinguitur, ſic extinguatur lucerna ejus in ſecula ſeculorum niſi reſpuerit, et ad ſatisfactionem venerit. Amen.

vel os *vel* os

vel i *vel* orum

n n n

' By the authority of God Almighty, ' the Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt; ' and of the undefiled Virgin Mary, ' mother and patroneſs of our Saviour, ' and of all the celeſtial virtues, an- ' gels, archangels, thrones, dominions, ' powers, cherubins and ſeraphins, and ' of all the holy patriarchs, prophets, ' and of all the apoſtles and evangeliſts, ' and of the holy innocents, who in the ' ſight of the Holy Lamb are found ' worthy to ſing the new ſong of the ' holy martyrs and holy confeſſors, and ' of the holy virgins, and of all the ' ſaints together with the holy and elect ' of God——May he'—(Obadiah)—' be damned,' for tying theſe knots. ' We excommunicate, and anathema- ' tize him, and from the threſhold of ' the holy church of God Almighty we ' ſequeſter him, that he may be tor- ' mented, diſpoſed and delivered over, ' with Dathan and Abiram, and with ' thoſe who ſay unto the Lord God, " Depart from us, we deſire none of " thy ways." And as fire is quenched ' with water, ſo let the light of him ' be put out for evermore, unleſs it ſhall ' repent him,' (Obadiah) of the knots which he has tied—' and make ſatiſ- ' faction'—(for them)—' Amen.'

os
Maledicat illum Deus Pater qui ho-
os
minem creavit. Maledicat illum Dei Filius qui pro homine paſſus eſt. Ma-
os
ledicat illum Spiritus Sanctus qui in
os
baptiſmo effuſus eſt. Maledicat illum ſancta crux, quam Chriſtus pro noſtrâ ſalute hoſtem triumphans, aſcendit.

'May the Father who created man, 'curſe him—May the Son who ſuf- 'fered for us, curſe him.—May the 'Holy Ghoſt, who was given to us 'in baptiſm, curſe him—(Obadiah) —'May the holy croſs, which Chriſt 'for our ſalvation triumphing over his 'enemies aſcended, curſe him.

os
Maledicat illum ſancta Dei genetrix et perpetua Virgo Maria. Maledicat
os
illum Sanctus Michael, animarum ſuſ-
os
ceptor ſacrarum. Maledicant illum omnes angeli et archangeli, principatus, et poteſtates, omniſque militia cœleſtis.

'May the holy and eternal Virgin 'Mary, mother of God, curſe him.— 'May St. Michael, the advocate of 'holy ſouls, curſe him. May all the 'angels and archangels, principalities 'and powers, and all the heavenly 'armies, curſe him.'—['Our armies 'ſwore terribly in Flanders,' cried my Uncle Toby—'but nothing to this.— 'For my own part, I could not have 'the heart to curſe my dog ſo.']

os
Maledicat illum patriarcharum et prophetarum laudabilis numerus. Male-
os
dicat illum Sanctus Johannes, Præcurſor et Baptiſta Chriſti, et Sanctus Petrus, et Sanctus Paulus, atque Sanctus Andreas, omneſque Chriſti apoſtoli, ſimul et cæteri diſcipuli, quatuor quoque evangeliſtæ, qui ſua prædicatione mundum univerſum converterunt. Ma-
os
ledicat illum cuneus martyrum et confeſſorum mirificus, qui Deo bonis operibus placitus inventus eſt.

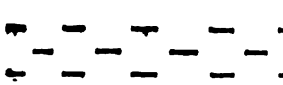
'May St. John the Præcurſor and 'St. John the Baptiſt, and St. Peter, 'and St. Paul, and St. Andrew, and 'all other Chriſt's apoſtles, together 'curſe him. And may the reſt of 'his diſciples and four evangeliſts, 'who by their preaching converted the 'univerſal world—and may the holy 'and wonderful company of martyrs 'and confeſſors, who by their holy 'works are found pleaſing to God Al- 'mighty—curſe him,'—(Obadiah.)

os
Maledicant illum ſacrarum virginum chori, quæ mundi vana cauſa honoris Chriſti reſpuenda contemſerunt. Male-
os
dicant illum omnes ſancti qui ab initio mundi uſque in finem ſeculi Deo dilecti inveniuntur.
os
Maledicant illum cœli et terra, et omnia ſancta in eis manentia.

'May the holy choir of the holy 'virgins, who for the honour of Chriſt 'have deſpiſed the things of the world, 'damn him.—May all the ſaints, who 'from the beginning of the world to 'everlaſting ages are found to be be- 'loved of God, damn him.—May the 'heavens and earth, and all the holy 'things remaining therein, damn him,' —(Obadiah)—'or her,'—(or whoever elſe had a hand in tying theſe knots.)

i n n
Maledictus ſit ubicunque fuerit, ſive in domo, ſive in agro, ſive in viâ, ſive in ſemitâ, ſive in ſilvâ, ſive in aquâ, ſive in eccleſiâ.
i n
Maledictus ſit vivendo, moriendo—
— — — — — —

'May he,'—(Obadiah)—'be damn'd 'wherever he be—whether in the houſe 'or the ſtables, the garden or the field, 'or the highway, or in the path, or in 'the wood, or in the water, or in the 'church.—May he be curſed in living, 'in dying—' [Here my Uncle Toby, taking



manducando, bibendo, eſuriendo, ſitiendo, jejunando, dormitando, dormiendo, vigilando, ambulando, ſtando, ſedendo, jacendo, operando, quieſcendo, mingendo, cacando, flebotomando.

taking the advantage of a *minim* in the ſecond bar of his tune, kept whiſtling one continual note to the end of the ſentence.—Doctor Slop, with his diviſion of curſes moving under him, like a running baſs all the way.]—'May he 'be curſed in eating and drinking, in 'being hungry, in being thirſty, in 'faſting, in ſleeping, in ſlumbering, 'in walking, in ſtanding, in ſitting, in 'lying, in working, in reſting, in piſſ-'ing, in ſhitting, and in blood-letting!

i n

Maledictus ſit in totis viribus corporis.

'May he,'—(Obadiah)—'be curſed 'in all the faculties of his body.

i n

Maledictus ſit intus et exterius.

i n i

Maledictus ſit in capillis; maledictus a i n ſit in cerebro. Maledictus ſit in vertice, in temporibus, in fronte, in auriculis, in ſupercilliis, in oculis, in genis, in maxillis, in naribus, in dentibus, mordacibus, in labris ſive molibus, in labiis, in guttere, in humeris, in harnis, in brachiis, in manubus, in digitis, in pectore, in corde, et in omnibus interioribus, ſtomacho tenus, in renibus, in inguinibus, in femore, in genitalibus, in coxis, in genubus, in cruribus, in pedibus, et in unguibus.

'May he be curſed inwardly and 'outwardly—May he be curſed in the 'hair of his head!—May he be curſed 'in his brains, and in his vertex,'—['That is a ſad curſe,' quoth my father.]—'in his temples, in his fore-'head, in his ears, in his eye-brows, 'in his cheeks, in his jaw-bones, in his 'noſtrils, in his fore-teeth and grinders, 'in his lips, in his throat, in his 'ſhoulders, in his wriſts, in his arms, 'in his hands, in his fingers!

'May he be damn'd in his mouth, 'in his breaſt, in his heart and purte-'nance, down to the very ſtomach!

'May he be curſed in his reins, and 'in his groin—' ['God in heaven 'forbid!' quoth my Uncle Toby.]—'in his thighs, in his genitals,'—(my father ſhook his head)—'in his hips, 'and in his knees, his legs and feet, 'and toe-nails!

i n

Maledictus ſit in totis compagibus membrorum, a vertice capitis, uſque ad plantam pedis—non ſit in eo ſanitas.

'May he be curſed in all the joints 'and articulations of his members, 'from the top of his head to the ſoal of 'his foot! May there be no ſoundneſs 'in him.

Maledicat illum Chriſtus Filius Dei vivi toto ſuæ majeſtatis imperio—

'May the Son of the living God, 'with all the glory of his Majeſty—' [Here my Uncle Toby, throwing back his head, gave a monſtrous long, loud 'Whew—w—w!' ſomething betwixt the interjectional whiſtle of '*Hey day!*' and the word itſelf.——

——By the golden beard of Jupiter—and of Juno (if her majeſty wore one) and by the beards of the reſt of your heathen worſhips—which, by the bye, was no ſmall number—ſince what with the beards of your celeſtial gods, and gods aerial and aquatick—to ſay no-

thing of the beards of town-gods and country-gods, or of the celeſtial goddeſſes your wives, or of the infernal goddeſſes your whores and concubines—(that is, in caſe they wore them)—all which beards, as Varro tells me, upon his word and honour, when muſtered up together, made no leſs than thirty thouſand effective beards upon the Pagan eſtabliſhment; every beard of which claimed the rights and privileges of being ſtroked and ſworn by——by all theſe beards together, then—I vow and proteſt—that of the two bad caſſocks I am worth in the world, I would have given the better of them, as freely as ever Cid Hamet offered his—only to have ſtood by, and heard my Uncle Toby's accompanyment.

——et inſurgat adverſus illum cœlum cum omnibus virtutibus quæ in eo moventur ad *damnandum* eum, niſi penituerit et ad ſatisfactionem venerit. Amen. Fiat, fiat. Amen.

——'curſe him!'—continued Doctor Slop—'and may Heaven, with all 'the powers which move therein, riſe 'up againſt him, curſe and damn him,' —(Obadiah)—'unleſs he repent, and 'make ſatisfaction! Amen.—So be it, '—So be it.—Amen.'

'I declare,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'my heart would not let me curſe the 'devil himſelf with ſo much bitterneſs.' —'He is the father of curſes,' replied Doctor Slop. 'So am not I,' replied my uncle.—'But he is curſed and 'damned already, to all eternity,' replied Doctor Slop.

'I am ſorry for it,' quoth my Uncle Toby.

Doctor Slop drew up his mouth—and was juſt beginning to return my Uncle Toby the compliment of his Whu—u—u—or interjectional whiſtle—when the door haſtily opening in the next chapter but one—put an end to the affair.

CHAP. XII.

NOW don't let us give ourſelves a parcel of airs, and pretend that the oaths we make free with in this land of liberty of ours are our own; and becauſe we have the ſpirit to ſwear them—imagine that we have had the wit to invent them too.

I'll undertake this moment to prove it to any man in the world, except to a connoiſſeur—though I declare I object only to a connoiſſeur in ſwearing—as I would do to a connoiſſeur in painting, &c. &c. the whole ſet of 'em are ſo hung round and *beſetiſhed* with the bobs and trinkets of criticiſm——or, to drop my metaphor, which, by the bye is a pity—for I have fetched it as far as from the coaſt of Guinea—their heads, Sir, are ſtuck ſo full of rules and compaſſes, and have that eternal propenſity to apply them upon all occaſions, that a work of genius had better go to the devil at once, than ſtand to be pricked and tortured to death by 'em.

——'And how did Garrick ſpeak 'the ſoliloquy laſt night?'—'Oh, a-'gainſt all rule, my lord—moſt un-'grammatically! Betwixt the ſubſtan-'tive and the adjective, which ſhould 'agree together in *number*, *caſe*, and '*gender*, he made a breach thus—ſtop-'ping, as if the point wanted ſet-'tling——and betwixt the nominative 'caſe, which your lordſhip knows 'ſhould govern the verb, he ſuſpended 'his voice in the epilogue a dozen times, 'three ſeconds and three fifths, by a 'ſtop-watch, my lord, each time.'—'Admirable grammarian!—But in ſuſpending

'ſpending his voice—was the ſenſe ſu-
'ſpended likewiſe?—Did no expreſſion
'of attitude or countenance fill up the
'chaſm?—Was the eye ſilent?—Did
'you narrowly look?'—'I looked only
'at the ſtop-watch, my lord.'—'Ex-
'cellent obſerver!'

'And what of this new book the
'whole world makes ſuch a rout a-
'bout?'—'Oh! 'tis out of all plumb,
'my lord—quite an irregular thing!—
'not one of the angles at the four cor-
'ners was a right angle.—I had my
'rule and compaſſes, &c. my lord, in
'my pocket.'—'Excellent critick!'

—'And for the epick poem your
'lordſhip bid me look at—upon taking
'the length, breadth, height, and
'depth of it, and trying them at home
'upon an exact ſcale of Boſſu's—'tis out,
'my lord, in every one of it's dimen-
'ſions.'—'Admirable connoiſſeur!'

—'And did you ſtep in to take a
'look at the grand picture in your way
'back?'—'It is a melancholy daub!
'my lord; not one principle of the *py-*
'*ramid* in any one group!——and what
'a price!—for there is nothing of the
'colouring of Titian—the expreſſion of
'Reubens—the grace of Raphael—the
'purity of Dominichino—the *corregi-*
'*eſcity* of Corregio—the learning of
'Pouſſin—the airs of Guido—the taſte
'of the Carrachi's—or the grand con-
'tour of Angelo.'—Grant me patience,
juſt Heaven!—Of all the cants which
are canted in this canting world—though
the cant of hypocrites may be the worſt
—the cant of criticiſm is the moſt tor-
menting!

I would go fifty miles on foot, (for I have not a horſe worth riding on) to kiſs the hand of that man whoſe gene-rous heart will give up the reins of his imagination into his author's hands—be pleaſed he knows not why, and cares not wherefore.

Great Apollo! if thou art in a giv-ing humour—give me—I aſk no more—but one ſtroke of native humour, with a ſingle ſpark of thy own fire along with it—and ſend Mercury, with the *rules and compaſſes*, if he can be ſpared, with my compliments, to——no matter.

Now to any one elſe, I will under-take to prove, that all the oaths and imprecations which we have been puff-ing off upon the world for theſe two hundred and fifty years laſt paſt as ori-ginals—except *St. Paul's thumb*—*God's fleſh, and God's fiſh*—which were oaths monarchial—and, conſidering who made them, not much amiſs: and as kings oaths, 'tis not much matter whether they were fiſh or fleſh—elſe, I ſay, there is not an oath, or at leaſt a curſe amongſt them, which has not been copied over and over again out of Ernulphus a thou-ſand times: but, like all other copies, how infinitely ſhort of the force and ſpirit of the original!—It is thought to be no bad oath—and by itſelf paſſes very well—'*G—d damn you.*'—Set it before Ernulphus's—'God Almighty 'the Father damn you—God the Son 'damn you—God the Holy Ghoſt damn 'you;' you ſee 'tis nothing.—There is an orientality in his we cannot riſe up to: beſides, he is more copious in his invention—poſſeſſed more of the excel-lencies of a ſwearer—had ſuch a thorough knowledge of the human frame, it's membranes, nerves, ligaments, knittings of the joints, and articulations—that when Ernulphus curſed—no part eſcap-ed him. 'Tis true there is ſomething of a *hardneſs* in his manner—and, as in Michael Angelo, a want of *grace*—but then there is ſuch a greatneſs of *guſto!*—

My father, who generally looked upon every thing in a light very diffe-rent from all mankind, would, after all, never allow this to be an original.—He conſidered rather Ernulphus's anathe-ma, as an inſtitute of ſwearing, in which, as he ſuſpected, upon the de-cline of *ſwearing* in ſome milder pon-tificate, Ernulphus, by order of the ſucceeding pope, had with great learn-ing and diligence collected together all the laws of it——for the ſame reaſon that Juſtinian, in the decline of the em-pire, had ordered his chancellor Tribo-nian to collect the Roman or civil laws all together into one code or digeſt—leſt, through the ruſt of time—and the fatality of all things committed to oral tradition—they ſhould be loſt to the world for ever.

For this reaſon my father would oft-times aſſirm, there was not an oath, from the great and tremendous oath of William the Conqueror—'*By the ſplen-'dour of God!*' down to the loweſt oath of a ſcavenger—'*Damn your eyes!*' which was not to be found in Ernulphus—'In ſhort,' he would add, 'I defy a 'man to ſwear out of it.'

The hypotheſis is, like moſt of my father's,

father's, ſingular and ingenious too—nor have I any objection to it, but that it overturns my own.

CHAP. XIII.

—'BLESS my ſoul!—my poor 'miſtreſs is ready to faint—'and her pains are gone—and the drops 'are done—and the bottle of julap is 'broke—and the nurſe has cut her 'arm—' 'And I my thumb!' cried Doctor Slop—'and the child is where 'it was,' continued Suſannah—'and 'the midwife has fallen backwards 'upon the edge of the fender, and 'bruiſed her hip as black as your hat.' —'I'll look at it,' quoth Doctor Slop. 'There is no need of that,' replied Suſannah—'you had better look at my 'miſtreſs—but the midwife would 'gladly firſt give you an account how 'things are, ſo deſires you would go 'up ſtairs and ſpeak to her this mo-'ment.'

Human nature is the ſame in all profeſſions.

The midwife had juſt before been put over Doctor Slop's head—he had not digeſted it—'No,' replied Doctor Slop, 'it would be full as proper, if 'the midwife came down to me.'—'I like ſubordination,' quoth my Uncle Toby—'and, but for it, after the re-'duction of Liſle, I know not what 'might have become of the garriſon of 'Ghent, in the mutiny for bread, in 'the year ten.'—'Nor,' replied Doctor Slop, (parodying my Uncle Toby's hobby-horſical reflection, though full as hobby-horſically himſelf)—'do I 'know, Captain Shandy, what might 'have become of the garriſon above 'ſtairs, in the mutiny and confuſion I 'find all things are in at preſent, but 'for the ſubordination of fingers and 'thumbs to ****** the application of 'which, Sir, under this accident of 'mine, comes in ſo *a propos*, that with-'out it, the cut upon my thumb might 'have been felt by the Shandy family 'as long as the Shandy family had a 'name.'

CHAP. XIV.

LET us go back to the ******—in the laſt chapter.

It is a ſingular ſtroke of eloquence (at leaſt it was ſo when eloquence flouriſhed at Athens and Rome, and would be ſo now did orators wear mantles) not to mention the name of a thing, when you had the thing about you *in petto*, ready to produce, pop, in the place you want it. A ſcar, an axe, a ſword, a pinked doublet, a ruſty helmet, a pound and a half of pot-aſhes in an urn, or a three-halfpenny pickle pot—but above all, a tender infant royally accoutred. Though if it was too young, and the oration as long as Tully's ſecond Philippick—it muſt certainly have beſhit the orator's mantle.—And then, again, if too old—it muſt have been unweildy and incommodious to his action—ſo as to make him loſe by his child almoſt as much as he could gain by it.—Otherwiſe, when a ſtate orator has hit the preciſe age to a minute—hid his BAMBINO in his mantle ſo cunningly that no mortal could ſmell it—and produced it ſo critically, that no ſoul could ſay it came in by head and ſhoulders—Oh, Sirs! it has done wonders.—It has opened the ſluices, and turned the brains, and ſhook the principles, and unhinged the politicks of half a nation.

Theſe feats, however, are not to be done, except in thoſe ſtates and times, I ſay, where orators wore mantles—and pretty large ones too, my brethren, with ſome twenty or five and twenty yards of good purple, ſuperfine, marketable cloth in them—with large flowing folds and doubles, and in a great ſtyle of deſign.—All which plainly ſhews, may it pleaſe your worſhips, that the decay of eloquence, and the little good ſervice it does at preſent, both within and without doors, is owing to nothing elſe in the world but ſhort coats, and the diſuſe of trunk-hoſe.—We can conceal nothing under ours, Madam, worth ſhewing.

CHAP. XV.

DOCTOR Slop was within an ace of being an exception to all this argumentation: for happening to have his green baize bag upon his knees, when he began to parody my Uncle Toby—'twas as good as the beſt mantle in the world to him: for which purpoſe, when he foreſaw the ſentence would end in his new-invented forceps, he

he thrust his hand into the bag in order to have them ready to clap in, where your reverences took so much notice of the ******: which had he managed—my Uncle Toby had certainly been overthrown; the sentence and the argument in that case jumping closely in one point, so like the two lines which form the salient angle of a ravelin—Doctor Slop would never have given them up—and my Uncle Toby would as soon thought of flying, as taking them by force. But Doctor Slop fumbled so vilely in pulling them out, it took off the whole effect, and what was a ten times worse evil, (for they seldom come alone in this life) in pulling out his *forceps*, his *forceps* unfortunately drew out the *squirt* along with it.

When a proposition can be taken in two senses—'tis a law in disputation, that the respondent may reply to which of the two he pleases, or finds most convenient for him.—This threw the advantage of the argument quite on my Uncle Toby's side.—'Good God!' cried my Uncle Toby, '*are children* '*brought into the world with a squirt?*'

CHAP. XVI.

—'UPON my honour, Sir, you 'have tore every bit of skin 'quite off the back of both my hands 'with your forceps,' cried my Uncle Toby—'and you have crushed all my 'knuckles into the bargain with them 'to a jelly.'—'It is your own fault,' said Doctor Slop—'you should have 'clenched your two fists together into 'the form of a child's head, as I told 'you, and sat firm.'—'I did so,' answered my Uncle Toby.—'Then the 'points of my forceps have not been 'sufficiently armed, or the rivet wants 'closing—or else the cut on my thumb 'has made me a little aukward—or 'possibly——' 'It is well,' quoth my father, interrupting the detail of possibilities—'that the experiment was not 'first made upon my child's head-'piece.'—'It would not have been a 'cherry-stone the worse,' answered Doctor Slop.—'I maintain it,' said my Uncle Toby, 'it would have broke the 'cerebellum, (unless, indeed, the skull 'had been as hard as a granado) and 'turned it all into a perfect posset.'—'Pshaw!' replied Doctor Slop; 'a 'child's head is naturally as soft as 'the pap of an apple—the sutures give 'way—and, besides, I could have ex-'tracted by the feet after.'—'Not you,' said she.—'I rather wish you would 'begin that way,' quoth my father.

'Pray do,' added my Uncle Toby.

CHAP. XVII.

—'AND pray, good woman, after 'all, will you take upon you 'to say, it may not be the child's hip, 'as well as the child's head?'—'It is 'most certainly the head,' replied the midwife.—'Because,' continued Doctor Slop, (turning to my father) 'as 'positive as these old ladies generally 'are—'tis a point very difficult to know, 'and yet of the greatest consequence to 'be known——because, Sir, if the hip 'is mistaken for the head—there is a 'possibility (if it is a boy) that the for-'ceps * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
'* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *.

——What the possibility was, Doctor Slop whispered very low to my father, and then to my Uncle Toby—'There is no such danger,' continued he, 'with the head.'—'No, in truth,' quoth my father—'but when your possibility has taken place at the hip—'you may as well take off the head 'too.'

——It is morally impossible the reader should understand this—'tis enough Doctor Slop understood it—so taking the green baize bag in his hand, with the help of Obadiah's pumps, he tripped pretty nimbly, for a man of his size, across the room to the door—and from the door was shewn the way, by the good old midwife, to my mother's apartment.

CHAP. XVIII.

'IT is two hours, and ten minutes, '—and no more,' cried my father, looking at his watch, 'since Doc-'tor Slop and Obadiah arrived—and I 'know not how it happens, brother 'Toby—but to my imagination it seems 'almost an age.'

——Here—pray, Sir, take hold of my cap—nay, take the bell along with it, and my pantoufles too.

Now, Sir, they are all at your service;

vice; and I freely make you a preſent of 'em, on condition you give me all your attention to this chapter.

Though my father ſaid, *he knew not how it happened*—yet he knew very well how it happened—and at the inſtant he ſpoke it, was predetermined in his mind to give my Uncle Toby a clear account of the matter by a metaphyſical diſſertation upon the ſubject of *duration and it's ſimple modes*, in order to ſhew my Uncle Toby by what mechaniſm and menſurations in the brain it came to paſs, that the rapid ſucceſſion of their ideas, and the eternal ſcampering of diſcourſe from one thing to another, ſince Doctor Slop had come into the room, had lengthened out ſo ſhort a period to ſo inconceiveable an extent.—'I know not how it happens,' cried my father, 'but it ſeems an age.'

——'It is owing entirely,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'to the ſucceſſion of our 'ideas.'

My father, who had an itch in common with all philoſophers, of reaſoning upon every thing which happened, and accounting for it too—propoſed infinite pleaſure to himſelf in this, of the ſucceſſion of ideas, and had not the leaſt apprehenſion of having it ſnatched out of his hands by my Uncle Toby, who (honeſt man) generally took every thing as it happened—and who, of all men in the world, troubled his brain the leaſt with abſtruſe thinking—the ideas of time and ſpace—or how we came by thoſe ideas—or of what ſtuff they were made—or whether they were born with us—or we picked them up afterwards as we went along—or whether we did it in frocks—or not till we had got into breeches——with a thouſand other inquiries and diſputes about INFINITY, PRESCIENCE, LIBERTY, NECESSITY, and ſo forth, upon whoſe deſperate and unconquerable theories ſo many fine heads have been turned and cracked—never did my Uncle Toby's the leaſt injury at all: my father knew it—and was no leſs ſurprized, than he was diſappointed, with my uncle's fortuitous ſolution.

'Do you underſtand the theory of 'that affair?' replied my father.

'Not I,' quoth my uncle.

——'But you have ſome ideas,' ſaid my father, 'of what you talk about?'—

'No more than my horſe,' replied my Uncle Toby.

'Gracious Heaven!' cried my father, looking upwards, and claſping his two hands together—'there is a worth in 'thy honeſt ignorance, brother Toby; '—'twere almoſt a pity to exchange it 'for a knowledge—But I'll tell thee.

'To underſtand what *time* is aright, 'without which we never can comprehend *infinity*, inſomuch as one is a 'portion of the other—we ought ſeriouſly to ſit down and conſider what 'idea it is we have of *duration*, ſo as 'to give a ſatisfactory account how we 'came by it.'—'What is that to 'any body?' quoth my Uncle Toby.

'* *For if you will turn your eyes in-*
'*wards upon your mind*, continued my father, '*and obſerve attentively, you*
'*will perceive, brother, that whilſt*
'*you and I are talking together, and*
'*thinking, and ſmoaking our pipes; or*
'*whilſt we receive ſucceſſively ideas in*
'*our minds, we know that we do exiſt,*
'*and ſo we eſtimate the exiſtence, or*
'*the continuation of the exiſtence of our-*
'*ſelves, or any thing elſe, commenſu-*
'*rate to the ſucceſſion of any ideas in*
'*our minds, the duration of ourſelves,*
'*or any ſuch other thing co-exiſting*
'*with our thinking—and ſo according*
'*to that pre-conceived——*'—'You 'puzzle me to death!' cried my Uncle 'Toby!

——'It is owing to this,' replied my father, 'that in our computations 'of *time*, we are ſo uſed to minutes, 'hours, weeks, and months—and of 'clocks, (I wiſh there was not a clock 'in the kingdom) to meaſure out their 'ſeveral portions to us, and to thoſe 'who belong to us—that 'twill be well 'if in time to come, the *ſucceſſion of* 'our ideas be of any uſe or ſervice to 'us at all.

'Now, whether we obſerve it or no,' continued my father, 'in every ſound 'man's head, there is a regular ſuc-'ceſſion of ideas of one ſort or other, 'which follow each other in train juſt 'like—' 'A train of artillery,' ſaid my Uncle Toby.—'A train of a fiddle-'ſtick!'—quoth my father—'which 'follow and ſucceed one another in our 'minds at certain diſtances, juſt like 'the images in the inſide of a lanthorn 'turned round by the heat of a candle.'

* Vide Locke.

—'I de-

—I declare,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'mine are more like a ſmoak-jack.'—'Then, brother Toby, I have nothing 'more to ſay to you upon that ſubject,' ſaid my father.

CHAP. XIX.

—WHAT a conjuncture was here loſt!——My father in one of his beſt explanatory moods—in eager purſuit of a metaphyſick point into the very regions where clouds and thick darkneſs would ſoon have encompaſſed it about—my Uncle Toby in one of the fineſt diſpoſitions for it in the world—his head like a ſmoak-jack—the funnel unſwept, and the ideas whirling round and round about in it, all obfuſcated and darkened over with fuliginous matter!—By the tomb-ſtone of Lucian—if it is in being—if not, why then by his aſhes! by the aſhes of my dear Rabelais, and dearer Cervantes!—my father and my Uncle Toby's diſcourſe upon TIME and ETERNITY—was a diſcourſe devoutly to be wiſhed for! and the petulancy of my father's humour, in putting a ſtop to it as he did, was a robbery of the *Ontologick Treaſury* of ſuch a jewel, as no coalition of great occaſions and great men are ever likely to reſtore to it again.

CHAP. XX.

THOUGH my father perſiſted in not going on with the diſcourſe—yet he could not get my Uncle Toby's ſmoak-jack out of his head—piqued as he was at firſt with it——there was ſomething in the compariſon, at the bottom, which hit his fancy; for which purpoſe, reſting his elbow upon the table, and reclining the right ſide of his head upon the palm of his hand—but looking firſt ſtedfaſtly in the fire—he began to commune with himſelf, and philoſophize about it: but his ſpirits being wore out with the fatigues of inveſtigating new tracts, and the conſtant exertion of his faculties upon that variety of ſubjects which had taken their turn in the diſcourſe—the idea of the ſmoak-jack ſoon turned all his ideas upſide down—ſo that he fell aſleep almoſt before he knew what he was about.

As for my Uncle Toby, his ſmoak-jack had not made a dozen revolutions, before he fell aſleep alſo.——Peace be with them both!—Doctor Slop is engaged with the midwife and my mother above ſtairs.—Trim is buſy in turning an old pair of jack-boots into a couple of mortars, to be employed in the ſiege of Meſſina next ſummer—and is this inſtant boring the touch-holes with the point of a hot poker.——All my heroes are off my hands—'tis the firſt time I have had a moment to ſpare—and I'll make uſe of it, and write my Preface.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

NO, I'll not ſay a word about it—here it is——in publiſhing it—I have appealed to the world—and to the world I leave it—it muſt ſpeak for itſelf.

All I know of the matter is—when I ſat down, my intent was to write a good book; and as far as the tenuity of my underſtanding would hold out—a wiſe, aye, and a diſcreet—taking care only, as I went along, to put into it all the wit and the judgment (be it more or leſs) which the great Author and Beſtower of them had thought fit originally to give me——ſo that, as your worſhips ſee—'tis juſt as God pleaſes.

Now, Agaſtaſtes (ſpeaking diſpraiſingly) ſayeth, that there may be ſome wit in it, for aught he knows—but no judgment at all. And Triptolemus and Phutatorius agreeing thereto, aſk, how is it poſſible there ſhould: for that wit and judgment in this world never go together; inaſmuch as they are two operations differing from each other as wide as eaſt is from weſt.——So, ſays Locke;—'So are farting and hickuping,' ſay I. But in anſwer to this, Didius the great church lawyer, in his code *De fartendi et illuſtrandi fallaciis*, doth maintain and make fully appear, that an illuſtration is no argument——nor do I maintain the wiping of a looking-glaſs clean to be a ſyllogiſm—but you all, may it pleaſe your worſhips, ſee the better for it:——ſo that the main good theſe things do, is only to clarify the underſtanding, previous to the application of the argument itſelf, in order to free it from any

little motes, or ſpecks of opacular matter, which, if left ſwimming therein, might hinder a conception, and ſpoil all.

Now, my dear anti-Shandeans, and thrice able criticks, and fellow-labourers (for to you I write this preface)—and to you, moſt ſubtle ſtateſmen and diſcreet doctors (do—pull off your beards) renowned for gravity and wiſdom—Monopolos, my politician—Didius, my counſel—Kyſarcius, my friend—Phutatorius, my guide—Gaſtripheres, the preſerver of my life—Somnolentius, the balm and repoſe of it—not forgetting all others, as well ſleeping as waking, eccleſiaſtical as civil, whom for brevity, but out of no reſentment to you, I lump all together.—Believe me, right worthy—

My moſt zealous wiſh and fervent prayer in your behalf, and in my own too, in caſe the thing is not done already for us—is, that the great gifts and endowments both of wit and judgment, with every thing which uſually goes along with them—ſuch as memory, fancy, genius, eloquence, quick parts, and what not, may this precious moment, without ſtint or meaſure, let or hindrance, be poured down warm as each of us could bear it—ſcum and ſediment and all, (for I would not have a drop loſt) into the ſeveral receptacles, cells, cellules, domiciles, dormitories, refectories, and ſpare places of our brains—in ſuch ſort, that they might continue to be injected and tunned into, according to the true intent and meaning of my wiſh, until every veſſel of them, both great and ſmall, be ſo repleniſhed, ſaturated, and filled up therewith, that no more, would it ſave a man's life, could poſſibly be got either in or out.

Bleſs us!—what noble work we ſhould make!—how ſhould I tickle it off!—and what ſpirits ſhould I find myſelf in, to be writing away for ſuch readers!—and you, juſt Heaven!—with what raptures would you ſit and read—But, oh!—'tis too much—I am ſick—I faint away deliciouſly at the thoughts of it—'tis more than nature can bear!—lay hold of me—I am giddy—I am ſtone blind—I am dying—I am gone.—Help! Help! Help!—But hold—I grow ſomething better again, for I am beginning to foreſee, when this is over, that as we ſhall all of us continue to be great wits—we ſhould never agree amongſt ourſelves, one day to an end—there would be ſo much ſatire and ſarcaſm—ſcoffing and flouting, with rallying and reparteeing of it—thruſting and parrying in one corner or another—there would be nothing but miſchief among us.—Chaſte ſtars! what biting and ſcratching, and what a racket and a clatter we ſhould make! what with breaking of heads, and rapping of knuckles, and hitting of ſore places—there would be no ſuch thing as living for us.

But then again, as we ſhould all of us be men of great judgment, we ſhould make up matters as faſt as ever they went wrong; and though we ſhould abominate each other ten times worſe than ſo many devils or deviliſſes, we ſhould nevertheleſs, my dear creatures, be all courteſy and kindneſs—milk and honey—'twould be a ſecond land of promiſe—a paradiſe upon earth, if there was ſuch a thing to be had—ſo that upon the whole we ſhould have done well enough.

All I fret and fume at, and what moſt diſtreſſes my invention at preſent, is how to bring the point itſelf to bear; for as your worſhips well know, that of theſe heavenly emanations of wit and judgment, which I have ſo bountifully wiſhed both for your worſhips and myſelf—there is but a certain *quantum* ſtored up for us all, for the uſe and behoof of the whole race of mankind; and ſuch ſmall *modicums* of 'em are only ſent forth into this wide world, circulating here and there in one bye corner or another—and in ſuch narrow ſtreams, and at ſuch prodigious intervals from each other, that one would wonder how it holds out, or could be ſufficient for the wants and emergencies of ſo many great ſtates, and populous empires.

Indeed there is one thing to be conſidered, that in Nova Zembla, North Lapland, and in all thoſe cold and dreary tracts of the globe, which lie more directly under the artick and antartick circles, where the whole province of a man's concernments lies for near nine months together within the narrow compaſs of his cave—where the ſpirits are compreſſed almoſt to nothing—and where the paſſions of a man, with every thing which belongs to them, are as frigid as the zone itſelf—there the leaſt quantity of judgment imaginable does the

the buſineſs—and of wit—there is a total and an abſolute ſaving—for as not one ſpark is wanted—ſo not one ſpark is given. Angels and miniſters of grace defend us! what a diſmal thing would it have been to have governed a kingdom, to have fought a battle, or made a treaty, or run a match, or wrote a book, or got a child, or held a provincial chapter there, with ſo plentiful a lack of wit and judgment about us! For mercy's ſake, let us think no more about it, but travel on as faſt as we can ſouthwards into Norway—croſſing over Swedeland, if you pleaſe, through the ſmall triangular province of Angermania to the lake of Bothnia; coaſting along it through eaſt and weſt Bothnia, down to Carelia, and ſo on, through all thoſe ſtates and provinces which border upon the far ſide of the Gulph of Finland, and the north-eaſt of the Baltick, up to Peterſbourg, and juſt ſtepping into Ingria; then ſtretching over directly from thence through the north parts of the Ruſſian empire—leaving Siberia a little upon the left-hand, till we get into the very heart of Ruſſian and Aſiatick Tartary.

Now throughout this long tour which I have led you, you obſerve the good people are better off by far, than in the polar countries which we have juſt left:—for if you hold your hand over your eyes, and look very attentively, you may perceive ſome ſmall glimmerings (as it were) of wit, with a comfortable proviſion of good plain houſhold judgment; which, taking the quality and quantity of it together, they make a very good ſhift with—and had they more of either the one or the other, it would deſtroy the proper balance betwixt them, and I am ſatisfied moreover they would want occaſions to put them to uſe.

Now, Sir, if I conduct you home again into this warmer and more luxuriant iſland, where you perceive the ſpring-tide of our blood and humours runs high—where we have more ambition, and pride, and envy, and lechery, and other whoreſon paſſions upon our hands to govern and ſubject to reaſon—the height of our wit, and the depth of our judgment, you ſee, are exactly proportioned to the length and breadth of our neceſſities—and accordingly we have ſent them down amongſt us in ſuch a flowing kind of decent and creditable plenty, that no one thinks he has any cauſe to complain.

It muſt however be confeſſed on this head, that, as our air blows hot and cold—wet and dry, ten times in a day, we have them in no regular and ſettled way—ſo that ſometimes for near half a century together, there ſhall be very little wit or judgment either to be ſeen or heard of amongſt us—the ſmall channels of them ſhall ſeem quite dried up—then all of a ſudden the ſluices ſhall break out, and take a fit of running again like fury—you would think they would never ſtop—and then it is, that in writing and fighting, and twenty other gallant things, we drive all the world before us.

It is by theſe obſervations, and a wary reaſoning by analogy in that kind of argumentative proceſs, which Suidas calls *dialectick induction*—that I draw and ſet up this poſition as moſt true and veritable.

That of theſe two luminaries, ſo much of their irradiations are ſuffered from time to time to ſhine down upon us; as He, whoſe infinite wiſdom which diſpenſes every thing in exact weight and meaſure, knows will juſt ſerve to light us on our way in this night of our obſcurity; ſo that your reverences and worſhips now find out, nor is it a moment longer in my power to conceal it from you, that the fervent wiſh in your behalf with which I ſet out, was no more than the firſt inſinuating *How d'ye* of a careſſing prefacer, ſtifling his reader, as a lover ſometimes does a coy miſtreſs, into ſilence. For, alas! could this effuſion of light have been as eaſily procured, as the exordium wiſhed it—I tremble to think how many thouſands for it, of benighted travellers (in the learned ſciences at leaſt) muſt have groped and blundered on in the dark, all the nights of their lives—running their heads againſt poſts, and knocking out their brains without ever getting to their journies end—ſome falling with their noſes perpendicularly into ſtinks—others horizontally with their tails into kennels. Here one half of a learned profeſſion tilting full butt againſt the other half of it, and then tumbling and rolling one over the other in the dirt like hogs.—Here the brethren of another profeſſion, who ſhould have run in oppoſition to each other, flying on the

contrary like a flock of wild geese, all in a row, the same way.—What confusion!—what mistakes!—fiddlers and painters judging by their eyes and ears!—admirable!—trusting to the passions excited—in an air sung, or a story painted to the heart—instead of measuring them by a quadrant.

In the fore-ground of this picture, a statesman turning the political wheel, like a brute, the wrong way round—against the stream of corruption—by Heaven!—instead of with it.

In this corner, a son of the divine Esculapius, writing a book against predestination; perhaps worse—feeling his patient's pulse, instead of his apothecary's——a brother of the faculty in the back-ground upon his knees in tears—drawing the curtains of a mangled victim to beg his forgiveness—offering a fee—instead of taking one.

In that spacious hall, a coalition of the gown, from all the bars of it, driving a damned, dirty, vexatious cause before them, with all their might and main, the wrong way—kicking it out of the great doors, instead of in—and with such fury in their looks, and such a degree of inveteracy in their manner of kicking it, as if the laws had been originally made for the peace and preservation of mankind—perhaps a more enormous mistake committed by them still—a litigated point fairly hung up:—for instance, whether John O'Nokes his nose could stand in Tom O'Stiles his face, without a trespass, or not—rashly determined by them in five and twenty minutes; which, with the cautious pro's and con's required in so intricate a proceeding, might have taken up as many months—and if carried on upon a military plan, as your honours know an action should be, with all the stratagems practicable therein—such as feints—forced marches—surprizes—ambuscades—mask-batteries, and a thousand other strokes of generalship, which consist in catching at all advantages on both sides—might reasonably have lasted them as many years, finding food and raiment all that term for a centumvirate of the profession.

As for the clergy——No—if I say a word against them, I'll be shot!—I have no desire—and, besides, if I had—I durst not for my soul touch upon the subject—with such weak nerves and spirits, and in the condition I am in at present, 'twould be as much as my life was worth, to deject and contrist myself with so sad and melancholy an account—and therefore 'tis safer to draw a curtain across, and hasten from it, as fast as I can, to the main and principal point I have undertaken to clear up—and that is, how it comes to pass, that your men of least wit are reported to be men of most judgment.—But mark—I say, reported to be—for it is no more, my dear Sirs, than a report; and which, like twenty others taken up every day upon trust, I maintain to be a vile and a malicious report into the bargain.

This, by the help of the observations already premised, and I hope already weighed and perpended by your reverences and worships, I shall forthwith make appear.

I hate set dissertations—and above all things in the world, 'tis one of the silliest things in one of them, to darken your hypothesis by placing a number of tall, opake words, one before another, in a right line, betwixt your own and your reader's conception; when, in all likelihood, if your had looked about you, you might have seen something standing, or hanging up, which would have cleared the point at once—'for what 'hindrance, hurt, or harm doth the 'laudable desire of knowledge bring 'to any man, if even from a sot, a pot, 'a fool, a stool, a winter-mittain, a 'truckle for a pully, the lid of a gold-'smith's crucible, an oil bottle, an old 'slipper, or a cane chair—' I am this moment sitting upon one. Will you give me leave to illustrate this affair of wit and judgment, by the two knobs on the top of the back of it—they are fastened on, you see, with two pegs stuck slightly into two gimlet-holes, and will place what I have to say in so clear a light, as to let you see through the drift and meaning of my whole preface, as plainly as if every point and particle of it was made up of sun-beams.

I enter now directly upon the point.

——Here stands Wit—and there stands Judgment, close beside it, just like the two knobs I am speaking of, upon the back of this self-same chair on which I am sitting.

——You see, they are the highest and most ornamental parts of it's frame—as wit and judgment are of ours—and like

like them too, indubitably both made and fitted to go together, in order, as we ſay in all ſuch caſes of duplicated embelliſhments—to anſwer one another.

Now, for the ſake of an experiment, and for the clearer illuſtrating this matter—let us for a moment take off one of theſe two curious ornaments (I care not which) from the point or pinnacle of the chair it now ſtands on—nay, don't laugh at it—but did you ever ſee in the whole courſe of your lives ſuch a ridiculous buſineſs as this has made of it?—Why, 'tis as miſerable a ſight as a ſow with one ear; and there is juſt as much ſenſe and ſymmetry in the one, as in the other——do—pray, get off your ſeats only to take a view of it.——Now, would any man who valued his character a ſtraw, have turned a piece of work out of his hand in ſuch a condition?——Nay, lay your hands upon your hearts, and anſwer this plain queſtion, Whether this one ſingle knob, which now ſtands here like a blockhead by itſelf, can ſerve any purpoſe upon earth, but to put one in mind of the want of the other?—and let me farther in caſe the chair was your own, if you aſk, would not in your conſciences think, rather than be as it is, that it would be ten times better without any knob at all?

Now theſe two knobs—or top ornaments of the mind of man, which crown the whole entablature—being, as I ſaid, wit and judgment, which of all others, as I have proved it, are the moſt needful—the moſt prized—the moſt calamitous to be without, and conſequently the hardeſt to come at—for all theſe reaſons put together, there is not a mortal among us, ſo deſtitute of a love of good fame or feeding—or ſo ignorant of what will do him good therein—who does not wiſh and ſtedfaſtly reſolve in his own mind, to be, or to be thought at leaſt, maſter of the one or the other, and indeed of both of them, if the thing ſeems any way feaſible, or likely to be brought to paſs.

Now your graver gentry having little or no kind of chance in aiming at the one—unleſs they laid hold of the other—pray what do you think would become of them?—Why, Sirs, in ſpite of all their gravities, they muſt e'en have been contented to have gone with their infides naked——this was not to be borne, but by an effort of philoſophy not to be ſuppoſed in the caſe we are upon—ſo that no one could well have been angry with them, had they been ſatisfied with what little they could have ſnatched up and ſecreted under their cloaks and great periwigs, had they not raiſed a hue and cry at the ſame time againſt the lawful owners.

I need not tell your worſhips, that this was done with ſo much cunning and artifice—that the great Locke, who was ſeldom outwitted by falſe ſounds—was nevertheleſs bubbled here. The cry, it ſeems, was ſo deep and ſolemn a one, and that with the help of great wigs, grave faces, and other implements of deceit, was rendered ſo general a one againſt the poor wits in this matter, that the philoſopher himſelf was deceived by it—it was his glory to free the world from the lumber of a thouſand vulgar errors—but this was not of the number: ſo that inſtead of ſitting down coolly, as ſuch a philoſopher ſhould have done, to have examined the matter of fact before he philoſophized upon it—on the contrary, he took the fact for granted, and ſo joined in with the cry, and halloo'd it as boiſterouſly as the reſt.

This has been made the Magna Charta of ſtupidity ever ſince—but your reverences plainly ſee, it has been obtained in ſuch a manner, that the title to it is not worth a groat—which, by the bye, is one of the many and vile impoſitions which gravity and grave folks have to anſwer for hereafter.

As for great wigs, upon which I may be thought to have ſpoken my mind too freely—I beg leave to qualify whatever has been unguardedly ſaid to their diſpraiſe or prejudice, by one general declaration—That I have no abhorrence whatever, nor do I deteſt and abjure either great wigs or long beards, any farther than when I ſee they are beſpoke and let grow on purpoſe to carry on this ſelf-ſame impoſture—for any purpoſe—peace be with them——I mark only—I write not for them.

CHAP. XXI.

EVERY day for at leaſt ten years together did my father reſolve to have it mended—'tis not mended yet—no family but ours would have borne with

with it an hour—and what is moſt aſtoniſhing, there was not a ſubject in the world upon which my father was ſo eloquent, as upon that of door-hinges.—And yet, at the ſame time, he was certainly one of the greateſt bubbles to them, I think, that hiſtory can produce: his rhetorick and conduct were at perpetual handy-cuffs.—Never did the parlour-door open—but his philoſophy or his principles fell a victim to it!—three drops of oil with a feather, and a ſmart ſtroke of a hammer, had ſaved his honour for ever.

——Inconſiſtent ſoul that man is!—languiſhing under wounds, which he has the power to heal!—his whole life a contradiction to his knowledge!—his reaſon, that precious gift of God to him (inſtead of pouring in oil) ſerving only to ſharpen his ſenſibilities—to multiply his pains, and render him more melancholy and uneaſy under them!—Poor unhappy creature, that he ſhould do ſo!—Are not the neceſſary cauſes of miſery in this life enough, but he muſt add voluntary ones to his ſtock of ſorrow;—ſtruggle againſt evils which cannot be avoided, and ſubmit to others, which a tenth part of the trouble they create him would remove from his heart for ever?

By all that is good and virtuous, if there are three drops of oil to be got, and a hammer to be found within ten miles of Shandy-Hall—the parlour-door hinge ſhall be mended this reign.

CHAP. XXII.

WHEN Corporal Trim had brought his two mortars to bear, he was delighted with his handy-work above meaſure; knowing what a pleaſure it would be to his maſter to ſee them, he was not able to reſiſt the deſire he had of carrying them directly into his parlour.

Now to the next moral leſſon I had in view in mentioning the affair of hinges, I had a ſpeculative conſideration ariſing out of it, and it is this.

Had the parlour-door opened and turn'd upon it's hinges, as a door ſhould do—

——Or, for example, as cleverly as our government has been turning upon it's hinges—(that is, in caſe things have all along gone well with your worſhip—otherwiſe I give up my ſimile)—in this caſe, I ſay, there had been no danger either to maſter or man, in Corporal Trim's peeping in; the moment he had beheld my father and my Uncle Toby faſt aſleep—the reſpectfulneſs of his carriage was ſuch, he would have retired as ſilent as death, and left them both in their arm-chairs, dreaming as happy as he had found them: but the thing was, morally ſpeaking, ſo very impracticable, that for the many years in which this hinge was ſuffered to be out of order, and amongſt the hourly grievances my father ſubmitted to upon it's account—this was one; that he never folded his arms to take his nap after dinner, but the thoughts of being unavoidably awakened by the firſt perſon who ſhould open the door, was always uppermoſt in his imagination, and ſo inceſſantly ſtepped in betwixt him and the firſt balmy preſage of his repoſe, as to rob him, as he often declared, of the whole ſweets of it.

When things move upon bad hinges, an' pleaſe your lordſhips, how can it be otherwiſe?

'Pray what's the matter? Who is 'there?' cried my father, waking, the moment the door began to creak.—'I 'wiſh the ſmith would give a peep at 'that confounded hinge.'—'It is no-'thing, an' pleaſe your honour,' ſaid Trim, 'but two mortars I am bring-'ing in.'—'They ſhan't make a clatter 'with them here,' cried my father haſtily.—'If Doctor Slop has any drugs 'to pound, let him do it in the kitchen.'—'May it pleaſe your honour,' cried Trim, 'they are two mortar-pieces for 'a ſiege next ſummer, which I have 'been making out of a pair of jack-'boots, which Obadiah told me your 'honour had left off wearing.'—'By 'Heaven!' cried my father, ſpringing out of his chair, as he ſwore—'I have 'not one appointment belonging to me, 'which I ſet ſo much ſtore by, as I do 'by theſe jack-boots—they were our 'great-grandfather's, brother Toby—'they were *hereditary*.'—'Then I 'fear,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'Trim 'has cut off the entail.'—'I have only 'cut off the tops, an' pleaſe your ho-'nour,' cried Trim.—'I hate *perpe-'tuities* as much as any man alive,' cried my father, '—but theſe jack-'boots,' continued he, (ſmiling, though very

my angry at the ſame time) 'have been 'in the family, brother, ever ſince the 'civil wars—Sir Roger Shandy wore 'them at the battle of Marſton-Moor. '—I declare I would not have taken 'ten pounds for them.'—'I'll pay you 'the money, brother Shandy,' quoth my Uncle Toby, looking at the two mortars with infinite pleaſure, and putting his hand into his breeches pocket as he viewed them—'I'll pay you the 'ten pounds this moment with all my 'heart and ſoul.'——

'Brother Toby,' replied my father, altering his tone, 'you care not what 'money you diſſipate and throw away, 'provided,' continued he, 'it is but 'upon a SIEGE.'—'Have I not a hun-'dred and twenty pounds a year, be-'ſides my half-pay?' cried my Uncle Toby. 'What is that,' replied my father haſtily, 'to ten pounds for a 'pair of jack-boots?—twelve guineas 'for your *pontoons*?—half as much 'for your Dutch draw-bridge?—to ſay 'nothing of the train of little braſs 'artillery you beſpoke laſt week, with 'twenty other preparations for the ſiege 'of Meſſina. Believe me, dear Brother 'Toby,' continued my father, taking him kindly by the hand, 'theſe mili-'tary operations of yours are above 'your ſtrength—you mean well, bro-'ther—but they carry you into greater 'expences than you were firſt aware 'of;—and take my word, dear Toby, 'they will in the end quite ruin your 'fortune, and make a beggar of you.' —'What ſignifies it if they do, bro-'ther,' replied my Uncle Toby, 'ſo 'long as we know it is for the good of 'the nation.'—

My father could not help ſmiling, for his ſoul—his anger, at the worſt, was never more than a ſpark—and the zeal and ſimplicity of Trim, and the generous (though hobby-horſical) gallantry of my Uncle Toby, brought him into perfect good-humour with them in an inſtant.

'Generous ſouls!—God proſper you 'both, and your mortar-pieces too!' quoth my father to himſelf.

CHAP. XXIII.

'ALL is quiet and huſh,' cried my father, 'at leaſt above 'ſtairs; I hear not one foot ſtirring. 'Pr'ythee, Trim, who's in the kitch-'en?'—'There is no one ſoul in the 'kitchen,' anſwered Trim, making a low bow as he ſpoke, 'except Doctor Slop.'—'Confuſion!' cried my father, (getting up upon his legs a ſecond time) —'not one ſingle thing has gone right 'this day! had I faith in aſtrology, 'brother,' (which, by the bye, my father had) 'I would have ſworn ſome 'retrograde planet was hanging over 'this unfortunate houſe of mine, and 'turning every individual thing in it 'out of it's place.—Why, I thought 'Doctor Slop had been above ſtairs 'with my wife, and ſo ſaid you.— 'What can the fellow be puzzling a-'bout in the kitchen?'—'He is buſy, 'an' pleaſe your honour,' replied Trim, 'in making a bridge.'—'It is very 'obliging in him,' quoth my Uncle Toby.—'Pray, give my humble ſer-'vice to Doctor Slop, Trim, and tell 'him I thank him heartily.'

You muſt know, my Uncle Toby miſtook the bridge—as widely as my father miſtook the mortars——but to underſtand how my Uncle Toby could miſtake the bridge—I fear I muſt give you an exact account of the road which led to it—or, to drop my metaphor, (for there is nothing more diſhoneſt in an hiſtorian than the uſe of one) in order to conceive the probability of this error in my Uncle Toby aright, I muſt give you ſome account of an adventure of Trim's, though much againſt my will—I ſay much againſt my will, only becauſe the ſtory, in one ſenſe, is certainly out of it's place here; for by right it ſhould come in, either amongſt the anecdotes of my Uncle Toby's amours with Widow Wadman, in which Corporal Trim was no mean actor—or elſe in the middle of his and my Uncle Toby's campaigns on the bowling-green—for it will do very well in either place—but then if I reſerve it for either of thoſe parts of my ſtory—I ruin the ſtory I am upon—and if I tell it here—I anticipate matters, and ruin it there.

——What would your worſhips have me to do in this caſe?

——'Tell it, Mr. Shandy, by all 'means.'—'You are a fool, Triſtram, 'if you do.'

O ye powers! (for powers ye are, and great ones too)—which enable mortal man to tell a ſtory worth the hear-

ing

ing—that kindly ſhew him where he is to begin it and where he is to end it—what he is to put into it, and what he is to leave out—how much of it he is to caſt into ſhade—and whereabouts he is to throw his light!—Ye, who preſide over this vaſt empire of biographical freebooters, and ſee how many ſcrapes and plunges your ſubjects hourly fall into—will you do one thing?

I beg and beſeech you, (in caſe you will do nothing better for us) that wherever in any part of your dominions it ſo falls out, that three ſeveral roads meet in one point, as they have done juſt here—that at leaſt you ſet up a guide-poſt in the centre of them, in mere charity, to direct an uncertain devil which of the three he is to take.

CHAP. XXIV.

THOUGH the ſhock my Uncle Toby received the year after the demolition of Dunkirk, in his affair with Widow Wadman, had fixed him in a reſolution never more to think of the ſex—or of aught which belonged to it—yet Corporal Trim had made no ſuch bargain with himſelf.—Indeed, in my Uncle Toby's caſe there was a ſtrange and unaccountable concurrence of circumſtances which inſenſibly drew him in to lay ſiege to that fair and ſtrong citadel.—In Trim's caſe there was a concurrence of nothing in the world, but of him and Bridget in the kitchen; though in truth, the love and veneration he bore his maſter was ſuch, and ſo fond was he of imitating him in all he did, that had my Uncle Toby employed his time and genius in tagging of points—I am perſuaded the honeſt corporal would have laid down his arms and followed his example with pleaſure. When, therefore, my Uncle Toby ſat down before the miſtreſs—Corporal Trim incontinently took ground before the maid.

Now, my dear friend Garrick, whom I have ſo much cauſe to eſteem and honour—(why, or wherefore, 'tis no matter)—can it eſcape your penetration—I defy it—that ſo many play-wrights and opinicers of chit-chat, have ever ſince been working upon Trim's and my Uncle Toby's pattern. I care not what Ariſtotle, or Pacuvius, or Boſſu, or Ricaboni ſay—(though I never read one of them)—there is not a greater difference between a ſingle-horſe chair and Madam Pompadour's *vis-à-vis*; than betwixt a ſingle amour, and an amour thus nobly doubled, and going upon all four, prancing throughout a grand drama—Sir, a ſimple, ſingle, ſilly affair of that kind—is quite loſt in five acts—but that is neither here or there.

After a ſeries of attacks and repulſes in a courſe of nine months on my Uncle Toby's quarter, a moſt minute account of every particular of which ſhall be given in it's proper place, my Uncle Toby, honeſt man! found it neceſſary to draw off his forces and raiſe the ſiege ſomewhat indignantly.

Corporal Trim, as I ſaid, had made no ſuch bargain either with himſelf—or with any one elſe—the fidelity, however, of his heart, not ſuffering him to go into a houſe which his maſter had forſaken with diſguſt—he contented himſelf with turning his part of the ſiege into a blockade—that is, he kept others off—for though he never after went to the houſe, yet he never met Bridget in the village, but he would either nod or wink, or ſmile, or look kindly at her—or (as circumſtances directed) he would ſhake her by the hand—or aſk her lovingly how ſhe did—or would give her a ribband—and now and then, though never but when it could be done with decorum, would give Bridget a ——.

Preciſely in this ſituation did theſe things ſtand for five years; that is, from the demolition of Dunkirk in the year 13, to the latter end of my Uncle Toby's campaign in the year 18, which was about ſix or ſeven weeks before the time I am ſpeaking of——when Trim, as his cuſtom was, after he had put my Uncle Toby to bed, going down one moon-ſhiny night to ſee that every thing was right at his fortifications—in the lane ſeparated from the bowling-green with flowering ſhrubs and holly—he eſpied his Bridget.

As the corporal thought there was nothing in the world ſo well worth ſhewing as the glorious works which he and my Uncle Toby had made, Trim courteouſly and gallantly took her by the hand, and led her in: this was not done ſo privately, but that the foul-mouthed trumpet of Fame carried it from ear to ear, till at length it reached my father's, with

with this untoward circumſtance along with it, that my Uncle Toby's curious draw-bridge, conſtructed and painted after the Dutch faſhion, and which went quite acroſs the ditch—was broke down, and ſome how or other cruſhed all to pieces that very night.

My father, as you have obſerved, had no great eſteem for my Uncle Toby's hobby-horſe—he thought it the moſt ridiculous horſe that ever gentleman mounted; and, indeed, unleſs my Uncle Toby vexed him about it, could never think of it once, without ſmiling at it:—ſo that it never could get lame or happen any miſchance, but it tickled my father's imagination beyond meaſure; but this being an accident much more to his humour than any one which had yet befallen it, it proved an inexhauſtible fund of entertainment to him.—'Well—but dear Toby!' my father would ſay, 'do tell us ſeriouſly how 'this affair of the bridge happened.'—'How can you teaze me ſo much about 'it?' my Uncle Toby would reply.—'I have told it you twenty times, word 'for word as Trim told it me.'——'Pr'ythee, how was it then, corporal?' my father would cry, turning to Trim.—'It was a mere misfortune, an' pleaſe 'your honour—I was ſhewing Mrs. 'Bridget our fortifications, and in go-'ing too near the edge of the foſſe, I 'unfortunately ſlipp'd in.'——'Very 'well, Trim!' my father would cry—(ſmiling myſteriouſly, and giving a nod—but without interrupting him)—'and 'being link'd faſt, an' pleaſe your ho-'nour, arm in arm with Mrs. Bridget, 'I dragged her after me, by means of 'which ſhe fell backwards ſoſs againſt 'the bridge—' 'And Trim's foot,' (my Uncle Toby would cry, taking the ſtory out of his mouth) 'getting into the cu-'vette, he tumbled full againſt the 'bridge too.—It was a thouſand to 'one,' my Uncle Toby would add, 'that the poor fellow did not break his 'leg.'—'Ay, truly,' my father would ſay—'a limb is ſoon broke, brother 'Toby, in ſuch encounters.'——'And 'ſo, an' pleaſe your honour, the bridge, 'which your honour knows was a very 'ſlight one, was broke down betwixt 'us, and ſplintered all to pieces.'

At other times, but eſpecially when my Uncle Toby was ſo unfortunate as to ſay a ſyllable about cannons, bombs, or petards—my father would exhauſt all the ſtores of his eloquence (which indeed were very great) in a panegyrick upon the *battering-rams* of the ancients—the *vinea* which Alexander made uſe of at the ſiege of Tyre.—He would tell my Uncle Toby of the *catapultæ* of the Syrians, which threw ſuch monſtrous ſtones ſo many hundred feet, and ſhook the ſtrongeſt bulwarks from their very foundation.—He would go on and deſcribe the wonderful mechaniſm of the *balliſta* which Marcellinus makes ſo much rout about—the terrible effects of the *pyraboli*, which caſts fire—the danger of the *terebra* and *ſcorpio*, which caſt javelins.—'But what are theſe,' he would ſay, 'to the deſtructive machinery of 'Corporal Trim?—Believe me, bro-'ther Toby, no bridge, or baſtion, or 'ſally-port, that ever was conſtructed 'in this world, can hold out againſt 'ſuch artillery.'

My Uncle Toby would never attempt any defence againſt the force of this ridicule, but that of redoubling the vehemence of ſmoaking his pipe; in doing which, he raiſed ſo denſe a vapour one night after ſupper, that it ſet my father, who was a little phthiſical, into a ſuffocating fit of violent coughing. My Uncle Toby leap'd up without feeling the pain upon his groin—and, with infinite pity, ſtood beſide his brother's chair, tapping his back with one hand, and holding his head with the other, and from time to time wiping his eyes with a clean cambrick handkerchief, which he pull'd out of his pocket.—The affectionate and endearing manner in which my Uncle Toby did theſe little offices—cut my father through his reins, for the pain he had juſt been giving him.—'May my brains be knock'd 'out with a battering-ram or a cata-'pulta, I care not which,' quoth my father to himſelf—'if ever I inſult this 'worthy ſoul more!

CHAP. XXV.

THE draw-bridge being held irreparable, Trim was ordered directly to ſet about another—but not upon the ſame model: for Cardinal Alberoni's intrigues at that time being diſ-

covered, and my Uncle Toby rightly foreſeeing that a flame would inevitably break out betwixt Spain and the Empire, and that the operations of the enſuing campaign muſt in all likelihood be either in Naples or Sicily—he determined upon an Italian bridge—(my Uncle Toby, by the-bye, was not far out in his conjectures)—but my father, who was infinitely the better politician, and took the lead as far of my Uncle Toby in the cabinet, as my Uncle Toby took it of him in the field—convinced him, that if the King of Spain and the Emperor went together by the ears, that England, and France, and Holland muſt, by force of their pre-engagements, all enter the liſts too—'And 'if ſo,' he would ſay, 'the combatants, 'brother Toby, as ſure as we are alive, 'will fall to it again, pell-mell, upon 'the old prize-fighting ſtage of Flanders—then what will you do with 'your Italian bridge?'

——'We will go on with it then, upon 'the old model,' cried my Uncle Toby.'

When Corporal Trim had about half finiſhed it in that ſtyle—my Uncle Toby found out a capital defect in it, which he had never thoroughly conſidered before. It turned, it ſeems, upon hinges at both ends of it, opening in the middle; one half of which turned to one ſide of the foſſè, and the other to the other: the advantage of which was this, that by dividing the weight of the bridge into two equal portions, it empowered my Uncle Toby to raiſe it up or let it down with the end of his crutch, and with one hand; which, as his garriſon was weak, was as much as he could well ſpare—but the diſadvantages of ſuch a conſtruction were inſurmountable—'For by this means,' he would ſay, 'I leave one half of my bridge in 'my enemy's poſſeſſion—and pray of 'what uſe is the other?'

The natural remedy for this—was, no doubt, to have his bridge faſt only at one end with hinges, ſo that the whole might be lifted up together, and ſtand bolt upright—but that was rejected for the reaſon given above.

For a whole week after he was determined in his mind to have one of that particular conſtruction which is made to draw back horizontally, to hinder a paſſage; and to thruſt forwards again to gain a paſſage—of which ſorts your worſhips might have ſeen three famous ones at Spires before it's deſtruction—and one now at Briſack, if I miſtake not—but my father adviſing my Uncle Toby, with great earneſtneſs, to have nothing more to do with thruſting bridges—and my uncle foreſeeing moreover that it would but perpetuate the memory of the corporal's misfortune—he changed his mind for that of the Marquis d'Hôpital's invention, which the younger Bernouilli has ſo well and learnedly deſcribed, as your worſhips may ſee—Act. Erud. Lipſ. ann. 1695—to theſe a lead weight is an eternal balance, and keeps watch as well as a couple of centinels, inaſmuch as the conſtruction of them was a curve line approximating to a cycloid—if not a cycloid itſelf.

My Uncle Toby underſtood the nature of a parabola as well as any man in England—but was not quite ſuch a maſter of the cycloid—he talked however about it every day—the bridge went not forwards.—'We'll aſk ſome-'body about it,' cried my Uncle Toby to Trim.

CHAP. XXVI.

WHEN Trim came in and told my father, that Doctor Slop was in the kitchen, and buſy in making a bridge—my Uncle Toby—the affair of the jack-boots having juſt then raiſed a train of military ideas in his brain—took it inſtantly for granted that Doctor Slop was making a model of the Marquis d'Hôpital's bridge.—'It is very 'obliging in him,' quoth my Uncle Toby:—'pray give my humble ſervice 'to Doctor Slop, Trim, and tell him 'I thank him heartily.'

Had my Uncle Toby's head been a Savoyard's box, and my father peeping in all the time at one end of it—it could not have given him a more diſtinct conception of the operations in my Uncle Toby's imagination, than what he had; ſo notwithſtanding the catapults, and battering-ram, and his bitter imprecation about them, he was juſt beginning to triumph.

When Trim's anſwer, in an inſtant, tore the laurel from his brows, and twiſted it to pieces.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVII.

—'THIS unfortunate draw-'bridge of yours——' quoth my father—'God bleſs your ho-'nour,' cried Trim, 'it is a bridge for 'maſter's noſe.—In bringing him into 'the world with his vile inſtruments, he 'has cruſhed his noſe,' Suſannah ſays, 'as flat as a pancake to his face, and he 'is making a falſe bridge with a piece of 'cotton and a thin piece of whalebone 'out of Suſannah's ſtays, to raiſe it up.'

'—Lead me, Brother Toby,' cried my father, 'to my room this inſtant!'

CHAP. XXVIII.

FROM the firſt moment I ſat down to write my Life for the amuſement of the world, and my Opinions for it's inſtruction, has a cloud inſenſibly been gathering over my father.—A tide of little evils and diſtreſſes has been ſetting in againſt him.—Not one thing, as he obſerved himſelf, has gone right: and now is the ſtorm thickened, and going to break, and pour down full upon his head.

I enter upon this part of my ſtory in the moſt penſive and melancholy frame of mind that ever ſympathetick breaſt was touched with.—My nerves relax as I tell it—Every line I write, I feel an abatement of the quickneſs of my pulſe, and of that careleſs alacrity with it, which every day of my life prompts me to ſay and write a thouſand things I ſhould not—And this moment that I laſt dipped my pen into my ink, I could not help taking notice what a cautious air of ſad compoſure and ſolemnity there appeared in my manner of doing it.—Lord! how different from the raſh jerks and hair-brained ſquirts thou art wont, Triſtram, to tranſact it with in other humours—dropping thy pen—ſpurting thy ink about thy table and thy books—as if thy pen and thy ink, thy books and thy furniture, coſt thee nothing!

CHAP. XXIX.

—I Won't go about to argue the point with you—'tis ſo—and I am perſuaded of it, Madam, as much as can be, that both man and woman bear pain or ſorrow (and, for aught I know, pleaſure too) beſt in a horizontal poſition.

The moment my father got up into his chamber, he threw himſelf proſtrate acroſs his bed in the wildeſt diſorder imaginable, but at the ſame time in the moſt lamentable attitude of a man borne down with ſorrows, that ever the eye of pity dropped a tear for.—The palm of his right-hand, as he fell upon the bed, receiving his forehead, and covering the greateſt part of both his eyes, gently ſunk down with his head (his elbow giving way backwards) till his noſe touched the quilt—his left-arm hung inſenſible over the ſide of the bed, his knuckles reclining upon the handle of the chamber-pot, which peeped out beyond the valance—his right-leg (his left being drawn up towards his body) hung half over the ſide of the bed, the edge of it preſſing upon his ſhin-bone—He felt it not. A fixed inflexible ſorrow took poſſeſſion of every line of his face.——He ſighed once—heaved his breaſt often—but uttered not a word.

An old ſet-ſtitched chair, valanced and fringed around with party-coloured worſted bobs, ſtood at the bed's head, oppoſite to the ſide where my father's head reclined.—My Uncle Toby ſat him down in it.

Before an affliction is digeſted—conſolation ever comes too ſoon—and after it is digeſted—it comes too late: ſo that you ſee, Madam, there is but a mark between theſe two, as fine almoſt as a hair, for a comforter to take aim at. My Uncle Toby was always either on this ſide, or on that of it; and would often ſay, he believed in his heart, he could as ſoon hit the longitude: for this reaſon, when he ſat down in the chair, he drew the curtain a little forwards, and having a tear at every one's ſervice,—he pulled out a cambrick handkerchief—gave a low ſigh—but held his peace.

CHAP. XXX.

—'ALL is not gain that is got 'into the purſe.'—So that notwithſtanding my father had the happineſs of reading the oddeſt books in the univerſe, and had moreover, in himſelf the oddeſt way of thinking that ever

man in it was bleſſed with, yet it had this drawback upon him after all—that it laid him open to ſome of the oddeſt and moſt whimſical diſtreſſes; of which this particular one, which he ſunk under at preſent, is as ſtrong an example as can be given.

No doubt, the breaking down of the bridge of a child's noſe, by the edge of a pair of forceps—however ſcientifically applied—would vex any man in the world who was at ſo much pains in begetting a child as my father was—yet it will not account for the extravagance of his affliction, or will it juſtify the unchriſtian manner he abandoned and ſurrendered himſelf up to it.

To explain this, I muſt leave him upon the bed for half an hour—and my good Uncle Toby in his old fringed chair ſitting beſide him.

CHAP. XXXI.

——'I Think it a very unreaſonable 'demand,' cried my great-grandfather, twiſting up the paper, and throwing it upon the table.—'By 'this account, Madam, you have but 'two thouſand pounds fortune, and 'not a ſhilling more—and you inſiſt 'upon having three hundred pounds a 'year jointure for it.'——

——'Becauſe,' replied my great-grandmother, 'you have little or no 'noſe, Sir.'——

Now, before I venture to make uſe of the word *noſe* a ſecond time—to avoid all confuſion in what will be ſaid upon it, in this intereſting part of my ſtory, it may not be amiſs to explain my own meaning, and define, with all poſſible exactneſs and preciſion, what I would willingly be underſtood to mean by the term: being of opinion, that it is owing to the negligence and perverſeneſs of writers in deſpiſing this precaution, and to nothing elſe—that all the polemical writings in divinity are not as clear and demonſtrative as thoſe upon a Will o' the Wiſp, or any other ſound part of philoſophy, and natural purſuit; in order to which, what have you to do, before you ſet out, unleſs you intend o go puzzling on to the day of judgent—but to give the world a good deition, and ſtand to it, of the main d you have moſt occaſion for—changing it, Sir, as you would a guinea, into ſmall coin?—which done—let the father of confuſion puzzle you, if he can; or put a different idea either into your head, or your reader's head, if he knows how.

In books of ſtrict morality and cloſe reaſoning, ſuch as this I am engaged in—the neglect is inexcuſable; and Heaven is witneſs, how the world has revenged itſelf upon me for leaving ſo many openings to equivocal ſtrictures—and for depending ſo much as I have done, all along, upon the cleanlineſs of my reader's imaginations.

'Here are two ſenſes,' cried Eugenius, as he walked along, pointing with the fore-finger of his right-hand to the word *crevice*, in the forty-eight page of the ſecond volume of this book of books—'here are two ſenſes,' quoth he.—'And here are two roads,' replied I, turning ſhort upon him; 'a dirty and 'a clean one—which ſhall we take?'—'The clean,' by all means,' replied Eugenius.'—'Eugenius,' ſaid I, ſtepping before him, and laying my hand upon his breaſt—'to define—is to diſ-'truſt.'—Thus I triumphed over Eugenius; but I triumphed over him as I always do, like a fool.—It is my comfort, however, I am not an obſtinate one; therefore—

I define a noſe, as follows—intreating only before-hand, and beſeeching my readers, both male and female, of what age, complexion, and condition ſoever, for the love of God and their own ſouls, to guard againſt the temptations and ſuggeſtions of the devil, and ſuffer him by no art or wile to put any other ideas into their minds, than what I put into my definition.—For by the word *noſe*, throughout all this long chapter of noſes, and in every other part of my work, where the word *noſe* occurs—I declare, by that word, I mean a noſe, and nothing more or leſs.

CHAP. XXXII.

——'BECAUSE,' quoth my great-grandmother, repeating the words again—'you have little or no noſe, Sir.'—

'S'death!' cried my great-grandfather, clapping his hand upon his noſe; 'it is not ſo ſmall as that comes to—

'it

'it is a full inch longer than my fa-'ther's.' Now, my great grandfather's noſe was for all the world like unto the noſes of all the men, women, and children, whom *Pantagruel* found dwelling upon the Iſland of ENNASIN.—By the way, if you would know the ſtrange way of getting a kin amongſt ſo flat-noſed a people—you muſt read the book—find it out yourſelf you never can.—

——'Twas ſhaped, Sir, like an ace clubs.

——'It is a full inch,' continued my great-grandfather, preſſing up the ridge of his noſe with his finger and thumb, and repeating his aſſertion; 'it is full an 'inch longer, Madam, than my fa-'ther's.'—'You muſt mean your un-'cle's,' replied my great-grandmother.

——My great-grandfather was convinced—He untwiſted the paper, and ſigned the article.

CHAP. XXXIII.

——'WHAT an unconſcionable 'jointure, my dear, do 'we pay out of this ſmall eſtate of 'ours,' quoth my grandmother to my grandfather.

'My father,' replied my grandfather, 'had no more noſe, my dear, ſaving 'the mark, than there is upon the back 'of my hand.

——Now, you muſt know, that my great-grandmother outlived my grandfather twelve years; ſo that my father had the jointure to pay, a hundred and fifty pounds half-yearly—(on Michaelmas and Lady-day)—during all that time.

No man diſcharged pecuniary obligations with a better grace than my father. And as far as the hundred pounds went, he would fling it upon the table, guinea by guinea, with that ſpirited jerk of an honeſt welcome, which generous ſouls, and generous ſouls only, are able to fling down money—but as ſoon as ever he entered upon the odd fifty—he generally gave a loud *hem!* rubbed the ſide of his noſe leiſurely with the flat part of his fore-finger—inſerted his hand cautiouſly betwixt his head and the cawl of his wig—looked at both ſides of every guinea as he parted with it—and ſeldom could get to the end of the fifty pounds, without pulling out his handkerchief and wiping his temples.

Defend me, gracious Heaven! from thoſe perſecuting ſpirits who make no allowances for theſe workings within us! —Never—O never may I lay down in their tents, who cannot relax the engine, and feel pity for the force of education, and the prevalence of opinions long derived from anceſtors!

For three generations, at leaſt, this tenet in favour of long noſes had gradually been taking root in our family. —*Tradition* was all along on it's ſide, and *intereſt* was every half-year ſtepping in to ſtrengthen it—ſo that the whimſicality of my father's brain was far from having the whole honour of this, as it had of almoſt all his other ſtrange notions.—For in a great meaſure he might be ſaid to have ſucked this in with his mother's milk. He did his part, however. If education planted the miſtake, (in caſe it was one) my father watered it, and ripened it to perfection.

He would often declare, in ſpeaking his thoughts upon the ſubject, that he did not conceive how the greateſt family in England could ſtand it out againſt an uninterrupted ſucceſſion of ſix or ſeven ſhort noſes.—And for the contrary reaſon, he would generally add, that it muſt be one of the greateſt problems in civil life, where the ſame number of long and jolly noſes, following one another in a direct line, did not raiſe and hoiſt it up into the beſt vacancies in the kingdom.—He would often boaſt that the Shandy family ranked very high in King Harry the VIIIth's time, but owed it's riſe to no ſtate-engine—he would ſay—but to that only;—but that, like other families, he would add—it had felt the turn of the wheel, and had never recovered the blow of my great-grandfather's noſe—'It was an ace of 'clubs indeed,' he would cry, ſhaking his head, 'and as vile a one for an un-'fortunate family as ever turned up 'trumps.'

——Fair and ſoftly, gentle reader!—where is thy fancy carrying thee?—If there is truth in man, by my great-grandfather's noſe, I mean the external organ of ſmelling, or that part of man which ſtands prominent in his face—and which painters ſay, in good jolly noſes and well-proportioned faces, ſhould comprehend a full third—that is, meaſuring

ſuring downwards from the ſetting on of the hair.—

——What a life of it has an author, at this paſs?

CHAP. XXXIV.

IT is a ſingular bleſſing, that nature has formed the mind of man with the ſame happy backwardneſs and reluctancy againſt conviction, which is obſerved in old dogs—'of not learning new 'tricks.'

What a ſhuttle-cock of a fellow would the greateſt philoſopher that ever exiſted be whiſked into at once, did he read ſuch books, and obſerve ſuch facts, and think ſuch thoughts, as would eternally be making him change ſides!

Now, my father, as I told you laſt year, deteſted all this.—He picked up an opinion, Sir, as a man in a ſtate of nature picks up an apple.—It becomes his own—and if he is a man of ſpirit, he would loſe his life rather than give it up.

I am aware that Didius, the great civilian, will conteſt this point; and cry out againſt me, 'Whence comes this 'man's right to this apple?—*ex confeſſo*,' he will ſay—'things were in a ſtate of 'nature.—The apple, as much Frank's 'apple as John's. Pray, Mr. Shandy, 'what patent has he to ſhew for it? and 'how did it begin to be his? was it, 'when he ſet his heart upon it? or when 'he gathered it? or when he chewed 'it? or when he roaſted it? or when he 'peeled, or when he brought it home? 'or when he digeſted? or when he——'

—For 'tis plain, Sir, if the firſt picking up of the apple, made it not his—that no ſubſequent act could.

'Brother Didius,' Tribonius will anſwer—(now Tribonius the civilian and church lawyer's beard being three inches and a half and three-eighths longer than Didius his beard—I'm glad he takes up the cudgels for me, ſo I give myſelf no farther trouble about the anſwer.)—'Brother Didius,' Tribonius will ſay, 'it is a decreed caſe, as you may find 'it in the fragments of Gregorius and 'Hermogenes's codes, and in all the 'codes from Juſtinian's down to the 'codes of Louis and Des Eaux—that 'the ſweat of a man's brows, and the 'exſudations of a man's brains, are as 'much a man's own property as the 'breeches upon his backſide;'—which ſaid exſudations, &c. being dropped upon the ſaid apple by the labour of finding it, and picking it up; and being moreover indiſſolubly waſted, and as indiſſolubly annexed by the picker-up, to the thing picked up, carried home, roaſted, peeled, eaten, digeſted, and ſo on—it is evident that the gatherer of the apple, in ſo doing, has mixed up ſomething which was his own, with the apple which was not his own, by which means he has acquired a property—or, in other words, the apple is John's apple.

By the ſame learned chain of reaſoning my father ſtood up for all his opinions: he had ſpared no pains in picking them up, and the more they lay out of the common way, the better ſtill was his title.—No mortal claimed them; they had coſt him moreover as much labour in cooking and digeſting as in the caſe above; ſo that they might well and truly be ſaid to be his own goods and chattels.—Accordingly he held faſt by 'em, both by teeth and claws—would fly to whatever he could lay his hands on—and, in a word, would intrench and fortify them round with as many circumvallations and breaſt-works, as my Uncle Toby would a citadel.

There was one plaguy rub in the way of this—the ſcarcity of materials to make any thing of a defence with, in caſe of a ſmart attack; inaſmuch as few men of great genius had exerciſed their parts in writing books upon the ſubject of great noſes: by the trotting of my lean horſe, the thing is incredible! and I am quite loſt in my underſtanding when I am conſidering what a treaſure of precious time and talents together has been waſted upon worſe ſubjects—and how many millions of books in all languages, and in all poſſible types and bindings, have been fabricated upon points not half ſo much tending to the unity and peace-making of the world. What was to be had, however, he ſet the greater ſtore by; and though my father would oft-times ſport with my Uncle Toby's library—which, by the bye, was ridiculous enough—yet at the very ſame time he did it, he collected every book and treatiſe which had been ſyſtematically wrote upon noſes, with as much care as my honeſt Uncle Toby had

had done thoſe upon military architecture.—It is true, a much leſs table would have held them—but that was not thy tranſgreſſion, my dear uncle.—

Here—but why here—rather than in any other part of my ſtory—I am not able to tell—but here it is—my heart ſtops me to pay to thee, my dear Uncle Toby, once for all, the tribute I owe thy goodneſs.—Here let me thruſt my chair aſide, and kneel down upon the ground, whilſt I am pouring forth the warmeſt ſentiments of love for thee, and veneration for the excellency of thy character, that ever virtue and nature kindled in a nephew's boſom.—'Peace 'and comfort reſt for evermore upon 'thy head!—Thou envied'ſt no man's 'comforts—inſulted'ſt no man's opi-'nions.—Thou blackened'ſt no man's 'character—devoured'ſt no man's bread! 'gently, with faithful Trim behind 'thee, did'ſt thou amble round the little 'circle of thy pleaſures, joſtling no 'creature in thy way——for each one's 'ſervice, thou had'ſt a tear—for each 'man's need, thou had'ſt a ſhilling.

'Whilſt I am worth one, to pay a 'weeder—thy path from thy door to 'thy bowling-green ſhall never be grown 'up.—Whilſt there is a rood and a half 'of land in the Shandy family, thy for-'tifications, my dear Uncle Toby, ſhall 'never be demoliſhed!'

CHAP. XXXV.

MY father's collection was not great; but, to make amends, it was curious—and conſequently he was ſome time in making it; he had the great good fortune, however, to ſet off well, in getting Bruſcambille's prologue upon long noſes, almoſt for nothing—for he gave no more for Bruſcambille than three half crowns; owing indeed to the ſtrong fancy which the ſtall-man ſaw my father had for the book the moment he laid his hands upon it.—'There are not three Bruſcambilles in 'Chriſtendom,' ſaid the ſtall-man, 'ex-'cept what are chained up in the libra-'ries of the curious.' My father flung down the money as quick as lightning—took Bruſcambille into his boſom—hied home from Piccadilly to Coleman Street with it, as he would have hied home with a treaſure, without taking his hand once off from Bruſcambille all the way.

To thoſe who do not yet know of which gender Bruſcambille is—inaſmuch as a prologue upon long noſes might eaſily be done by either—'twill be no objection againſt the ſimile—to ſay, that when my father got home, he ſolaced himſelf with Bruſcambille after the manner in which, 'tis ten to one, your worſhip ſolaced yourſelf with your firſt miſtreſs—that is, from morning even unto night: which, by the bye, how delightful ſoever it may prove to the inamorato—is of little or no entertainment at all to by-ſtanders.—Take notice, I go no farther with the ſimile;—my father's eye was greater than his appetite—his zeal greater than his knowledge——he cooled—his affections became divided—he got hold of Prignitz,—purchaſed Scroderus—Andrea Paræus—Bouchet's Evening Conferences—and, above all, the great and learned Hafen Slawkenbergius; of which, as I ſhall have much to ſay by and by——I will ſay nothing now.

CHAP. XXXVI.

OF all the tracts my father was at the pains to procure and ſtudy in ſupport of his hypotheſis, there was not any one wherein he felt a more cruel diſappointment at firſt, than in the celebrated dialogue between Pamphagus and Cocles, written by the chaſte pen of the great and venerable Eraſmus, upon the various uſes and ſeaſonable applications of long noſes——Now don't let Satan, my dear girl, in this chapter, take advantage of any one ſpot of riſing-ground to get aſtride of your imagination, if you can any ways help it; or, if he is ſo nimble as to ſlip on—let me beg of you, like an unbacked filly—*to friſk it, to ſquirt it, to jump it, to rear it, to bound it—and to kick it, with long kicks, and ſhort kicks*—till like Tickletoby's mare, you break a ſtrap or a crupper, and throw his worſhip into the dirt.—You need not kill him.

——'And pray who was Tickle-'toby's mare?'—'tis juſt as diſcreditable and unſcholar-like a queſtion, Sir, as to have aſked what year (*ab urb. con.*) the ſecond Punick war broke out.—Who was

was Tickletoby's mare!——Read, read, read, read, my unlearned reader! read,—or by the knowledge of the great St. Paraleipomenon—I tell you beforehand, you had better throw down the book at once; for without *much reading*, by which your reverence knows I mean *much knowledge*, you will no more be able to penetrate the moral of the next marbled page (motly emblem of my work!) than the world with all it's ſagacity has been able to unravel the many opinions, tranſactions, and truths, which ſtill lie myſtically hid under the dark veil of the black one.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXVII.

'NIHIL [illegible] *habitet hujus naſi*,' quoth Pamphagus——that is, 'my noſe has been the making of me.' '*Nec eſt cur pœniteat*,' replies Cocles; that is, 'how the deuce ſhould ſuch a 'noſe fail!'

The doctrine, you ſee, was laid down by Eraſmus, as my father wiſhed it, with the utmoſt plainneſs; but my father's diſappointment was, in finding nothing more from ſo able a pen, but the bare fact itſelf; without any of that ſpeculative ſubtilty or ambi-dexterity of argumentation upon it, which Heaven had beſtowed upon man on purpoſe to inveſtigate truth, and fight for her on all ſides.—My father *piſs'd* and *pugh'd* at firſt moſt terribly—'Tis worth ſomething to have a good name.—As the dialogue was of Eraſmus, my father ſoon came to himſelf, and read it over and over again with great application, ſtudying every word and every ſyllable of it, through and through, in it's moſt ſtrict and literal interpretation—he could ſtill make nothing of it, that way. 'Mayhaps there is more meant, than is ſaid 'in it,' quoth my father.—'Learned 'men, brother Toby, don't write dialogues upon long noſes for nothing.—'I'll ſtudy the myſtick and the allegorick ſenſe—here is ſome room to turn 'a man's ſelf in, brother.'

My father read on.—

Now I find it needful to inform your reverences and worſhips, that beſides the many nautical uſes of long noſes enumerated by Eraſmus, the dialogiſt affirmeth, that a long noſe is not without it's domeſtick conveniences alſo; for that in a caſe of diſtreſs—and for want of a pair of bellows, it will do excellently well, *ad excitandum focum*, (to ſtir up the fire.)

Nature had been prodigal in her gifts to my father beyond meaſure, and had ſown the ſeeds of verbal criticiſm as deep within him, as ſhe had done the ſeeds of all other knowledge—ſo that he had got out his penknife, and was trying experiments upon the ſentence, to 'if he could not ſcratch ſome better 'e into it.—'I've got within a ſingle 'r, brother Toby,' cried my fa- 'of Eraſmus his myſtick mean- '—'You are near enough, bro- 'ther,' replied my uncle, 'in all con- 'ſcience.'—'Pſhaw!' cried my father, ſcratching on—'I might as well be 'ſeven miles off.—I've done it—' ſaid my father, ſnapping his fingers.—'See, 'my dear brother Toby, how I have 'mended the ſenſe.'—'But you have 'marred a word,' replied my Uncle Toby.—My father put on his ſpectacles—bit his lip—and tore out the leaf in a paſſion.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

O Slawkenbergius! thou faithful analyzer of my *Diſgrâzias*—thou ſad foreteller of ſo many of the whips and ſhort turns which in one ſtage or other of my life have come ſlap upon me from the ſhortneſs of my noſe, and no other cauſe, that I am conſcious of.—Tell me, Slawkenbergius! what ſecret impulſe was it? what intonation of voice? whence came it? how did it ſound in thy ears?—art thou ſure thou heard'ſt it? which firſt cried out to thee, 'Go—go, 'Slawkenbergius! dedicate the labours 'of thy life—neglect thy paſtimes—call 'forth all the powers and faculties of 'thy nature—macerate thyſelf in the 'ſervice of mankind, and write a grand 'folio for them, upon the ſubject of 'their noſes.'

How the communication was conveyed into Slawkenbergius's ſenſorium—ſo that Slawkenbergius ſhould know whoſe finger touch'd the key—and whoſe hand it was that blew the bellows—as Hafen Slawkenbergius has been dead and laid in his grave above fourſcore and ten years—we can only raiſe conjectures.

Slawkenbergius was played upon, for aught I know, like one of Whitfield's diſciples—that is, with ſuch a diſtinct intelligence, Sir, of which of the two *maſters* it was that had been practiſing upon his *inſtrument*—as to make all reaſoning upon it needleſs.

——For in the account which Hafen Slawkenbergius gives the world of his motives and occaſions for writing, and ſpending ſo many years of his life upon this one work—towards the end of his prologomena—which, by the bye, ſhould have come firſt; but the book-binder has moſt injudiciouſly placed it betwixt the

analytical contents of the book, and the book itself—he informs his reader, that ever since he had arrived at the age of discernment, and was able to sit down coolly, and consider within himself the true state and condition of man, and distinguish the main end and design of his being:—or—to shorten my translation, for Slawkenbergius's book is in Latin, and not a little prolix in this passage, —'Ever since I understood,' quoth Slawkenbergius, 'any thing—or rather *what was what*—and could perceive that the point of long noses had been too loosely handled by all who had gone before—have I (Slawkenbergius) felt a strong impulse, with a mighty and an unresistible call within me, to gird up myself to this undertaking.'

And to do justice to Slawkenbergius, he has entered the lists with a stronger lance, and taken a much larger career in it, than any one man who had ever entered it before him—and, indeed, in many respects deserves to be *ennich'd* as a prototype for all writers, of voluminous works at least, to model their books by—for he has taken in, Sir, the whole subject—examined every part of it *dialectically*—then brought it into full day; dilucidating it with all the light which either the collision of his own natural parts could strike—or the profoundest knowledge of the sciences had impowered him to cast upon it—collating, collecting, and compiling—begging, borrowing, and stealing—as he went along, all that had been wrote or wrangled thereupon in the schools and porticos of the learned: so that Slawkenbergius his book may properly be considered, not only as a model—but as a thorough-stitched DIGEST and regular institute of *noses*, comprehending in it all that is or can be needful to be known about them.

For this cause it is that I forbear to speak of so many (otherwise) valuable books and treatises of my father's collecting, wrote either plump upon noses—or collaterally touching them—such, for instance as Prignitz, now lying upon the table before me; who, with infinite learning, and from the most candid and scholar-like examination of above four thousand different skulls, in upwards of twenty charnel-houses in Silesia, which he had rummaged—has informed us, that the mensuration and configuration of the osseous or bony parts of human noses, in any given tract of country, except Crim Tartary, where they are all crushed down by the thumb, so that no judgment can be formed upon them—are much nearer alike, than the world imagines;—the difference amongst them, being, he says, a mere trifle, not worth taking notice of—but that the size and jollity of every individual nose, and by which one nose ranks above another, and bears a higher price, is owing to the cartilaginous and muscular parts of it, into whose ducts and sinuses the blood and animal spirits being impelled and driven by the warmth and force of the imagination, which is but a step from it—(bating the case of ideots, whom Prignitz, who had lived many years in Turky, supposes under the more immediate tuttelage of Heaven)—it so happens, and ever must, says Prignitz, that the excellency of the nose is in a direct arithmetical proportion to the excellency of the wearer's fancy.

It is for the same reason, that is, because it is all comprehended in Slawkenbergius, that I say nothing likewise of Scroderus (Andrea;) who, all the world knows, set himself to oppugn Prignitz with great violence—proving it in his own way, first *logically*, and then by a series of stubborn facts, that so far was Prignitz from the truth, in affirming that the fancy begat the nose—that, on the contrary—the nose begat the fancy.

——The learned suspected Scroderus of an indecent sophism in this—and Prignitz cried out aloud in the dispute, that Scroderus had shifted the idea upon him—but Scroderus went on, maintaining his thesis.

My father was just balancing within himself, which of the two sides he should take in this affair; when Ambrose Parœus decided it in a moment; and by overthrowing the systems, both of Prignitz and Scroderus, drove my father out of both sides of the controversy at once.

Be witness,——

I do not acquaint the learned reader;—in saying it, I mention it only to shew the learned, I know the fact myself——

That this Ambrose Parœus was chief surgeon and nose-mender to Francis the Ninth of France, and in high credit with him and the two preceding, or succeeding

big kings—(I know not which)—and that, except in the ſlip he made in his ſtory of Taliacotius's noſes, and his manner of ſetting them on—was eſteemed by the whole college of phyſicians at that time, as more knowing in matters of noſes, than any one who had ever taken them in hand.

Now Ambroſe Paræus convinced my father, that the true and efficient cauſe of what had engaged ſo much the attention of the world, and upon which Prignitz and Scroderus had waſted ſo much learning and fine parts—was neither this nor that—but that the length and goodneſs of the noſe was owing ſimply to the ſoftneſs and flaccidity in the nurſe's breaſt—as the flatneſs and ſhortneſs of *puiſne* noſes was to the firmneſs and elaſtick repulſion of the ſame organ of nutrition in the hale and lively—which, though happy for the woman, was the undoing of the child, inaſmuch as his noſe was ſo ſnubbed, ſo rebuffed, ſo rebated, and ſo refrigerated thereby, as never to arrive *ad menſuram ſuam legitimam*—but that in caſe of the flacidity and ſoftneſs of the nurſe or mother's breaſt—by ſinking into it, quoth Paræus, as into ſo much butter, the noſe was comforted, nouriſhed, plumped up, refreſhed, refocillated, and ſet a growing for ever.

I have but two things to obſerve of Paræus; firſt, that he proves and explains all this with the utmoſt chaſtity and decorum of expreſſion—for which may his ſoul for ever reſt in peace!

And, ſecondly, that beſides the ſyſtems of Prignitz and Scroderus, which Ambroſe Paræus his hypotheſis effectually overthrew—it overthrew at the ſame time the ſyſtem of peace and harmony of our family; and for three days together, not only embroiled matters between my father and my mother, but turned likewiſe the whole houſe and every thing in it, except my Uncle Toby, quite upſide down.

Such a ridiculous tale of a diſpute between a man and his wife, never ſurely, in any age or country, got vent through the key-hole of a ſtreet-door.

My mother, you muſt know——but I have fifty things more neceſſary to let you know firſt—I have a hundred difficulties which I have promiſed to clear up, and a thouſand diſtreſſes and domeſtick miſadventures crouding in upon me thick and threefold, one upon the neck of another.—A cow broke in (tomorrow morning) to my Uncle Toby's fortifications, and eat up two ratios and a half of dried graſs, tearing up the ſods with it, which faced his horn-work and covered way.—Trim inſiſts upon being tried by a court-martial—the cow to be ſhot—Slop to be *crucifixed*—myſelf to be *triſtramed*, and at my very baptiſm made a martyr of—poor unhappy devils that we all are!—I want ſwaddling—but there is no time to be loſt in exclamations—I have left my father lying acroſs his bed, and my Uncle Toby in his old fringed chair, ſitting beſide him, and promiſed I would go back to them in half an hour; and five and thirty minutes are lapſed already.—Of all the perplexities a mortal author was ever ſeen in—this certainly is the greateſt—for I have Hafen Slawkenbergius's folio, Sir, to finiſh—a dialogue between my father and my Uncle Toby, upon the ſolution of Prignitz, Scroderus, Ambroſe Paræus, Pdnocrates, and Grangouſier, to relate; —a tale out of Slawkenbergius to tranſlate—and all this in five minutes leſs than no time at all——ſuch a head!—would to Heaven my enemies only ſaw the inſide of it!

CHAP. XXXIX.

THERE was not any one ſcene more entertaining in our family—and to do it juſtice in this point—and I here put off my cap and lay it upon the table cloſe beſide my ink-horn, on purpoſe to make my declaration to the world concerning this one article the more ſolemn—that I believe in my ſoul, (unleſs my love and partiality to my underſtanding blinds me) the hand of the ſupreme Maker and firſt Deſigner of all things never made or put a family together—(in that period at leaſt of it which I have ſat down to write the ſtory of)—where the characters of it were caſt or contraſted with ſo dramatick a felicity as ours was, for this end; or in which the capacities of affording ſuch exquiſite ſcenes, and the powers of ſhifting them perpetually from morning to night, were lodged and intruſted with ſo unlimited a confidence, as in the SHANDY FAMILY.

Not any one of theſe was more diverting, I ſay, in this whimſical theatre

of ours—(than what frequently arose out of this self-same chapter of long noses—especially when my father's imagination was heated with the enquiry, and nothing would serve him but to beat my Uncle Toby's too.

My Uncle Toby would give my father all possible fair play in this attempt, and with infinite patience would sit smoaking his pipe for whole hours together, whilst my father was practising upon his head, and trying every accessible avenue to drive Prignitz and Scroderus's solutions into it—

Whether they were above my Uncle Toby's reason—or contrary to it—or that his brain was like wet tinder, and no spark could possibly take hold—or that it was so full of saps, mines, blinds, curtins, and such military disqualifications to his seeing clearly into Prignitz and Scroderus's doctrines—I say not—let schoolmen—scullions, anatomists, and engineers, fight for it amongst themselves——

It was some misfortune, I make no doubt, in this affair, that my father had every word of it to translate for the benefit of my Uncle Toby, and render out of Slawkenbergius's Latin, of which, as he was no great master, his translation was not always of the purest—and generally least so, where it was most wanted.—This naturally opened a door to a second misfortune—that in the warmer paroxysms of his zeal to open my Uncle Toby's eyes—my father's ideas ran on as much faster than the translation, as the translation outmoved my Uncle Toby's—neither one or the other added much to the perspicuity of my father's lecture.

CHAP. XL.

THE gift of ratiocination and making syllogisms—I mean, in man—for in superior classes of beings, such as angels and spirits—it is all done, may it please your worships, as they tell me, by intuition; and beings inferior, as your worships all know—syllogize by their noses; though there is an island swimming in the sea (though not altogether at it's ease) whose inhabitants, if my intelligence deceive me not, are so wonderfully gifted, as to syllogize after the same fashion, and oft-times to make very well out too—but that's neither here nor there——

The gift of doing it as it should be, amongst us, or—the great and principal act of ratiocination in man, as logicians tell us, is the finding out the agreement or disagreement of two ideas one with another, by the intervention of a third (called the *medius terminus*) just as a man, as Locke well observes, by a yard, finds two men's nine-pin alleys to be of the same length, which could not be brought together, to measure their equality, by *juxta-position*.

Had the same great reasoner looked on, as my father illustrated his systems of noses, and observed my Uncle Toby's deportment—what great attention he gave to every word—and as oft as he took his pipe from his mouth, with what wonderful seriousness he contemplated the length of it—surveying it transversely as he held it betwixt his finger and his thumb—then fore-right—then this way, and then that, in all it's possible directions and fore-shortenings—he would have concluded my Uncle Toby had got hold of the *medius terminus*, and was syllogizing and measuring with it the truth of each hypothesis of long noses, in order as my father laid them before him. This, by the bye, was more than my father wanted;—his aim in all the pains he was at in these philosophick lectures—was to enable my Uncle Toby not to *discuss*, but *comprehend*—to *hold* the grains and scruples of learning, not to *weigh* them.—My Uncle Toby, as you will read in the next chapter, did neither the one or the other.

CHAP. XLI.

'IT is a pity,' cried my father one winter's night, after a three hours painful translation of Slawkenbergius—'it is a pity,' cried my father, putting my mother's thread-paper into the book, for a mark, as he spoke—'that truth, 'brother Toby, should shut herself up 'in such impregnable fastnesses, and be 'so obstinate as not to surrender herself 'sometimes up upon the closest siege.'

Now it happened then, as indeed it had often done before, that my Uncle Toby's fancy, during the time of my father's explanation of Prignitz to him—having

—having nothing to ſtay it there, had taken a ſhort flight to the bowling-green—his body might as well have taken a turn there too—ſo that with all the ſemblance of a deep ſchool-man intent upon the *medius terminus*—my Uncle Toby was in fact as ignorant of the whole lecture, and all it's pro's and con's, as if my father had been tranſlating Haſen Slawkenbergius from the Latin tongue into the Cherokee. But the word *ſiege*, like a taliſmanick power, in my father's metaphor, wafting back my Uncle Toby's fancy, quick as a mote could follow the touch—he opened his ears—and my father obſerving that he took his pipe out of his mouth, and ſhuffled his chair nearer the table, as with a deſire to profit—my father with great pleaſure began his ſentence again,—changing only the plan, and dropping the metaphor of the ſiege of it, to keep clear of ſome dangers my father apprehended from it.

'It is a pity,' ſaid my father, 'that 'truth can only be on one ſide, brother 'Toby—conſidering what ingenuity 'theſe learned men have all ſhewn in 'their *ſolutions* of noſes.'—'Can noſes 'be *diſſolved?*' replied my Uncle Toby.'

—My father thruſt back his chair—roſe up—put on his hat—took four long ſtrides to the door—jerked it open—thruſt his head half way out—ſhut the door again—took no notice of the bad hinge—returned to the table—pluckt my mother's thread paper out of Slawkenbergius's book—went haſtily to his bureau—walked ſlowly back—twiſted my mother's thread-papes about his thumb—unbuttoned his waiſtcoat—threw my mother's thread-paper into the fire—bit her ſattin pin-cuſhion in two—filled his mouth with bran—confounded it——But mark!—the oath of confuſion was levelled at my Uncle Toby's brain—which was e'en confuſed enough already—the curſe came charged only with the bran—the bran, may it pleaſe your honours, was no more than powder to the ball.

'Twas well my father's paſſions laſted not long; for ſo long as they did laſt, they led him a buſy life on't; and it is one of the moſt unaccountable problems that ever I met with in my obſervations of human nature, that nothing ſhould prove my father's mettle ſo much, or make his paſſions go off ſo like gunpowder, as the unexpected ſtrokes his ſcience met with from the quaint ſimplicity of my Uncle Toby's queſtions.—Had ten dozen of hornets ſtung him behind in ſo many different places all at one time—he could not have exerted more mechanical functions in ſewer ſeconds—or ſtarted half ſo much, as with one ſingle *quære* of three words unſeaſonably popping in full upon him in his hobby-horſical career.

'Twas all one to my Uncle Toby—he ſmoaked his pipe on with unvaried compoſure—his heart never intended offence to his brother—and as his head could ſeldom find out where the ſting of it lay—he always gave my father the credit of cooling by himſelf.—He was five minutes and thirty-five ſeconds about it in the preſent caſe.

'By all that's good!' ſaid my father, ſwearing, as he came to himſelf, and taking the oath out of Ernulphus's digeſt of curſes—(though, to do my father juſtice, it was a fault, as he told Doctor Slop in the affair of Ernulphus, which he as ſeldom committed as any man upon earth.)—'By all that's good 'and great! brother Toby,' ſaid my father, 'if it was not for the aids of 'philoſophy, which befriend one ſo 'much as they do—you would put a 'man beſide all temper.—Why, by the 'ſolution of noſes, of which I was 'telling you, I meant as you might 'have known, had you favoured me 'with one grain of attention, the various accounts which learned men of 'different kinds of knowledge have 'given the world of the cauſes of ſhort 'and long noſes.'—'There is no cauſe 'but one,' replied my Uncle Toby—'why one man's noſe is longer than 'another's, but becauſe God pleaſes to 'have it ſo.'—'That is Grahgouſier's 'ſolution,' ſaid my father.'—'It is He,' continued my Uncle Toby, looking up and not regarding my father's interruption, 'who makes us all, and frames 'and puts us together in ſuch forms 'and proportions, and for ſuch ends, as 'is agreeable to his infinite wiſdom.'——'It is a pious account,' cried my father, 'but not philoſophical—there is 'more religion in it than ſound ſcience.' It was no inconſiſtent part of my Uncle Toby's character—that he feared God, and reverenced religion.—So, the moment my father finiſhed his remark

—my

—my Uncle Toby fell a whiſtling Lillabullero, with more zeal (though more out of tune) than uſual.—

'What is become of my wife's thread-paper?'

CHAP. XLII.

NO matter——as an appendage to ſeamſtreſſy, the thread-paper might be of ſome conſequence to my mother—of none to my father, as a mark in Slawkenbergius. Slawkenbergius, in every page of him, was a rich treaſury of inexhauſtible knowledge to my father—he could not open him amiſs; and he would often ſay, in cloſing the book, that if all the arts and ſciences in the world, with the books which treated of them, were loſt—ſhould the wiſdom and policies of governments, he would ſay, through diſuſe, ever happen to be forgot, and all that ſtateſmen had wrote, or cauſed to be written, upon the ſtrong & the weak ſides of courts and kingdoms, ſhould they be forgot alſo—and Slawkenbergius only left—there would be enough in him, in all conſcience, he would ſay, to ſet the world a-going again. A treaſure therefore was he indeed! an inſtitute of all that was neceſſary to be known of noſes, and every thing elſe—at matin, noon, and veſpers, was Hafen Slawkenbergius his recreation and delight: 'twas for ever in his hands—you would have ſworn, Sir, it had been a cannon's ſtrap-book—ſo worn, ſo glazed, ſo contrited and attrited was it with fingers and with thumbs in all it's parts—from one end even unto the other.

I am not ſuch a bigot to Slawkenbergius as my father—there is a fund in him, no doubt; but, in my opinion, the beſt, I don't ſay the moſt profitable, but the moſt amuſing part of Hafen Slawkenbergius, is his tales—and, conſidering he was a German, many of them told not without fancy—theſe take up his ſecond book, containing nearly one half of his folio, and are comprehended in ten decads, each decad containing ten tales—Philoſophy is not built upon tales; and therefore it was certainly wrong in Slawkenbergius to ſend them into the world by that name!—there are a few of them in his eighth, ninth, and tenth decads, which I own ſeem rather playful and ſportive, than ſpeculative—but in general they are to be looked upon by the learned as a detail of ſo many independent facts, all of them turning round ſome how or other upon the main hinges of his ſubject, and collected by him with great fidelity, and added to his work as ſo many illuſtrations upon the doctrines of noſes.

As we have leiſure enough upon our hands—if you give me leave, Madam, I'll tell you the ninth tale of his tenth decad.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

SLAWKENBERGII FABELLA*.

VESPERA quâdam frigidulâ, poſteriori in parte menſis Auguſti, peregrinus, mulo fuſco colore inſidens, manticâ a tergo, paucis indufiis, binis calceis, bracciſque ſericis coccineis repletâ, Argentoratum ingreſſus eſt.

Militi cum percontanti, quum portus intraret dixit, ſe apud Naſorum Promontorium fuiſſe, Francofurtum Proficiſci, et Argentoratum, tranſitu ad fines Sarmatiæ menſis intervallo, reverſurum.

Miles peregrini in faciem ſuſpexit—Di boni, nova forma naſi!

At multum mihi profuit, inquit peregrinus, carpum amento extrahens, e quo pependit acinaces: loculo manum inſeruit: et magnâ cum urbanitate, pilei parte anteriore tactâ manu ſiniſtrâ, ut

SLAWKENBERGIUS's TALE.

'IT was one cool refreſhing evening, 'at the cloſe of a very ſultry day, 'in the latter end of the month of Auguſt, when a ſtranger, mounted upon 'a dark mule, with a ſmall cloak-bag 'behind him, containing a few ſhirts, 'a pair of ſhoes, and a crimſon-ſattin 'pair of breeches, entered the town of 'Straſburg.

'He told the centinel, who queſtioned him as he entered the gates, that 'he had been at the Promontory of 'Noſes—was going on to Franckfort—'and ſhould be back again at Straſ'burg that day month, in his way to 'the borders of Crim Tartary.

'The centinel looked up into the 'ſtranger's face—never ſaw ſuch a noſe 'in his life!'

—"I have made a very good ven"ture of it," quoth the ſtranger—ſo 'ſlipping his wriſt out of the loop of a 'black ribband, to which a ſhort ſcymetar was hung; he put his hand into

* As Haſen Slawkenbergius de Naſis is extremely ſcarce, it may not be unacceptable to the learned reader, to ſee the ſpecimen of a few pages of his original; I will make no reflection upon it, but that his ſtory-telling Latin is much more conciſe than his philoſophick—and, I think, has more of Latinity in it.

'his

extendit dextram, militi florinum dedit et processit.

' his pocket, and with great courtesy
' touching the fore-part of his cap with
' his left-hand as he extended his right
' —he put a florin into the centinel's
' hand, and passed on.

Dolet mihi, ait miles, tympanistam nanum et valgum alloquens, virum adeo urbanum vaginam perdidisse; itinerari haud poterit nudâ acinaci: neque vaginam toto Argentorato, habilem inveniet.—Nullam unquam habui, respondit peregrinus respiciens—seque comiter inclinans—hoc more gesto, nudam acinacem elevans, mulo lentò progrediente, ut nasum tueri possim.

" It grieves me," said the centinel,
' speaking to a little dwarfish bandy-
' dy-legged drummer, " that so cour-
" teous a soul should have lost his scab-
" bard—he cannot travel without one
" to his scymetar, and will not be able
" to get a scabbard to fit it in all Stras-
" burg."—" I never had one," replied
' the stranger, looking back to the cen-
' tinel, and putting his hand up to his
' cap as he spoke'—" I carry it," con-
' tinued he, " thus"—holding up his
' naked scymetar, his mule moving on
' slowly all the time—" on purpose to
" defend my nose."

Non immerito, benigne peregrine, respondit miles.

" It is well worth it, gentle stran-
" ger," replied the centinel.

Nihili æstimo, ait ille tympanista, e pergamenâ factitius est.

—" It is not worth a single stiver,"
' said the bandy-legged drummer—
" it is a nose of parchment."

Prout Christianus sum, inquit miles, nasus ille, ni sexties major sit, meo effet conformis.

" As I am a true Catholick—except
" that it is six times as big—'tis a
" nose," said the centinel, " like my
" own."

Crepitare audivi, ait tympanista.

—" I heard it crackle," said the
' drummer.

Mehercule, sanguinem sinit! respondit miles.

" By dunder," said the centinel, " I
" saw it bleed."

Miseret me, inquit tympanista, qui non ambo titigimus!

" What a pity," cried the bandy-
' legged drummer, " we did not both
" touch it!"

Eodem temporis puncto, quo hæc res argumentata fuit inter militem et tympanistam, disceptabatur ibidem tubicine ex uxore suâ, qui tunc accesserunt, et peregrino prætereunte, restiterunt.

' At the very time that this dispute
' was maintaining by the centinel and
' the drummer—was the same point
' debating betwixt a trumpeter and a
' trumpeter's wife, who were just then
' coming up, and had stopped to see
' the stranger pass by.

Quantus nasus! seque longus est, ait tubicina, ac tuba.

" *Benedicity!*—What a nose! 'tis as
" long," said the trumpeter's wife,
" as a trumpet."

Et ex eodem metallo, ait tubicen, velut sternutamento audias.

" And of the same metal," said the
' trumpeter, " as you hear by it's
" sneezing."

Tantum abeſt, reſpondit illa, quod ſiſtulam dulcedine vincit.

" It is as ſoft as a flute," ſaid ſhe.

Æneus eſt, ait tubicen.

——" 'Tis braſs," ſaid the trumpeter.

Nequaquam, reſpondit uxor.

——" 'Tis a pudding's end!" ſaid his wife.

Rurſum affirmo, ait tubicen, quod æneus eſt.

" I tell thee again," ſaid the trumpeter, " it is a brazen noſe."

Rem penitus explorabo; prius, enim digito tangam, ait uxor, quam dormivero.

" I'll know the bottom of it," ſaid the trumpeter's wife; " for I will " touch it with my finger before I " ſleep."

Mulus peregrini, gradulento progreſſus eſt, ut unumquodque verbum controverſiæ, non tantum inter militem et tympaniſtam, verum etiam inter tubicinem et uxorem ejus audiret.

' The ſtranger's mule moved on at ' ſo ſlow a rate, that he heard every ' word of the diſpute, not only betwixt ' the centinel and the drummer, but ' betwixt the trumpeter and the trum- ' peter's wife.

Nequaquam, ait ille, in muli collum fræna demittens, et manibus ambabus in pectus poſitis, (mulo lentè progrediente) nequaquam, ait ille, reſpiciens, non neceſſe eſt ut res iſthæc dilucidata foret: Minime gentium! meus naſus nunquam tangetur, dum ſpiritus hos reget artus—— Ad quid agendam? ait uxor burgomagiſtri.

" No!" ſaid he, dropping his reins ' upon his mule's neck, and laying ' both his hands upon his breaſt, the ' one over the other, in a ſaint-like po- ' ſition, (his mule going on eaſily all the ' time)—" No!" ſaid he, looking up— " I am not ſuch a debtor to the world— " ſhandered and diſappointed as I have " been—as to give it that conviction! " —no!" ſaid he, " my noſe ſhall ne- " ver be touched whilſt Heaven gives " me ſtrength——" " To do what?" ' ſaid a burgomaſter's wife.

Peregrinus illi non reſpondit—votum faciebat tunc temporis Sancto Nicolao; quo facto, finum dextram inſerens, e quâ negligenter pependit acinaces, lento gradu proceſſit per plateam Argentorati latam quæ ad diverſorium templo ex adverſum ducit.

' The ſtranger took no notice of the ' burgomaſter's wife—he was making ' a vow to St. Nicolas; which done, ' having uncroſſed his arms with the ' ſame ſolemnity with which he croſſed ' them, he took up the reins of his ' bridle with his left hand, and put- ' ting his right hand into his boſom, ' with his ſcymetar hanging looſely to ' the wriſt of it—he rode on as ſlow- ' ly as one foot of the mule could ' follow another through the principal ' ſtreets of Straſburg, till chance brought ' him to the great inn in the market- ' place over-againſt the church.

Peregrinus mulo deſcendens ſtabulo includi, et manticam inferri juſſit: quâ apertâ et coccineis ſericis femoralibus extractis cum argenteo laciniato περιζωματι, his ſeſe induit, ſtatimque, acinaci in manu, ad forum deambulavit.

' The moment the ſtranger alighted, ' he ordered his mule to be led into ' the ſtable, and his cloak-bag to be ' brought in; then opening, and taking ' out of it his crimſon ſatin breeches, ' with a ſilver fringe—(appendage to

' them, which I dare not tranſlate)—
' he put his breeches, with his fringed
' cod-piece on, and forthwith, with his
' ſhort ſcymetar in his hand, walked
' out to the grand parade.

Quod ubi peregrinus eſſet ingreſſus, uxorem tubicinis obviam euntem aſpicit; illico curſum flectit, metuens ne naſus ſuus exploraretur, atque ad diverſorium regreſſus eſt—exuit ſe veſtibus; braccas coccineas ſericas manticæ impoſuit mulumque educi juſſit.

' The ſtranger had juſt taken three
' turns upon the parade, when he per-
' ceived the trumpeter's wife at the op-
' poſite ſide of it—ſo turning ſhort, in
' pain leſt his noſe ſhould be attempted,
' he inſtantly went back to his inn—
' undreſſed himſelf, packed up his crim-
' ſon ſattin breeches, &c. in his cloak-
' bag, and called for his mule.

Francofurtum proficiſcor, ait ille, et Argentoratum quatuor abhinc hebdomadis revertar.

" I am going forwards," ſaid the
' ſtranger, " for Franckfort——and
" ſhall be back at Straſburg this day
" month."

Bene curaſti hoc jumentum, (ait) muli faciem manu demulcens—me, manticamque meam, plus ſexcentis mille paſſibus portavit.

" I hope," continued the ſtranger,
' ſtroking down the face of his mule
' with his left-hand as he was going to
' mount it, " that you have been kind to
" this faithful ſlave of mine——it has
" carried me and my cloak-bag," con-
' tinued he, tapping the mule's back,
" above ſix hundred leagues."

Longa via eſt? reſpondit hoſpes, niſi plurimum eſſet negoti.—Enimvero, ait peregrinus, a Naſorum Promontorio redii, et naſum ſpecioſiſſimum, egregioſiſſimumque quem unquam quiſquam ſortitus eſt, acquiſivi.

" It is a long journey, Sir!" replied
' the maſter of the inn—" unleſs a man
" has great buſineſs."—" Tut! tut!"
' ſaid the ſtranger, " I have been at
" the Promontory of Noſes; and have
" got me one of the goodlieſt and jol-
" lieſt, thank Heaven, that ever fell to
" a ſingle man's lot."

Dum peregrinus hanc miram rationem, de ſeipſo reddit, hoſpes et uxor ejus, oculis intentis, peregrini naſum contemplantur.—Per ſanctos ſanctaſque omnes, ait hoſpitis uxor, naſis duodecim maximis, in toto Argentorato major eſt!—eſtne, ait illa mariti in aurem inſuſurrans, nonne eſt naſus prægrandis?

' Whilſt the ſtranger was giving this
' odd account of himſelf, the maſter of
' the inn and his wife kept both their
' eyes fixed full upon the ſtranger's
' noſe.—" By St. Radagunda," ſaid the
' inn-keeper's wife to herſelf, " there
" is more of it than in any dozen of the
" largeſt noſes put together in all Straſ-
" burg!—is it not," ſaid ſhe, whiſ-
' pering her huſband in his ear—" is
" it not a noble noſe?"

Dolus ineſt, anime mi, ait hoſpes—naſus eſt falſus.

" It is an impoſture, my dear," ſaid
' the maſter of the inn—" it is a falſe
" noſe."

Verus eſt, reſpondit uxor.

" It is a true noſe," ſaid his wife.

Ex abiete factus eſt, ait ille; terebinthinum olet—

" It is made of fir-tree," ſaid he—
" I ſmell the turpentine."—

" There's

Carbunculus ineſt, ait uxor.

" There's a pimple on it," ſaid ſhe,

Mortuus eſt naſus, reſpondit hoſpes.

" It is a dead noſe," replied the inn-keeper,

Vivus eſt, ait illa—et ſi ipſa vivam tangam.

" It is a live noſe; and if I am alive " myſelf," ſaid the inn-keeper's wife, " I will touch it."

Votum feci Sancto Nicolao, ait peregrinus, naſum meum intactum fore uſque ad—— Quodnam tempus? illico reſpondit illa.

" I have made a vow to St. Nicolas " this day," ſaid the ſtranger, " that " my noſe ſhall not be touched till—" ' Here the ſtranger, ſuſpending his ' voice, looked up. " Till when!" ' ſaid ſhe, haſtily.

Minime tangetur, inquit ille, (manibus in pectus compoſitis) uſque ad illam horam—— Quam horam? ait illa. Nullum! reſpondit peregrinus, donec perveneo, ad—— Quem locum, obſecro? ait illa.—Peregrinus nil reſpondens multo conſenſo diſceſſit.

" It never ſhall be touched," ſaid ' he, claſping his hands and bringing ' them cloſe to his breaſt, " till that " hour—" " What hour?" cried the ' inn-keeper's wife.—" Never!—ne- " ver!" ſaid the ſtranger; " never till " I am got——" " For Heaven's ſake, " into what place?" ſaid ſhe.—The ' ſtranger rode away without ſaying a ' word.

' The ſtranger had not got half a ' league on his way towards Franckfort ' before all the city of Straſburg was ' in an uproar about his noſe. The ' Compline bells were juſt tinkling to ' call the Straſburghers to their devo- ' tions, and ſhut up the duties of the ' day in prayer:—no ſoul in all Straſ- ' burg heard 'em—the city was like a ' ſwarm of bees—men, women, and ' children, (the Compline bells tinkling ' all the time) flying here and there— ' in at one door, out at another—this ' way and that way—long ways and ' croſs ways—up one ſtreet, down an- ' other ſtreet—in at this alley, out of ' that—" Did you ſee it? did you ſee " it? did you ſee it? O! did you ſee it? " Who ſaw it? Who did ſee it? For " mercy's ſake, who ſaw it?

" Alack o'day! I was at veſpers!— " I was waſhing; I was ſtarching; I " was ſcouring; I was quilting—God " help me! I never ſaw it—I never " touch'd it!—would I had been a cen- " tinel, a bandy-legged drummer, a " trumpeter, a trumpeter's wife!" was ' the general cry and lamentation in ' every ſtreet and corner of Straſburg.

' Whilſt all this confuſion and diſ- ' order triumphed throughout the great ' city of Straſburg, was the courteous ' ſtranger going on as gently upon his ' mule in his way to Franckfort, as if ' he had had no concern at all in the ' affair—talking all the way he rode in ' broken ſentences—ſometimes to his ' mule—ſometimes to himſelf—ſome- ' times to his Julia.

" O Julia, my lovely Julia!—— " Nay, I cannot ſtop to let thee bite " that thiſtle——that ever the ſuſpected " tongue of a rival ſhould have robbed " me of enjoyment when I was upon " the point of taſting it!

——" Pugh!—'tis nothing but a " thiſtle—never mind it—thou ſhalt " have a better ſupper at night.

——" Baniſh'd from my country— " my friends—from thee—

" Poor devil, thou art ſadly tired " with thy journey!—come—get on a " little faſter—there's nothing in my " cloak-bag but two ſhirts—a crim- " ſon-ſattin pair of breeches, and a " fringed—— Dear Julia!

——" But why to Franckfort?—Is it " that there is a hand unfelt, which ſe- " cretly is conducting me through theſe " meanders and unſuſpected tracts!

——" Stumbling, by St. Nicolas, " every ſtep!——why, at this rate we " ſhall be all night in getting in——

——" To happineſs—or am I to be " the ſport of fortune and ſlander!— " deſtined to be driven forth uncon- " victed—unheard—untouched!—if " ſo, why did I not ſtay at Straſburg; " where juſtice——but I had ſworn! " ——Come, thou ſhalt drink—to St. " Nicolas——O Julia!——What doſt " thou prick up thy ears at—'tis no- " thing but a man!" &c.

'The ſtranger rode on, communing 'in this manner with his mule and Ju- 'lia—till he arrived at his inn; where, 'as ſoon as he arrived, he alighted— 'ſaw his mule, as he had promiſed it, 'taken good care of—took off his cloak- 'bag, with his crimſon ſattin breeches, '&c. in it—called for an omelet to his 'ſupper, went to his bed about twelve 'o'clock, and in five minutes fell faſt 'aſleep.

'It was about the ſame hour when 'the tumult in Straſburg being abated 'for that night—the Straſburghers had 'all got quietly into their beds—but 'not, like the ſtranger, for the reſt 'either of their minds or bodies: Queen 'Mab, like an elf as ſhe was, had 'taken the ſtranger's noſe; and, with- 'out reduction of it's bulk, had that 'night been at the pains of ſlitting and 'dividing it into as many noſes of dif- 'ferent cuts and faſhions, as there 'were heads in Straſburg to hold them. 'The Abbeſs of Quedlingberg—who, 'with the four great dignitaries of her 'chapter, the prioreſs, the deaneſs, the 'ſub-chantreſs, and ſenior canoneſs, 'had that week come to Straſburg to 'conſult the univerſity upon a caſe of 'conſcience relating to their placket- 'holes—was ill all the night.

'The courteous ſtranger's noſe had 'got perched upon the top of the pineal 'gland of her brain, and made ſuch 'rouzing work in the fancies of the 'four great dignitaries of her chapter, 'that they could not get a wink of ſleep 'the whole night through for it—there 'was no keeping a limb ſtill amongſt 'them—in ſhort, they got up like ſo 'many ghoſts.

'The penitentiaries of the third order 'of St. Francis—the nuns of Mount 'Calvary—the Præmonſtratenſes—the 'Clunienſes *—the Carthuſians, and 'all the ſeverer orders of nuns who lay 'that night in blankets or hair-cloth, 'were ſtill in a worſe condition than 'the Abbeſs of Quedlingberg——by 'tumbling and toſſing, and toſſing and 'tumbling, from one ſide of their beds 'to the other the whole night long— 'the ſeveral ſiſterhoods had ſcratch'd 'and mawl'd themſelves all to death— 'they got out of their beds almoſt flea'd 'alive—every body thought St. Anto- 'ny had viſited them for probation with 'his fire—they had never once, in ſhort, 'ſhut their eyes the whole night long 'from veſpers to matins.

'The nuns of St. Urſula acted the 'wiſeſt—they never attempted to go to 'bed at all.

'The Dean of Straſburg, the pre- 'bendaries, the capitulars and domici- 'liars (capitularly aſſembled in the 'morning to conſider the caſe of but- 'ter'd buns) all wiſhed they had fol- 'lowed the nuns of St. Urſula's ex- 'ample.

'In the hurry and confuſion every 'thing had been in the night before, the 'bakers had all forgot to lay their lea- 'ven—there were no butter'd buns to 'be had for breakfaſt in all Straſburg— 'the whole cloſe of the cathedral was 'in one eternal commotion—ſuch a 'cauſe of reſtleſſneſs and diſquietude, 'and ſuch a zealous inquiry into the 'cauſe of that reſtleſſneſs, had never 'happened in Straſburg, ſince Martin 'Luther, with his doctrines, had turn- 'ed the city up-ſide down.

'If the ſtranger's noſe took this 'liberty of thruſting itſelf thus into 'the diſhes † of religious orders, &c. 'what a carnival did his noſe make of 'it, in thoſe of the laity!—'tis more 'than my pen, worn to the ſtump as it 'is, has power to deſcribe; though I 'acknowledge' — (*cries Slawkenber- gius, with more gaiety of thought than I*

* Hafen Slawkenbergius means the Benedictine nuns of Cluny, founded in the year 940, by Odo, Abbé de Cluny.

† Mr. Shandy's compliments to orators—is very ſenſible that Slawkenbergius has here changed his metaphor—which he is very guilty of—that, as a tranſlator, Mr. Shandy has all along done what he could to make him ſtick to it—but that here it was impoſſible.

could

would have expected from him)—'that 'there is many a good ſimile now ſub-'ſiſting in the world which might give 'my countrymen ſome idea of it; but at 'the cloſe of ſuch a folio as this, wrote 'for their ſakes, and in which I have 'ſpent the greateſt part of my life—'though I own to them the ſimile is in 'being, yet would it not be unreaſon-'able in them to expect I ſhould have 'either time or inclination to ſearch for 'it? Let it ſuffice to ſay, that the riot 'and diſorder it occaſioned in the Straſ-'burghers fantaſies was ſo general—'ſuch an overpowering maſterſhip had 'it got of all the faculties of the Straſ-'burghers minds—ſo many ſtrange 'things, with equal confidence on all 'ſides, and with equal eloquence in all 'places, were ſpoken and ſworn to con-'cerning it, that turned the whole 'ſtream of all diſcourſe and wonder 'towards it—every ſoul, good and bad '—rich and poor—learned and un-'learned—doctor and ſtudent—miſtreſs 'and maid—gentle and ſimple—nun's 'fleſh, and woman's fleſh—in Straſ-'burg—ſpent their time in hearing 'tidings about it—every eye in Straſ-'burg languiſhed to ſee it—every fin-'ger, every thumb in Straſburg, burn-'ed to touch it.

'Now what might add, if any thing 'may be thought neceſſary to add 'to ſo vehement a deſire—was this, 'that the centinel, the bandy-legged 'drummer, the trumpeter, the trum-'peter's wife, the burgomaſter's wi-'dow, the maſter of the inn, and the 'maſter of the inn's wife, how widely 'ſoever they all differed every one from 'another in their teſtimonies and de-'ſcription of the ſtranger's noſe—they 'all agreed together in two points—'namely, that he was gone to Franck-'fort, and would not return to Straſ-'burgh till that day month; and ſe-'condly, whether his noſe was true or 'falſe—that the ſtranger himſelf was 'one of the moſt perfect paragons of 'beauty—the fineſt made man—the 'moſt genteel!—the moſt generous of 'his purſe—the moſt courteous in his 'carriage—that had ever entered the 'gates of Straſburg!—that, as he rode, 'with his ſcymetar ſlung looſely to his 'wriſt, through the ſtreets—and walk-'ed with his crimſon ſattin breeches 'acroſs the parade—'twas with ſo ſweet 'an air of careleſs modeſty, and ſo 'manly withal—as would have put 'the heart in jeopardy (had his noſe 'not ſtood in his way) of every virgin 'who had caſt her eyes upon him.

'I call not upon that heart which is 'a ſtranger to the throbs and yearnings 'of curioſity, ſo excited to juſtify the 'Abbeſs of Quedlingberg, the prioreſs, 'the deaneſs, and ſub-chantreſs, for 'ſending at noon-day for the trumpet-'er's wife: ſhe went through the ſtreets 'of Straſburg with her huſband's trum-'pet in her hand—the beſt apparatus 'the ſtraitneſs of the time would allow 'her, for the illuſtration of her theory—'ſhe ſtaid no longer than three days.

'The centinel and the bandy-legged 'drummer!—nothing on this ſide of old 'Athens could equal them!—they read 'their lectures under the city gates to 'comers and goers, with all the pomp 'of a Chryſippus and a Crantor in their 'porticos.

'The maſter of the inn, with his 'oſtler on his left-hand, read his alſo 'in the ſame ſtyle—under the portico 'or gateway of his ſtable-yard—his 'wife, her's more privately in a back-'room: all flocked to their lectures; 'not promiſcuouſly—but to this or that, 'as is ever the way, as faith and cre-'dulity marſhalled them—in a word, 'each Straſburgher came crouding for 'intelligence—and every Straſburgher 'had the intelligence he wanted.

'It is worth remarking, for the be-'nefit of all demonſtrators in natural 'philoſophy, &c. that as ſoon as the 'trumpeter's wife had finiſhed the Ab-'beſs of Quedlingberg's private lecture, 'and had begun to read in publick, 'which ſhe did upon a ſtool in the mid-'dle of the great parade—ſhe incommod-'ed the other demonſtrators mainly, by 'gaining incontinently the moſt faſhion-'able part of the city of Straſburg for 'her auditory.—But when a demon-'ſtrator in philoſophy (cries Slawken-'bergius) has a trumpet for an appa-'ratus, pray what rival in ſcience can 'pretend to be heard beſides him?

'Whilſt the unlearned, through theſe 'conduits of intelligence, were all buſ-'ied in getting down to the bottom of 'the well, where TRUTH keeps her 'little court——were the learned in 'their way as buſy in pumping her 'up through the conduits of dialect in-'duction—they concerned themſelves 'not with facts—they reaſoned.

'Not

'Not one profeſſion had thrown more 'light upon this ſubject than the faculty—had not all their diſputes about 'it run into the affair of wens and 'œdematous ſwellings—they could not 'keep clear of them for their bloods 'and ſouls——the ſtranger's noſe had 'nothing to do either with wens or œdematous ſwellings.

'It was demonſtrated, however, very 'ſatisfactorily, that ſuch a ponderous 'maſs of heterogeneous matter could 'not be congeſted and conglomerated 'to the noſe, whilſt the infant was *in 'utero*, without deſtroying the ſtatical 'balance of the fœtus, and throwing it 'plump upon it's head nine months be'fore the time.——

——'The opponents granted the 'theory—they denied the conſequences.

"And if a ſuitable proviſion of veins, "arteries, &c." ſaid they, "was not "laid in, for the due nouriſhment of "ſuch a noſe, in the very firſt ſtamina "and rudiments of it's formation, be"fore it came into the world, (bating "the caſe of wens) it could not regularly grow and be ſuſtained afterwards."

'This was all anſwered by a diſſer'tation upon nutriment, and the effect 'which nutriment had in extending the 'veſſels, and in the increaſe and pro'longation of the muſcular parts to the 'greateſt growth and expanſion ima'ginable.—In the triumph of which 'theory, they went ſo far as to affirm, 'that there was no cauſe in nature, why 'a noſe might not grow to the ſize of 'the man himſelf.

'The reſpondents ſatisfied the world 'this event could never happen to them 'ſo long as a man had but one ſtomach 'and one pair of lungs.—For the ſto'mach, ſaid they, being the only organ 'deſtined for the reception of food, 'and turning it into chyle—and the 'lungs, the only engine of ſanguifica'tion—it could poſſibly work off no 'more, than what the appetite brought 'in: or, admitting the poſſibility of a 'man's overloading his ſtomach, nature 'had ſet bounds however to his lungs— 'the engine was of a determined ſize 'and ſtrength, and could elaborate but 'a certain quantity in a given time— 'that is, it could produce juſt as much 'blood as was ſufficient for one ſingle 'man, and no more; ſo that, if there 'was as much noſe as man—they proved a mortification muſt neceſſarily enſue; and foraſmuch as there would not 'be ſupport for both, that the noſe muſt 'either fall off from the man, or the 'man inevitably fall off from his noſe.

"Nature accommodates herſelf to "theſe emergencies," cried the oppo'nents—"elſe what do you ſay to the "caſe of a whole ſtomach—a whole "pair of lungs, and but *half* a man, "when both his legs have been unfor"tunately ſhot off?"

"He dies of a plethora," ſaid they— "or muſt ſpit blood, and in a fortnight "or three weeks go off in a conſump"tion."

——"It happens otherwiſe," replied 'the opponents.

"It ought not," ſaid they.

'The more curious and intimate in'quirers after nature and her doings, 'though they went hand in hand a 'good way together, yet they all di'vided about the noſe at laſt, almoſt 'as much as the faculty itſelf.

'They amicably laid it down, that 'there was a juſt and geometrical ar'rangement and proportion of the ſe'veral parts of the human frame to 'it's ſeveral deſtinations, offices, and 'functions, which could not be tranſ'greſſed but within certain limits—that 'Nature, though ſhe ſported, ſhe ſported 'within a certain circle, and they could 'not agree about the diameter of it.

'The logicians ſtuck much cloſer 'to the point before them than any of 'the claſſes of the literari—they began 'and ended with the word *noſe*; and 'had it not been for a *petitio principii*, 'which one of the ableſt of them ran 'his head againſt in the beginning of 'the combat, the whole controverſy had 'been ſettled at once.

"A noſe," argued the logician, "cannot bleed without blood—and "not only blood—but blood circulat"ing in it to ſupply the phænomenon "with a ſucceſſion of drops—(a ſtream "being but a quicker ſucceſſion of "drops, that is included," ſaid he.)— "Now death," continued the logician, "being nothing but the ſtagnation of "the blood——"

"I deny the definition—Death is the "ſeparation of the ſoul from the bo"dy," ſaid his antagoniſt.—"Then "we don't agree about our weapon," 'ſaid the logician.—"Then there is "an end of the diſpute," replied the 'antagoniſt.

'The

'The civilians were ſtill more conciſe: what they offered being more 'in the nature of a decree—than a 'diſpute.

—"Such a monſtrous noſe," ſaid they, "had it been a true noſe, could "not poſſibly have been ſuffered in civil "ſociety—and if falſe—to impoſe upon "ſociety with ſuch falſe ſigns and to"kens, was a ſtill greater violation of "it's rights, and muſt have had ſtill "leſs mercy ſhewn it."

'The only objection to this was, 'that if it proved any thing, it proved 'the ſtranger's noſe was neither true 'nor falſe.

'This left room for the controverſy 'to go on. It was maintained by the 'advocates of the eccleſiaſtick court, 'that there was nothing to inhibit a 'decree, ſince the ſtranger *ex mero* 'motu had confeſſed he had been at the 'Promontory of Noſes, and had got 'one of the goodlieſt, &c. &c.—To 'this it was anſwered, it was impoſſi'ble there ſhould be ſuch a place as the 'Promontory of Noſes, and the learn'ed be ignorant where it lay. The 'commiſſary of the Biſhop of Straſburg 'undertook the advocates—explained 'this matter in a treatiſe upon prover'bial phraſes, ſhewing them, that the 'Promontory of Noſes was a mere al'legorick expreſſion, importing no more 'than that nature had given him a 'long noſe—in proof of which, with 'great learning, he cited the under'written authorities*, which had de'cided the point inconteſtibly, had it 'not appeared that a diſpute about ſome 'franchiſes of dean and chapter-lands 'had been determined by it nineteen 'years before.

'It happened—I muſt not ſay, un'luckily for truth, becauſe they were 'giving her a lift another way in ſo 'doing; that the two univerſities of 'Straſburg—the Lutheran, founded in 'the year 1538, by Jacobus Sturmius, 'counſellor of the ſenate—and the Po'piſh, founded by Leopold, Arch'duke of Auſtria, were, during all 'this time, employing the whole depth 'of their knowledge (except juſt what 'the affair of the Abbeſs of Quedling'berg's placket-holes required—) in 'determining the point of Martin Lu'ther's damnation.

'The Popiſh doctors had undertaken 'to demonſtrate *à priori*, that from the 'neceſſary influence of the planets on 'the twenty-ſecond day of October '1483—when the moon was in the 'twelfth houſe, Jupiter, Mars, and Ve'nus in the third, the Sun, Saturn, 'and Mercury, all got together in the 'fourth—that he muſt in courſe, and 'unavoidably, be a damned man—and 'that his doctrines, by a direct coral'lary, muſt be damned doctrines too.

'By inſpection into this horoſcope, 'where five planets were in coition all 'at once with Scorpio †,'—[In reading this my father would always ſhake his head.]—'in the ninth houſe, which the 'Arabians allotted to religion—it ap'peared that Martin Luther did not 'care one ſtiver about the matter—and 'that from the horoſcope directed to 'the conjunction of Mars—they made 'it plain likewiſe he muſt die curſing 'and blaſpheming—with the blaſt of 'which his ſoul (being ſteeped in guilt) 'ſailed before the wind, in the lake of 'hell-fire.

'The little objection of the Lutheran

* Nonnulli ex noſtratibus eadem loquendi formulâ utun. Quinimo & Logiſtæ & Canoniſtæ—Vid. Parce Bar e Jas in d. L. Provincial. Conſtitut. de conjec. vid. vol. lib. 4. titul. 1. n. 7. quâ etiam in re conſpir. Om. de Promontorio Naſ. Tichmak. ff. d. tit. 3. fol. 189. paſſim. Vid. Gloſ. de contrahend. empt. &c. nec. non J. Scrudr. in cap. 5. refut. ff. per totum. cum his conſ. Rever. J. Tubal, Sentent. & Prov. cap. 9. ff. 11, 12. obiter. V. & Librum, cui Tit. de Terris & Phraſ. Belg. ad finem, cum comment. N. Bardy Belg. Vid. Scrip. Argentotarenſ. de Antiq. Ecc. in Epiſc. Archiv. ſid. coll. per Von Jacobum Koinſhoven Follo Argent. 1583, præcip. ad finem. Quibus add. Rebuff. in L. obvenire de Signif. Nom. ff. fol. & de Jure, Gent. & Civil de protib. ſiena feud. per ſedera, teſt. Joha. Luxius in prolegom. quem velim videas, de Analy. cap. 1, 2, 3. Vid. Idea.

† Hæc mira, ſatiſque horrenda. Planetarum coitio ſub Scorpio Aſteriſmo in nona ejus ſtatione, quam Arabes religioni deputabant efficit Martinum Lutherum ſacrilegum hæreticum, chriſtianæ religionis hoſtem acerrimum atque prophanum, ex horoſcopi directione ad Martis coitum, religioſiſſimus obiit, ejus Anima ſceleſtiſſima ad infernos navigavit—ab Alecto, Tiſiphone & Magera flagellis ignis cruciata pereniter.

—Lucas Gauricus in Tractatu aſtrologico de præteritis multorum hominum accidentibus per genituras examinatis.

'doctor

'doctors to this was, that it muſt 'certainly be the ſoul of another man, 'born October 22, 83, which was forc-'ed to ſail down before the wind in 'that manner—inaſmuch as it appeared 'from the regiſter of Iſlaben, in the 'county of Mansfelt, that Luther was 'not born in the year 1483, but in '84; and not on the 22d day of Octo-'ber, but on the 10th of November, 'the eve of *Martinmas-day*, from 'whence he had the name of *Martin*.'

[——I muſt break off my tranſla-tion for a moment; for if I did not, I know I ſhould no more be able to ſhut my eyes in bed, than the Abbeſs of Quedlingberg.—It is to tell the reader, that my father never read this paſſage of Slawkenbergius to my Uncle Toby, but with triumph—not over my Uncle Toby, for he never oppoſed him in it—but over the whole world.

——'Now you ſee, brother Toby,' he would ſay, looking up, 'that Chriſ-'tian names are not ſuch indifferent 'things—had Luther here been called 'by any other name but Martin, he 'would have been damned to all eter-'nity.—Not that I look upon Martin,' he would add, 'as a good name—far 'from it—'tis ſomething better than a 'neutral, and but a little—yet little as 'it is, you ſee it was of ſome ſervice to 'him.'

My father knew the weakneſs of this prop to his hypotheſis as well as the beſt logician could ſhew him—yet ſo ſtrange is the weakneſs of man at the ſame time, as it fell in his way, he could not for his life but make uſe of it; and it was certainly for this reaſon, that though there are many ſtories in Hafen Slaw-kenbergius's decads full as entertaining as this I am tranſlating, yet there is not one amongſt them which my father read over with half the delight—it flattered two of his ſtrangeſt hypotheſes toge-ther—his *Names* and his *Noſes*.—I will be bold to ſay, he might have read all the books in the Alexandrian Library, had not fate taken other care of them, and not have met with a book or paſ-ſage in one, which hit two ſuch nails as theſe upon the head at one ſtroke.]

'The two univerſities of Straſburg 'were hard tugging at this affair of 'Luther's navigation. The Proteſtant 'doctors had demonſtrated, that he had 'not ſailed right before the wind, as 'the Popiſh doctors had pretended; 'and, as every one knew there was no 'ſailing full in the teeth of it—they 'were going to ſettle, in caſe he had 'ſailed, how many points he was off; 'whether Martin had doubled the cape, 'or had fallen upon a lee-ſhore; and 'no doubt, as it was an enquiry of 'much edification, at leaſt to thoſe who 'underſtood this ſort of NAVIGATION, 'they had gone on with it in ſpite of 'the ſize of the ſtranger's noſe, had 'not the ſize of the ſtranger's noſe 'drawn off the attention of the world 'from what they were about—it was 'their buſineſs to follow.

'The Abbeſs of Quedlingberg and 'her four dignitaries was no ſtop; for 'the enormity of the ſtranger's noſe 'running full as much in their fancies 'as their caſe of conſcience—the affair 'of their placket-holes kept cold—in a 'word, the printers were ordered to 'diſtribute their types—all controver-'ſies dropp'd.

'It was a ſquare cap with a ſilver 'taſſel upon the crown of it—to a nut-'ſhell—to have gueſſed on which ſide 'of the noſe the two univerſities would 'ſplit.

"It is above reaſon," cried the doc-'tors on one ſide.

"It is below reaſon," cried the 'others.

"It is faith," cried the one.

"It is a fiddle-ſtick," ſaid the other.'

"It is poſſible," cried the one.

"It is impoſſible," ſaid the other.

"God's power is infinite," cried the 'Noſarians; "he can do any thing."

"He can do nothing," replied the 'Antinoſarians, "which implies con-"tradictions."

"He can make matter think," ſaid 'the Noſarians.

"As certainly as you can make a "velvet cap out of a ſow's ear," re-'plied the Antinoſarians.

"He cannot make two and two five," 'replied the Popiſh doctors.—"It is "falſe," ſaid their opponents.

"Infinite power, is infinite power," 'ſaid the doctors who maintained the '*reality* of the noſe.—"It extends "only to all poſſible things," replied 'the Lutherans.

"By God in heaven," cried the 'Popiſh doctors, "he can make a "noſe, if he thinks fit, as big as the "ſteeple of Straſburg!"

'Now the ſteeple of Straſburg being

'the

'the biggeſt and the talleſt church-'ſteeple to be ſeen in the whole world, 'the Antinoſarians denied that a noſe 'of five hundred and ſeventy-five geo-'metrical feet in length could be worn, 'at leaſt by a middle-ſized man.— 'The Popiſh doctors ſwore it could— 'The Lutheran doctors ſaid, No; it 'could not.

'This at once ſtarted a new diſpute, 'which they purſued a great way upon 'the extent and limitation of the mo-'ral and natural attributes of God.— 'That controverſy led them naturally 'into Thomas Aquinas, and Thomas 'Aquinas to the devil.

'The ſtranger's noſe was no more 'heard of in the diſpute—it juſt ſerved 'as a frigate to launch them into the 'gulph of ſchool-divinity—and then 'they all ſailed before the wind.

'Heat is in proportion to the want of 'true knowledge.

'The controverſy about the attributes, '&c. inſtead of cooling, on the con-'trary had inflamed the Straſburghers 'imaginations to a moſt inordinate de-'gree.—The leſs they underſtood of 'the matter, the greater was their won-'der about it—they were left in all the 'diſtreſſes of deſire unſatisfied—ſaw 'their doctors, the *Parchmentarians*, 'the *Braſſarians*, the *Turpentarians*, 'on one ſide—the Popiſh doctors on the 'other—like Pantagruel and his com-'panions in queſt of the oracle of the 'bottle, all embarked and out of ſight.

—'The poor Straſburghers left 'upon the beach!—What was to be 'done?—No delay—the uproar in-'creaſed—every one in diſorder—the 'city gates ſet open.

'Unfortunate Straſburghers! was 'there in the ſtore-houſe of nature— 'was there in the lumber-rooms of 'learning—was there in the great ar-'ſenal of chance, one ſingle engine left 'undrawn forth to torture your curio-'ſities, and ſtretch your deſires, which 'was not pointed by the hand of Fate 'to play upon your hearts?—I dip not 'my pen into my ink to excuſe the fur-'render of yourſelves—'tis to write 'your panegyrick. Shew me a city ſo 'macerated with expectation—who nei-'ther eat, or drank, or ſlept, or pray-'ed, or hearkened to the calls either of 'religion or nature, for ſeven and twen-'ty days together, who could have held 'out one day longer,

'On the twenty-eighth the courteous 'ſtranger had promiſed to return to 'Straſburg.

'Seven thouſand coaches,'—[Slaw-kenbergius muſt certainly have made ſome miſtake in his numerical chara-ters]—'7000 coaches—15,000 ſingle-'horſe chairs—20,000 waggons, crowd-'ed as full as they could all hold with 'ſenators, counſellors, fyndicks—be-'guines, widows, wives, virgins, ca-'nons, concubines, all in their coaches. 'The Abbeſs of Quedlingberg, with 'the prioreſs, the deaneſs, and ſub-'chantreſs, leading the proceſſion in 'one coach, and the Dean of Straſ-'burg, with the four great dignita-'ries of his chapter, on her left-hand '—the reſt following higglety-pigglety 'as they could; ſome on horſeback— 'ſome on foot—ſome led—ſome driven '—ſome down the Rhine—ſome this 'way—ſome that—all ſet out at ſun-'riſe to meet the courteous ſtranger on 'the road.

'Haſte we now towards the cata-'ſtrophe of my tale——I ſay, *cata-'ſtrophe*, (cries Slawkenbergius;) inaſ-'much as a tale, with parts rightly 'diſpoſed, not only rejoiceth (*gaudet*) 'in the *cataſtrophe* and *peripeitia* of a 'DRAMA, but rejoiceth moreover in 'all the eſſential and integrant parts 'of it—it has it's *protaſis*, *epitaſis*, 'cataſtaſis, it's *cataſtrophe* or *peri-'peitia*, growing one out of the other 'in it, in the order Ariſtotle firſt plant-'ed them—without which a tale had 'better never be told at all, (ſays Slaw-'kenbergius) but be kept to a man's 'ſelf.

'In all my ten tales, in all my ten 'decads, have I, Slawkenbergius, tied 'down every tale of them as tightly to 'this rule, as I have done this of the 'ſtranger and his noſe.

'From his firſt parley with the cen-'tinel, to his leaving the city of Straſ-'burg, after pulling off his crimſon 'ſlitten pair of breeches, is the *protaſis* 'or firſt entrance—where the charac-'ters of the *perſonæ dramatis* are juſt 'touched in, and the ſubject ſlightly 'begun.

'The *epitaſis*, wherein the action is 'more fully entered upon and height-'ened, till it arrives at it's ſtate or 'height called the *cataſtaſis*, and which 'uſually takes up the ſecond and third 'act, is included within that buſy pe-

' riod of my tale, betwixt the firſt
' night's uproar about the noſe, to the
' concluſion of the trumpeter's wife's
' lecture upon it in the middle of the
' grand parade; and from the firſt em-
' barking of the learned in the diſpute—
' to the doctors finally ſailing away, and
' leaving the Straſburghers upon the
' beach in diſtreſs, is the *cataſtaſis* or
' the ripening of the incidents and paſ-
' ſions for their burſting forth in the
' fifth act.

' This commences with the ſetting
' out of the Straſburghers in the Franck-
' fort road, and terminates in un-
' winding the labyrinth and bringing
' the hero out of a ſtate of agitation (as
' Ariſtotle calls it) to a ſtate of reſt and
' quietneſs.

' This (ſays Hafen Slawkenbergius)
' conſtitutes the cataſtrophe or peripei-
' tia of my tale—and that is the part of
' it I am going to relate.

' We left the ſtranger behind the cur-
' tain aſleep—he enters now upon the
' ſtage.

——" What doſt thou prick up thy
" ears at—'tis nothing but a man upon
" a horſe!"—was the laſt word the
' ſtranger uttered to his mule. It was
' not proper then to tell the reader, that
' the mule took his maſter's word for
' it; and without any more *ifs* or *ands*,
' let the traveller and his horſe paſs by.

' The traveller was haſtening with
' all diligence to get to Straſburg that
' night.—" What a fool am I," ſaid
' the traveller to himſelf, when he had
' rode about a league farther, " to think
" of getting into Straſburg this night!
" ——Straſburg!—the great Straſ-
" burg!—Straſburg, the capital of all
" Alſatia! Straſburg, an imperial city!
" Straſburg, a ſovereign ſtate! Straſ-
" burg, garriſoned with five thouſand
" of the beſt troops in all the world!
" ——Alas! if I was at the gates of
" Straſburg this moment, I could not
" gain admittance into it for a ducat—
" nay a ducat and half——'tis too much
" ——better go back to the laſt inn I
" have paſſed—than lie I know not
" where—or give I know not what."

' The traveller, as he made theſe reflec-
' tions in his mind, turned his horſe's
' head about; and three minutes after
' the ſtranger had been conducted into
' his chamber, he arrived at the ſame inn.

——" We have bacon in the houſe,"
' ſaid the hoſt, " and bread—and till
" eleven o'clock this night had three
" eggs in it—but a ſtranger, who ar-
" rived an hour ago, has had them
" dreſſed into an omelet, and we have
" nothing."

" Alas!" ſaid the traveller, " har-
" raſſed as I am, I want nothing but
" a bed."—" I have one as ſoft as is
" in Alſatia," ſaid the hoſt.

——" The ſtranger," continued he,
" ſhould have ſlept in it, for 'tis my
" beſt bed, but upon the ſcore of his
" noſe."—" He has got a deflaxion?"
' ſaid the traveller.—" Not that I
" know," cried the hoſt.—" But 'tis
" a camp-bed—and Jacinta," ſaid he,
' looking towards the maid, " ima-
" gined there was not room in it to turn
" his noſe in."—" Why ſo?" cried
' the traveller, ſtarting back.—" It is
" ſo long a noſe," replied the hoſt.—
' The traveller fixed his eyes upon Ja-
' cinta, then upon the ground—kneeled
' upon his right-knee—had juſt got his
' hand laid upon his breaſt—" Trifle
" not with my anxiety," ſaid he, riſing
' up again.—" It is no trifle," ſaid
' Jacinta, " it is the moſt glorious
" noſe!"——The traveller fell upon
' his knee again—laid his hand upon
' his breaſt—" Then," ſaid he, look-
' ing up to heaven, " thou haſt con-
" ducted me to the end of my pilgri-
" mage—'Tis Diego!"

' The traveller was the brother of the
' Julia ſo often invoked that night by
' the ſtranger as he rode from Straſ-
' burg upon his mule; and was come,
' on her part, in queſt of him. He
' had accompanied his ſiſter from Val-
' ladolid acroſs the Pyrenean moun-
' tains through France, and had many
' an entangled ſkein to wind off in pur-
' ſuit of him through the many mean-
' ders and abrupt turnings of a lover's
' thorny tracks.

——' Julia had ſunk under it—and
' had not been able to go a ſtep farther
' than to Lyons; where, with the many
' diſquietudes of a tender heart, which
' all talk of—but few feel—ſhe ſicken-
' ed—but had juſt ſtrength to write
' a letter to Diego; and having con-
' jured her brother never to ſee her face
' till he had found him out and put
' the letter into his hands, Julia took
' to her bed.

' Fernandez—(for that was her bro-
' ther's name)—though the camp-bed
' was as ſoft as any one in Alſace, yet

' he

' he could not ſhut his eyes in it.—As ' ſoon as it was day he roſe, and hear- ' ing Diego was riſen too, he entered ' his chamber, and diſcharged his ſiſ- ' ter's commiſſion.

' The letter was as follows.

" SEIG. DIEGO,

" WHETHER my ſuſpicions of " your noſe were juſtly ex- " cited or not—'tis not now to enquire " —it is enough I have not had firm- " neſs to put them to farther trial.

" How could I know ſo little of my- " ſelf, when I ſent my duenna to for- " bid your coming more under my lat- " tice? or how could I know ſo little " of you, Diego, as to imagine you " would not have ſtaid one day in Val- " ladolid to have given eaſe to my " doubts? Was I to be abandoned, " Diego, becauſe I was deceived? or " was it kind to take me at my word, " whether my ſuſpicions were juſt or " no, and leave me, as you did, a prey " to much uncertainty and ſorrow?

" In what manner Julia has reſented " this—my brother, when he puts this " letter into your hands, will tell you: " he will tell you in how few moments " ſhe repented of the raſh meſſage ſhe " had ſent you—in what frantick haſte " ſhe flew to her lattice, and how many " days and nights together ſhe leaned " immovably upon her elbow, looking " through it towards the way which " Diego was wont to come.

" He will tell you, when ſhe heard of " your departure—how her ſpirits de- " ſerted her—how her heart ſickened— " how piteouſly ſhe mourned—how low " ſhe hung her head. O Diego! how " many weary ſteps has my brother's " pity led me by the hand languiſhing " to trace out yours; how far has de- " ſire carried me beyond ſtrength—and " how oft have I fainted by the way, " and ſunk into his arms, with only " power to cry out—" O my Diego!"

" If the gentleneſs of your carriage " has not belyed your heart, you will fly " to me almoſt as faſt as you fled from " me.—Haſte as you will, you will ar- " rive but, to ſee me expire—'tis a bit- " ter draught, Diego; but, oh! 'tis em- " bittered ſtill more by dying ſo——."

——' She could proceed no farther. ' Slawkenbergius ſuppoſes the word ' intended was *unconvinced*; but her ' ſtrength would not enable her to finiſh ' her letter.

' The heart of the courteous Diego ' overflowed as he read the letter—he ' ordered his mule forthwith and Fer- ' nandez's horſe to be ſaddled; and as ' no vent in proſe is equal to that of ' poetry in ſuch conflicts—chance, which ' as often directs us to remedies as to ' *diſeaſes*, having thrown a piece of ' charcoal into the window—Diego ' availed himſelf of it; and whilſt the ' oſtler was getting ready his mule, he ' eaſed his mind againſt the wall as ' follows.

" O D E.

" Harſh and untuneful are the notes of love,
" Unleſs my Julia ſtrikes the key;
" Her hand alone can touch the part,
" Whoſe dulcet move-
" ment charms the heart,
" And governs all the man
" with ſympathetick ſway.

" 2d.

" O Julia!——"

' The lines were very natural—for ' they were nothing at all to the pur- ' poſe, (ſays Slawkenbergius) and 'tis a ' pity there were no more of them; but ' whether it was that Seignior Diego ' was ſlow in compoſing verſes—or the ' oſtler quick in ſaddling mules—is not ' averred: certain it was, that Diego's ' mule and Fernandez's horſe were ' ready at the door of the inn, before ' Diego was ready for his ſecond ſtanza; ' ſo without ſtaying to finiſh his ode, ' they both mounted, ſallied forth, paſſ- ' ed the Rhine, traverſed Alſace, ſhaped ' their courſe towards Lyons, and be- ' fore the Straſburghers and the Abbeſs ' of Quedlingberg had ſet out on their ' cavalcade, had Fernandez, Diego, and ' his Julia, croſſed the Pyrenean moun- ' tains, and got ſafe to Valladolid.

' It is needleſs to inform the geogra- ' phical reader, that when Diego was ' in Spain, it was not poſſible to meet ' the courteous ſtranger in the Franck- ' fort road; it is enough to ſay, that ' of all reſtleſs deſires, curioſity being ' the ſtrongeſt—the Straſburghers felt ' the full force of it; and that for three ' days and nights they were toſſed to ' and fro in the Franckfort road, ' with the tempeſtuous fury of this paſ-

'ſion, before they could ſubmit to re-
'turn home.—When, alas! an event
'was prepared for them, of all others
'the moſt grievous that could befal a
'free people.

'As this revolution of the Straſ-
'burghers affairs is often ſpoken of, and
'little underſtood, I will, in ten words,
'(ſays Slawkenbergius) give the world
'an explanation of it, and with it put
'an end to my tale.

'Every body knows of the grand
'ſyſtem of univerſal monarchy, wrote
'by order of Monſieur Colbert, and
'put in manuſcript into the hands of
'Lewis the Fourteenth, in the year
'1664.

'It is as well known, that one branch
'out of many of that ſyſtem, was the
'getting poſſeſſion of Straſburg to favour
'an entrance at all times into Suabia,
'in order to diſturb the quiet of Ger-
'many—and that, in conſequence of
'this plan, Straſburg unhappily fell at
'length into their hands.

'It is the lot of few to trace out the
'true ſprings of this and ſuch like re-
'volutions.—The vulgar look too high
'for them—Stateſmen look too low—
'Truth (for once) lies in the middle.

"What a fatal thing is the popular
"pride of a free city!" cries one hiſto-
'rian—"The Straſburghers deemed it
"a diminution of their freedom to re-
"ceive an imperial garriſon—and ſo
"fell a prey to a French one.

"The fate," ſays another, "of the
"Straſburghers, may be a warning to
"all free people to ſave their money.—
"They anticipated their revenues—
"brought themſelves under taxes, ex-
"hauſted their ſtrength, and in the
"end became ſo weak a people—they
"had not ſtrength to keep their gates
"ſhut, and ſo the French puſhed them
"open."

'Alas! alas! (cries Slawkenbergius)
'it was not the French—'twas CU-
'RIOSITY puſhed them open.—The
'French, indeed, who are ever upon
'the catch, when they ſaw the Straſ-
'burghers, men, women, and children,
'all marched out to follow the ſtranger's
'noſe—each man followed his own,
'and marched in.

'Trade and manufactures have de-
'cayed and gradually grown down ever
'ſince—but not from any cauſe which
'commercial heads have aſſigned; for
'it is owing to this only, that Noſes
'have ever ſo run in their heads, that
'the Straſburghers could not follow
'their buſineſs.

'Alas! alas! (cries Slawkenbergius)
'making an exclamation—it is not the
'firſt—and, I fear, will not be the laſt
'fortreſs, that has been either won—or
'loſt—by NOSES.'

END OF SLAWKENBERGIUS'S TALE.

CHAP. I.

WITH all this learning upon noſes running perpetually in my father's fancy—with ſo many family prejudices—and ten decads of ſuch tales running on for ever along with them—how was it poſſible with ſuch exquiſite—— 'Was it a true noſe?'——that a man with ſuch exquiſite feelings as my father had, could bear the ſhock at all below ſtairs—or, indeed, above ſtairs, in any other poſture, but the very poſture I have deſcribed?

——Throw yourſelf down upon the bed, a dozen times—taking care only to place a looking-glaſs firſt in a chair on one ſide of it, before you do it—'But was the ſtranger's noſe a true noſe'—or was it a falſe one?'

To tell that before-hand, Madam, would be to do injury to one of the beſt tales in the Chriſtian world; and that is, the tenth of the tenth decad, which immediately follows this.

'This tale,' crieth Slawkenbergius ſomewhat exultingly, 'has been reſerved 'by me for the concluding tale of my 'whole work; knowing right well, 'that when I ſhall have told it, and my 'reader ſhall have read it through—'it would be high time for both of us 'to ſhut up the book; inaſmuch,' continues Slawkenbergius, 'as I know of 'no tale which could poſſibly ever go 'down after it.'

——'Tis a tale indeed!

This ſets out with the firſt interview in the inn at Lyons, when Fernander left the courteous ſtranger and his ſiſter Julia alone in her chamber, and is over-written—

'THE INTRICACIES OF DIEGO AND 'JULIA.'

——Heavens! thou art a ſtrange creature, Slawkenbergius! what a whimſical view of the involutions of the heart of woman haſt thou opened! how this can ever be tranſlated—and

yet

yet if this ſpecimen of Slawkenbergius's tales, and the exquiſitiveneſs of his moral ſhould pleaſe the world—tranſlated ſhall a couple of volumes be.—Elſe, how this can ever be tranſlated into good Engliſh, I have no ſort of conception.—There ſeems in ſome paſſages to want a fifth ſenſe to do it rightly.—What can he mean by the lambent pupilability of ſlow, low, dry chat, five notes below the natural tone—which you know, Madam, is little more than a whiſper? The moment I pronounced the words, I could perceive an attempt towards a vibration in the ſtrings, about the region of the heart——the brain made no acknowledgment.—There's often no good underſtanding betwixt 'em.—I felt as if I underſtood it.—I had no ideas.—The movement could not be without cauſe.—I'm loſt. I can make nothing of it—unleſs, may it pleaſe your worſhips, the voice, in that caſe being little more than a whiſper, unavoidably forces the eyes to approach not only within ſix inches of each other—but to look into the pupils.—Is not that dangerous?—But it can't be avoided—for, to look up to the ceiling, in that caſe the two chins unavoidably meet—and to look down into each other's laps, the foreheads come into immediate contact, which at once puts an end to the conference—I mean, to the ſentimental part of it.—What is left, Madam, is not worth ſtooping for.

CHAP. II.

MY father lay ſtretched acroſs the bed as ſtill as if the hand of death had puſhed him down, for a full hour and a half, before he began to play upon the floor with the toe of that foot which hung over the bed-ſide; my Uncle Toby's heart was a pound lighter for it.—In a few moments, his left-hand, the knuckles of which had all the time reclined upon the handle of the chamber-pot, came to it's feeling—he thruſt it a little more within the valance—drew up his hand, when he had done, into his boſom—gave a hem!—My good Uncle Toby, with infinite pleaſure, anſwered it; and full gladly would have ingrafted a ſentence of conſolation upon the opening it afforded; but having no talents, as I ſaid, that way, and fearing moreover that he might ſet out with ſomething which might make a bad matter worſe, he contented himſelf with reſting his chin placidly upon the croſs of his crutch.

Now whether the compreſſion ſhortened my Uncle Toby's face into a more pleaſurable oval—or that the philanthropy of his heart, in ſeeing his brother beginning to emerge out of the ſea of his afflictions, had braced up his muſcles—ſo that the compreſſion upon his chin only doubled the benignity which was there before, is not hard to decide.—My father, in turning his eyes, was ſtruck with ſuch a gleam of ſunſhine in his face, as melted down the ſullenneſs of his grief in a moment.

He broke ſilence as follows.

CHAP. III.

'DID ever man, brother Toby,' cried my father, raiſing himſelf up upon his elbow, and turning himſelf round to the oppoſite ſide of the bed where my Uncle Toby was ſitting in his old fringed chair, with his chin reſting upon his crutch—'did 'ever a poor unfortunate man, brother 'Toby,' cried my father, 'receive ſo 'many laſhes——' 'The moſt I ever 'ſaw given,' quoth my Uncle Toby, (ringing the bell at the bed's head for Trim) 'was to a grenadier, I think, in 'Mackay's regiment.'

——Had my Uncle Toby ſhot a bullet through my father's heart, he could not have fallen down with his noſe upon the quilt more ſuddenly.

'Bleſs me!' ſaid my Uncle Toby.

CHAP. IV.

'WAS it in Mackay's regiment,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'where the poor grenadier was ſo un-'mercifully whipp'd at Bruges about 'the ducats?'—'O Chriſt! he was in-'nocent!' cried Trim with a very deep ſigh—'and he was whipp'd, may it 'pleaſe your honour, almoſt to death's 'door.—They had better have ſhot 'him outright, as he begg'd, and he 'had gone directly to heaven, for he 'was as innocent as your honour.'—'I thank thee, Trim,' quoth my Uncle Toby. 'I never think of his,' continued Trim, 'and my poor brother

'Tom's

'Tom's misfortunes, (for we were all three ſchool-fellows) but I cry like a coward.'—'Tears are no proof of cowardice, Trim—I drop them oft-times myſelf,' cried my Uncle Toby.—'I know your honour does,' replied Trim, 'and ſo am not aſhamed of it myſelf.—But to think, may it pleaſe your honour,' continued Trim, a tear ſtealing into the corner of his eye as he ſpoke—'to think of two virtuous lads, with hearts as warm in their bodies, and as honeſt as God could make them—the children of honeſt people, going forth with gallant ſpirits to ſeek their fortunes in the world—and fall into ſuch evils!—Poor Tom! to be tortured upon a rack for nothing—but marrying a Jew's widow who ſold ſauſages—honeſt Dick Johnſon's ſoul to be ſcourged out of his body, for the ducats another man put into his knapſack!—O!—theſe are misfortunes!' cried Trim, pulling out his handkerchief—'theſe are misfortunes, may it pleaſe your honour, worth lying down and crying over!'

——My father could not help bluſhing.

——'It would be a pity, Trim,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'thou ſhould'ſt ever feel ſorrow of thy own—thou feeleſt it ſo tenderly for others.'—'Alack-o-day,' replied the corporal, brightening up his face—'your honour knows I have neither wife or child—I can have no ſorrows in this world.'—My father could not help ſmiling.—'As few as any man, Trim,' replied my Uncle Toby; 'nor can I ſee how a fellow of thy light heart can ſuffer, but from the diſtreſs of poverty in thy old age—when thou art paſſed all ſervices, Trim—and haſt out-lived thy friends—' 'An' pleaſe your honour, never fear!' replied Trim, chearily.—'But I would have thee never fear, Trim,' replied my uncle; 'and therefore,' continued my Uncle Toby, throwing down his crutch, and getting up upon his legs as he uttered the word *therefore*—'in recompence, Trim, of thy long fidelity to me, and that goodneſs of thy heart I have had ſuch proofs of—whilſt thy maſter is worth a ſhilling—thou ſhalt never aſk elſewhere, Trim, for a penny.'—Trim attempted to thank my Uncle Toby—but had not power—tears trickled down his cheeks faſter than he could wipe them off—He laid his hands upon his breaſt—made a bow to the ground—and ſhut the door.

——'I have left Trim my bowling-green,' cried my Uncle Toby.—My father ſmiled.—'I have left him more over a penſion,' continued my Uncle Toby.—My father looked grave.

CHAP. V.

'IS this a fit time,' ſaid my father to himſelf, 'to talk of PENSIONS and GRENADIERS?'

CHAP. VI.

WHEN my Uncle Toby firſt mentioned the grenadier, my father, I ſaid, fell down with his noſe flat to the quilt, and as ſuddenly as if my Uncle Toby had ſhot him; but it was not added, that every other limb and member of my father inſtantly relapſed with his noſe into the ſame preciſe attitude in which he lay firſt deſcribed; ſo that when Corporal Trim left the room, and my father found himſelf diſpoſed to riſe off the bed—he had all the little preparatory movements to run over again, before he could do it.—Attitudes are nothing, Madam—'tis the tranſition from one attitude to another—like the preparation and reſolution of the diſcord into harmony, which is all in all.

For which reaſon, my father played the ſame jig over again with his toe upon the floor—puſhed the chamber-pot ſtill a little farther within the valance—gave a hem—raiſed himſelf up upon his elbow—and was juſt beginning to addreſs himſelf to my Uncle Toby—when, recollecting the unſucceſsfulneſs of his firſt effort in that attitude—he got upon his legs, and in making the third turn acroſs the room, he ſtopped ſhort before my Uncle Toby; and laying the three firſt fingers of his right-hand in the palm of his left, and ſtooping a little, he addreſſed himſelf to my Uncle Toby as follows.

CHAP. VII.

'WHEN I reflect, brother Toby, 'upon MAN; and take a 'view of that dark ſide of him which 'repreſents his life as open to ſo many 'cauſes

'causes of trouble—when I conſider, 'brother Toby, how oft we eat the 'bread of affliction, and that we are 'born to it, as to the portion of our 'inheritance—' 'I was born to no-'thing,' quoth my Uncle Toby, interrupting my father—'but my com-'miſſion.'—'Zooks!' ſaid my father, 'did not my uncle leave you a hun-'dred and twenty pounds a year?'—'What could I have done without it?' replied my Uncle Toby.—'That's 'another concern,' ſaid my father teſtily.—'But I ſay, Toby, when one runs 'over the catalogue of all the croſs 'reckonings and ſorrowful items with 'which the heart of man is overcharged, 'it is wonderful by what hidden re-'ſources the mind is enabled to ſtand 'it out, and bear itſelf up, as it does, 'againſt the impoſitions laid upon our 'nature.'—'It is by the aſſiſtance of 'Almighty God,' cried my Uncle Toby, looking up, and preſſing the palms of his hands cloſe together; 'it is not 'from our own ſtrength, brother Shan-'dy—a centinel in a wooden centry-'box, might as well pretend to ſtand 'it out againſt a detachment of fifty 'men—we are upheld by the grace and 'the aſſiſtance of the beſt of Beings.'

—'That is cutting the knot,' ſaid my father, 'inſtead of untying it.—But 'give me leave to lead you, brother 'Toby, a little deeper into this myſ-'tery.'

'With all my heart,' replied my Uncle Toby.

My father inſtantly exchanged the attitude he was in, for that in which Socrates is ſo finely painted by Raffael in his School of Athens; which your connoiſſeurſhip knows is ſo exquiſitely imagined, that even the particular manner of the reaſoning of Socrates is expreſſed by it—for he holds the fore-finger of his left-hand between the fore-finger and the thumb of his right, and ſeems as if he was ſaying to the libertine he is reclaiming—'*You grant* 'me this—and this: and this, and this, 'I don't aſk of you—they follow of 'themſelves in courſe.'

So ſtood my father, holding faſt his fore-finger betwixt his finger and his thumb, and reaſoning with my Uncle Toby as he ſat in his old fringed chair, valanced around with party-coloured worſted bobs.—O Garrick! what a rich ſcene of this would thy exquiſite powers make! and how gladly would I write ſuch another to avail myſelf of thy immortality, and ſecure my own behind it.

CHAP. VIII.

'THOUGH man is of all others 'the moſt curious vehicle,' ſaid my father, 'yet at the ſame time 'tis 'of ſo ſlight a frame, and ſo tottering-'ly put together, that the ſudden jerks 'and hard joſtlings it unavoidably 'meets with in this rugged journey, 'would overſet and tear it to pieces a 'dozen times a day—was it not, bro-'ther Toby, that there is a ſecret ſpring 'within us.'—'Which ſpring,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, 'I take to be religion,' —'Will that ſet my child's noſe on?' cried my father, letting go his finger, and ſtriking one hand againſt the other.—'It makes every thing ſtraight for us,' anſwered my Uncle Toby.—'Figura-'tively ſpeaking, dear Toby, it may, 'for aught I know,' ſaid my father; 'but the ſpring I am ſpeaking of, is 'that great and elaſtick power within 'us of counterbalancing evil, which, 'like a ſecret ſpring in a well-ordered 'machine, though it can't prevent the 'ſhock—at leaſt it impoſes upon our 'ſenſe of it.

'Now, my dear brother,' ſaid my father, replacing his fore-finger, as he was coming cloſer to the point—'had 'my child arrived ſafe into the world, 'unmartyred in that precious part of 'him—fanciful and extravagant as I 'may appear to the world in my opi-'nion of chriſtian names, and of that 'magick bias which good or bad names 'irreſiſtibly impreſs upon our charac-'ters and conducts—Heaven is wit-'neſs! that in the warmeſt tranſports 'of my wiſhes for the proſperity of my 'child, I never once wiſhed to crown 'his head with more glory and honour 'than what GEORGE or EDWARD 'would have ſpread around it.

'But, alas!' continued my father, 'as the greateſt evil has befallen him— 'I muſt counteract and undo it with 'the greateſt good.

'He ſhall be chriſtened *Triſmegiſtus*, 'brother.'

'I wiſh it may anſwer!'—replied my Uncle Toby, riſing up.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

'WHAT a chapter of chances,' ſaid my father, turning himſelf about upon the firſt landing, as he and my Uncle Toby were going down ſtairs, 'what a long chapter of chances do the 'events of this world lay open to us!—'Take pen and ink in hand, brother 'Toby, and calculate it fairly——'—'I know no more of calculation than 'this balluſter,' ſaid my Uncle Toby—(ſtriking ſhort of it with his crutch, and hitting my father a deſperate blow ſouſe upon his ſhin-bone)—'It was a 'hundred to one——' cried my Uncle Toby—— 'I thought,' quoth my father, (rubbing his ſhin) 'you had 'known nothing of calculations, bro-'ther Toby.'—'It was a mere chance,' ſaid my Uncle Toby.—'Then it adds 'one to the chapter,' replied my father.

The double ſucceſs of my father's repartees tickled off the pain of his ſhin at once.—It was well it ſo fell out—(chance! again)—or the world to this day had never known the ſubject of my father's calculation—to gueſs it, there was no chance.—What a lucky chapter of chances has this turned out! for it has ſaved me the trouble of writing one expreſs; and, in truth, I have enough already upon my hands without it.—Have I not promiſed the world a chapter of knots? two chapters upon the right and the wrong end of a woman? a chapter upon whiſkers? a chapter upon wiſhes?—a chapter of noſes?—(No, I have done that)—a chapter of my Uncle Toby's modeſty?—to ſay nothing of a chapter upon chapters, which I will finiſh before I ſleep.——By my great-grandfather's whiſkers, I ſhall never get half of them through this year!

——'Take pen and ink in hand, and 'calculate it fairly, brother Toby,' ſaid my father, 'and it will turn out a 'million to one, that of all the parts of 'the body, the edge of the forceps 'ſhould have the ill luck juſt to fall 'upon and break down that one part, 'which ſhould break down the fortunes 'of our houſe with it.'

'It might have been worſe,' replied my Uncle Toby.

—'I don't comprehend,' ſaid my father.—'Suppoſe the hip had preſented,' replied my Uncle Toby, 'as Doctor 'Slop foreboded.'

My father reflected half a minute—looked down—touched the middle of his forehead ſlightly with his finger——'True,' ſaid he.

CHAP. X.

IS it not a ſhame to make two chapters of what paſſed in going down one pair of ſtairs? for we are got no farther yet than to the firſt landing, and there are fifteen more ſteps down to the bottom: and, for aught I know, as my father and my Uncle Toby are in a talking humour, there may be as many chapters as ſteps——let that be as it will, Sir, I can no more help it than my deſtiny——a ſudden impulſe comes acroſs me——Drop the curtain, Shandy——I drop it——Strike a line here acroſs the paper, Triſtram——I ſtrike it—and hey for a new chapter!

The deuce of any other rule have I to govern myſelf by in this affair—and if I had one—as I do all things out of all rule—I would twiſt it and tear it into pieces, and throw it into the fire when I had done!——Am I warm?—I am, and the cauſe demands it——a pretty ſtory!—is a man to follow rules,—or rules to follow him?

Now this, you muſt know, being my chapter upon chapters, which I promiſed to write before I went to ſleep, I thought it meet to eaſe my conſcience entirely before I laid down, by telling the world all I knew about the matter at once. Is not this ten times better than to ſet out dogmatically with a ſententious parade of wiſdom, and telling the world a ſtory of a roaſted horſe—that chapters relieve the mind—that they aſſiſt—or impoſe upon the imagination—and that, in a work of this dramatick caſt, they are as neceſſary as the ſhifting of ſcenes—with fifty other cold conceits, enough to extinguiſh the fire which roaſted him.—O! but to underſtand this, which is a puff at the fire of Diana's temple—you muſt read Longinus——Read away—if you are not a jot the wiſer by reading him the firſt time over—never fear—read him again——Avicenna and Licetus read Ariſtotle's metaphyſicks forty times through a-piece, and never underſtood a ſingle word. But mark the conſequence—Avicenna turned out a deſperate writer at all kinds of writing—for he wrote books *de omni ſcribili*—and for Licetus (Fortunio) though all the world

world knows he was born a fœtus*, of no more than five inches and a half in length, yet he grew to that aſtoniſhing height in literature, as to write a book with a title as long as himſelf—the learned know, I mean his *Gonopſychanthropologia*, upon the origin of the human ſoul.

So much for my chapter upon chapters, which I hold to be the beſt chapter in my whole work; and take my word, whoever reads it, is full as well employed as in picking ſtraws.

CHAP. XI.

'WE ſhall bring all things to 'rights,' ſaid my father, ſetting his foot upon the firſt ſtep from the landing.——'This Triſmegiſtus,' continued my father, drawing his leg back, and turning to my Uncle Toby—'was the greateſt—(Toby)—of all 'earthly beings——he was the great'eſt king—the greateſt lawgiver—the 'greateſt philoſopher—and the greateſt 'prieſt——' '—And engineer!'—ſaid my Uncle Toby.

——'In courſe,' ſaid my father.

CHAP. XII.

—'AND how does your miſtreſs?' cried my father, taking the ſame ſtep over again from the landing, and calling to Suſannah, whom he ſaw paſſing by the foot of the ſtairs with a huge pincuſhion in her hand—'how 'does your miſtreſs?'—'As well,' ſaid Suſannah, tripping by, but without looking up, 'as can be expected.'—'What a fool am I!' ſaid my father—drawing his leg back again—'let things 'be as they will, brother Toby, 'tis 'ever the preciſe anſwer.—And how 'is the child, pray?'—No anſwer.—'And where is Doctor Slop?' added my father, raiſing his voice aloud, and looking over the baluſters.——Suſannah was out of hearing.

'Of all the riddles of a married life,' ſaid my father, croſſing the landing in order to ſet his back againſt the wall, whilſt he propounded it to my Uncle Toby—'of all the puzzling riddles,' ſaid he, 'in a marriage-ſtate—of which, 'you may truſt me, brother Toby, 'there are more aſſes loads than all 'Job's ſtock of aſſes could have car'ried—there is not one that has more 'intricacies in it than this—that from 'the very moment the miſtreſs of the 'houſe is brought to bed, every female 'in it, from my lady's gentlewoman 'down to the cinder-wench, becomes 'an inch taller for it; and give them'ſelves more airs upon that ſingle inch, 'than all their other inches put to'gether.'

'I think, rather,' replied my Uncle Toby, 'that 'tis we who ſink an inch

* *Ce Fœtus* n'etoit pas plus grand que la paûme de la main; mais ſon pere l'ayant examiné en qualité de Médecin, & ayant trouvé que c'etoit quelque choſe de plus qu'un Embryon, le fit tranſporter tout vivant à Rapallo, ou il le fit voir à Jerôme Bardi & à d'autres medecins du lieu. On trouva qu'il ne lui manquoit rein d'eſſentiel à la vie; & ſon pere, pour faire voir un eſſai de ſon expérience, entreprit d'achever l'ouvrage de la Nature, & de travailler à la formation de l'enfant avec le même artifice que celui dont on ſe ſert pour faire éclorre les Poulets en Egypte. Il inſtruiſit une Nouriſſe de tout ce qu'elle avoit à faire, & ayant fait mettre ſon fil dans un four proprement accommodé, il reuſſit à l'élever & a lui faire prendre ſes accroiſſemens neceſſaires, par l'uniformité d'une chaleur étrangére meſurée éxactement ſur les dégrés d'un Thermométre, ou d'un autre inſtrument équivalent. (Vide Mich. Giuſtinian, ne gli Scritt. Liguri à Cart. 223. 488.)

On auroit toujours été très ſatisfait de l'induſtrie d'un pere ſi experimenté dans l'art de la generation, quand il n'auroit pû prolonger la vie à ſon fils que pour quelques mois, ou pour peu d'années.

Mais quand on ſe repreſente que l'enfant à vecu pres de quatre-vingts ans, & que il a compoſé quatre-vingts ouvrages differents tous fruits d'une longue lecture—il faut convenir, que tout ce qui eſt incroyable n'eſt pas toujours faux, & que la *Vraiſemblance n'eſt pas toujours du coté de la Verité*.

Il n'avoit que dix-neuf ans lors qu'il compoſa Gonopſychanthropologia de Origine Animæ humanæ.

(Les Enfans celebres, revûs & corriges par M. De la Moanoye de l'Academie Françoiſe.)

'lower.—If I meet but a woman with 'child—I do it.——'Tis a heavy tax 'upon that half of our fellow-creatures, 'brother Shandy,' said my Uncle Toby.—'It is a piteous burden upon 'em,' continued he, shaking his head—'Yes, 'yes, 'tis a painful thing,' said my father, shaking his head too.——But certainly, since shaking of heads came into fashion, never did two heads shake together, in concert, from two such different springs.

'God bless 'em all!'—said my Uncle Toby and my father, each to himself.
'Deuce take

CHAP. XIII.

HOLLA!—you, chairman!——here's sixpence—do step into that bookseller's shop, and call me a *day-tale* critick. I am very willing to give any one of 'em a crown to help me with his tackling, to get my father and my Uncle Toby off the stairs, and to put them to bed.

——'Tis even high time; for except a short nap, which they both got whilst Trim was boring the jack-boots—and which, by the bye, did my father no sort of good, upon the score of the bad hinge—they have not else shut their eyes, since nine hours before the time that Doctor Slop was led into the back-parlour in that dirty pickle by Obadiah.

Was every day of my life to be as busy a day as this—and to take up——Truce.

I will not finish that sentence till I have made an observation upon the strange state of affairs between the reader and myself, just as things stand at present—an observation never applicable before to any one biographical writer since the creation of the world, but to myself—and I believe will never hold good to any other, until it's final destruction—and therefore, for the very novelty of it alone, it must be worth your worships attending to.

I am this month one whole year older than I was this time twelve-month; and having got, as you perceive, almost into the middle of my fourth volume—and no farther than to my first day's life—'tis demonstrative that I have three hundred and sixty-four days more life to write just now, than when I first set out—so that instead of advancing, as a common writer, in my work, with what I have been doing at it—on the contrary, I am just thrown so many volumes back—was every day of my life to be as busy a day as this—and why not?—and the transactions and opinions of it to take up as much description—and for what reason should they be cut short?—as, at this rate, I should just live three hundred and sixty-four times faster than I should write——it must follow, an't please your worships, that the more I write, the more I shall have to write—and consequently, the more your worships read, the more your worships will have to read.

Will this be good for your worships eyes?

It will do well for mine; and, was it not that my *Opinions* will be the death of me, I perceive, I shall lead a fine life of it out of this self-same Life of mine—or, in other words, shall lead a couple of fine lives together.

As for the proposal of twelve volumes a year, or a volume a month, it no way alters my prospect—write as I will, and rush as I may into the middle of things, as Horace advices—I shall never overtake myself—whipp'd and driven to the last pinch, at the worst I shall have one day the start of my pen—and one day is enough for two volumes—and two volumes will be enough for one year.

Heaven prosper the manufactures of paper under this propitious reign, which is now opened to us—as I trust it's providence will prosper every thing else in it that is taken in hand.

As for the propagation of geese—I give myself no concern—Nature is all-bountiful—I shall never want tools to work with.

——So then, friend! you have got my father and my Uncle Toby off the stairs, and seen them to bed?—And how did you manage it?—You dropp'd a curtain at the stairs-foot—I thought you had no other way for it.—Here's a crown for your trouble.

CHAP. XIV.

——'THEN reach me my breeches 'off the chair,' said my father to Susannah.—'There is not a moment's

'moment's time to dreſs you, Sir,' cried Suſannah—'the child is as black 'in the face as my——' 'As your 'what?' ſaid my father—for, like all tyros, he was a dear ſearcher into compariſons.—'Bleſs me, Sir,' ſaid Suſannah, 'the child's in a fit.'—'And 'where's Mr. Yorick?'—'Never where 'he ſhould be,' ſaid Suſannah; 'but 'his curate's in the dreſſing-room, with 'the child upon his arm, waiting for 'the name—and my miſtreſs bid me 'run as faſt as I could to know, as 'Captain Shandy is the godfather, whe-'ther it ſhould not be called after him.'

——'Were one ſure,' ſaid my father to himſelf, ſcratching his eye-brow, 'that the child was expiring, one might 'as well compliment my brother Toby 'as not—and it would be a pity, in 'ſuch a caſe, to throw away ſo great a 'name as Triſmegiſtus upon him—But 'he may recover.——

'No, no!'—ſaid my father to Suſannah, 'I'll get up.'—'There is no 'time,' cried Suſannah; 'the child's 'as black as my ſhoe.'—'*Triſmegiſ-'tus*,' ſaid my father.—'But ſtay—'thou art a leaky veſſel, Suſannah,' added my father; 'canſt thou carry 'Triſmegiſtus in thy head, the length 'of the gallery, without ſcattering?'—'Can I?' cried Suſannah, ſhutting the door in a huff.—'If ſhe can, I'll be 'ſhot!' ſaid my father, bouncing out of bed in the dark, and groping for his breeches.

Suſannah ran with all ſpeed along the gallery.

My father made all poſſible ſpeed to find his breeches.

Suſannah got the ſtart, and kept it—'It is *Tris*—ſomething,' cried Suſannah.——'There is no Chriſtian name 'the world,' ſaid the curate, 'begin-'ning with *Tris*—but *Triſtram*.'——'Then 'tis *Triſtram-giſtus*,' quoth Suſannah.

——'There is no *giſtus* to it, noo-'dle!—'tis my own name,' replied the curate, dipping his hand, as he ſpoke, into the baſon——'*Triſtram*!' ſaid he, &c. &c. &c. &c.—So *Triſtram* was I called, and *Triſtram* ſhall I be to the day of my death.

My father followed Suſannah with his night-gown acroſs his arm, with nothing more than his breeches on, faſtened, through haſte, with but a ſingle button, and that button, through haſte, thruſt only half into the button-hole.

——'She has not forgot the name?' cried my father, half opening the door.—'No, no,' ſaid the curate, with a tone of intelligence.—'And the child 'is better,' cried Suſannah.—'And 'how does your miſtreſs?'—'As well,' ſaid Suſannah, 'as can be expected.'—'Piſh!' ſaid my father, the button of his breeches ſlipping out of the button-hole—So that whether the interjection was levelled at Suſannah, or the button-hole—whether *piſh* was an interjection of contempt or an interjection of modeſty, is a doubt, and muſt be a doubt till I ſhall have time to write the three following favourite chapters, that is, my chapter of *chambermaids*, my chapter of *piſhes*, and my chapter of *button-holes*.

All the light I am able to give the reader at preſent is this, that the moment my father cried 'Piſh!' he whiſk'd himſelf about—and with his breeches held up by one hand, and his night-gown thrown acroſs the arm of the other, he returned along the gallery to bed, ſomething ſlower than he came.

CHAP. XV.

I Wiſh I could write a chapter upon ſleep.

A fitter occaſion could never have preſented itſelf, than what this moment offers, when all the curtains of the family are drawn—the candles put out—and no creature's eyes are open but a ſingle one—for the other has been ſhut theſe twenty years—of my mother's nurſe.

It is a fine ſubject!

And yet, as fine as it is, I would undertake to write a dozen chapters upon button-holes, both quicker and with more fame, than a ſingle chapter upon this.

Button-holes!—there is ſomething lively in the very idea of 'em—and truſt me, when I get amongſt 'em.—You gentry with great beards—look as grave as you will—I'll make merry work with my button-holes—I ſhall have 'em all to myſelf—'tis a maiden ſubject—I ſhall run foul of no man's wiſdom or fine ſayings in it.

But for ſleep—I know I ſhall make nothing of it before I begin—I am no

dab at your fine ſayings in the firſt place—and in the next, I cannot for my ſoul ſet a grave face upon a bad matter, and tell the world—'tis the refuge of the unfortunate—the enfranchiſement of the priſoner—the downy lap of the hopeleſs, the weary and the broken hearted—nor could I ſet out with a lye in my mouth, by affirming, that of all the ſoft and delicious functions of our nature, by which the great Author of it, in his bounty, has been pleaſed to recompenſe the ſufferings wherewith his juſtice and his good pleaſure has wearied us—that this is the chiefeſt—(I know pleaſures worth ten of it)—or what a happineſs it is to man, when the anxieties and paſſions of the day are over, and he lies down upon his back, that his ſoul ſhall be ſo ſeated within him, that which ever way ſhe turns her eyes, the heavens ſhall look calm and ſweet above her—no deſire—or fear—or doubt—that troubles the air; nor any difficulty, paſt, preſent, or to come, that the imagination may not paſs over without offence, in that ſweet receſſion.

'God's bleſſing,' ſaid Sancho Panca, 'be upon the man who firſt invented this ſelf-ſame thing called ſleep!—'it covers a man all over like a cloak.' Now there is more to me in this, and it ſpeaks warmer to my heart and affections, than all the diſſertations ſqueezed out of the head of the learned together upon the ſubject.

——Not that I altogether diſapprove of what Montaigne advances upon it—'tis admirable in it's way—(I quote by memory.)

'The world enjoys other pleaſures,' ſays he, 'as they do that of ſleep, 'without taſting or feeling it as it ſlips 'and paſſes by.—We ſhould ſtudy and 'ruminate upon it, in order to render 'proper thanks to him who grants it 'to us.—For this end I cauſe myſelf 'to be diſturbed in my ſleep, that I 'may the better and more ſenſibly re'liſh it.—And yet I ſee few,' ſays he again, 'who live with leſs ſleep, when 'need requires; my body is capable of 'a firm, but not of a violent and ſud'den agitation.—I evade, of late, all 'violent exerciſes—I am never weary 'with walking—but from my youth, 'I never liked to ride upon pavements. 'I love to lie hard and alone, and even 'without my wife.'—This laſt word, may ſtagger the faith of the world—but remember, '*La Vraiſemblance* (as Baylet ſays in the affair of Liceti) '*n'eſt pas toujours du coté de la Verité.*' And ſo much for ſleep.

CHAP. XVI.

'IF my wife will but venture him—'brother Toby, Triſmegiſtus ſhall 'be dreſſed and brought down to us, 'whilſt you and I are getting our breakfaſts together.

——'Go, tell Suſannah, Obadiah, 'to ſtep here.'

'She is run up ſtairs,' anſwered Obadiah, 'this very inſtant, ſobbing and 'crying, and wringing her hands as if 'her heart would break.'

'We ſhall have a rare month of it!' ſaid my father, turning his head from Obadiah, and looking wiſtfully in my Uncle Toby's face for ſome time—'we 'ſhall have a deviliſh month of it, bro'ther Toby,' ſaid my father, ſetting his arms a-kimbo, and ſhaking his head; 'fire, water, women, wind—brother 'Toby!'—'It is ſome misfortune—' quoth my Uncle Toby.—'That it is,' cried my father——'to have ſo many 'jarring elements breaking looſe, and 'riding triumph in every corner of a 'gentleman's houſe.—Little boots it to 'the peace of a family, brother Toby, 'that you and I poſſeſs ourſelves, and 'ſit here ſilent and unmoved—whilſt 'ſuch a ſtorm is whiſtling over our 'heads!

——'And what's the matter, Su'ſannah?'—'They have called the 'child *Triſtram*—and my miſtreſs is 'juſt got out of an hyſterick fit about 'it.—'No!'—'It is not my fault!' ſaid Suſannah—'I told him it was. '*Triſtramgiſtus.*'

——'Make tea for yourſelf, bro'ther Toby,' ſaid my father, taking down his hat——but how different from the ſallies and agitations of voice and members which a common reader would imagine.

——For he ſpake in the ſweeteſt modulation—and took down his hat with the gentleſt movement of limbs, that ever affliction harmonized and attuned together.

——'Go to the bowling green for 'Corporal

'Corporal Trim,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, ſpeaking to Obadiah, as ſoon as my father left the room.

CHAP. XVII.

WHEN the misfortune of my noſe fell ſo heavily upon my father's head—the reader remembers that he walked inſtantly up ſtairs, and caſt himſelf down upon his bed; and from hence, unleſs he has a great inſight into human nature, he will be apt to expect a rotation of the ſame aſcending and deſcending movements from him, upon this misfortune of my NAME——No.

The different weight, dear Sir—nay even the different package of two vexations of the ſame weight—makes a very wide difference in our manners of bearing and getting through with them.—It is not half an hour ago, when (in the great hurry and precipitation of a poor devil's writing for daily bread) I threw a fair ſheet, which I had juſt finiſhed, and carefully wrote out, ſlap into the fire, inſtead of the foul one.

Inſtantly I ſnatched off my wig, and threw it perpendicularly, with all imaginable violence, up to the top of the room—indeed, I caught it as it fell—but there was an end of the matter; nor do I think any thing elſe in Nature could have given ſuch immediate eaſe: ſhe, dear goddeſs, by an inſtantaneous impulſe, in all provoking caſes, determines us to a ſally of this or that member—or elſe ſhe thruſts us into this or that place, or poſture of body, we know not why——but mark, Madam, we live amongſt riddles and myſteries—the moſt obvious things, which come in our way, have dark ſides, which the quickeſt ſight cannot penetrate into; and even the cleareſt and moſt exalted underſtandings amongſt us find ourſelves puzzled and at a loſs in almoſt every cranny of Nature's works; ſo that this, like a thouſand other things, falls out for us in a way, which though we cannot reaſon upon it—yet we find the good of it, may it pleaſe your reverences and your worſhips—and that's enough for us.

Now my father could not lie down with this affliction for his life—nor could he carry it up ſtairs like the other—he walks compoſedly out with it to the fiſh-pond.

Had my father leaned his head upon his hand, and reaſoned an hour which way to have gone—reaſon, with all her force, could not have directed him to any thing like it: there is ſomething, Sir, in fiſh-ponds—but what it is, I leave to ſyſtem-builders and fiſh-pond-diggers betwixt 'em to find out—but there is ſomething, under the firſt diſorderly tranſport of the humours, ſo unaccountably becalming in an orderly and a ſober walk towards one of them, that I have often wondered that neither Pythagoras, nor Plato, nor Solon, nor Lycurgus, nor Mahomet, nor any of your noted law-givers, ever gave order about them.

CHAP. XVIII.

'YOUR honour,' ſaid Trim, ſhutting the parlour-door before he began to ſpeak, 'has heard, I 'imagine, of this unlucky accident.'—'O yes, Trim!' ſaid my Uncle Toby, 'and it gives me great concern.'—'I 'am heartily concerned too; but I hope 'your honour,' replied Trim! 'will do 'me the juſtice to believe, that it was not 'in the leaſt owing to me.'—'To thee, 'Trim!'—cried my Uncle Toby, looking kindly in his face—'it was Suſan-'nah's and the curate's folly betwixt 'them.'—'What buſineſs could they 'have together, an' pleaſe your honour, 'in the garden?'—'In the gallery, 'thou meaneſt!' replied my Uncle Toby.

Trim found he was upon a wrong ſcent, and ſtopped ſhort with a low bow—'Two misfortunes,' quoth the corporal to himſelf, 'are twice as many, 'at leaſt, as are needful to be called 'over at one time—the miſchief the 'cow has done in breaking into the 'fortifications, may be told his honour 'hereafter.'—Trim's caſuiſtry and addreſs, under the cover of his low bow, prevented all ſuſpicion in my Uncle Toby, ſo he went on with what he had to ſay to Trim as follows.

——'For my own part, Trim, 'though I can ſee little or no difference 'betwixt my nephew's being called '*Triſtram* or *Triſmegiſtus*—yet as the 'thing ſits ſo near my brother's heart,

'Trim—

'Trim—I would freely have given a 'hundred pounds rather than it ſhould 'have happened.'——'A hundred 'pounds, an' pleaſe your honour!' replied Trim—'I would not give a cher-'ry-ſtone to boot.'—'Nor would I, 'Trim, upon my own account,' quoth my Uncle Toby; 'but my brother, 'whom there is no arguing with in this 'caſe—maintains, that a great deal 'more depends, Trim, upon Chriſtian 'names, than what ignorant people 'imagine—for he ſays there never was 'a great or heroick action performed, 'ſince the world began, by one called '*Tiſtram*—nay, he will have it, Trim, 'that a man can neither be learned, or 'wiſe, or brave——' 'It is all fancy, 'an' pleaſe your honour—I fought juſt 'as well,' replied the corporal, 'when 'the regiment called me *Trim*, as when 'they called me *James Butler*.'—'And 'for my own part,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, 'though I ſhould bluſh to boaſt 'of myſelf, Trim—yet had my name 'been *Alexander*, I could have done 'no more at Namur than my duty.'

——'Bleſs your honour!' cried Trim, advancing three ſteps as he ſpoke, 'does 'a man think of his Chriſtian name 'when he goes upon the attack?'—'Or when he ſtands in the trench, 'Trim?' cried my Uncle Toby, looking firm.—'Or when he enters a 'breach?' ſaid Trim,' puſhing in between two chairs.—'Or forces the 'lines?' cried my uncle, riſing up, and puſhing his crutch like a pike.—'Or facing a platoon?' cried Trim, preſenting his ſtick like a firelock.—'Or when he marches up the glacis?' cried my Uncle Toby, looking warm, and ſetting his foot upon his ſtool.—

CHAP. XIX.

MY father was returned from his walk to the fiſh-pond—and opened the parlour-door in the very height of the attack, juſt as my Uncle Toby was marching up the glacis—Trim recovered his arms—never was my Uncle Toby caught in riding at ſuch a deſperate rate in his life!—Alas! my Uncle Toby! had not a weightier matter called forth all the ready eloquence of my father—how hadſt thou then, and thy poor *hobby-horſe* too, have been inſulted.

My father hung up his hat with the ſame air he took it down; and after giving a ſlight look at the diſorder of the room, he took hold of one of the chairs which had formed the corporal's breach, and placing it over-againſt my Uncle Toby, he ſat down in it, and as ſoon as the tea-things were taken away, and the door ſhut, he broke out in a lamentation as follows.

MY FATHER'S LAMENTATION.

'IT is in vain longer,' ſaid my father, addreſſing himſelf as much to Ernulphus's curſe, which was laid upon the corner of the chimney-piece—as to my Uncle Toby who ſat under it—'it is in vain longer,' ſaid my father, in the moſt querulous monotony imaginable, 'to ſtruggle as I have done 'againſt this moſt uncomfortable of 'human perſuaſions—I ſee it plainly, 'that either for my own ſins, brother 'Toby, or the ſins and follies of the 'Shandy family, Heaven has thought fit 'to draw forth the heavieſt of it's artil-'lery againſt me; and that the proſperity 'of my child is the point upon which 'the whole force of it is directed to 'play.'—'Such a thing would batter 'the whole univerſe about our ears, 'brother Shandy,' ſaid my Uncle Toby—'if it was ſo.'—'Unhappy Triſ-'tram! child of wrath! child of de-'crepitude, interruption, miſtake, and 'diſcontent? What one misfortune or 'diſaſter in the book of embryotick 'evils, that could unmechanize thy 'frame, or entangle thy filaments! 'which has not fallen upon thy head, 'or ever thou cameſt into the world!—'what evils in thy paſſage into it!—'what evils ſince!—Produced into be-'ing, in the decline of thy father's 'days—when the powers of his imagi-'nation and of his body were waxing 'feeble—when radical heat, and radical 'moiſture, the elements which ſhould 'have tempered thine, were drying 'up, and nothing left to ſound thy 'ſtamina in, but negations—'tis piti-'ful—brother Toby, at the beſt—and 'called out for all the little helps that 'care and attention on both ſides could 'give it. But how were we defeated! 'You know the event, brother Toby '—'tis too melancholy a one to be re-'peated now—when the few animal 'ſpirits I was worth in the world, and

'with

'with which memory, fancy, and quick 'parts, ſhould have been conveyed— 'were all diſperſed, confuſed, con- 'founded, ſcattered, and ſent to the 'devil.——

'Here then was the time to have put 'a ſtop to this perſecution againſt him '—and tried an experiment at leaſt— 'whether calmneſs and ſerenity of mind 'in your ſiſter, with a due attention, 'brother Toby, to her evacuations and 'repletions—and the reſt of her non- 'naturals, might not, in a courſe of 'nine months geſtations, have ſet all 'things to rights.—My child was 'bereft of theſe!—What a teazing 'life did ſhe lead herſelf, and conſe- 'quently her fœtus too, with that non- 'ſenſical anxiety of her's about lying-in 'in town!'—'I thought my ſiſter ſub- 'mitted with the greateſt patience,' re- plied my Uncle Toby—'I never heard 'her utter one fretful word about it.' —'She ſumed inwardly,' cried my fa- 'ther; 'and that, let me tell you, 'brother, was ten times worſe for the 'child—and then, what battles did 'ſhe fight with me, and what perpe- 'tual ſtorms about the midwife!'— 'There ſhe gave vent,' ſaid my Uncle Toby.—'Vent!' cried my father, look- ing up.

'But what was all this, my dear 'Toby, to the injuries done us by my 'child's coming head-foremoſt into the 'world, when all I wiſhed, in this ge- 'neral wreck of his frame, was to have 'ſaved this little caſket unbroke, un- 'rifled.——

'With all my precautions, how was 'my ſyſtem turned topſide-turvy in 'the womb with my child! his head 'expoſed to the hand of violence, and 'a preſſure of four hundred and ſeventy 'pounds avoirdupois weight acting ſo 'perpendicularly upon it's apex—that 'at this hour 'tis ninety per cent. in- 'ſurance, that the fine net-work of 'the intellectual web be not rent and 'torn to a thouſand tatters.

——'Still we could have done.— 'Fool, coxcomb, puppy—give him but 'a NOSE—Cripple, dwarf, driveller, 'gooſecap—(ſhape him as you will) '—the door of fortune ſtands open! '—O Licetus! Licetus! had I been 'bleſt with a fœtus five inches long 'and a half, like thee—Fate might 'have done her worſt!

'Still, brother Toby, there was one 'caſt of the dye left for our child after 'all—O Triſtram! Triſtram! Triſ- 'tram!

'We will ſend for Mr. Yorick,' ſaid my Uncle Toby.

——'You may ſend for whom you 'will,' replied my father.

CHAP. XX.

WHAT a rate have I gone on at, curveting and friſking it away, two up and two down for four volumes together, without looking once behind, or even on one ſide of me, to ſee whom I trod upon!—'I'll tread upon no 'one,'—quoth I to myſelf when I mounted—'I'll take a good rattling 'gallop; but I'll not hurt the pooreſt 'jack-aſs upon the road.'—So off I ſet —up one lane, down another—through this turnpike, over that—as if the arch- jockey of jockies had got behind me.

Now ride at this rate with what good intention and reſolution you may—'tis a million to one you'll do ſome one a miſchief, if not yourſelf—'He's flung '—he's off—he's loſt his ſeat—he's 'down—he'll break his neck—ſee!— 'if he has not galloped full among the 'ſcaffolding of the undertaking cri- 'ticks!—he'll knock his brains out 'againſt ſome of their poſts—he's 'bounced out!—look—he's now riding 'like a mad-cap full tilt through a 'whole crowd of painters, fiddlers, 'poets, biographers, phyſicians, law- 'yers, logicians, players, ſchoolmen, 'churchmen, ſtateſmen, ſoldiers, caſu- 'iſts, connoiſſeurs, prelates, popes, and 'engineers.'

——'Don't fear, ſaid I; 'Ill not hurt 'the pooreſt jack-aſs upon the king's 'highway.'—'But your horſe throws 'dirt; ſee! you've ſplaſhed a biſhop.' —'I hope in God, 'twas only Ernul- 'phus!' ſaid I.—'But you have ſquirt- 'ed full in the faces of Meſſrs. Le 'Moyne, De Romigny, and De Mar- 'cilly, doctors of the Sorbonne.'— 'That was laſt year,' replied I.—'But 'you have trod this moment upon a 'king.'—'Kings have bad times on't,' ſaid I, 'to be trod upon by ſuch people 'as me.'

——'You have done it,' replied my accuſer.

'I deny it,' quoth I—and ſo have got off, and here am I ſtanding with my

my bridle in one hand, and with my cap in the other, to tell my ſtory.—'And what is it?'—You ſhall hear in the next chapter.

CHAP. XXI.

AS Francis the Firſt of France was one winterly night warming himſelf over the embers of a wood fire, and talking with his firſt miniſter of ſundry things for the good of the ſtate*—'It 'would not be amiſs,' ſaid the king, ſtirring up the embers with his cane, 'if 'this good underſtanding betwixt ourſelves and Switzerland was a little 'ſtrengthened.'—'There is no end, 'Sire,' replied the miniſter, 'in giving 'money to theſe people—they would 'ſwallow up the treaſury of France.'—'Poo! poo!' anſwered the king—'there 'are more ways, Monſ. le Premier, of 'bribing ſtates, beſides that of giving 'money.—I'll pay Switzerland the ho'nour of ſtanding godfather for my 'next child.'—'Your majeſty,' ſaid the miniſter, 'in ſo doing, would have 'all the grammarians in Europe upon 'your back.—Switzerland, as a re'publick, being a female, can in no 'conſtruction be *godfather*.'—'She 'may be *godmother*,' replied Francis, haſtily—'ſo announce my intentions 'by a courier to-morrow morning.—

'I am aſtoniſhed,' ſaid Francis the Firſt, (that day fortnight) ſpeaking to his miniſter as he entered the cloſet, 'that we have had no anſwer from Swit'zerland!'—'Sire, I wait upon you this 'moment,' ſaid Monſ. le Premier, 'to 'lay before you my diſpatches upon 'that buſineſs.'—'They take it kind'ly?' ſaid the king.—'They do, Sire,' replied the miniſter, 'and have the 'higheſt ſenſe of the honour your ma'jeſty has done them—but the repub'lick, as godmother, claims her right, 'in this caſe, of naming the child.'

'In all reaſon,' quoth the king—'ſhe will chriſten him Francis, or 'Henry, or Lewis, or ſome name that 'ſhe knows will be agreeable to us.'—'Your majeſty is deceived,' replied the miniſter—'I have this hour received 'a diſpatch from our reſident, with the 'determination of the republick on that 'point alſo.'—'And what name has the 'republick fixed upon for the dauphin?'—'Shadrach, Meſech, and Abed-nego,' replied the miniſter.—'By St. Peter's 'girdle, I will have nothing to do 'with the Swiſs!' cried Francis the 'Firſt;' pulling up his breeches, and walking haſtily acroſs the floor.

'Your majeſty,' replied the miniſter, calmly, 'cannot bring yourſelf off.'

'We'll pay them in money,' ſaid the king.

'Sire, there are not ſixty thouſand 'crowns in the treaſury,' anſwered the miniſter.—'I'll pawn the beſt jewel in 'my crown,' quoth Francis the Firſt.

'Your honour ſtands pawned al'ready in this matter,' anſwered Monſ. le Premier.

'Then Monſ. le Premier,' ſaid the king, 'by —— we'll go to war with 'them.'

CHAP. XXII.

ALBEIT, gentle reader, I have luſted earneſtly, and endeavoured carefully (according to the meaſure of ſuch ſlender ſkill as God has vouchſafed me, and as convenient leiſure from other occaſions of needful profit and healthful paſtime have permitted) that theſe little books, which I here put into thy hands, might ſtand inſtead of many bigger books—yet have I carried myſelf towards thee in ſuch fanciful guiſe of careleſs diſport, that right ſore am I aſhamed now to intreat thy lenity ſeriouſly—in beſeeching thee to believe it of me, that in the ſtory of my father and his Chriſtian names—I had no thoughts of treading upon Francis the Firſt——nor in the affair of the noſe—upon Francis the Ninth——nor in the character of my Uncle Toby—of characterizing the militiating ſpirits of my country——the wound upon his groin, is a wound to every compariſon of that kind———nor by Trim—that I meant the Duke of Ormond——or that my book is wrote againſt predeſtination, or free-will, or taxes.——If 'tis wrote againſt any thing—'tis wrote, an' pleaſe your worſhips, againſt the ſpleen!—in order, by a more frequent and a more convulſive elevation and depreſſion of the diaphragm, and the ſuccuſſations of the intercoſtal and abdominal muſcles

* Vide Menagiana, vol. i.

in

laughter, to drive the *gall* and other *bitter juices* from the gall-bladder, liver, and ſweet-bread, of his majeſty's ſubjects, with all the inimicitious paſſions which belong to them, down into their duodenums.

CHAP. XXIII.

—'BUT can the thing be undone, Yorick?' ſaid my father; 'for, in my opinion,' continued he, 'it cannot.'—'I am a vile canoniſt,' replied Yorick—'but of all evils, holding ſuſpence to be the moſt tormenting, we ſhall at leaſt know the worſt of this matter.'—'I hate theſe great dinners,' ſaid my father.—'The ſize of the dinner, is not the point,' anſwered Yorick—'we want, Mr. Shandy, to dive into the bottom of this doubt, whether the name can be changed or not—and as the beards of ſo many commiſſaries, officials, advocates, proctors, regiſters, and of the moſt eminent of our ſchool-divines, and others, are all to meet in the middle of one table, and Didius has ſo preſſingly invited you—who, in your diſtreſs, would miſs ſuch an occaſion?—All that is requiſite,' continued Yorick, 'is to apprize Didius, and let him manage a converſation after dinner ſo as to introduce the ſubject.'—'Then my brother Toby,' cried my father, clapping his two hands together, 'ſhall go with us.'

——'Let my old tye-wig,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'and my laced regimentals, be hung to the fire all night, Trim.'

CHAP. XXV.

—NO doubt, Sir—there is a whole chapter wanting here—and a chasm of ten pages made in the book by it—but the book-binder is neither a fool, or a knave, or a puppy—nor is the book a jot more imperfect—(at least, upon that score)—but, on the contrary, the book is more perfect and compleat by wanting the chapter, than having it, as I shall demonstrate to your reverences in this manner.—I question, first, by the bye, whether the same experiment might not be made as successfully upon sundry other chapters——but there is no end, an' please your reverences, in trying experiments upon chapters—we have had enough of it——so there's an end of that matter.

But before I begin my demonstration, let me only tell you, that the chapter which I have torn out, and which otherwise you would all have been reading just now, instead of this—was the description of my father's, my Uncle Toby's, Trim's, and Obadiah's, setting out and journeying to the visitations at ****.

'We'll go in the coach,' said my father.—'Prythee, have the arms been 'altered, Obadiah?'——It would have made my story much better, to have begun with telling you, that at the time my mother's arms were added to the Shandy's, when the coach was repainted, upon my father's marriage, it had so fallen out, that the coach-painter, whether by performing all his works with the left-hand, like Turpilius the Roman, or Hans Holbein of Basil—or whether 'twas more from the blunder of his head than hand—or whether, lastly, it was from the sinister turn which every thing relating to our family was apt to take—it so fell out, however, to our reproach, that instead of the *bend-dexter*, which since Harry the Eighth's reign was honestly our due—a *bend-sinister*, by some of these fatalities, had been drawn quite across the field of the Shandy arms. 'Tis scarce credible that the mind of so wise a man as my father was, could be so much incommoded with so small a matter. The word *coach*—let it be what it would—or *coach*-man, or *coach*-horse, or *coach*-hire, could never be named in the family, but he constantly complained of carrying this vile mark of illegitimacy upon the door of his own; he never once was able to step into the coach, or out of it, without turning round to take a view of the arms, and making a vow, at the same time, that it was the last time he would ever set his foot in it again, till the *bend-sinister* was taken out—but, like the affair of the hinge, it was one of the many things which the destinies had set down in their books ever to be grumbled at—(and in wiser families than ours)—but never to be mended.

——'Has the *bend-sinister* been brushed out, I say?' said my father.—'There has been nothing brushed out, 'Sir,' answered Obadiah, 'but the lining.'—'We'll go on horseback,' said my father, turning to Yorick.—'Of 'all things in the world, except politicks, the clergy know the least of heraldry,' said Yorick.—'No matter for 'that,' cried my father.—'I should be 'sorry to appear with a blot in my escutcheon before them.'—'Never mind 'the *bend-sinister*,' said my Uncle Toby, putting on his tye-wig.—'No, in'deed,' said my father—'you may go 'with my Aunt Dinah to a visitation 'with a *bend-sinister*, if you think fit!'—My poor Uncle Toby blushed.—My father was vexed at himself.——'No, 'my dear brother Toby,' said my father, changing his tone—'but the damp 'of the coach lining about my loins, 'may give me the sciatica again, as it 'did December, January, and February last winter—so, if you please, you 'shall ride my wife's pad——and as 'you are to preach, Yorick, you had 'better make the best of your way be'fore—and leave me to take care of 'my brother Toby, and to follow at 'our own rates.'

Now the chapter I was obliged to tear out, was the description of this cavalcade,—in which Corporal Trim and Obadiah, upon two coach-horses abreast, led the way as slow as a patrole—whilst my Uncle Toby, in his laced regimentals and tye-wig, kept his rank with my father, in deep roads and dissertations, alternately, upon the advantage of learning and arms, as each could get the start.

——But the painting of this jour-

ney, upon reviewing it, appears to be ſo much above the ſtyle and manner of any thing elſe I have been able to paint in this book, that it could not have remained in it, without depreciating every other ſcene; and deſtroying at the ſame time that neceſſary equipoiſe and balance (whether of good or bad) betwixt chapter and chapter, from whence the juſt proportions and harmony of the whole work reſults. For my own part, I am but juſt ſet up in the buſineſs, ſo know little about it—but, in my opinion, to write a book is for all the world like humming a ſong—be but in tune with yourſelf, Madam, it is no matter how high or how low you take it.——This is the reaſon, may it pleaſe your reverences, that ſome of the loweſt and flatteſt compoſitions paſs off very well—(as Yorick told my Uncle Toby one night)—by ſiege.—My Uncle Toby looked briſk at the ſound of the word *ſiege*, but could make neither head or tail of it.

'I'm to preach at court next Sun-'day,' ſaid Homenas—'run over my 'notes.'——So I hummed over Doctor Homenas's notes.——'The modu-'lation's very well—'twill do, Home-'nas, if it holds on at this rate.'—So on I hummed—and a tolerable tune I thought it was: and to this hour, may it pleaſe your reverences, had never found out how low, how flat, how ſpiritleſs and jejune it was, but that all of a ſudden, up ſtarted an air in the middle of it, ſo fine, ſo rich, ſo heavenly—it carried my ſoul up with it into the other world! now had I—(as Montaigne complained in a parallel accident)—had I found the declivity eaſy, or the aſcent acceſſible—certes I had been out-witted.—'Your notes, Homenas,' I ſhould have ſaid, 'are good notes'—but it was ſo perpendicular a precipice—ſo wholly cut off from the reſt of the work, that by the firſt note I hummed I found myſelf flying into the other world, and from thence diſcovered the vale from whence I came, ſo deep, ſo low, and diſmal, that I ſhall never have the heart to deſcend into it again.

☞ A dwarf who brings a ſtandard along with him to meaſure his own ſize—take my word, is a dwarf in more articles than one.——And ſo much for touring out of chapters.

CHAP. XXVI.

——'SEE if he is not cutting it 'all into ſlips, and giving 'them about him to light their pipes!'—'It is abominable,' anſwered Didius.—'It ſhould not go unnoticed,' ſaid Doctor Kyſarcius.——☞ He was of the *Kyſarcii* of the Low Countries.

'Methinks,' ſaid Didius, half riſing from his chair, in order to remove a bottle and a tall decanter, which ſtood in a direct line betwixt him and Yorick—'you might have ſpared this ſar-'caſtick ſtroke, and have hit upon a 'more proper place, Mr. Yorick—or 'at leaſt upon a more proper occaſion, 'to have ſhewn your contempt of what 'we have been about: if the ſermon is 'of no better worth than to light pipes 'with—'twas certainly, Sir, not good 'enough to be preached before ſo learn-'ed a body; and if 'twas good enough 'to be preached before ſo learned a 'body—'twas certainly, Sir, too good 'to light their pipes with afterwards.

——'I have got him faſt hung up,' quoth Didius to himſelf, 'upon one of 'the two horns of my dilemma—let 'him get off as he can.'

'I have undergone ſuch unſpeakable 'torments in bringing forth this ſer-'mon,' quoth Yorick, 'upon this oc-'caſion, that I declare, Didius, I would 'ſuffer martyrdom—and, if it was poſ-'ſible, my horſe with me, a thouſand 'times over, before I would ſit down 'and make ſuch another.—I was deli-'vered of it at the wrong end of me—'it came from my head, inſtead of my 'heart; and it is for the pain it gave 'me, both in the writing and preach-'ing of it, that I revenge myſelf of it 'in this manner.—To preach, to ſhew 'the extent of our reading, or the ſub-'tilties of our wit—to parade it in the 'eyes of the vulgar with the beggarly 'accounts of a little learning, tinſelled 'over with a few words which glit-'ter, but convey little light, and leſs 'warmth—is a diſhoneſt uſe of the 'poor ſingle half-hour in a week which 'is put into our hands. 'Tis not preach-'ing the goſpel—but ourſelves.—For 'my own part,' continued Yorick, 'I 'had rather direct five words point-'blank to the heart——'

As

As Yorick pronounced the word *point-blank*, my Uncle Toby roſe up to ſay ſomething upon projectiles—when a ſingle word, and no more, uttered from the oppoſite ſide of the table, drew every one's ears towards it——a word, of all others in the dictionary, the laſt in that place to be expected—a word I am aſhamed to write—yet muſt be written—muſt be read—illegal—uncanonical—gueſs ten thouſand gueſſes, multiplied into themſelves—rack—torture your invention for ever, you're where you was.—In ſhort, I'll tell it in the next chapter.

CHAP. XXVII.

'ZOUNDS!'——

——'Z——ds!' cried Phutatorius—partly to himſelf—and yet high enough to be heard—and what ſeemed odd, 'twas uttered in a conſtruction of look, and in a tone of voice, ſomewhat between that of a man in amazement and of one in bodily pain.

One or two who had very nice ears, and could diſtinguiſh the expreſſion and mixture of the two tones as plainly as a *third* or a *fifth*, or any other chord in muſick—were the moſt puzzled and perplexed with it—the *concord* was good in itſelf—but then 'twas quite out of the key, and no way applicable to the ſubject ſtarted—ſo that, with all their knowledge, they could not tell what in the world to make of it.

Others, who knew nothing of muſical expreſſion, and merely lent their ears to the plain import of the *word*, imagined that Phutatorius, who was ſomewhat of a cholerick ſpirit, was juſt going to ſnatch the cudgels out of Didius's hands, in order to bemawl Yorick to ſome purpoſe—and that the deſperate monoſyllable 'Z——ds!' was the exordium to an oration—which, as they judged from the ſample, preſaged but a rough kind of handling of him; ſo that my Uncle Toby's good-nature felt a pang for what Yorick was about to undergo. But ſeeing Phutatorius ſtop ſhort, without any attempt or deſire to go on—a third party began to ſuppoſe that it was no more than an involuntary reſpiration, caſually forming itſelf into the ſhape of a twelve-penny oath—without the ſin or ſubſtance of one.

Others, and eſperially one or two who ſat next him, looked upon it, on the contrary, as a real and ſubſtantial oath, propenſely formed againſt Yorick, to whom he was known to bear no good liking—which ſaid oath, as my father philoſophized upon it, actually lay fretting and fuming at that very time in the upper regions of Phutatorius's purtenance; and ſo was naturally, and according to the due courſe of things, firſt ſqueezed out by the ſudden influx of blood, which was driven into the right ventricle of Phutatorius's heart, by the ſtroke of ſurprize which ſo ſtrange a theory of preaching had excited.

How finely we argue upon miſtaken facts!

There was not a ſoul buſied in all theſe various reaſonings upon the monoſyllable which Phutatorius uttered—who did not take this for granted, proceeding upon it as from an axiom—namely, that Phutatorius's mind was intent upon the ſubject of debate which was ariſing between Didius and Yorick; and, indeed, as he looked firſt towards the one and then towards the other, with the air of a man liſtening to what was going forwards—who would not have thought the ſame?—But the truth was, that Phutatorius knew not one word or one ſyllable of what was paſſing—but his whole thoughts and attention were taken up with a tranſaction which was going forwards at that very inſtant within the precincts of his own *galligaſkins*, and in a part of them, where of all others he ſtood moſt intereſted to watch accidents: ſo that notwithſtanding he looked with all the attention in the world, and had gradually ſcrewed up every nerve and muſcle in his face, to the utmoſt pitch the inſtrument would bear, in order, as it was thought, to give a ſharp reply to Yorick, who ſat over-againſt him—yet, I ſay, was Yorick never once in any one domicile of Phutatorius's brain—but the true cauſe of his exclamation lay at leaſt a yard below.

This I will endeavour to explain to you with all imaginable decency.

You muſt be informed, then, that Gaſtripheres, who had taken a turn into the kitchen a little before dinner, to ſee how things went on—obſerving a wicker-baſket of fine cheſnuts ſtanding upon the dreſſer, had ordered that a hundred

or

or two of them might be roaſted and ſent in, as ſoon as dinner was over—Gaſtripheres inforcing his orders about them, that Didius, but Phutatorius eſpecially, were particularly fond of them.

About two minutes before the time that my Uncle Toby interrupted Yorick's harangue — Gaſtripheres's cheſnuts were brought in—and as Phutatorius's fondneſs for 'em was uppermoſt in the waiter's head, he laid them directly before Phutatorius, wrapt up hot in a clean damaſk napkin.

Now whether it was phyſically impoſſible, with half a dozen hands all thruſt into the napkin at a time—but that ſome one cheſnut, of more life and rotundity than the reſt, muſt be put in motion—it ſo fell out, however, that one was actually ſent rolling off the table; and as Phutatorius ſat ſtraddling under—it fell perpendicularly into that particular aperture of Phutatorius's breeches, for which, to the ſhame and indelicacy of our language be it ſpoke, there is no chaſte word throughout all Johnſon's Dictionary——let it ſuffice to ſay—it was that particular aperture which, in all good ſocieties, the laws of decorum do ſtrictly require, like the temple of Janus, (in peace, at leaſt) to be univerſally ſhut up.

The neglect of this punctilio in Phutatorius (which, by the bye, ſhould be a warning to all mankind) had opened a door to this accident.

——Accident I call it, in compliance to a received mode of ſpeaking—but in no oppoſition to the opinion either of Acrites or Mythogeras in this matter; I know they were both prepoſſeſſed and fully perſuaded of it—and are ſo to this hour, that there was nothing of accident in the whole event—but that the cheſnut's taking that particular courſe, and in a manner of it's own accord—and then falling with all it's heat directly into that one particular place, and no other—was a real judgment upon Phutatorius, for that filthy and obſcene treatiſe *De Concubinis retinendis*, which Phutatorius had publiſhed about twenty years ago—and was that identical week going to give the world a ſecond edition of.

It is not my buſineſs to dip my pen in this controverſy—much undoubtedly may be wrote on both ſides of the queſtion—all that concerns me, as an hiſtorian, is to repreſent the matter of fact, and render it credible to the reader, that the hiatus in Phutatorius's breeches was ſufficiently wide to receive the cheſnut—and that the cheſnut, ſome how or other, did fall perpendicularly and piping hot into it, without Phutatorius's perceiving it, or any one elſe, at that time.

The genial warmth which the cheſnut imparted, was not undelectable for the firſt twenty or five and twenty ſeconds—and did no more than gently ſolicit Phutatorius's attention towards the part—but the heat gradually increaſing, and in a few ſeconds more getting beyond the point of all ſober pleaſure, and then advancing with all ſpeed into the regions of pain, the ſoul of Phutatorius, together with all his ideas, his thoughts, his attention, his imagination, judgment, reſolution, deliberation, ratiocination, memory, fancy, with ten battalions of animal ſpirits, all tumultuouſly crouded down, through different defiles and circuits, to the place in danger, leaving all his upper regions, as you may imagine, as empty as my purſe.

With the beſt intelligence which all theſe meſſengers could bring him back, Phutatorius was not able to dive into the ſecret of what was going forward below, nor could he make any kind of conjecture what the devil was the matter with it: however, as he knew not what the true cauſe might turn out, he deemed it moſt prudent, in the ſituation he was in at preſent, to bear it, if poſſible, like a Stoick; which, with the help of ſome wry faces and contortions of the mouth, he had certainly accompliſhed, had his imagination continued neuter—but the ſallies of the imagination are ungovernable in things of this kind—a thought inſtantly darted into his mind, that though the anguiſh had the ſenſation of glowing heat—it might notwithſtanding that, be a bite as well as a burn; and if ſo, that poſſibly a *newt* or an *eft*, or ſome ſuch deteſted reptile, had crept up, and was faſtening his teeth—the horrid idea of which, with a freſh glow of pain ariſing that inſtant from the cheſnut, ſeized Phutatorius with a ſudden panick, and in the firſt terrifying diſorder of the paſſion, it threw him, as it has done the beſt generals upon earth, quite off his guard:

that

the gift of which was this, that he leaped incontinently up—uttering, as he roſe, that interjection of ſurprize ſo much defœcated upon, with the apoſtrophick break after it, marked thus, 'Z——ds!'—which, though not ſtrictly canonical, was ſtill as little as any man could have ſaid upon the occaſion; and which, by the bye, whether canonical or not, Phutatorius could no more help, than he could the cauſe of it.

Though this has taken up ſome time in the narrative, it took up little more time in the tranſaction, than juſt to allow time for Phutatorius to draw forth the cheſnut, and throw it down with violence upon the floor—and for Yorick to riſe from his chair, and pick the cheſnut up.

It is curious to obſerve the triumph of ſlight incidents over the mind—what incredible weight they have in forming and governing our opinions, both of men and things—that trifles, light as air, ſhall waft a belief into the ſoul, and plant it ſo immoveably within it—that Euclid's demonſtrations, could they be brought to batter it in breach, ſhould not all have power to overthrow it.

Yorick, I ſaid, picked up the cheſnut which Phutatorius's wrath had flung down—the action was trifling—I am aſhamed to account for it—he did it, for no reaſon, but that he thought the cheſnut not a jot worſe for the adventure—and that he held a good cheſnut worth ſtooping for.—But this incident, trifling as it was, wrought differently in Phutatorius's head: he conſidered this act of Yorick's, in getting off his chair and picking up the cheſnut, as a plain acknowledgment in him, that the cheſnut was originally his——and in courſe, that it muſt have been the owner of the cheſnut, and no one elſe, who could have played him ſuch a prank with it: what greatly confirmed him in this opinion was this, that the table being parallelogrammical, and very narrow, it afforded a fair opportunity for Yorick, who ſat directly over-againſt Phutatorius, of ſlipping the cheſnut in——and conſequently that he did it. The look of ſomething more than ſuſpicion, which Phutatorius caſt full upon Yorick as theſe thoughts aroſe, too evidently ſpoke his opinion—and as Phutatorius was naturally ſuppoſed to know more of the matter than any perſon beſides, his opinion at once became the general one——and, for a reaſon very different from any which have been yet given—in a little time it was put out of all manner of diſpute.

When great or unexpected events fall out upon the ſtage of this ſublunary world—the mind of man, which is an inquiſitive kind of a ſubſtance, naturally takes a flight behind the ſcenes, to ſee what is the cauſe and firſt ſpring of them. The ſearch was not long in this inſtance.

It was well known that Yorick had never a good opinion of the treatiſe which Phutatorius had wrote, *De Concubinis retinendis*, as a thing which he feared had done hurt in the world—and 'twas eaſily found out, that there was a myſtical meaning in Yorick's prank—and that his chucking the cheſnut hot into Phutatorius's ********, was a ſarcaſtical fling at his book—the doctrines of which, they ſaid, had inflamed many an honeſt man in the ſame place.

This conceit awaken'd Somnolentus—made Agelaſtes ſmile—and, if you can recollect the preciſe look and air of a man's face intent in finding out a riddle—it threw Gaſtripheres's into that form—and, in ſhort, was thought by many to be a maſter-ſtroke of archwit.

This, as the reader has ſeen from one end to the other, was as groundleſs as the dreams of philoſophy: Yorick, no doubt, as Shakeſpeare ſaid of his anceſtor—*was a man of jeſt*—but it was tempered with ſomething which withheld him from that, and many other ungracious pranks, of which he as undeſervedly bore the blame—but it was his misfortune, all his life long, to bear the imputation of ſaying and doing a thouſand things, of which (unleſs my eſteem blinde me) his nature was incapable. All I blame him for—or rather, all I blame and alternately like him for, was, that ſingularity of his temper, which would never ſuffer him to take pains to ſet a ſtory right with the world, however in his power. In every ill uſage of that ſort, he acted preciſely as in the affair of his lean horſe—he could have explained it to his honour, but his ſpirit was above it; and beſides, he ever looked upon the inventor, the propagator, and believer of an illiberal report, alike ſo injurious to him—he could

could not ſtoop to tell his ſtory to them—and ſo truſted to time and truth to do it for him.

This heroick caſt produced him inconveniences in many reſpects—in the preſent it was followed by the fixed reſentment of Phutatorius; who, as Yorick had juſt made an end of his cheſnut, roſe up from his chair a ſecond time, to let him know it——which, indeed, he did with a ſmile; ſaying only—that he would endeavour not to forget the obligation.

But you muſt mark and carefully ſeparate and diſtinguiſh theſe two things in your mind.

——The ſmile was for the company.

——The threat was for Yorick.

CHAP. XXVIII.

——'CAN you tell me,' quoth Phutatorius, ſpeaking to Gaſtripheres, who ſat next to him—for one would not apply to a ſurgeon in ſo fooliſh an affair—'can you tell me, Gaſtripheres, what is beſt to take out the 'fire?'—'Aſk Eugenius,' ſaid Gaſtripheres.—'That greatly depends,' ſaid Eugenius, (pretending ignorance of the adventure) 'upon the nature of the part. '—If it is a tender part, and a part 'which can conveniently be wrapped 'up——' 'It is both the one and the 'other,' replied Phutatorius, laying his hand as he ſpoke, with an emphatical nod of his head, upon the part in queſtion, and lifting up his right leg at the ſame time to eaſe and ventilate it.—'If 'that is the caſe,' ſaid Eugenius, 'I 'would adviſe you, Phutatorius, not 'to tamper with it by any means; but 'if you will ſend to the next printer, 'and truſt your cure to ſuch a ſimple 'thing as a ſoft ſheet of paper juſt come 'off the preſs—you need do nothing 'more than twiſt it round.'—'The 'damp paper,' quoth Yorick—(who ſat next to his friend Eugenius)—'though I know it has a refreſhing 'coolneſs in it—yet I preſume is no 'more than the vehicle—and that the 'oil and lamp-black with which the 'paper is ſo ſtrongly impregnated, does 'the buſineſs.'—'Right,' ſaid Eugenius; 'and is, of any outward applica'tion I would venture to recommend, 'the moſt anodyne and ſafe.'

'Was it my caſe,' ſaid Gaſtripheres, 'as the main thing is the oil and lamp'black, I ſhould ſpread them thick 'upon a rag, and clap it on directly.' —'That would make a very devil of 'it,' replied Yorick.—'And beſides,' added Eugenius, 'it would not anſwer 'the intention, which is the extreme 'neatneſs and elegance of the preſcrip'tion, which the faculty hold to be half 'in half—for conſider, if the type is a 'very ſmall one (which it ſhould be) 'the ſanative particles, which come in'to contact in this form, have the ad'vantage of being ſpread ſo infinitely 'thin, and with ſuch a mathematical 'equality, (freſh paragraphs and large 'capitals excepted) as no art or ma'nagement of the ſpatula can come up 'to.'—'It falls out very luckily,' replied Phutatorius, 'that the ſecond 'edition of my treatiſe *De Concubinis* 'retinendis is at this inſtant in the 'preſs.'—'You may take any leaf of 'it,' ſaid Eugenius—'no matter which.' —'Provided,' quoth Yorick, 'there is 'no bawdry in it.—

'They are juſt now,' replied Phutatorius, 'printing off the ninth chap'ter—which is the laſt chapter but one 'in the book.'—'Pray what is the title 'to that chapter?' ſaid Yorick, making a reſpectful bow to Phutatorius as he ſpoke.—'I think,' anſwered Phutatorius, 'it is that, *De re concubinaria*.'

'For Heaven's ſake keep out of that 'chapter!' quoth Yorick.

——'By all means!' added Eugenius.

CHAP. XXIX.

——'NOW,' quoth Didius, riſing up, and laying his right-hand with his fingers ſpread upon his breaſt—'had ſuch a blunder about a 'chriſtian-name happened before the 'reformation—' ['It happened the 'day before yeſterday,' quoth my Uncle Toby to himſelf.]—'and when bap'tiſm was adminiſtered in Latin——' ['It was all in Engliſh,' ſaid my uncle.]—'many things might have co'incided with it, and upon the authority 'of ſundry decreed caſes, to have pro'nounced the baptiſm null, with a pow'er of giving the child a new name.— 'Had a prieſt, for inſtance, which was 'no uncommon thing, through igno-

'rance

'rance of the Latin tongue, baptized 'a child Tom o'Stiles, "*In nomine* "*Patriæ & Filia & Spiritum Sanctos*," '—the baptiſm was held null.'—'I 'beg your pardon,' replied Kyſarcius; '—in that caſe, as the miſtake was 'only in the *terminations*, the baptiſm 'was valid—and to have rendered it 'null, the blunder of the prieſt ſhould 'have fallen upon the firſt ſyllable of 'each noun—and not, as in your caſe, 'upon the laſt.'—

My father delighted in ſubtilties of this kind, and liſtened with infinite attention.

'Gaſtripheres, for example,' continued Kyſarcius, 'baptizes a child of 'John Stradling's "*In* gomine gatris, "&c. &c." inſtead of "*In* nomine "Patris, &c."—'Is this a baptiſm?' —'No'—ſay the ableſt canoniſts; 'inaſmuch as the radix of each word is 'hereby torn up, and the ſenſe and 'meaning of them removed and chang-'ed quite to another object; for *go-'mine* does not ſignify a name, nor *ga-'tris* a father.'—'What do they ſig-'nify?' ſaid my Uncle Toby.—'No-'thing at all,' quoth Yorick.—'Ergo, 'ſuch a baptiſm is null,' ſaid Kyſarcius.—'In courſe!' anſwered Yorick; in a tone two parts jeſt and one part earneſt.

'But in the caſe cited,' continued Kyſarcius, 'where *patrim* is put for *pa-'tris*, *filia* for *filii*, and ſo on—as it is 'a fault only in the declenſion, and the 'roots of the words continue untouch-'ed, the inflexions of their branches, 'either this way or that, does not in 'any ſort hinder the baptiſm, inaſmuch 'as the ſame ſenſe continues in the 'words as before.'—'But then,' ſaid Didius, 'the intention of the prieſt's 'pronouncing them grammatically muſt 'have been proved to have gone along 'with it.'—'Right,' anſwered Kyſarcius; 'and of this, brother Didius, we 'have an inſtance in a decree of the de-'cretals of Pope Leo the IIId.'—'But 'my brother's child,' cried my Uncle Toby, 'has nothing to do with the 'pope—'tis the plain child of a Pro-'teſtant gentleman, chriſten'd *Triſtram* 'againſt the wills and wiſhes both of 'his father and mother, and all who 'are a-kin to it.'—

'If the wills and wiſhes,' ſaid Kyſarcius, interrupting my Uncle Toby, 'of thoſe only who ſtand related to 'Mr. Shandy's child, were to have 'weight in this matter, Mrs. Shandy, 'of all people, has the leaſt to do in it.' —My Uncle Toby laid down his pipe, and my father drew his chair ſtill cloſer to the table, to hear the concluſion of ſo ſtrange an introduction.

'It has not only been a queſtion, 'Captain Shandy, amongſt the beſt law-'yers and civilians in this land,' continued Kyſarcius, '*Whether the mo-'ther be of kin to her child**?—but, 'after much diſpaſſionate enquiry and 'jactitation of the arguments on all 'ſides—it has been adjudged for the 'negative—namely, *that the mother 'is not of kin to her child*†.'——My father inſtantly clapp'd his hand upon my Uncle Toby's mouth, under colour of whiſpering in his ear——the truth was, he was alarmed for Lillabullero; —and having a great deſire to hear more of ſo curious an argument—he begged my Uncle Toby, for Heaven's ſake, not to diſappoint him in it.——My Uncle Toby gave a nod—reſumed his pipe, and contenting himſelf with whiſtling Lillabullero inwardly—Kyſarcius, Didius, and Triptolemus, went on with the diſcourſe as follows.

'This determination,' continued Kyſarcius, 'how contrary ſoever it may 'ſeem to run to the ſtream of vulgar 'ideas, yet had reaſon ſtrongly on it's 'ſide; and has been put out of all man-'ner of diſpute from the famous caſe, 'known commonly by the name of the 'Duke of Suffolk's caſe.'—'It is cited 'in Brook,' ſaid Triptolemus.—'And 'taken notice of by Lord Coke,' added Didius.—'And you may find it in 'Swinburn on Teſtaments,' ſaid Kyſarcius.

'The caſe, Mr. Shandy, was this. 'In the reign of Edward the Sixth, 'Charles Duke of Suffolk having iſſue 'a ſon by one venter, and a daughter 'by another venter, made his laſt will, 'wherein he deviſed goods to his ſon, 'and died; after whoſe death the ſon 'died alſo—but without will, without 'wife, and without child——his mo-'ther, and his ſiſter by the father's ſide '(for ſhe was born of the former ven-'ter)

* Vide Swinburn on Teſtaments, part vii. ſect. 8.
† Vide Brook Abridg. Tit. Adminiſtr. N. 47.

'ter) then living. The mother took 'the adminiſtration of her ſon's goods, 'according to the ſtatute of the 21ſt 'of Harry the Eighth; whereby it is 'enacted, that in caſe any perſon die 'inteſtate, the adminiſtration of his 'goods ſhall be committed to the next 'of kin.

'The adminiſtration being thus (ſurreptitiouſly) granted to the mother, 'the ſiſter by the father's ſide commenced a ſuit before the eccleſiaſtical 'judge, alledging, 1ſt, That ſhe herſelf was next of kin; and 2dly, That 'the mother was not of kin at all to the 'party deceaſed; and therefore prayed 'the court, that the adminiſtration 'granted to the mother might be revoked, and be committed unto her, as 'next of kin to the deceaſed, by force 'of the ſaid ſtatute.

'Hereupon, as it was a great cauſe, 'and much depending upon it's iſſue '—and many cauſes of great property likely to be decided in times to 'come, by the precedent to be then 'made—the moſt learned, as well in the 'laws of this realm, as in the civil law, 'were conſulted together, whether the 'mother was of kin to her ſon, or no. '—Whereunto not only the temporal 'lawyers—but the church-lawyers—'the juris-conſulti—the juris-prudentes '—the civilians—the advocates—the 'commiſſaries—the judges of the con'ſiſtory and prerogative courts of Canterbury and York, with the maſter of 'the faculties, were all unanimouſly 'of opinion, *that the mother was not of 'kin to her child* *.'

'And what ſaid the Ducheſs of Suffolk to it?' ſaid my Uncle Toby.

The unexpectedneſs of my Uncle Toby's queſtion, confounded Kyſarcius more than the ableſt advocate.—He ſtopped a full minute, looking in my Uncle Toby's face without replying—and in that ſingle minute Triptolemus put by him, and took the lead as follows.

'It is a ground and principle in the 'law,' ſaid Triptolemus, 'that things 'do not aſcend, but deſcend in it; and 'I make no doubt 'tis for this cauſe, 'that however true it is, that the child 'may be of the blood and ſeed of it's 'parents—that the parents, nevertheleſs, are not of the blood and ſeed of 'it; inaſmuch as the parents are not 'begot by the child, but the child by 'parents—For ſo they write, "*Liberi "ſunt de ſanguine patris & matris, ſed "pater & mater non ſunt de ſanguine "liberorum.*"

——'But this, Triptolemus,' cries Didius, 'proves too much—for, from 'this authority cited, it would follow, 'not only, what indeed is granted on 'all ſides, that the *mother* is not of kin 'to her child—but the *father* likewiſe.' —'It is held,' ſaid Triptolemeus, 'the 'better opinion; becauſe the father, 'the mother, and the child, though 'they be three perſons, yet they are 'but (*una caro* †) one fleſh; and conſequently no degree of kindred—or 'any method of acquiring one *in nature*.'—'There you puſh the argument again too far,' cried Didius; 'for there is no prohibition *in nature*, 'though there is in the Levitical law—'but that a man may beget a child 'upon his grandmother—in which caſe, 'ſuppoſing the iſſue a daughter, ſhe 'would ſtand in relation both of——' 'But who ever thought,' cried Kyſarcius, 'of lying with his grandmother?' —'The young gentleman,' replied Yorick, 'whom Selden ſpeaks of—'who not only thought of it, but juſtified his intention to his father, by the 'argument drawn from the law of re'taliation.—"You ſaid, Sir, with my "mother," ſaid the lad; "why may I "not lay with yours?"—'It is the 'argumentum commune,' added Yorick. —'It is as good,' replied Eugenius, taking down his hat, 'as they deſerve.'

The company broke up.——

CHAP. XXX.

——'AND pray!'—ſaid my Uncle Toby, leaning upon Yorick, as he and my father were helping him leiſurely down the ſtairs—— (Don't be terrified, Madam; this ſtaircaſe converſation is not ſo long as the laſt)——'and pray, Yorick,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, 'which way is this ſaid 'affair of Triſtram at length ſettled by 'theſe learned men?'—'Very ſatisfactorily,' replied Yorick; 'no mortal,

* Mater non numeratur inter conſanguineos. *Bald. in ult. C. de Verb. ſignific.*
† Vide Brook Abrieg. tit. Adminiſtr. N. 47.

'Sir,

'Sir, has any concern with it—for 'Mrs. Shandy, the mother, is nothing 'at all a-kin to him—and as the mo-'ther is the ſureſt ſide—Mr. Shandy, 'in courſe, is ſtill leſs than nothing—— 'in ſhort, he is not as much a-kin to 'him, Sir, as I am.'

——'That may well be,' ſaid my father, ſhaking his head.

——'Let the learned ſay what they 'will, there muſt certainly,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'have been ſome ſort of 'conſanguinity betwixt the Ducheſs of 'Suffolk and her ſon.'

'The vulgar are of the ſame opi-'nion,' quoth Yorick, 'to this hour.'

CHAP. XXXI.

THOUGH my father was hugely tickled with the ſubtilties of theſe learned diſcourſes—'twas ſtill but like the anointing of a broken bone—The moment he got home, the weight of his afflictions returned upon him but ſo much the heavier; as is ever the caſe, when the ſtaff we lean on ſlips from under us.—He became penſive—walked frequently forth to the fiſh-pond—let down one loop of his hat—ſighed often—forbore to ſnap—and, as the haſty ſparks of temper, which occaſion ſnapping, ſo much aſſiſt perſpiration and digeſtion, as Hippocrates tells us—he had certainly fallen ill with the extinction of them, had not his thoughts been critically drawn off, and his health reſcued, by a freſh train of diſquietudes, left him, with a legacy of a thouſand pounds, by my Aunt Dinah.—

My father had ſcarce read the letter, when taking the thing by the right end, he inſtantly began to plague and puzzle his head how to lay it out moſtly to the honour of his family.—A hundred and fifty odd projects took poſſeſſion of his brains by turns—he would do this, and that, and t'other.—He would go to Rome—he would go to law—he would buy ſtock—he would buy John Hobſon's farm—he would new fore-front his houſe, and add a new wing to make it even—There was a fine water-mill on this ſide, and he would build a windmill on the other ſide of the river in full view to anſwer it—But, above all things in the world, he would incloſe the great OX-MOOR, and ſend out my BROTHER BOBBY immediately upon his travels.

But as the ſum was finite, and conſequently could not do every thing—and, in truth, very few of theſe to any purpoſe—of all the projects which offered themſelves upon this occaſion, the two laſt ſeemed to make the deepeſt impreſſion; and he would infallibly have determined upon both at once, but for the ſmall inconvenience hinted at above, which abſolutely put him under a neceſſity of deciding in favour either of the one or the other.

This was not altogether ſo eaſy to be done; for though 'tis certain my father had long before ſet his heart upon this neceſſary part of my brother's education; and, like a prudent man, had actually determined to carry it into execution, with the firſt money that returned from the ſecond creation of actions in the Miſſiſſippi-ſcheme, in which he was an adventurer—yet the *Ox-moor*, which was a fine, large, whinny, undrained, unimproved common, belonging to the Shandy eſtate, had almoſt as old a claim upon him: he had long and affectionately ſet his heart upon turning it likewiſe to ſome account.

But having never hitherto been preſſed with ſuch a conjuncture of things, as made it neceſſary to ſettle either the priority or juſtice of their claims—like a wiſe man, he had refrained entering into any nice or critical examination about them: ſo that, upon the diſmiſſion of every other project at this criſis—the two old projects, the *Ox-moor* and my *brother*, divided him again; and ſo equal a match were they for each other, as to become the occaſion of no ſmall conteſt in the old gentleman's mind—which of the two ſhould be ſet o'going firſt.

——People may laugh as they will—but the caſe was this.

It had ever been the cuſtom of the family, and by length of time was almoſt become a matter of common right, that the eldeſt ſon of it ſhould have free ingreſs, egreſs, and regreſs, into foreign parts, before marriage—not only for the ſake of bettering his own private parts, by the benefit of exerciſe and change of ſo much air—but ſimply for the mere delectation of his fancy, by the feather put into his cap, of having been abroad—*tantum valet*, my father would ſay, *quantum ſonat*.

Now as this was a reaſonable, and in courſe a moſt Chriſtian indulgence—to

deprive him of it without *why* or *wherefore*—and thereby make an example of him, as the firſt Shandy unwhirl'd about Europe in a poſt-chaiſe, and only becauſe he was a heavy lad—would be uſing him ten times worſe than a Turk.

On the other hand, the caſe of the Ox-moor was full as hard.

Excluſive of the original purchaſe-money, which was eight hundred pounds—it had coſt the family eight hundred pounds more in a law-ſuit about fifteen years before—beſides the Lord knows what trouble and vexation.

It had been moreover in poſſeſſion of the Shandy family ever ſince the middle of the laſt century; and though it lay full in view before the houſe, bounded on one extremity by the water-mill, and on the other by the projected windmill ſpoken of above—and for all theſe reaſons ſeemed to have the faireſt title of any part of the eſtate to the care and protection of the family—yet, by an unaccountable fatality, common to men, as well as the ground they tread on—it had all along moſt ſhamefully been over-looked—and, to ſpeak the truth of it, had ſuffered ſo much by it, that it would have made any man's heart have bled, (Obadiah ſaid) who underſtood the value of land, to have rode over it, and only ſeen the condition it was in.

However, as neither the purchaſing this tract of ground—nor indeed the placing of it where it lay, were either of them, properly ſpeaking, of my father's doing—he had never thought himſelf any way concerned in the affair—till the fifteen years before, when the breaking out of that curſed law-ſuit mentioned above—(and which had aroſe about it's boundaries)—which being altogether my father's own act and deed, it naturally awakened every other argument in it's favour; and upon ſumming them all up together, he ſaw, not merely in intereſt, but in honour, he was bound to do ſomething for it—and that now or never was the time.

I think there muſt certainly have been a mixture of ill-luck in it, that the reaſons on both ſides ſhould happen to be ſo equally balanced by each other; for though my father weighed them in all humours and conditions—ſpent many an anxious hour in the moſt profound and abſtracted meditation upon what was beſt to be done—reading books of farming one day—books of travels another—laying aſide all paſſion whatever—viewing the arguments on both ſides in all their lights and circumſtances—communing every day with my Uncle Toby—arguing with Yorick, and talking over the whole affair of the Ox-moor with Obadiah—yet nothing in all that time appeared ſo ſtrongly in behalf of the one, which was not either ſtrictly applicable to the other, or at leaſt ſo far counterbalanced by ſome conſideration of equal weight, as to keep the ſcales even.

For, to be ſure, with proper helps, and in the hands of ſome people, though the Ox-moor would have undoubtedly have made a different appearance in the world from what it did, or ever could do in the condition it lay—yet every tittle of this was true, with regard to my Brother Bobby—let Obadiah ſay what he would.—

In point of intereſt—the conteſt, I own, at firſt ſight, did not appear ſo undeciſive betwixt them; for whenever my father took pen and ink in hand, and ſet about calculating the ſimple expence of paring and burning, and fencing in the Ox-moor, &c. &c.—with the certain profit it would bring him in return—the latter turned out ſo prodigiouſly in his way of working the account, that you would have ſworn the Ox-moor would have carried all before it. For it was plain he ſhould reap a hundred laſts of rape, at twenty pounds a laſt, the very firſt year—beſides an excellent crop of wheat the year following—and the year after that, to ſpeak within bounds, a hundred—but, in all likelihood, a hundred and fifty—if not two hundred quarters of peaſe and beans—beſides potatoes without end——But then, to think he was all this while breeding up my brother like a hog to eat them—knocked all on the head again, and generally left the old gentleman in ſuch a ſtate of ſuſpenſe—that, as he often declared to my Uncle Toby,—he knew no more than his heels what to do.

Nobody, but he who has felt it, can conceive what a plaguing thing it is to have a man's mind torn aſunder by two projects of equal ſtrength, both obſtinately pulling in a contrary direction at the ſame time: for, to ſay nothing of the havock, which by a certain conſequence is unavoidably made by it all over the finer ſyſtem of the nerves, which you know

know convey, the animal ſpirits and more ſubtle juices from the heart to the head, and ſo on—it is not to be told in what a degree ſuch a wayward kind of friction works upon the more groſs and ſolid parts, waſting the fat and impairing the ſtrength of a man every time as it goes backwards and forwards.

My father had certainly ſunk under this evil, as certainly as he had done under that of my CHRISTIAN NAME had he not been reſcued out of it, as he was out of that, by a freſh evil—the misfortune of my Brother Bobby's death.

What is the life of man! Is it not to ſhift from ſide to ſide?—from ſorrow to ſorrow?—to button up one cauſe of vexation—and unbutton another?

CHAP. XXXII.

FROM this moment, I am to be conſidered as heir-apparent to the Shandy family—and it is from this point properly, that the ſtory of my LIFE and my OPINIONS ſets out. With all my hurry and precipitation, I have but been clearing the ground to raiſe the building—and ſuch a building do I foreſee it will turn out, as never was planned, and as never was executed, ſince Adam. In leſs than five minutes, I ſhall have thrown my pen into the fire, and the little drop of thick ink which is left remaining at the bottom of my ink-horn, after it.—I have but half a ſcore things to do in the time——I have a thing to name—a thing to lament—a thing to hope—a thing to promiſe—and a thing to threaten——I have a thing to ſuppoſe—a thing to declare—a thing to conceal—a thing to chuſe—a thing to pray for.—This chapter, therefore, I *name* the chapter of THINGS—and my next chapter to it, that is, the firſt chapter of my next volume, if I live, ſhall be my chapter upon WHISKERS, in order to keep up ſome ſort of connection in my works.

The thing I *lament* is—that things have crouded in ſo thick upon me, that I have not been able to get into that part of my work, towards which I have all the way looked forwards with ſo much earneſt deſire; and that is, the *campaigns*, but eſpecially the *amours* of my Uncle Toby, the events of which are of ſo ſingular a nature, and ſo Cervantick a caſt, that if I can ſo manage it, as to convey but the ſame impreſſions to every other brain, which the occurrences themſelves excite in my own—I will anſwer for it the book ſhall make it's way in the world much better than it's maſter has done before it.——Oh, Triſtram! Triſtram! can this but be once brought about—the credit, which will attend thee as an author, ſhall counterbalance the many evils which have befallen thee as a man—thou wilt feaſt upon the one—when thou haſt loſt all ſenſe and remembrance of the other!

No wonder I itch ſo much as I do, to get at theſe amours—They are the choiceſt morſel of my whole ſtory! and when I do get at 'em—aſſure yourſelves, good folks—(nor do I value whoſe ſqueamiſh ſtomach takes offence at it)—I ſhall not be at all nice in the choice of my words!——and that's the thing I have to *declare*.——I ſhall never get all through in five minutes, that I *fear*—and the thing I *hope*, is that your worſhips and reverences are not offended—if you are, depend upon't I'll give you ſomething, my good gentry, next year, to be offended at—that's my dear Jenny's way——but who my Jenny is—and which is the right and which is the wrong end of a woman, is the thing to be *concealed*—it ſhall be told you in the next chapter but one to my chapter of BUTTON-HOLES—and not one chapter before.

And now that you have juſt got to the end of theſe four volumes—the thing I have to *aſk*—is, how you feel your heads—my own aches diſmally!—as for your healths, I know, they are much better.—True Shandeiſm, think what you will againſt it, opens the heart and lungs; and, like all thoſe affections which partake of it's nature, it forces the blood and other vital fluids of the body to run freely through it's channels, and makes the wheel of life run long and chearfully round.

Was I left, like Sancho Panca, to chuſe my kingdom, it ſhould not be maritime—or a kingdom of blacks, to make a penny of——no, it ſhould be a kingdom of hearty laughing ſubjects: and, as the bilious and more ſaturnine paſſions, by creating diſorders in the blood and humours, have as bad an influence, I ſee, upon the body politick as body natural—and as nothing but a habit of virtue can fully govern thoſe paſſions,

paſſions, and ſubject them to reaſon—I ſhould add to my prayer—that God would give my ſubjects grace to be as WISE as they were MERRY; and then ſhould I be the happieſt monarch, and they the happieſt people, under heaven!

And ſo, with this moral for the preſent, may it pleaſe your worſhips and your reverences, I take my leave of you till this time twelve-month; when (unleſs this vile cough kills me in the mean time) I'll have another pluck at your beards, and lay open a ſtory to the world you little dream of.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

A

Dedication to a Great Man.

HAVING, *à priori*, intended to dedicate *The Amours of my Uncle Toby* to Mr. *** ——, I ſee more reaſons, *à poſteriori*, for doing it to Lord *******.

I ſhould lament from my ſoul, if this expoſe me to the jealouſy of their reverences; becauſe, *à poſteriori*, in court Latin, ſignifies the kiſſing hands for preferment—or any thing elſe—in order to get it.

My opinion of Lord ******* is neither better nor worſe than it was of Mr. ***. Honours, like impreſſions upon coin, may give an ideal and local value to a bit of baſe metal; but gold and ſilver will paſs all the world over without any other recommendation than their own weight.

The ſame good-will that made me think of offering up half an hour's amuſement to Mr. *** when out of place—operates more forcibly at preſent, as half an hour's amuſement will be more ſerviceable and refreſhing after labour and ſorrow, than after a philoſophical repaſt.

Nothing is ſo perfectly *amuſement* as a total change of ideas; no ideas are ſo totally different as thoſe of miniſters and innocent lovers: for which reaſon, when I come to talk of ſtateſmen and patriots, and ſet ſuch marks upon them as will prevent confuſion and miſtakes concerning them for the future—I purpoſe to dedicate that volume to ſome gentle ſhepherd,

> Whoſe thoughts proud ſcience never taught to ſtray,
> Far as the ſtateſman's walk or patriot-way;
> Yet ſimple Nature to his hopes had given,
> Out of a cloud-capp'd head, a humbler heaven—
> Some untam'd world in depth of woods embrac'd——
> Some happier iſland in the wat'ry waſte——
> And where, admitted to that equal ſky,
> His faithful dogs ſhould bear him company.

In a word, by thus introducing an entire new ſet of objects to his imagination, I ſhall unavoidably give a diverſion to his paſſionate and love-ſick contemplations. In the mean time,

I am,

THE AUTHOR.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN LORD VISCOUNT SPENCER,

MY LORD,

I Humbly beg leave to offer you theſe two volumes; they are the beſt my talents, with ſuch bad health as I have, could produce: had Providence granted me a larger ſtock of either, they had been a much more proper preſent to your Lordſhip.

I beg your Lordſhip will forgive me, if, at the ſame time I dedicate this work to you, I join LADY SPENCER, in the liberty I take of inſcribing the ſtory of Le Fevre to her name; for which I have no other motive, which my heart has informed me of, but that the ſtory is a humane one.

I am, my Lord,

your Lordſhip's

moſt devoted, and

moſt humble ſervant,

LAUR. STERNE.

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

VOLUME THE FIFTH.

CHAP. I.

IF it had not been for thoſe two mettleſome tits, and that madcap of a poſtilion, who drove them from Stilton to Stamford, the thought had never entered my head. He flew like lightning—there was a ſlope of three miles and a half—we ſcarce touched the ground—the motion was moſt rapid—moſt impetuous—'twas communicated to my brain—my heart partook of it—'By the great god 'of day,' ſaid I, looking towards the ſun, and thruſting my arm out of the fore-window of the chaiſe, as I made my vow, 'I will lock up my ſtudy-'door the moment I get home, and 'throw the key of it ninety feet below 'the ſurface of the earth, into the draw-'well at the back of my houſe!'

The London waggon confirmed me in my reſolution; it hung tottering upon the hill, ſcarce progreſſive, dragg'd—dragg'd up by eight heavy beaſts—'by main ſtrength!'—quoth I, nodding—'but your betters draw the ſame 'way—and ſomething of every body's!' —O rare!'

Tell me, ye learned, ſhall we for ever be adding ſo much to the bulk—ſo little to the ſtock?

Shall we for ever make new books, as apothecaries make new mixtures, by pouring only out of one veſſel into another?

Are we for ever to be twiſting, and untwiſting the ſame rope? for ever in the ſame track—for ever at the ſame pace?

Shall we be deſtined to the days of eternity, on holy-days, as well as working-days, to be ſhewing the relicks of learning, as monks do the relicks of their ſaints—without working one—one ſingle miracle—with them?

Who made MAN, with powers which dart him from earth to heaven in a moment—that great, that moſt excellent, and moſt noble creature of the world—the *miracle* of nature, as Zoroaſter in his book Περὶ φύσεως called him—the *Shekinah* of the Divine Preſence, as Chryſoſtom — the *image* of God, as Moſes—the *ray* of divinity, as Plato—the *marvel* of *marvels*, as Ariſtotle—to go ſneaking on at this pitiful—pimping—pettifogging rate?

I ſcorn to be as abuſive as Horace upon the occaſion—but if there is no catachreſis in the wiſh, and no ſin in it, I wiſh from my ſoul, that every imitator in Great Britain, France, and Ireland, had the farcy for his pains; and that there was a good farciful houſe large enough to hold—aye, and ſublimate them—*ſhag-rag and bob-tail*, male and female, all together: and this leads me to the affair of *whiſkers*—but, by what

chain of ideas—I leave as a legacy in *mortmain* to prudes and tartufs, to enjoy and make the most of.

UPON WHISKERS.

I'm sorry I made it—'twas as inconsiderate a promise as ever entered a man's head—A chapter upon Whiskers! alas! the world will not bear it—'tis a delicate world—but I know not of what mettle it was made—nor had I ever seen the underwritten fragment; otherwise, as surely as noses are noses, and whiskers are whiskers still, (let the world say what it will to the contrary) so surely would I have steered clear of this dangerous chapter.

THE FRAGMENT.

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* *—'You are half asleep, my good lady,' said the old gentleman, taking hold of the old lady's hand, and giving it a gentle squeeze, as he pronounced the word, *whiskers*—'shall we change 'the subject?'—'By no means!' replied the old lady—'I like your ac'count of these matters!'—so throwing a thin gauze handkerchief over her head, and leaning it back upon the chair with her face turned towards him, and advancing her two feet as she reclined herself—'I desire,' continued she, 'you 'will go on.'

The old gentleman went on as follows.—"Whiskers!" cried the Queen 'of Navarre, dropping her knotting'ball, as La Fosseuse uttered the word. "Whiskers, Madam," said La Fos'seuse, pinning the ball to the queen's 'apron, and making a curtsey as she 'repeated it.

'La Fosseuse's voice was naturally 'soft and low—yet 'twas an articulate 'voice—and every letter of the word '*whiskers* fell distinctly upon the Queen 'of Navarre's ear.—"Whiskers!" cri'ed the queen, laying a greater stress 'upon the word, and as if she had still 'distrusted her ears.—"Whiskers!" re'plied La Fosseuse, repeating the word 'a third time—"there is not a cava"lier, Madam, of his age in Navarre," 'continued the maid of honour, press'ing the page's interest upon the queen, "that has so gallant a pair——" "Of "what?" cried Margaret, smiling— "Of whiskers;" said La Fosseuse, with 'infinite modesty.

'The word *whiskers* still stood it's 'ground, and continued to be made 'use of in most of the best companies 'throughout the little kingdom of Na'varre, notwithstanding the indiscreet 'use which La Fosseuse had made of it. 'The truth was, La Fosseuse had pro'nounced the word not only before the 'queen, but upon sundry other occa'sions at court, with an accent which 'always implied something of a myste'ry—and as the court of Margaret, 'as all the world knows, was at that 'time a mixture of gallantry and de'votion—and whiskers being as appli'cable to the one, as the other, the 'word naturally stood it's ground—it 'gained full as much as it lost; that 'is, the clergy were for it—the laity 'were against it—and for the women— '*they* were divided.—

'The excellency of the figure and 'mien of the young Sieur de Croix, 'was at that time beginning to draw 'the attention of the maids of honour 'towards the terrace before the palace'gate, where guard was mounted. The 'Lady de Baussiere fell deeply in love 'with him—La Battarelle did the same '—it was the finest weather for it, that 'ever was remembered in Navarre.— 'La Guyol, La Maronette, La Saba'tiere, fell in love with the Sieur De 'Croix also.—La Rebours and La Fos'seuse knew better—De Croix had fail'ed in an attempt to recommend him'self to La Rebours; and La Rebours 'and La Fosseuse were inseparable.

'The Queen of Navarre was sitting 'with her ladies in the painted bow'window, facing the gate of the second 'court, as De Croix passed through 'it.—"He is handsome," said the 'Lady Baussiere.—"He has a good "mien," said La Battarelle.—"He is "finely shaped," said La Guyol.—"I "never saw an officer of the horse"guards in my life," said La Maro'nette, "with two such legs—" "Or "who stood so well upon them," said 'La Sabatiere.——"But he has no "whiskers," cried La Fosseuse.—— "Not a pile," said La Rebours.

'The queen went directly to her ora'tory, musing all the way, as she walk'ed through the gallery, upon the sub-

' jest; turning it this way and that way ' in her fancy—" Ave Maria † what " can La Fosseuse mean?" said she, ' kneeling down upon the cushion.

' La Guyol, La Battarelle, La Maronette, La Sabatiere, retired instantly to their chambers.—" Whiskers!" ' said all four of them to themselves, ' as they bolted their doors on the inside.

' The Lady Carnavallette was counting her beads with both hands, unsuspected, under her farthingal—from ' St. Antony, down to St. Ursula inclusive, not a saint passed through her ' fingers without whiskers; St. Francis, ' St. Dominick, St. Bennet, St. Basil, ' St. Bridget, had all whiskers.

' The Lady Baussiere had got into a ' wilderness of conceits, with moralizing too intricately upon La Fosseuse's ' text.—She mounted her palfrey, her ' page followed her—the Host passed by. ' —The Lady Baussiere rode on.

" One denier," cried the Order of ' Mercy—" one single denier, in behalf " of a thousand patient captives, whose " eyes look towards Heaven and you " for their redemption!"

——' The Lady Baussiere rode on.

" Pity the unhappy," said a devout, ' venerable, hoary-headed man, meekly holding up a box, begirt with iron, ' in his withered hands—" I beg for " the unfortunate—good, my lady, 'tis " for a prison—for an hospital—'tis for " an old man—a poor man undone by " shipwreck, by suretiship, by fire—I " call God and his angels to witness " —'tis to clothe the naked—to feed " the hungry—'tis to comfort the sick " and the broken-hearted!"

——' The Lady Baussiere rode on.

' A decayed kinsman bowed himself ' to the ground.

' The Lady Baussiere rode on.

' He ran begging bare-headed on one ' side of her palfrey, conjuring her by ' the former bonds of friendship, alliance, consanguinity, &c.—" Cou" sin, aunt, sister, mother—for virtue's " sake, for your own, for mine, for " Christ's sake, remember me—pity " me!"

——' The Lady Baussiere rode on.

" Take hold of my whiskers," said ' the Lady Baussiere.

——' The page took hold of her ' palfrey. She dismounted at the end ' of the terrace.

' There are some trains of certain ' ideas which leave prints of themselves ' about our eyes and eyebrows; and ' there is a consciousness of it, somewhere about the heart, which serves ' but to make these etchings the stronger ' —we see, spell, and put them together ' without a dictionary.

" Ha, ha! hee, hee!" cried La Guyol ' and La Sabatiere, looking close at ' each other's prints.——" Ho, ho!" ' cried La Battarelle and Maronette, ' doing the same.

——" Whist!" cried one——" St, " st!"—said a second.——" Hush!" ' quoth a third.——" Poo, poo," replied a fourth.——" Gra-mercy!" ' cried the Lady Carnavallette!—" it " was she who be-whiskered St. Bridget."

' La Fosseuse drew her bodkin from ' the knot of her hair, and having traced ' the outline of a small whisker, with ' the blunt end of it, upon one side of ' her upper lip, put it into La Rebours's ' hand.—La Rebours shook her head.

' The Lady Baussiere coughed thrice ' into the inside of her muff.—La Guyol ' smiled. " Fy," said the Lady Baussiere. The Queen of Navarre touched ' her eye with the tip of her fore-finger ' —as much as to say, " I understand " you all."

' It was plain to the whole court the ' word was ruined: La Fosseuse had ' given it a wound, and it was not the ' better for passing through all these defiles—It made a faint stand, however, ' for a few months; by the expiration ' of which, the Sieur De Croix, finding ' it high time to leave Navarre for ' want of whiskers—the word in course ' became indecent, and (after a few efforts) absolutely unfit for use.

' The best word, in the best language ' of the best world, must have suffered ' under such combinations.—The curate d'Estella wrote a book against ' them, setting forth the dangers of accessory ideas, and warning the Navarois against them.

" Does not all the world know," ' said the curate d'Estella, at the con' clusion of his work, " that *noses* ran " the same fate some centuries ago in " most parts of Europe, which *whis*" *kers* have now done in the kingdom " of Navarre.—The evil, indeed, spread " no farther then—but have not beds " and bolsters, and night-caps and

" chamber-pots, ſtood upon the brink " of deſtruction ever ſince? Are not " trouſe, and placket-holes, and pump- " handles—and ſpigots and faucets, in " danger ſtill, from the ſame aſſocia- " tion?——Chaſtity, by nature, the " gentleſt of all affections—give it but " it's head—'tis like a ramping and a " roaring lion."

'The drift of the Curate d'Eſtella's 'argument was not underſtood.—They 'ran the ſcent the wrong way.—The 'world bridled his aſs at the tail.—'And when the *extremes* of DELICA- 'CY, and the *beginnings* of CONCU- 'PISCENCE, hold the next provincial 'chapter together, they may decree that 'bawdy alſo.'

CHAP. II.

WHEN my father received the letter which brought him the melancholy account of my Brother Bobby's death, he was buſy calculating the expence of his riding poſt from Calais to Paris, and ſo on to Lyons.

'Twas a moſt inauſpicious journey; my father having had every foot of it to travel over again, and his calculation to begin afreſh, when he had almoſt got to the end of it by Obadiah's opening the door to acquaint him the family was out of yeaſt—and to aſk whether he might not take the great coach-horſe early in the morning and ride in ſearch of ſome.—'With all my heart, Oba- 'diah!' ſaid my father—(purſuing his journey)—'take the coach-horſe, and 'welcome!'—'But he wants a ſhoe, 'poor creature!' ſaid Obadiah.—'Poor 'creature!' ſaid my Uncle Toby, vibrating the note back again, like a ſtring in uniſon.—'Then ride the Scotch 'horſe,' quoth my father haſtily. 'He 'cannot bear a ſaddle upon his back,' quoth Obadiah, 'for the whole world.' —'The devil's in that horſe!—Then 'take Patriot,' cried my father; 'and 'ſhut the door.'—'Patriot is ſold,' ſaid Obadiah.—'Here's for you!' cried my father, making a pauſe, and looking in my Uncle Toby face, as if the thing had not been a matter of fact.—'Your worſhip ordered me to ſell him 'laſt April,' ſaid Obadiah.—'Then 'go on foot for your pains!' cried my father.—'I had much rather walk than 'ride,' ſaid Obadiah, ſhutting the door.

'What plagues!' cried my father, going on with his calculation.—'But 'the waters are out,' ſaid Obadiah—opening the door again.

Till that moment, my father, who had a map of Sanſon's, and a book of the poſt-roads before him, had kept his hand upon the head of his compaſſes, with one foot of them fixed upon Nevers, the laſt ſtage he had paid for—purpoſing to go on from that point with his journey and calculation, as ſoon as Obadiah quitted the room——but this ſecond attack of Obadiah's, in opening the door, and laying the whole country under water, was too much—he let go his compaſſes—or, rather, with a mixed motion between accident and anger, he threw them upon the table; and then there was nothing for him to do, but to return back to Calais—(like many others)—as wiſe as he had ſet out.

When the letter was brought into the parlour, which contained the news of my brother's death, my father had got forwards again upon his journey to within a ſtride of the compaſſes of the very ſame ſtage of Nevers.—'By your 'leave, Monſ. Sanſon,' cried my father, ſtriking the point of his compaſſes through Nevers into the table—and nodding to my Uncle Toby, to ſee what was in the letter—'twice of one night is 'too much for an Engliſh gentleman 'and his ſon (Monſ. Sanſon) to be 'turned back from ſo louſy a town as 'Nevers.—What think'ſt thou, To- 'by?' added my father in a ſprightly tone.—'Unleſs it be a garriſon town,' ſaid my Uncle Toby; 'for then——' —'I ſhall be a fool,' ſaid my father, ſmiling to himſelf, 'as long as I live.'—So giving a ſecond nod—and keeping his compaſſes ſtill upon Nevers with one hand, and holding his book of the poſt-roads in the other—half calculating and half liſtening, he leaned forwards upon the table with both elbows, as my Uncle Toby hummed over the letter.

'— — — — — — —
'— — — — — — — — —
'— — — — — — — — —
'— — — — — he's gone!' ſaid my Uncle Toby.—'Where?—'Who?'—cried my father.——'My 'nephew,' ſaid my Uncle Toby.—'What!—without leave—without mo- 'ney—without governor?' cried my father in amazement. 'No—he is dead, 'my dear brother!' quoth my Uncle Toby,

Toby.—'Without being ill?' cried my father again.—'I dare ſay not,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, in a low voice, and fetching a deep ſigh from the bottom of his heart; 'he has been ill enough, 'poor lad! I'll anſwer for him—for he 'is dead!'

When Agrippina was told of her ſon's death, Tacitus informs us, that not being able to moderate the violence of her paſſions, ſhe abruptly broke off her work.—My father ſtuck his compaſſes into Nevers but ſo much the faſter.—What contrarities! his, indeed, was matter of calculation! Agrippina's muſt have been quite a different affair; who elſe could pretend to reaſon from hiſtory?

How my father went on, in my opinion, deſerves a chapter to itſelf.—

CHAP. III.

——— ——— And a chapter it ſhall have, and a devil of a one too———ſo look to yourſelves.

'Tis either Plato, or Plutarch, or Seneca, or Xenophon, or Epictetus, or Theophraſtus, or Lucian—or ſome one perhaps of later date—either Cardan, or Budæus, or Petrarch, or Stella—or poſſibly it may be ſome divine or father of the church, St Auſtin, or St. Cyprian, or Bernard—who affirm that it is an irreſiſtable and natural paſſion to weep for the loſs of our friends or children—and Seneca (I'm poſitive) tells us ſomewhere, that ſuch griefs evacuate themſelves beſt by that particular channel.—And accordingly we find, that David wept for his ſon Abſalom—Adrian for his Antinous—Niobe for her children—and that Apollodorus and Crito both ſhed tears for Socrates before his death.

My father managed his affliction otherwiſe; and indeed differently from moſt men either ancient or modern; for he neither wept it away, as the Hebrews and Romans—or ſlept it off, as the Laplanders—or hanged it, as the Engliſh—or drowned it, as the Germans—nor did he curſe it, or damn it, or excommunicate it, or rhyme it, or lillabullero it———He got rid of it, however.

Will your worſhips give me leave to ſqueeze in a ſtory between theſe two pages?

When Tully was bereft of his dear daughter Tullia, at firſt he laid it to his heart—he liſtened to the voice of nature, and modulated his own unto it.—'O my Tullia! my daughter! my child!' Still, ſtill, ſtill—'twas, 'O my Tullia!' '—my Tullia! Methinks I ſee my 'Tullia! I talk with my Tullia.'—But as ſoon as he began to look into the ſtores of philoſophy, and conſider how many excellent things might be ſaid upon the occaſion—'Nobody upon 'earth can conceive,' ſays the great orator, 'how happy, how joyful it made 'me.'

My father was as proud of his eloquence as Marcus Tullius Cicero could be for his life—and, for aught I am convinced of to the contrary, at preſent, with as much reaſon: it was indeed his ſtrength—and his weakneſs too.—His ſtrength, for he was by nature eloquent—and his weakneſs, for he was hourly a dupe to it—and provided an occaſion in life would permit him to ſhew his talents, or ſay either a wiſe thing, a witty, or a ſhrewd one—(bating the caſe of a ſyſtematick misfortune) —he had all he wanted.———A bleſſing which tied up my father's tongue, and a misfortune which ſet it looſe with a good grace, were pretty equal: ſometimes, indeed, the misfortune was the better of the two—for inſtance, where the pleaſure of the harangue was as 10, and the pain of the misfortune but as 5, —my father gained half in half, and conſequently was as well again off, as if it never had befallen him.

This clue will unravel what otherwiſe would ſeem very inconſiſtent in my father's domeſtick character; and it is this, that in the provocations ariſing from the neglects and blunders of ſervants, or other miſhaps unavoidable in a family, his anger, or rather the duration of it, eternally ran counter to all conjecture.

My father had a favourite little mare, which he had conſigned over to a moſt beautiful Arabian horſe, in order to have a pad out of her for his own riding: he was ſanguine in all his projects; ſo talked about his pad every day with as abſolute a ſecurity, as if it had been reared—broke—and bridled and ſaddled at his door ready for mounting. By ſome neglect or other in Obadiah, it ſo fell out, that my father's

ther's expectations were anſwered with nothing better than a mule, and as ugly a beaſt of the kind as ever was produced.

My mother and my Uncle Toby expected my father would be the death of Obadiah—and that there never would be an end of the diſaſter.—'See here! 'you raſcal,' cried my father, pointing to the mule, 'what you have done!'—'It was not me,' ſaid Obadiah.—'How do I know that?' replied my father.

Triumph ſwam in my father's eyes, at the repartee—the Attick ſalt brought water into them—and ſo Obadiah heard no more about it.

Now let us go back to my brother's death.

Philoſophy has a fine ſaying for every thing.—For death it has an entire ſet; the miſery was, they all at once ruſhed into my father's head, that 'twas difficult to ſtring them together, ſo as to make any thing of a conſiſtent ſhow out of them.—He took them as they came.

'It is an inevitable chance—the firſt 'ſtatute in Magnâ Chartâ—it is an 'everlaſting act of parliament, my dear 'brother.—*All muſt die!*

'If my ſon could not have died, it 'had been matter of wonder—not that 'he is dead.

'Monarchs and princes dance in the 'ſame ring with us.

——'*To die*, is the great debt and 'tribute due unto nature: tombs and 'monuments, which ſhould perpetuate 'our memories, pay it themſelves; and 'the proudeſt pyramid of them all, 'which wealth and ſcience have erect-'ed, has loſt it's apex, and ſtands ob-'truncated in the traveller's horizon.'—(My father found he got great eaſe, and went on.)—'Kingdoms and pro-'vinces, and towns and cities, have 'they not their periods? and when 'thoſe principles and powers, which 'at firſt cemented and put them toge-'ther, have performed their ſeveral 'evolutions, they fall back.'—'Bro-'ther Shandy,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, laying down his pipe at the word evolutions—'*Revolutions*, I meant,' quoth my father——'by Heaven! I meant *re-'volutions*, brother Toby—*evolutions* 'is nonſenſe.'—'It is not nonſenſe,' ſaid my Uncle Toby.—'But is it not 'nonſenſe to break the thread of ſuch 'a diſcourſe, upon ſuch an occaſion?' cried my father—'do not—dear **Toby**,' continued he, taking him by the **hand**, 'do not—do not, I beſeech thee, inter-'rupt me at this criſis.' **My Uncle Toby** put his pipe into his mouth.

'Where is Troy and Mycenæ, and 'Thebes and Delos, and Perſepolis, 'and Agrigentum?' continued my father, taking up his book of poſt-roads, which he had laid down.—'What is be-'come, brother Toby, of Nineveh and 'Babylon, of Cizicum and Mitylenæ? '—The faireſt towns that ever the ſun 'roſe upon, are now no more; the 'names only are left, and thoſe (for 'many of them are wrong ſpelt) are 'falling themſelves by piece-meals to 'decay, and in length of time will be 'forgotten, and involved with every 'thing in a perpetual night: the world 'itſelf, brother Toby, muſt—muſt 'come to an end.

"Returning out of Aſia, when I ſail-"ed from Ægina towards Megara,"—['When can this have been?' thought my Uncle Toby]—"I began to view "the country round about. Ægina "was behind me, Megara was before, "Pyræus on the right hand, Corinth on "the left.—What flouriſhing towns "now proſtrate upon the earth! "Alas! "alas!" ſaid I to myſelf, "that man "ſhould diſturb his ſoul for the loſs of "a child, when ſo much as this lies "awfully buried in his preſence!—Re-"member," ſaid I to myſelf again—"Remember thou art a man."

Now my Uncle Toby knew not that this laſt paragraph was an extract of Servius Sulpicius's conſolatory letter to Tully.—He had as little ſkill, honeſt man, in the fragments, as he had in the whole pieces of antiquity.—And as my father, whilſt he was concerned in the Turky trade, had been three or four different times in the Levant, in one of which he had ſtaid a whole year and a half at Zant, my Uncle Toby naturally concluded, that in ſome one of theſe periods, he had taken a trip acroſs the Archipelago into Aſia; and that all this ſailing affair with Ægina behind, and Megara before, and Pyræus on the right-hand, &c. &c. was nothing more than the true courſe of my father's voyage and reflections.—'Twas certainly in his manner, and many an undertaking critick would have built two ſtories higher upon worſe foundations.—'And pray, brother,' quoth

quoth my Uncle Toby, laying the end of his pipe upon my father's hand in a kindly way of interruption—but waiting till he finiſhed the account—'what 'year of our Lord was this?'—'It was 'no year of our Lord,' replied my father.—'That's impoſſible!' cried my Uncle Toby. 'Simpleton!' ſaid my father—'it was forty years before Chriſt 'was born.'

My Uncle Toby had but two things for it; either to ſuppoſe his brother to be the wandering Jew, or that his misfortunes had diſordered his brain.—'May the Lord God of heaven and 'earth protect him and reſtore him!' ſaid my Uncle Toby, praying ſilently for my father, and with tears in his eyes.

——My father placed the tears to a proper account, and went on with his harangue with great ſpirit.

'There is not ſuch great odds, bro'ther Toby, betwixt good and evil, 'as the world imagines;'—(this way of ſetting off, by the bye, was not likely to cure my Uncle Toby's ſuſpicions) —'labour, ſorrow, grief, ſickneſs, 'want, and woe, are the ſauces of 'life.'—'Much good may do them!' ſaid my Uncle Toby to himſelf.

'My ſon is dead! ſo much the bet'ter——'tis a ſhame in ſuch a tempeſt 'to have but one anchor.

'But he is gone for ever from us! '——Be it ſo. He is got from under 'the hands of his barber before he was 'bald—he is but riſen from a feaſt be'fore he was ſurfeited—from a ban'quet before he had got drunken.

'The Thracians wept when a child 'was born—' ('And we were very 'near it,' quoth my Uncle Toby)—'and feaſted and made merry when a 'man went out of the world; and with 'reaſon.—Death opens the gate of 'fame, and ſhuts the gate of envy after 'it—it unlooſes the chain of the cap'tive, and puts the bondſman's taſk 'into another man's hands.

'Shew me the man, who knows 'what life is, who dreads it, and I'll 'ſhew thee a priſoner who dreads his 'liberty.

'Is it not better, my dear brother 'Toby—(for mark—our appetites are 'but diſeaſes)—is it not better not to 'hunger at all, than to eat?—not to 'thirſt, than to take phyſick to cure it? 'Is it not better to be freed from 'cares and agues, from love and me'lancholy, and the other hot and cold 'fits of life—than, like a galled tra'veller, who comes weary to his inn, to 'be bound to begin his journey afreſh?

'There is no terror, brother Toby, 'in it's looks, but what it borrows 'from groans and convulſions—and the 'blowing of noſes, and the wiping away 'of tears with the bottoms of curtains 'in a dying man's room.—Strip it of 'theſe, what is it——' ('It is better 'in battle than in bed,' ſaid my Uncle Toby.)—'Take away it's hearſes, it's 'mutes, and it's mourning—it's plumes, 'ſcutcheons, and other mechanick aids '—What is it?——'Better in battle!' continued my father, ſmiling, for he had abſolutely forgot my Brother Bobby —'it is terrible no way—for conſider, 'brother Toby—when we *are*—death 'is *not*——and when death *is*—we are '*not*.' My Uncle Toby laid down his pipe to conſider the propoſition: my father's eloquence was too rapid to ſtay for any man—away it went—and hurried my Uncle Toby's ideas along with it.

'For this reaſon,' continued my father, 'it is worthy to recollect, how 'little alteration in great men, the ap'proaches of death have made.—Veſpa'ſian died in a jeſt upon his cloſe-ſtool '—Galba with a ſentence—Septimus 'Severus in a diſpatch—Tiberius in 'diſſimulation—and Cæſar Auguſtus 'in a compliment.'—'I hope 'twas a 'ſincere one!'—quoth my Uncle Toby.

——'It was to his wife,' ſaid my father.

CHAP. IV.

——AND laſtly—for all the choice 'anecdotes which hiſtory 'can produce of this matter,' continued my father—'this, like the gilded dome 'which covers in the fabrick—crowns 'all.

'It is of Cornelius Gallus, the præ'tor—which, I dare ſay, brother Toby, 'you have read.'—'I dare ſay I have 'not,' replied my uncle.—'He died,' ſaid my father, 'as * * * * * * * * * '* * * * * * * * *.'

——'And if it was with his wife,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, 'there could be 'no hurt in it.'—'That's more than I 'know,' replied my father.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

MY mother was going very gingerly in the dark along the paſſage which led to the parlour, as my Uncle Toby pronounced the word *wife*.—'Tis a ſhrill, penetrating ſound of itſelf, and Obadiah had helped it by leaving the door a little a-jar, ſo that my mother heard enough of it, to imagine herſelf the ſubject of the converſation; ſo laying the edge of her finger acroſs her two lips—holding in her breath, and bending her head a little downwards, with a twiſt of her neck—(not towards the door, but from it, by which means her ear was brought to the chink)—ſhe liſtened with all her powers.—The liſtening ſlave, with the goddeſs of ſilence at his back, could not have given a finer thought for an intaglio.

In this attitude I am determined to let her ſtand for five minutes: till I bring up the affairs of the kitchen (as Rapin does thoſe of the church) to the ſame period.

CHAP. VI.

THOUGH, in one ſenſe, our family was certainly a ſimple machine, as it conſiſted of a few wheels; yet there was thus much to be ſaid for it, that theſe wheels were ſet in motion by ſo many different ſprings, and acted one upon the other from ſuch a variety of ſtrange principles and impulſes—that though it was a ſimple machine, it had all the honour and advantage of a complex one—and a number of as odd movements within it, as ever were beheld in the inſide of a Dutch ſilk-mill.

Amongſt theſe there was one, I am going to ſpeak of, in which, perhaps, it was not altogether ſo ſingular, as in many others; and it was this, that whatever motion, debate, harangue, dialogue, project, or diſſertation, was going forwards in the parlour, there was generally another at the ſame time, and upon the ſame ſubject, running parallel along with it in the kitchen.

Now to bring this about, whenever an extraordinary meſſage, or letter, was delivered in the parlour—or a diſcourſe ſuſpended till a ſervant went out—or the lines of diſcontent were obſerved to hang upon the brows of my father or mother—or, in ſhort, when any thing was ſuppoſed to be upon the tapis worth knowing or liſtening to, 'twas the rule to leave the door, not abſolutely ſhut, but ſomewhat a-jar—as it ſtands juſt now—which, under covert of the bad-hinge, (and that, poſſibly, might be one of the many reaſons why it was never mended) it was not difficult to manage; by which means, in all theſe caſes, a paſſage was generally left, not indeed as wide as the Dardanelles, but wide enough, for all that, to carry on as much of this windward trade, as was ſufficient to ſave my father the trouble of governing his houſe—my mother, at this moment, ſtands profitting by it.—Obadiah did the ſame thing, as ſoon as he had left the letter upon the table which brought the news of my brother's death; ſo that before my father had well got over his ſurprize, and entered upon his harangue—had Trim got upon his legs, to ſpeak his ſentiments upon the ſubject.

A curious obſerver of nature, had he been worth the inventory of all Job's ſtock—though, by the bye, your curious obſervers are ſeldom worth a groat—would have given the half of it, to have heard Corporal Trim and my father, two orators ſo contraſted by nature and education, haranguing over the ſame bier.

My father a man of deep reading—prompt memory——with Cato and Seneca, and Epictetus, at his fingers ends.

The corporal—with nothing to remember——of no deeper reading than his muſter-roll—or greater names at his finger's end, than the contents of it.

The one proceeding from period to period, by metaphor and alluſion, and ſtriking the fancy as he went along, (as men of wit and fancy do) with the entertainment and pleaſantry of his pictures and images.

The other, without wit or antitheſis, point, or turn, this way or that; but leaving the images on one ſide, and the pictures on the other, going ſtraight forwards, as nature could lead him, to the heart.——O Trim! would to Heaven thou hadſt a better hiſtorian!—would—thy hiſtorian hadſt a better pair of breeches!—O ye critickſ! will nothing melt you?

CHAP.

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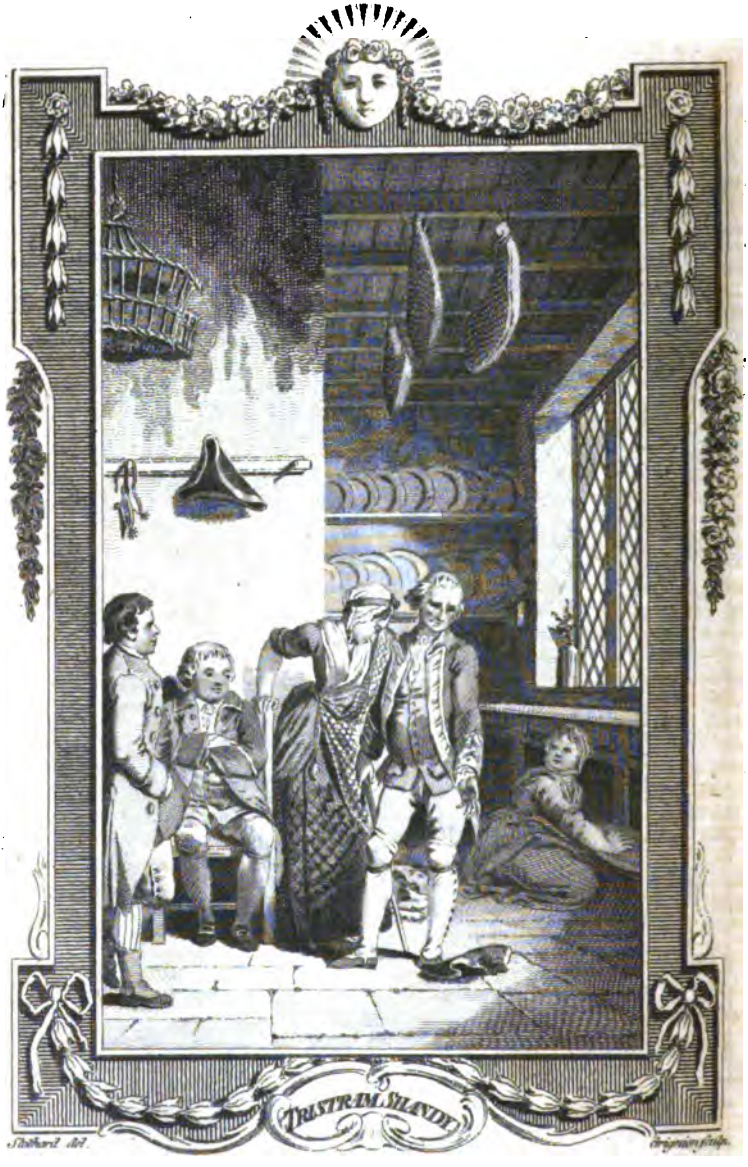

Plate IV.

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CHAP. VII.

—'MY young maſter in Lon-
'don is dead!' ſaid Obadiah.

—A green ſattin night-gown of my mother's, which had been twice ſcoured, was the firſt idea which Obadiah's exclamation brought into Suſannah's head.—Well might Locke write a chapter upon the imperfections of words.—'Then,' quoth Suſannah, 'we muſt all 'go into mourning.'—But note a ſecond time; the word *mourning*, notwithſtanding Suſannah made uſe of it herſelf—failed alſo of doing it's office; it excited not one ſingle idea, tinged either with grey or black—all was green.—The green ſattin night-gown hung there ſtill.

—'O 'twill be the death of my 'poor miſtreſs!' cried Suſannah.—My mother's whole wardrobe followed.—What a proceſſion! her red damaſk—her orange-tawny—her white and yellow lutеſtrings—her brown taffata—her bone-lace caps—her bed-gowns, and comfortable under-petticoats—not a rag was left behind.—'No—ſhe will 'never look up again!' ſaid Suſannah.

We had a fat fooliſh ſcullion—my father, I think, kept her for her ſimplicity—ſhe had been all autumn ſtruggling with a dropſy.—'He is dead!' ſaid Obadiah—'he is certainly dead!'—'So am not I,' ſaid the fooliſh ſcullion.

—'Here is ſad news, Trim!' cried Suſannah, wiping her eyes as Trim ſtepped into the kitchen; 'Maſ-'ter Bobby is dead and *buried!*'—the funeral was an interpolation of Suſannah's—'we ſhall have all to go into 'mourning!' ſaid Suſannah.

'I hope not!' ſaid Trim.—'You 'hope not!' cried Suſannah earneſtly.—The mourning ran not in Trim's head, whatever it did in Suſannah's.—'I hope,' ſaid Trim, explaining himſelf—'I hope in God the news is not 'true!'—'I heard the letter read with 'my own ears,' anſwered Obadiah; and 'we ſhall have a terrible piece of work 'of it in ſtubbing the Ox-moor.'—'Oh, he's dead!' ſaid Suſannah.—'As 'ſure,' ſaid the ſcullion, 'as I am alive.'

'I lament for him from my heart 'and my ſoul,' ſaid Trim, fetching a ſigh.—'Poor creature!—poor boy!—'poor gentleman!'

—'He was alive laſt Whitſun-'tide,' ſaid the coachman.—'Whit-'ſuntide!—Alas!' cried Trim, extending his right-arm, and falling inſtantly into the ſame attitude in which he read the ſermon—'what is Whitſuntide, 'Jonathan,' (for that was the coachman's name) 'or Shrovetide, or any 'tide or time paſt to this? Are we not 'here now,' continued the corporal, (ſtriking the end of his ſtick perpendicularly upon the floor, ſo as to give an idea of health and ſtability)—'and are 'we not'—(dropping his hat upon the ground)—'gone! in a moment!'—(It was infinitely ſtriking! Suſannah burſt into a flood of tears.)—'We are 'not ſtocks and ſtones!'—Jonathan, Obadiah, the cook-maid, all melted—the fooliſh fat ſcullion herſelf, who was ſcouring a fiſh-kettle upon her knees, was rouzed with it.—The whole kitchen crouded about the corporal.

Now, as I perceive plainly, that the preſervation of our conſtitution in church and ſtate—and poſſibly the preſervation of the whole world—or, what is the ſame thing—the diſtribution and balance of it's property and power—may in time to come depend greatly upon the right underſtanding of this ſtroke of the corporal's eloquence—I do demand your attention—your worſhips and reverences, for any ten pages together, take them where you will in any other part of the work, ſhall ſleep for it at your eaſe.

I ſaid, *we were not ſtocks and ſtones*—'tis very well—I ſhould have added, nor are we angels—I wiſh we were—but men clothed with bodies, and governed by our imaginations—and what a junketting piece of work of it there is, betwixt theſe and our ſeven ſenſes, eſpecially ſome of them, for my own part, I own it, I am aſhamed to confeſs. Let it ſuffice to affirm, that of all the ſenſes, the eye (for I abſolutely deny the touch, though moſt of your Barbati, I know, are for it) has the quickeſt commerce with the ſoul—gives a ſmarter ſtroke, and leaves ſomething more inexpreſſible upon the fancy, than words can either convey—or ſometimes get rid of.

—I've gone a little about—no matter, 'tis for health—let us only carry it back in our mind to the mortality of Trim's hat.—'Are we not here now '—and gone in a moment?'—There

was nothing in the ſentence—'twas one of your ſelf-evident truths we have the advantage of hearing every day; and if Trim had not truſted more to his hat than his head—he had made nothing at all of it.

——'Are we not here now?'—continued the corporal; 'and are we not,'—(dropping his hat plumb upon the ground—and pauſing before he pronounced the word)—'gone! in a mo-'ment?'——The deſcent of the hat was as if a heavy lump of clay had been kneaded into the crown of it.—Nothing could have expreſſed the ſentiment of mortality, of which it was the type and fore-runner, like it—his hand ſeemed to vaniſh from under it—it fell dead—the corporal's eye fixed upon it, as upon a corpſe—and Suſannah burſt into a flood of tears.

Now—ten thouſand, and ten thouſand times ten thouſand, (for matter and motion are infinite) are the ways by which a hat may be dropped upon the ground, without any effect.——Had he flung it, or thrown it, or caſt it, or ſkimmed it, or ſquirted it, or let it ſlip or fall in any poſſible direction under heaven—or in the beſt direction that could be given to it——had he dropped it like a gooſe—like a puppy—like an aſs—or in doing it, or even after he had done, had he looked like a fool—like a ninny—like a nincompoop—it had fail'd, and the effect upon the heart had been loſt.

Ye who govern this mighty world, and it's mighty concerns, with the engines of eloquence—who heat it, and cool it, and melt it, and molify it—and then harden it again to *your purpoſe*—

Ye who wind and turn the paſſions with this great windlaſs; and having done it, lead the owners of them, whither ye think meet—

Ye, laſtly! who drive——and why not, ye alſo who are driven, like turkeys to market, with a ſtick and a red clout; ——meditate—meditate, I beſeech you, upon Trim's hat!

CHAP. VIII.

STAY——I have a ſmall account to ſettle with the reader, before Trim can go on with his harangue.—It ſhall be done in two minutes.

Amongſt many other book-debts, all of which I ſhall diſcharge in due time—I own myſelf a debtor to the world for two items—a chapter upon *chamber-maids* and *button-holes*, which in the former part of my work, I promiſed and fully intended to pay off this year: but ſome of your worſhips and reverences telling me, that the two ſubjects, eſpecially ſo connected together, might endanger the morals of the world—I pray the chapter upon chamber-maids and button-holes may be forgiven me—and that they will accept of the laſt chapter in lieu of it; which is nothing, an't pleaſe your reverences, but a chapter of *chamber-maids*, *green-gowns*, and *old hats*.

——Trim took his off the ground—put it upon his head—and then went on with his oration upon death, in manner and form following.

CHAP. IX.

——'TO us, Jonathan, who know 'not what want or care 'is—who live here in the ſervice of two 'of the beſt of maſters—(bating, in my 'own caſe, his majeſty King William 'the Third, whom I had the honour to 'ſerve both in Ireland and Flanders)—'I own it, that from Whitſuntide to 'within three weeks of Chriſtmas—'tis not long—'tis like nothing—— 'but to thoſe, Jonathan, who know 'what death is, and what havock and 'deſtruction he can make, before a 'man can well wheel about—'tis like a 'whole age.——O Jonathan! 'twould 'make a good-natured man's heart 'bleed, to conſider,' continued the corporal, (ſtanding perpendicularly) 'how 'low many a brave and upright fellow 'has been laid ſince that time!'—— 'And truſt me, Suſy,' added the corporal, turning to Suſannah, whoſe eyes were ſwimming in water—'before that 'time comes round again—many a 'bright eye will be dim!'—Suſannah placed it to the right ſide of the page—ſhe wept—but ſhe curtſied too.—'Are 'we not,' continued Trim, looking ſtill at Suſannah—'are we not like a flower 'of the field!——a tear of pride ſtole in betwixt every two tears of humiliation—elſe no tongue could have deſcribed Suſannah's affliction——'is not

'all

'all fleſh graſs?——'Tis clay—'tis 'dirt.'——They all looked directly at the ſcullion,——the ſcullion had juſt been ſcouring a fiſh-kettle——it was not fair.

——'What is the fineſt face that 'ever man looked at!'——'I could 'hear Trim talk ſo for ever,' cried Suſannah.——'What is it——' (Suſannah laid her hand upon Trim's ſhoulder) —'but corruption?'—Suſannah took it off.

——Now I love you for this—and 'tis this delicious mixture within you which makes you dear creatures what you are—and he who hates you for it—all I can ſay of the matter is—that he has either a pumkin for his head—or a pippin for his heart—and whenever he is diſſected, 'twill be found ſo.

CHAP. X.

WHETHER Suſannah, by taking her hand too ſuddenly from off the corporal's ſhoulder—(by the whiſking about of her paſſions)—broke a little the chain of his reflections—

Or whether the corporal began to be ſuſpicious, he had got into the doctor's quarters, and was talking more like the chaplain than himſelf——

Or whether - - - - - - - - or whether——(for in all ſuch caſes a man of invention and parts may with pleaſure fill a couple of pages with ſuppoſitions) ——which of all theſe was the cauſe, let the curious phyſiologiſt, or the curious any body, determine—'tis certain, at leaſt, the corporal went on thus with his harangue.

'For my own part, I declare it, that 'out of doors, I value not death at all! '——not this . . !' added the corporal, ſnapping his fingers—but with an air which no one but the corporal could have given to the ſentiment—'In battle, 'I value Death not this . . . ! and let 'him not take me cowardly, like poor 'Joe Gibbons, in ſcouring his gun. '——What is he? A pull of a trigger '—a puſh of a bayonet an inch this 'way or that makes the difference.— 'Look along the line—to the right— 'ſee! Jack's down! Well,' tis worth a 'regiment of horſe to him.—No— 'it is Dick. Then Jack's no worſe. '——Never mind which—we paſs on; '—in not purſuit the wound itſelf 'which brings him is not felt—the beſt 'way is to ſtand up to him—the man 'who flies, is in ten times more danger, 'than the man who marches up into his 'jaws.'—I've look'd him,' added the corporal, 'an hundred times in the 'face, and know what he is.—He's 'nothing, Obadiah, at all in the field!' —'But he's very frightful in a houſe,' quoth Obadiah.—'I never mind it 'myſelf,' ſaid Jonathan, 'upon a 'coach-box.'—'It muſt, in my opi-'nion, be moſt natural in bed,' replied Suſannah.——'And could I eſcape him 'by creeping into the worſt calf's ſkin 'that ever was made into a knapſack, I 'would do it there,' ſaid Trim—'but 'that is nature.'

——'Nature is nature,' ſaid Jonathan.—'And that is the reaſon,' cried Suſannah, 'I ſo much pity my miſ-'treſs.—She will never get the better 'of it?'——'Now, I pity the captain 'the moſt of any one in the family,' anſwered Trim.—'Madam will get 'eaſe of heart in weeping—the ſquire 'in talking about it—but my poor 'maſter will keep it all in ſilence to 'himſelf.—I ſhall hear him ſigh in his 'bed for a whole month together, as he 'did for Lieutenant Le Fevre. "An' "pleaſe your honour, do not ſigh ſo pi-"teouſly," I would ſay to him as I 'laid beſide him.—"I cannot help it, "Trim!" my maſter would ſay—"it "is ſo melancholy an accident—I can-"not get it off my heart."—"Your "honour fears not death yourſelf—" "I hope, Trim, I fear nothing," he 'would ſay, "but the doing a wrong "thing.——Well!" he would add, "whatever betides, I will take care of "Le Fevre's boy!"—And with that, 'like a quieting draught, his honour 'would fall aſleep.'

'I like to hear Trim's ſtories about 'the captain,' ſaid Suſannah.—'He is a kindly hearted gentleman,' ſaid Obadiah, as ever-lived!'—'Aye—and 'as brave a one too,' ſaid the corporal, 'as ever ſtept before a platoon. '—There never was a better officer in 'the king's army—or a better man in 'God's world; for he would march up 'to the mouth of a cannon, though he 'ſaw the lighted match at the very 'touch-hole—and yet, for all that, he 'has a heart as ſoft as a child for other

'people.—He would not hurt a chick-'en.'—'I would ſooner,' quoth Jonathan, 'Drive ſuch a gentleman for 'ſeven pounds a year—than ſome for 'eight.'—'Thank thee, Jonathan! for 'thy twenty ſhillings—as much, Jona-'than,' ſaid the corporal, ſhaking him by the hand, 'as if thou hadſt put the 'money into my own pocket.—I would 'ſerve him to the day of my death out 'of love. He is a friend and a brother 'to me—and could I be ſure my poor 'brother Tom was dead,'—continued the corporal, taking out his handkerchief, —'was I worth ten thouſand pounds, 'I would leave every ſhilling of it to 'the captain!'——Trim could not refrain from tears at this teſtamentary proof he gave of his affection to his maſter.—The whole kitchen was affected.—'Do tell us this ſtory of the 'poor lieutenant,' ſaid Suſannah.—'With all my heart,' anſwered the corporal.

Suſannah, the cook, Jonathan, Obadiah, and Corporal Trim, formed a circle about the fire; and, as ſoon as the ſcullion had ſhut the kitchen-door, the corporal begun.

CHAP. XI.

I Am a Turk, if I had not as much forgot my mother, as if Nature had plaiſtered me up, and ſet me down naked upon the banks of the River Nile, without one.——Your moſt obedient ſervant, Madam. I've coſt you a great deal of trouble—I wiſh it may anſwer—but you have left a crack in my back—and here's a great piece fallen off here before—and what muſt I do with this foot? I ſhall never reach England with it.

For my own part, I never wonder at any thing—and ſo often has my judgment deceived me in my life, that I always ſuſpect it, right or wrong—at leaſt I am ſeldom hot upon cold ſubjects. For all this, I reverence truth as much as any body; and when it has ſlipped us, if a man will but take me by the hand, and go quietly and ſearch for it, as for a thing we have both loſt, and can neither of us do well without—I'll go to the world's end with him——but I hate diſputes—and therefore (bating religious points, or ſuch as touch ſociety) I would almoſt ſubſcribe to any thing which does not choak me in the firſt paſſage, rather than be drawn into one——but I cannot bear ſuffocation—and bad ſmells worſt of all——for which reaſons, I reſolved from the beginning, that if ever the army of martyrs was to be augmented—or a new one raiſed—I would have no hand in it, one way or t'other.

CHAP. XII.

——BUT, to return to my mother. My Uncle Toby's opinion, Madam, 'that there could be no harm 'in Cornelius Gallus, the Roman præ-'tor's lying with his wife;'—or rather the laſt word of that opinion, (for it was all my mother heard of it) caught hold of her by the weak part of the whole ſex——you ſhall not miſtake me—I mean, her curioſity——ſhe inſtantly concluded herſelf the ſubject of the converſation, and with that prepoſſeſſion upon her fancy, you will readily conceive every word my father ſaid was accommodated either to herſelf or her family concerns.

——Pray, Madam, in what ſtreet does the lady live, who would not have done the ſame?

From the ſtrange mode of Cornelius's death, my father had made a tranſition to that of Socrates, and was giving my Uncle Toby an abſtract of his pleading before his judges——'twas irreſiſtible—not the oration of Socrates—but my father's temptation to it.—He had wrote the Life of Socrates *, himſelf, the year before he left off trade; which, I fear, was the means of haſtening him out of it; ſo that no one was able to ſet out with ſo full a ſail, and in ſo ſwelling a tide of heroick loftineſs upon the occaſion, as my father was. Not a period in Socrates's oration, which cloſed with a ſhorter word than *tranſmigration*, or *annihilation*—or a worſe thought in the middle of it than *to be—or not to be*—

* This book my father would never conſent to publiſh; 'tis in manuſcript, with ſome other tracts of his, in the family, all or moſt of which will be printed in due time.

the

the entering upon a new and untried ſtate of things—or, upon a long, a profound and peaceful ſleep, without dreams, without diſturbance—*that we and our children were born to die—but neither of us born to be ſlaves.*—No—there I miſtake; that was part of Eleazer's oration, as recorded by Joſephus (de Bell. Judaic.)—Eleazer owns he had it from the philoſophers of India; in all likelihood Alexander the Great, in his irruption into India, after he had overrun Perſia, amongſt the many things he ſtole—ſtole that ſentiment alſo; by which means it was carried, if not all the way by himſelf, (for we all know he died at Babylon) at leaſt by ſome of his marauders, into Greece—from Greece it got to Rome—from Rome to France—and from France to England.——So things come round!—

By land-carriage, I can conceive no other way.

By water, the ſentiment might eaſily have come down the Ganges into the Sinus Gangeticus, or Bay of Bengal, and ſo into the Indian Sea; and, following the courſe of trade, (the way from India by the Cape of Good-Hope being then unknown) might be carried with other drugs and ſpices up the Red Sea to Joddah, the port of Mekka, or elſe to Tor or Sues, towns at the bottom of the gulph; and from thence by karrawans to Coptos, but three days journey diſtant, ſo down the Nile directly to Alexandria, where the SENTIMENT would be landed at the very foot of the great ſtair-caſe of the Alexandrian library—and from that ſtore-houſe it would be fetched.——Bleſs me! what a trade was driven by the learned in thoſe days!

CHAP. XIII.

——NOW my father had a way a little like that of Job's (in caſe there ever was ſuch a man—if not, there's an end of the matter.)

Though, by the bye, becauſe your learned men find ſome difficulty in fixing the preciſe æra in which ſo great a man lived—whether, for inſtance, before or after the patriarchs, &c.—to vote, therefore, that he never lived *at all* is a little cruel—'tis not doing as they would be done by——happen that as it may—my father, I ſay, had a way, when things went extremely wrong with him, eſpecially upon the firſt ſally of his impatience—of wondering why he was begot—wiſhing himſelf dead—ſometimes worſe——and when the provocation ran high, and grief touched his lips with more than ordinary powers—Sir, you ſcarce could have diſtinguiſhed him from Socrates himſelf.—Every word would breathe the ſentiments of a ſoul diſdaining life, and careleſs about all it's iſſues; for which reaſon, though my mother was a woman of no deep reading, yet the abſtract of Socrates's oration, which my father was giving my Uncle Toby, was not altogether new to her.—She liſtened to it with compoſed intelligence, and would have done ſo to the end of the chapter, had not my father plunged (which he had no occaſion to have done) into that part of the pleading where the great philoſopher reckons up his connections, his alliances, and children; but renounces a ſecurity to be ſo won by working upon the paſſions of his judges.—'I have 'friends—I have relations—I have three 'deſolate children!'—ſays Socrates.

——'Then,' cried my mother, opening the door,—'you have one more, 'Mr. Shandy, than I know of.'

'By Heaven, I have one leſs!'—ſaid my father, getting up and walking out of the room.

CHAP. XIV.

——'THEY are Socrates's chil-'dren!' ſaid my Uncle Toby. 'He has been dead a hundred 'years ago,' replied my mother.

My Uncle Toby was no chronologer—ſo not caring to advance a ſtep but upon ſafe ground, he laid down his pipe deliberately upon the table, and riſing up, and taking my mother moſt kindly by the hand, without ſaying another word, either good or bad, to her, he led her out after my father, that he might finiſh the eccleirciſſement himſelf.

CHAP. XV.

HAD this volume been a farce—which, unleſs every one's Life and Opinions are to be looked upon as a farce as well as mine, I ſee no reaſon to ſuppoſe—the laſt chapter, Sir, had finiſhed

finiſhed the firſt act of it, and then this chapter muſt have ſet off thus.

'Ptr..r..r..ing—twing—twang—prut—trut—'tis a curſed bad fiddle.—Do you know whether my fiddle's in tune or no?—trut.. prut..—They ſhould be *fifths*—'Tis wickedly ſtrung—tr... a. e. i. o. u.—twang. The bridge is a mile too high, and the ſound-poſt abſolutely down—elſe—trut..prut—hark! 'tis not ſo bad a tone.—Diddle, diddle; diddle, diddle; diddle, diddle; dum. There is nothing in playing before good judges—but there's a man there——no—not him with the bundle under his arm—the grave man in black——S'death! not the gentleman with the ſword on!——Sir, I had rather play a *capriccio* to Calliope herſelf, than draw my bow acroſs my fiddle before that very man; and yet, I'll ſtake my Cremona to a Jew's trump, which is the greateſt muſical odds that ever were laid, that I will this moment ſtop three hundred and fifty leagues out of tune upon my fiddle, without puniſhing one ſingle nerve that belongs to him—Twaddle diddle, tweddle diddle—twiddle diddle—twoddle diddle—twuddle diddle—prut-trut—kriſh—kraſh—kruſh——I've undone you, Sir——but you ſee he is no worſe—and was Apollo to take his fiddle after me, he can make him no better.

'Diddle diddle, diddle diddle, diddle diddle—hum—dum—drum.

——Your worſhips and your reverences love muſick—and God has made you all with good ears—and ſome of you play delightfully yourſelves—trut-prut—prut-trut.

O! there is—whom I could ſit and hear whole days—whoſe talents lie in making what he fiddles to be felt—who inſpires me with his joys and hopes, and puts the moſt hidden ſprings of my heart into motion.—If you would borrow five guineas of me, Sir, which is generally ten guineas more than I have to ſpare—or you, Meſſrs. Apothecary and Taylor, want your bills paying—that's your time.

CHAP. XVI.

THE firſt thing which entered my father's head, after affairs were little ſettled in the family, and Suſannah had got poſſeſſion of my mother's green ſattin night-gown—was to ſit down coolly, after the example of Xenophon, and write a TRISTRA-*pædia*, or ſyſtem of education for me; collecting, firſt, for that purpoſe, his own ſcattered thoughts, counſels, and notions; and binding them together, ſo as to form an INSTITUTE for the government of my childhood and adoleſcence. I was my father's laſt ſtake—he had loſt my Brother Bobby entirely; he had loſt, by his own computation, full three-fourths of me—that is, he had been unfortunate in his three firſt great caſts for me—my geniture, noſe, and name—there was but this one left: and accordingly my father gave himſelf up to it with as much devotion as ever my Uncle Toby had done to his doctrine of projectils. The difference between them was, that my Uncle Toby drew his whole knowledge of projectils from Nicholas Tartaglia—my father ſpun his, every thread of it, out of his own brain—or ſo reeled and croſs-twiſted what all other ſpinners and ſpinſters had ſpun before him, that 'twas pretty near the ſame torture to him.

In about three years, or ſomething more, my father had got advanced almoſt into the middle of his work. Like all other writers, he met with diſappointments.—He imagined he ſhould be able to bring whatever he had to ſay, into ſo ſmall compaſs, that when it was finiſhed and bound, it might be rolled up in my mother's huſhive.—Matter grows under our hands.—Let no man ſay—'Come, I'll write a *duodecimo*.'

My father gave himſelf up to it, however, with the moſt painful diligence, proceeding ſtep by ſtep in every line, with the ſame kind of caution and circumſpection (though I cannot ſay upon quite ſo religious a principle) as was uſed by John de la Caſa, the Lord Archbiſhop of Benevento, in compaſſing his Galateo; in which his grace of Benevento ſpent near forty years of his life; and when the thing came out, it was not of above half the ſize or the thickneſs of a Rider's Almanack.—How the holy man managed the affair, unleſs he ſpent the greateſt part of his time in combing his whiſkers, or playing at *primero* with his chaplain—would poſe any mortal not let into the true ſecret—and therefore 'tis worth explaining to the world, was it only for the encouragement

ngement of thoſe few in it, who write not ſo much to be fed—as to be famous.

I own, had John de la Caſa, the Archbiſhop of Benevento, for whoſe memory (notwithſtanding his Galateo) I retain the higheſt veneration—had he been, Sir, a ſlender clerk—of dull wit—ſlow parts—coſtive head, and ſo forth—he and his Galateo might have jogged on together to the age of Methuſelah for me—the phænomenon had not been worth a parentheſis.

But the reverſe of this was the truth: John de la Caſa was a genius of fine parts and fertile fancy; and yet, with all theſe great advantages of nature, which ſhould have pricked him forwards with his Galateo, he lay under an impuiſſance at the ſame time of advancing above a line and a half in the compaſs of a whole ſummer's day: this diſability in his grace aroſe from an opinion he was afflicted with, which opinion was this—viz. that whenever a Chriſtian was writing a book (not for his private amuſement, but) where his intent and purpoſe was, *bonâ fide*, to print and publiſh it to the world, his firſt thoughts were always the temptations of the evil one. This was the ſtate of ordinary writers: but when a perſonage of venerable character and high ſtation, either in church or ſtate, once turned author—he maintained, that from the very moment he took pen in hand—all the devils in hell broke out of their holes to cajole him.—'Twas *term-time* with them—every thought, firſt and laſt, was captious—how ſpecious and good ſoever—'twas all one—in whatever form or colour it preſented itſelf to the imagination—'twas ſtill a ſtroke of one or other of 'em levelled at him, and was to be fenced off.—So that the life of a writer, whatever he might fancy to the contrary, was not ſo much a ſtate of *compoſition*, as a ſtate of *warfare*; and his probation in it, preciſely that of any other man militant upon earth—both depending alike, not half ſo much upon the degrees of his WIT—as his RESISTANCE.

My father was hugely pleaſed with this theory of John de la Caſa, Archbiſhop of Benevento; and (had it not cramped him a little in his creed) I believe would have given ten of the beſt acres in the Shandy eſtate, to have been the broacher of it.—How far my father actually believed in the devil, will be ſeen, when I come to ſpeak of my father's religious notions, in the progreſs of this work: 'tis enough to ſay here, as he could not have the honour of it, in the literal ſenſe of the doctrine—he took up with the allegory of it—and would often ſay, eſpecially when his pen was a little retrograde, there was as much good meaning, truth, and knowledge, couched under the veil of John de la Caſa's parabolical repreſentation—as was to be found in any one poetick fiction, or myſtick record of antiquity.—'Prejudice of education,' he would ſay, '*is the devil*—and the multitudes of them which we ſuck in with our mother's milk—*are the devil and all.*—We are haunted with them, brother Toby, in all our lucubrations and reſearches; and was a man fool enough to ſubmit tamely to what they obtruded upon him—what would his book be?—Nothing,' he would add, throwing his pen away with a vengeance—'nothing but a farrago of the clack of nurſes, and of the nonſenſe of the old women (of both ſexes) throughout the kingdom.'

This is the beſt account I am determined to give of the ſlow progreſs my father made in his Triſtra-pædia; at which (as I ſaid) he was three years and ſomething more, indefatigably at work, and at laſt, had ſcarce compleated, by his own reckoning, one half of his undertaking: the misfortune was, that I was all that time totally neglected and abandoned to my mother; and, what was almoſt as bad, by the very delay, the firſt part of the work, upon which my father had ſpent moſt of his pains, was rendered entirely uſeleſs—every day a page or two became of no conſequence.

—— Certainly it was ordained as a ſcourge upon the pride of human wiſdom, that the wiſeſt of us all ſhould thus outwit ourſelves, and eternally forego our purpoſes in the intemperate act of purſuing them.

In ſhort, my father was ſo long in all his acts of reſiſtance—or in other words—he advanced ſo very ſlow with his work, and I began to live and get forwards at ſuch a rate, that if an event had not happened—which, when we get to it, if it can be told with decency, ſhall not be concealed a moment from the reader—I verily believe, I had put by my father, and left him drawing a

ſur-

ſun-dial, for no better purpoſe than to be buried under ground.

CHAP. XVII.

——'TWAS nothing—I did not loſe two drops of blood by it—'twas not worth calling in a ſurgeon, had he lived next door to us—thouſands ſuffer by choice, what I did by accident.—Doctor Slop made ten times more of it than there was occaſion: ſome men riſe, by the art of hanging great weights upon ſmall wires—and I am this day (Auguſt the 10th, 1761) paying part of the price of this man's reputation.—O 'twould provoke a ſtone, to ſee how things are carried on in this world!——The chamber-maid had left no *******-*** under the bed.—'Cannot you contrive, maſter,' quoth Suſannah, lifting up the ſaſh with one hand, as ſhe ſpoke, and helping me up into the window-ſeat with the other—'cannot you manage, my dear, 'for a ſingle time, to **** *** ** *** ******?'

I was five years old.—Suſannah did not conſider that nothing was well hung in our family—ſo ſlap came the ſaſh down like lightning upon us—'Nothing 'is left!'—cried Suſannah—'nothing 'is left—for me, but to run my coun-'try.'—

My Uncle Toby's houſe was a much kinder ſanctuary; and ſo Suſannah fled to it.

CHAP. XVIII.

WHEN Suſannah told the corporal the miſadventure of the ſaſh, with all the circumſtances which attended the *murder* of me—(as ſhe called it)—the blood forſook his cheeks ——all acceſſaries in murder being principals—Trim's conſcience told him he was as much to blame as Suſannah—and if the doctrine had been true, my Uncle Toby had as much of the blood-ſhed to anſwer for to Heaven, as either of 'em—ſo that neither reaſon or inſtinct, ſeparate or together, could poſſibly have guided Suſannah's ſteps to ſo proper an aſylum. It is in vain to leave this to the reader's imagination—to form any kind of hypotheſis that will render theſe propoſitions feaſible, he muſt cudgel his brains ſore—and to do it without—he muſt have ſuch brains as no reader ever had before him.—Why ſhould I put them either to trial or to torture?—'Tis my own affair: I'll explain it myſelf.

CHAP. XIX.

'IT is a pity, Trim,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, reſting with his hand upon the corporal's ſhoulder, as they both ſtood ſurveying their works—'that 'we have not a couple of field-pieces 'to mount in the gorge of that new re-'doubt—'twould ſecure the lines all 'along there, and make the attack on 'that ſide quite compleat—get me a 'couple caſt, Trim.'

'Your honour ſhall have them,' replied Trim, 'before to-morrow morn-'ing.'

It was the joy of Trim's heart—nor was his fertile head ever at a loſs for expedients in doing it, to ſupply my Uncle Toby in his campaigns, with whatever his fancy called for; had it been his laſt crown, he would have ſat down and hammered it into a paderero to have prevented a ſingle wiſh in his maſter. The corporal had already—what with cutting off the ends of my Uncle Toby's ſpouts—hacking and chiſelling up the ſides of his leaden gutters—melting down his pewter ſhaving-baſon—and going at laſt, like Lewis the Fourteenth, on to the top of the church, for ſpare ends, &c.—he had that very campaign brought no leſs than eight new battering cannons, beſides three demi-culverins, into the field; my Uncle Toby's demand for two more pieces for the redoubt, had ſet the corporal at work again; and no better reſource offering, he had taken the two leaden weights from the nurſery-window: and as the ſaſh-pullies, when the lead was gone, were of no kind of uſe, he had taken them away alſo, to make a couple of wheels for one of their carriages.

He had diſmantled every ſaſh-window in my Uncle Toby's houſe long before, in the very ſame way—though not always in the ſame order: for ſometimes the pullies had been wanted, and not the lead—ſo then he began with the pullies—and the pullies being picked out, then the lead became uſeleſs—and ſo the lead went to pot too.

—A great

—— A great MORAL might be picked handſomely out of this; but I have not time—'tis enough to ſay, wherever the demolition began, 'twas equally fatal to the ſaſh-window.

CHAP. XX.

THE corporal had not taken his meaſures ſo badly in this ſtroke of artilleryſhip, but that he might have kept the matter entirely to himſelf, and left Suſannah to have ſuſtained the whole weight of the attack, as ſhe could—true courage is not content with coming off ſo.—The corporal, whether as general or comptroller of the train—'twas no matter—had done that, without which, as he imagined, the misfortune could never have happened, *at leaſt in Suſannah's hands*——How would your honours have behaved?——He determined, at once, not to take ſhelter behind Suſannah—but to give it; and with this reſolution upon his mind, he marched upright into the parlour, to lay the whole manœuvre before my Uncle Toby.

My Uncle Toby had juſt then been giving Yorick an account of the battle of Steenkirk, and of the ſtrange conduct of Count Solmes in ordering the foot to halt, and the horſe to march where it could not act; which was directly contrary to the king's commands, and proved the loſs of the day.

There are incidents in ſome families ſo pat to the purpoſe of what is going to follow—they are ſcarce exceeded by the invention of a dramatick writer—I mean, of ancient days.—

Trim, by the help of his fore-finger laid flat upon the table, and the edge of his hand ſtriking acroſs it at right-angles, made a ſhift to tell his ſtory ſo that prieſts and virgins might have liſtened to it.——And the ſtory being told—the dialogue went on as follows.

CHAP. XXI.

——'I would be picketted to death,' cried the corporal, as he concluded Suſannah's ſtory, 'before I would ſuffer 'the woman to come to any harm—'twas 'my fault, an pleaſe your honour—not 'her's.'

'Corporal Trim,' replied my Uncle Toby, putting on his hat which lay upon the table—'if any thing can be ſaid 'to be a fault, when the ſervice abſo-'lutely requires it ſhould be done—'tis 'I certainly who deſerve the blame—'you obeyed your orders.'

'Had Count Solmes, Trim, done 'the ſame at the battle of Steenkirk,' ſaid Yorick, drolling a little upon the corporal, who had been run over by a dragoon in the retreat—'he had ſaved 'thee——' 'Saved!' cried Trim, interrupting Yorick, and finiſhing the ſentence for him after his own faſhion—'he had ſaved five battalions, an' pleaſe 'your reverence, every ſoul of them!

'——There was Cutts's,' continued the corporal, clapping the fore-finger of his right-hand upon the thumb of his left, and counting round his hand—'there was Cutts's—Mackay's—An-'gus's—Graham's—and Levens's, all 'cut to pieces——and ſo had the En-'gliſh life-guards too, had it not been 'for ſome regiments upon the right, 'who marched up boldly to their re-'lief, and received the enemy's fire in 'their faces, before any one of their 'own platoons diſcharged a muſket—'they'll go to Heaven for it!'—added Trim.—'Trim is right,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, nodding to Yorick; 'he's 'perfectly right.'—'What ſignifies his 'marching the horſe,' continued the corporal, 'where the ground was ſo 'ſtrait, and the French had ſuch a 'nation of hedges, and copſes, and 'ditches, and felled trees laid this way 'and that to cover them—(as they al-'ways have.)—Count Solmes ſhould 'have ſent us—we would have fired 'muzzle to muzzle with them for their 'lives. There was nothing to be done 'for the horſe.——He had his foot 'ſhot off, however, for his pains,' continued the corporal, 'the very next 'campaign, at Landen.'—'Poor Trim 'got his wound there,' quoth my Uncle Toby.—'It was owing, an' 'pleaſe your honour, entirely to Count 'Solmes. Had we drubbed them ſound-'ly at Steenkirk, they would not have 'fought us at Landen.'—'Poſſibly 'not Trim;' ſaid my Uncle Toby; 'though, if they have the advantage 'of a wood, or you give them a mo-'ment's time to intrench themſelves, 'they are a nation which will pop and 'pop for ever at you. There is no way 'but to march coolly up to them, re-

'ceive their fire, and fall in upon them, 'pell-mell—' 'Ding-dong,' added Trim.—'Horſe and foot,' ſaid my Uncle Toby.—'Helter-ſkelter,' ſaid Trim.—'Right and left!' cried my Uncle Toby.—'Blood an' ounds!' ſhouted the corporal.——The battle raged—Yorick drew his chair a little to one ſide for ſafety; and, after a moment's pauſe, my Uncle Toby ſinking his voice a note—reſumed the diſcourſe as follows.

CHAP. XXII.

'KING William,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, addreſſing himſelf to Yorick, 'was ſo terribly provoked at 'Count Solmes for diſobeying his orders, that he would not ſuffer him to 'come into his preſence for many 'months after.'—'I fear,' anſwered Yorick, 'the ſquire will be as much 'provoked at the corporal, as the king 'at the count.—But 'twould be ſingularly hard in this caſe,' continued he, 'if Corporal Trim, who has behaved ſo diametrically oppoſite to 'Count Solmes, ſhould have the fate 'to be rewarded with the ſame diſgrace '—too oft, in this world, do things 'take that train.'—'I would ſpring a 'mine,' cried my Uncle Toby, riſing up —'and blow up my fortifications, and 'my houſe with them, and we would 'periſh under their ruins, ere I would 'ſtand by and ſee it!'—Trim directed a ſlight—but a grateful bow towards his maſter——and ſo the chapter ends.

CHAP. XXIII.

——'Then Yorick,' replied my Uncle Toby, 'you and I will lead the 'way abreaſt—and do you, corporal, 'follow a few paces behind us.'—'And 'Suſannah, an' pleaſe your honour,' ſaid Trim, 'ſhall be put in the rear.'—'Twas an excellent diſpoſition——and in this order, without either drums beating, or colours flying, they marched ſlowly from my Uncle Toby's houſe to Shandy Hall.

——'I wiſh,' ſaid Trim, as they entered the door—'inſtead of the faſh-'weight, I had cut off the church-'ſpout, as I once thought to have done.'—'You have cut off ſpouts enough!' replied Yorick.

CHAP. XXIV.

AS many pictures as have been given of my father, how like him ſoever in different airs and attitudes—not one, or all of them, can ever help the reader to any kind of preconception of how my father would think, ſpeak, or act, upon any untried occaſion or occurrence of life.—There was that infinitude of oddities in him, and of chances along with it, by which handle he would take a thing—it baffled, Sir, all calculations.—The truth was, his road lay ſo very far on one ſide, from that wherein moſt men travelled—that every object before him preſented a face and ſection of itſelf to his eye, altogether different from the plan and elevation of it ſeen by the reſt of mankind.—In other words, 'twas a different object—and in courſe was differently conſidered.

This is the true reaſon, that my dear Jenny and I, as well as all the world beſides us, have ſuch eternal ſquabbles about nothing.—She looks at her outſide—I, at her in—. How is it poſſible we ſhould agree about her value?

CHAP. XXV.

'TIS a point ſettled—and I mention it for the comfort of Confucius *, who is apt to get entangled in telling a plain ſtory—that provided he keeps along the line of his ſtory—he may go backwards and forwards as he will—'tis ſtill held to be no digreſſion.

This being premiſed, I take the benefit of the *act of going backwards* myſelf.

CHAP. XXVI.

FIFTY thouſand pannier loads of devils—(not of the Archbiſhop of Benevento's—I mean, of Rabelais's devils)—with their tails chopped off by their rumps, could not have made ſo diabolical a ſcream of it as I did—when the accident befel me: it ſummoned up

* Mr. Shandy is ſuppoſed to mean ****** ******, Eſq. member for ******—and not the Chineſe legiſlator.

my

my mother inſtantly into the nurſery—ſo that Suſannah had but juſt time to make her eſcape down the back-ſtairs, as my mother came up the fore.

Now, though I was old enough to have told the ſtory myſelf—and young enough, I hope, to have done it without malignity; yet Suſannah, in paſſing by the kitchen, for fear of accidents, had left it in ſhort-hand with the cook—the cook had told it with a commentary to Jonathan, and Jonathan to Obadiah; ſo that by the time my father had rung the bell half a dozen times, to know what was the matter above—was Obadiah enabled to give him a particular account of it, juſt as it had happened—'I thought as much!' ſaid my father, tucking up his night-gown—and ſo walked up ſtairs.

One would imagine from this—(though, for my own part, I ſomewhat queſtion it)—that my father, before that time, had actually wrote that remarkable chapter in the *Triſtra-pædia*, which to me is the moſt original and entertaining one in the whole book—and that is, the *chapter upon ſaſh-windows*, with a bitter *Philippick* at the end of it, upon the forgetfulneſs of chamber-maids.—I have but two reaſons for thinking otherwiſe.

Firſt, Had the matter been taken into conſideration, before the event happened, my father certainly would have nailed up the ſaſh-window for good and all—which, conſidering with what difficulty he compoſed books—he might have done with ten times leſs trouble than he could have wrote the chapter: this argument, I foreſee, holds good againſt his writing the chapter, even after the event; but 'tis obviated under the ſecond reaſon, which I have the honour to offer to the world in ſupport of my opinion, that my father did not write the chapter upon ſaſh-windows and chamber-pots at the time ſuppoſed—and it is this—

—That, in order to render the *Triſtra-pædia* compleat—I wrote the chapter myſelf.

CHAP. XXVII.

MY father put on his ſpectacles—looked—took them off—put them into the caſe—all in leſs than a ſtatutable minute; and, without opening his lips, turned about, and walked precipitately down ſtairs. My mother imagined he had ſtepped down for lint and baſilicon; but ſeeing him return with a couple of folios under his arm, and Obadiah following him with a large reading-deſk, ſhe took it for granted 'twas an herbal, and ſo drew him a chair to the bed-ſide, that he might conſult upon the caſe at his eaſe.

—If it be but right done,' ſaid my father, turning to the ſection—*De ſede vel ſubjecto circumciſionis*—for he had brought up *Spencer de Legibus Hebræorum Ritualibus*—and *Maimonides*, in order to confront and examine us all together.

—'If it be but right done—' quoth he.—'Only tell us,' cried my mother, interrupting him, 'what herbs?'—'For that,' replied my father, 'you 'muſt ſend for Doctor Slop.'

My mother went down, and my father went on, reading the ſection as follows.

'* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
'* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
'* * * * *——' 'Very well!' ſaid my father—'* * * * * * * * * *
'* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
'* * * *——nay, if it has that conve-'nience——' and ſo, without ſtopping a moment to ſettle it firſt in his mind, whether the Jews had it from the Egyptians, or the Egyptians from the Jews—he roſe up, and rubbing his forehead two or three times acroſs with the palm of his hand, in the manner we rub out the footſteps of care, when the evil has trod lighter upon us than we foreboded—he ſhut the book, and walked down ſtairs.—'Nay,' ſaid he, mentioning the name of a different great nation upon every ſtep, as he ſet his foot upon it—'if the *Egyptians*—the *Syrians*—the '*Phœnicians*—the *Arabians*—the *Ca-'padocians*——if the *Colchi* and *Tro-'glodytes* did it——if *Solon* and *Pytha-'goras* ſubmitted—what is *Triſtram?* '—Who am I, that I ſhould fret or 'fume one moment about the matter?'

CHAP. XXVIII.

'DEAR Yorick,' ſaid my father, ſmiling, (for Yorick had broke his rank with my Uncle Toby in coming through the narrow entry, and ſo had ſtept firſt into the parlour)—'this Triſ-

'tram of ours, I find, comes very hard-'ly by all his religious rites.—Never 'was the ſon of Jew, Chriſtian, Turk, 'or Infidel, initiated into them in ſo 'oblique and ſlovenly a manner.'—'But he is no worſe, I truſt,' ſaid Yorick.

——'There has been certainly,' continued my father, 'the deuce and 'all to do in ſome part or other of the 'ecliptick, when this offspring of mine 'was formed!'—'That you are a bet-'ter judge of than I,' replied Yorick.—'Aſtrologers,' quoth my father, 'know better than us both—the trine 'and ſextil aſpects have jumped awry '—or the oppoſite of their aſcendents 'have not hit it as they ſhould—or the 'lords of the genitures (as they call 'them) have been at *bo-peep*—or, ſome-'thing has been wrong above or below 'with us.'

'It is poſſible,' anſwered Yorick.—'But is the child,' cried my Uncle To-by, 'the worſe?'—'The Troglodytes 'ſay not,' replied my father.—'And 'your theologiſts, Yorick, tell us——' 'Theologically?' ſaid Yorick; 'or 'ſpeaking after the manner of apothe-'caries *?—ſtateſinen †?—or waſher-'women ‡?'

——'I am not ſure,' replied my father—'but they tell us, brother To-'by, he's the better for it.'—'Pro-'vided,' ſaid Yorick, 'you travel him 'into Egypt.'—'Of that,' anſwered my father, 'he will have the advan-'tage when he ſees the *Pyramids*.'—

'Now every word of this,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'is Arabick to me.'—'I wiſh,' ſaid Yorick, 'it was ſo—'to half the world!'

——'Ilus §,' continued my father, 'circumciſed his whole army one morn-'ing.'——'Not without a court-'martial?' cried my Uncle Toby.——'Though the learned,' continued he, taking no notice of my Uncle Toby's remark, but turning to Yorick—'are 'greatly divided ſtill who Ilus was; 'ſome ſay Saturn—ſome the Supreme 'Being—others, no more than a bri-'gadier-general under *Pharaoh-neco*.'—'Let him be who he will,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, 'I know not by what 'article of war he could juſtify it.'

'The controvertiſts,' anſwered my father, 'aſſign two and twenty dif-'ferent reaſons for it—others, indeed, 'who have drawn their pens on the op-'poſite ſide of the queſtion, have ſhewn 'the world the futility of the greateſt 'part of them.—But then again, our 'beſt polemick divines—' 'I wiſh 'there was not a polemick divine,' ſaid Yorick, 'in the kingdom—one ounce 'of practical divinity is worth a painted 'ſhip-load of all their reverences have 'imported theſe fifty years!'—'Pray, 'Mr. Yorick,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'do tell me what a polemick divine is?'—'The beſt deſcription, Captain Shan-'dy, I have ever read, is a couple of 'them,' replied Yorick, 'in the ac-'count of the battle fought ſingle 'hands betwixt *Gymnaſt* and *Captain* '*Tripet*; which I have in my pocket.'—'I beg I may hear it!' quoth my Uncle Toby, earneſtly.—'You ſhall,' ſaid Yorick.—'And as the corporal is 'waiting for me at the door—and I 'know the deſcription of a battle will 'do the poor fellow more good than his 'ſupper—I beg, brother, you'll give 'him leave to come in.'—'With all 'my ſoul!' ſaid my father.—Trim came in, erect and happy as an em-peror; and, having ſhut the door, Yo-rick took a book from his right-hand coat-pocket, and read, or pretended to read, as follows.

CHAP. XXIX.

——'which words being heard by all 'the ſoldiers which were there, divers 'of them being inwardly terrified, did 'ſhrink back and make room for the 'aſſailant: all this did Gymnaſt very 'well remark and conſider; and there-'fore, making as if he would have 'alighted from off his horſe, as he was 'poiſing himſelf on the mounting-ſide, 'he moſt nimbly (with his ſhort ſword 'by his thigh) ſhifting his feet in the 'ſtirrup and performing the ſtirrup-'leather feat, whereby, after the inclin-

* Χαλεπῆς νόσε, καὶ δυσιάτε ἀπαλλαγὴ, ἣν ἄνθρακα καλοῦσιν. PHILO.

† Τὰ ταμνόμενα τῶν ἱθνῶν πολυγονώτατα, καὶ πολυανθρωπότατα εἶναι.

‡ Καθαριότητος ἕνεκεν. BOCHART.

§ Ὁ Ιλος, τὰ αἰδοῖα περιτέμνεται. ταυτὸ ποιῆσαι καὶ τὸς ἅμ' αυτῷ συμμάχυς κατανα-λώσας. SANCHUNIATHO.

'ing

'ing of his body downwards, he forth-
'with launched himſelf aloft into the air,
'and placed both his feet together up-
'on the ſaddle, ſtanding upright, with
'his back turned towards his horſe's
'head.—"Now," ſaid he, "my caſe
"goes forward." Then, ſuddenly, in
'the ſame poſture wherein he was, he
'fetched a gambol upon one foot, and
'turning to the left-hand, failed not to
'carry his body perfectly round, juſt
'into his former poſition, without miſſ-
'ing one jot.—"Ha!" ſaid Tripet,
"I will not do that at this time—and
"not without cauſe."—"Well," ſaid
'Gymnaſt, "I have failed—I will un-
"do this leap:"—then with a marvel-
'lous ſtrength and agility, turning to-
'wards the right-hand, he fetched an-
'other friſking gambol as before;
'which done, he ſet his right-hand
'thumb upon the bow of the ſaddle,
'raiſed himſelf up, and ſprung into the
'air, poiſing and upholding his whole
'weight upon the muſcle and nerve of
'the ſaid thumb, and ſo turned and
'whirled himſelf about three times:
'at the fourth, reverſing his body and
'over-turning it upſide down, and fore-
'ſide back, without *touching any thing*,
'he brought himſelf betwixt the horſe's
'two ears, and then giving himſelf a
'jirking ſwing, he ſeated himſelf upon
'the crupper—'

('This can't be fighting,' ſaid my Uncle Toby.—The corporal ſhook his head at it.—'Have patience,' ſaid Yorick.)

'Then (Tripet) paſſed his right-leg
'over his ſaddle, and placed himſelf *en*
'*croup*—"But," ſaid he, "'twere bet-
"ter for me to get into the ſaddle."
'Then putting the thumbs of both
'hands upon the crupper before him,
'and thereupon leaning himſelf, as up-
'on the only ſupporters of his body, he
'incontinently turned heels over head
'in the air, and ſtraight found himſelf
'betwixt the bow of the ſaddle in a
'tolerable ſeat; then ſpringing into the
'air, with a ſummerſet, he turned him
'about like a windmill, and made
'above a hundred friſks, turns, and
'demi-pommadas.'——'Good God!'
cried Trim, loſing all patience—'one
'home thruſt of a bayonet is worth
'it all.'—'I think ſo too,' replied Yorick.

——'I am of a contrary opinion,' quoth my father.

CHAP. XXX.

——'No—I think I have advanced
'nothing,' replied my father, making anſwer to a queſtion which Yorick had taken the liberty to put to him—'I have
'advanced nothing in the *Triſtra-pæ-*
'*dia*, but what is as clear as any one
'propoſition in Euclid.—Reach me,
'Trim, that book from off the ſcru-
'toire——It has oft times been in my
'mind,' continued my father, 'to have
'read it over both to you, Yorick, and
'to my brother Toby—and I think it
'a little unfriendly in myſelf, in not
'having done it long ago——ſhall we
'have a ſhort chapter or two now—and
'a chapter or two hereafter, as occa-
'ſions ſerve; and ſo on, till we get
'through the whole?'—My Uncle Toby and Yorick made the obeiſance which was proper; and the corporal, though he was not included in the compliment, laid his hand upon his breaſt, and made his bow at the ſame time.—The company ſmiled. 'Trim,' quoth my father, 'has paid the full price for ſtay-
'ing out the *entertainment*.'—'He
'did not ſeem to reliſh the play,' re-
'plied Yorick.—'It was a Tom-fool
'battle, an' pleaſe your reverence, of a
'Captain Tripet's and that other offi-
'cer making ſo many ſummerſets as
'they advanced——the French come
'on capering now and then in that
'way—but not quite ſo much.'

My Uncle Toby never felt the conſciouſneſs of his exiſtence with more complacency than what the corporal's, and his own reflections, made him do at that moment—He lighted his pipe—Yorick drew his chair cloſer to the table—Trim ſnuffed the candle—My father ſtirred up the fire—took up the book—coughed twice, and began.

CHAP. XXXI.

'THE firſt thirty pages,' ſaid my father, turning over the leaves—
'are a little dry; and as they are not
'cloſely connected with the ſubject—
'for the preſent we'll paſs them by—
''tis a prefatory introduction,' continued my father, 'or an introductory
'preface, (for I am not determined
'which name to give it) upon political
'or civil government; the foundation

'of

'of which being laid in the first conjunction betwixt male and female, for 'procreation of the species—I was insensibly led into it.'—'It was natural,' said Yorick.

'The original of society,' continued my father, 'I'm satisfied is, what *Politian* tells us, *i. e.* merely conjugal; 'and nothing more than the getting 'together of one man and one woman '—to which, (according to Hesiod) 'the philosopher adds a servant—— 'but supposing in the first beginning 'there were no men-servants born — 'he lays the foundation of it, in a man '—a woman—and a bull.'—'I be'believe, 'tis an ox,' quoth Yorick, quoting the passage—'(οἶκον μὲν πρώτιςα, 'γυναῖκα τε, βοῦν τ' ἀρότηρα ;)—a bull must 'have given more trouble than his head 'was worth.'—'But there is a better 'reason still,' said my father (dipping his pen into his ink;) 'for, the ox be'ing the most patient of animals, and 'the most useful withal in tilling the 'ground for their nourishment—was 'the properest instrument, and emblem 'too, for the new-joined couple, that 'the creation could have associated with 'them.'—'And there is a stronger rea'son,' added my Uncle Toby, 'than 'them all, for the ox.'—(My father had not power to take his pen out of his inkhorn, till he had heard my Uncle Toby's reason.) 'For when the ground was till'ed,' said my Uncle Toby, 'and made 'worth inclosing, then they began to 'secure it by walls and ditches, which 'was the origin of fortification.'—— 'True, true, dear Toby;' cried my father, striking out the bull, and putting the ox in his place.

My father gave Trim a nod, to snuff the candle, and resumed his discourse.

——'I enter upon this speculation,' said my father carelessly, and half shutting the book, as he went on—'merely 'to shew the foundation of the natu'ral relation between a father and his 'child; the right and jurisdiction over 'whom he acquires these several ways—

'1st, By marriage.

'2d, By adoption.

'3d, By legitimation.

'And 4th, By procreation——all 'which I consider in their order.'

'I lay a slight stress upon one of 'them,' replied Yorick.—'The act, 'especially where it ends there, in my 'opinion, lays as little obligation upon 'the child, as it conveys power to the 'father.'—'You are wrong,' said my father argutely, 'and for this plain rea'son * .—I own,' added my father, 'that the offspring, up'on this account, is not so under the 'power and jurisdiction of the *mother*.' —'But the reason,' replied Yorick, 'equally holds good for her.'—'She 'is under authority herself,' said my father.—'And besides,' continued my father, nodding his head and laying his finger upon the side of his nose, as he assigned his reason—'*she is not the 'principal agent, Yorick*.'—'In what?' quoth my Uncle Toby, stopping his pipe.—'Though by all means,' added my father, (not attending to my Uncle Toby) '*the son ought to pay her respect* '—as you may read, Yorick, at large, 'in the first book of the Institutes of 'Justinian, at the eleventh title and the 'tenth section.'—'I can read it as well,' replied Yorick, 'in the Catechism.'

CHAP. XXXII.

'TRIM can repeat every word of 'it by heart,' quoth my Uncle Toby.—'Pugh!' said my father, not caring to be interrupted with Trim's saying his catechism.—'He can, upon 'my honour!' replied my Uncle Toby.—'Ask him, Mr. Yorick, any 'question you please.'—

——'The fifth commandment, 'Trim?' said Yorick, speaking mildly, and with a gentle nod, as to a modest catechumen.—The corporal stood silent.—'You don't ask him right,' said my Uncle Toby, raising his voice, and giving it rapidly like the word of command——The fifth!'—cried my Uncle Toby.—'I must begin with the first, an' 'please your honour,' said the corporal.

——Yorick could not forbear smiling.—'Your reverence does not con'sider,' said the corporal, shouldering 'his stick like a musket, and marching into the middle of the room, to illustrate his position—'that 'tis exactly the 'same thing, as doing one's exercise in 'the field.'—

'*Join your right hand to your fire'lock!*' cried the corporal, giving the word of command, and performing the motion.—

'*Poise*

'*Poise your firelock!*' cried the corporal, doing the duty still of both adjutant and private man.—

'*Rest your firelock!*——one motion, 'an' please your reverence, you see, 'leads into another.——If his honour 'will begin but with the *first*—'

'The FIRST!'—cried my Uncle Toby, setting his hand upon his side— *.

'The SECOND!' cried my Uncle Toby, waving his tobacco-pipe, as he would have done his sword at the head of a regiment.——The corporal went through his *manual* with exactness; and having *honoured his father and mother*, made a low bow, and fell back to the side of the room.

'Every thing in this world,' said my father, 'is big with jest—and has wit 'in it, and instruction too—if we can 'but find it out.

—'Here is the *scaffold-work* of 'INSTRUCTION, it's true point of 'folly, without the BUILDING be'hind it.—

—'Here is the glass for pedagogues, preceptors, tutors, governors, 'gerund-grinders and bear-leaders, to 'view themselves in, in their true di'mensions.—

'Oh! there is a husk and shell, Yo'rick, which grows up with learning, 'which their unskilfulness knows not 'how to fling away!

—'SCIENCES MAY BE LEARN'ED BY ROTE, BUT WISDOM NOT!'

Yorick thought my father inspired.—'I will enter into obligations this mo'ment,' said my father, 'to lay out all 'my Aunt Dinah's legacy in charita'ble uses—' (of which, by the bye, my father had no high opinion)—'if the 'corporal has any one determinate idea 'annexed to any one word he has re'peated!—Pr'ythee, Trim,' quoth my father, turning round to him—'What 'dost thou mean, by *honouring thy fa'ther and mother?*'

'Allowing them, an' please your 'honour, three-halfpence a day out of 'my pay, when they grow old.'—'And 'didst thou do that, Trim?' said Yo'rick.—'He did, indeed!' replied my Uncle Toby.—'Then, Trim,' said Yo'rick, springing out of his chair, and taking the corporal by the hand, 'thou 'art the best commentator upon that 'part of the Decalogue; and I honour 'thee more for it, Corporal Trim, than 'if thou hadst had a hand in the Tal'mud itself.'

CHAP. XXXIII.

'O Blessed health!' cried my father, making an exclamation, as he turned over the leaves to the next chapter, 'thou art above all gold and trea'sure; 'tis thou who enlargest the soul '—and openest all it's powers to receive 'instruction and to relish virtue. He that 'has thee, has little more to wish for— 'and he that is so wretched as to want 'thee, wants every thing with thee!

'I have concentrated all that can be 'said upon this important head,' said my father, 'into a very little room; 'therefore we'll read the chapter quite 'through.'

My father read as follows.

'The whole secret of health depend'ing upon the due contention for mas'tery betwixt the radical heat and the 'radical moisture——' 'You have 'proved that matter of fact, I suppose, 'above,' said Yorick.—'Sufficiently,' replied my father.

In saying this, my father shut the book—not as if he resolved to read no more of it, for he kept his fore-finger in the chapter—nor pettishly, for he shut the book slowly; his thumb resting, when he had done it, upon the upper-side of the cover, as his three fingers supported the lower side of it, without the least compressive violence.

'I have demonstrated the truth of 'that point,' quoth my father, nodding to Yorick, 'most sufficiently in the 'preceding chapter.'

Now could the man in the moon be told, that a man in the earth had wrote a chapter, sufficiently demonstrating—that the secret of all health depended upon the due contention for mastery betwixt the *radical heat* and the *radical moisture*—and that he had managed the point so well, that there was not one single word, wet or dry, upon radical heat or radical moisture, throughout the whole chapter—or a single syllable in it, *pro* or *con*, directly or indirectly, upon the contention betwixt these two powers in any part of the animal œconomy——

'O thou Eternal Maker of all be'ings!'—he would cry, striking his breast

breaſt with his right-hand, (in caſe he had one) 'thou, whoſe power and 'goodneſs can enlarge the faculties of 'thy creatures to this infinite degree of 'excellence and perfection—what have 'we Moonites done?'

CHAP. XXXIV.

WITH two ſtrokes, the one at Hippocrates, the other at Lord Verulam, did my father atchieve it.

The ſtroke at the prince of phyſicians, with which he began, was no more than a ſhort inſult upon his ſorrowful complaint of the *Ars longa*—and *Vita brevis*. 'Life ſhort,' cried my father—'and the art of healing tedious!—And 'who are we to thank for both the one 'and the other, but the ignorance of 'quacks themſelves—and the ſtage-'loads of chymical noſtrums, and pe-'ripatetick lumber—with which, in all 'ages, they have firſt flattered the world, 'and at laſt deceived it!

——'O, my Lord Verulam!' cried my father, turning from Hippocrates, and making his ſecond ſtroke at him, as the principal of noſtrum-mongers, and the fitteſt to be made an example of to the reſt—'What ſhall I ſay to thee, 'my great Lord Verulam? what ſhall 'I ſay to thy internal ſpirit—thy opi-'um—thy ſalt-petre—thy greaſy unc-'tions—thy daily purges—thy nightly 'gliſters, and ſuccedaneums?'

——My father was never at a loſs what to ſay to any man upon any ſubject; and had the leaſt occaſion for the exordium of any man breathing: how he dealt with his lordſhip's opinion—you ſhall ſee——but when—I know not—we muſt firſt ſee what his lordſhip's opinion was.

CHAP. XXXV.

'THE two great cauſes, which 'conſpire with each other to 'ſhorten life,' ſays Lord Verulam, 'are 'firſt——

'The internal ſpirit—which, like a 'gentle flame, waſtes the body down to 'death——And ſecondly, the external 'air, that parches the body up to aſhes: 'which two enemies attacking us on 'both ſides of our bodies together, at 'length deſtroy our organs, and ren-'der them unfit to carry on the functions 'of life.'

This being the ſtate of the caſe; the road to Longevity was plain; nothing more being required, ſays his lordſhip, but to repair the waſte committed by the internal ſpirit, by making the ſubſtance of it more thick and denſe, by a regular courſe of opiates on one ſide, and by refrigerating the heat of it on the other, by three grains and a half of ſalt-petre every morning before you got up.

Still this frame of ours was left expoſed to the inimical aſſaults of the air without; but this was fenced off again by a courſe of greaſy unctions, which ſo fully ſaturated the pores of the ſkin, that no ſpicula could enter—nor could any one get out. This put a ſtop to all perſpiration, ſenſible and inſenſible, which being the cauſe of ſo many ſcurvy diſtempers—a courſe of gliſters was requiſite to carry off redundant humours—and render the ſyſtem compleat.

What my father had to ſay to my Lord of Verulam's opiates, his ſalt-petre, and greaſy unctions and gliſters, you ſhall read—but not to-day—or to-morrow: time preſſes upon me—my reader is impatient—I muſt get forwards. You ſhall read the chapter at your leiſure, (if you chuſe it) as ſoon as ever the *Triſtra-pædia* is publiſhed.

Sufficeth it at preſent to ſay, my father levelled the hypotheſis with the ground, and in doing that, the learned know, he built up and eſtabliſhed his own.

CHAP. XXXVI.

'THE whole ſecret of health,' ſaid my father, beginning the ſentence again, 'depending evidently upon 'the due contention betwixt the radical 'heat and radical moiſture within us—'the leaſt imaginable ſkill had been 'ſufficient to have maintained it, had 'not the ſchoolmen confounded the 'taſk, merely (as Van Helmont, the 'famous chymiſt, has proved) by all 'along miſtaking the radical moiſture 'for the tallow and fat of animal bo-'dies.

'Now the radical moiſture is not the 'tallow or fat of animals, but an oily 'and balſamous ſubſtance: for the fat

'and

'and tallow, as also the phlegm or 'watry parts are cold; whereas the oily 'and balsamous parts are of a lively 'heat and spirit, which accounts for 'the observations of Aristotle, "*Quod omne animal post coitum est* triste."

'Now it is certain, that the radical 'heat lives in the radical moisture, but 'whether *vice versâ*, is a doubt: how-'ever, when the one decays, the other 'decays also; and then is produced, 'either an unnatural heat, which causes 'an unnatural dryness—or an unnatu-'ral moisture, which causes dropsies. 'So that if a child, as he grows up, can 'but be taught to avoid running into 'fire or water, as either of 'em threaten 'his destruction—'twill be all that is 'needful to be done upon that head.'

CHAP. XXXVII.

THE description of the siege of Jericho itself, could not have engaged the attention of my Uncle Toby more powerfully than the last chapter—his eyes were fixed upon my father throughout it—he never mentioned radical heat and radical moisture, but my Uncle Toby took his pipe out of his mouth, and shook his head; and as soon as the chapter was finished, he beckoned to the corporal to come close to his chair, to ask him the following question—*aside*.——'* *?'—

'It was at the siege of Limerick, an' 'please your honour,' replied the corporal, making a bow.

'The poor fellow and I,' quoth my Uncle Toby, addressing himself to my father, 'were scarce able to crawl out 'of our tents, at the time the siege of 'Limerick was raised, upon the very 'account you mention.'—'Now what 'can have got into that precious noddle 'of thine, my dear brother Toby!' cried my father, mentally.—'By Hea-'ven!' continued he, communing still with himself, 'it would puzzle an 'Oedipus to bring it in point!'

'I believe, an' please your honour,' quoth the corporal, 'that if it had not 'been for the quantity of brandy we 'set fire to every night, and the claret 'and cinnamon with which I plied 'your honour off——' 'And the ge-'neva, Trim,' added my Uncle Toby, 'which did us more good than all.'——

'I verily believe,' continued the corporal, 'we had both, an' please your 'honour, left our lives in the trenches, 'and been buried in them too.'—'The 'noblest grave, corporal,' cried my Uncle Toby, his eyes sparkling as he spoke, 'that a soldier could wish to lie 'down in.'—'But a pitiful death for 'him! an' please your honour,' replied the corporal.

All this was as much Arabick to my father, as the rites of the Colchi and Troglodites had been before to my Uncle Toby; my father could not determine whether he was to frown or smile.

My Uncle Toby, turning to Yorick, resumed the case at Limerick more intelligibly than he had begun it—and so settled the point for my father at once.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

'IT was undoubtedly,' said my Uncle Toby, 'a great happiness for 'myself and the corporal, that we had all 'along a burning fever, attended with 'a most raging thirst, during the whole 'five and twenty days the flux was 'upon us in the camp; otherwise what 'my brother calls the radical moisture, 'must, as I conceive it, inevitably have 'got the better.'——My father drew in his lungs top-full of air, and looking up, blew it forth again, as slowly as he possibly could.

——'It was Heaven's mercy to us,' continued my Uncle Toby, 'which 'put it into the corporal's head to main-'tain that due contention betwixt the 'radical heat and the radical moisture, 'by reinforcing the fever, as he did all 'along, with hot wine and spices; 'whereby the corporal kept up (as it 'were) a continual firing, so that the 'radical heat stood it's ground from the 'beginning to the end, and was a fair 'match for the moisture, terrible as it 'was.——Upon my honour,' added my Uncle Toby, 'you might have 'heard the contention within our bo-'dies, brother Shandy, twenty toises.' —'If there was no firing,' said Yorick.

'Well!' said my father, with a full aspiration, and pausing a while after the word—'was I a judge, and the 'laws of the country which made me 'one permitted it, I would condemn 'some of the worst malefactors, pro-'vided they had had their clergy——

'——'

'——' Yorick foreſeeing the ſentence was likely to end with no ſort of mercy, laid his hand upon my father's breaſt, and begged he would reſpite it for a few minutes, till he aſked the corporal a queſtion.—'Pr'ythee, Trim,' ſaid Yorick, without ſtaying for my father's leave, 'tell us honeſtly—what 'is thy opinion concerning this ſelf-'ſame radical heat and radical moi-'ſture?'

'With humble ſubmiſſion to his ho-'nour's better judgment——' quoth the corporal, making a bow to my Uncle Toby.——'Speak thy opinion 'freely, corporal!' ſaid my Uncle To-Toby.—'The poor fellow is my ſer-'vant—not my ſlave;' added my Uncle Toby, turning to my father.

The corporal put his hat under his left-arm, and with his ſtick hanging upon the wriſt of it, by a black thong ſplit into a taſſel about the knot, he marched up to the ground where he had performed his catechiſm; then touching his under jaw with the thumb and fingers of his right-hand before he opened his mouth—he delivered his notion thus.

CHAP. XXXIX.

JUST as the corporal was humming, to begin—in waddled Doctor Slop.——'Tis not two-pence matter—the corporal ſhall go on in the next chapter, let who will come in.

'Well, my good doctor!' cried my father ſportively; for the tranſitions of his paſſions were unaccountably ſudden—'and what has this whelp of mine 'to ſay to the matter?'

Had my father been aſking after the amputation of the tail of a puppy-dog—he could not have done it in a more careleſs air: the ſyſtem which Doctor Slop had laid down, to treat the accident by, no way allowed of ſuch a mode of enquiry. He ſat down.

'Pray, Sir,' quoth my Uncle Toby, in a manner which could not go unanſwered—'in what condition is the 'boy?'—'It will end in a *phimoſis*,' replied Doctor Slop.

'I am no wiſer than I was!' quoth my Uncle Toby—returning his pipe into his mouth.—'Then let the corporal 'go on,' ſaid my father, 'with his 'medical lecture.—The corporal made a bow to his old friend, Doctor Slop, and then delivered his opinion concerning radical heat, and radical moiſture, in the following words.

CHAP. XL.

'THE city of Limerick, the ſiege 'of which was begun under his 'majeſty King William himſelf, the 'year after I went into the army—lies, 'an' pleaſe your honours, in the middle 'of a deviliſh wet, ſwampy country.' —'It is quite ſurrounded,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, 'with the Shannon, and 'is, by it's ſituation, one of the ſtrongeſt 'fortified places in Ireland.'—

'I think this is a new faſhion,' quoth Doctor Slop, 'of beginning a medical 'lecture.'—'It is all true,' anſwered Trim.—'Then I wiſh the faculty 'would follow the cut of it!' ſaid Yorick.—'It is all cut through, an' pleaſe 'your reverence,' ſaid the corporal, 'with drains and bogs; and beſides, 'there was ſuch a quantity of rain fell 'during the ſiege, the whole country 'was like a puddle—'twas that, and 'nothing elſe, which brought on the 'flux, and which had like to have kill-'ed both his honour and myſelf.—'Now there was no ſuch thing, after 'the firſt ten days,' continued the corporal, 'for a ſoldier to lie dry in his 'tent, without cutting a ditch round it, 'to draw off the water—nor was that 'enough, for thoſe who could afford it, 'as his honour could, without ſetting 'fire every night to a pewter diſh full 'of brandy, which took off the damp 'of the air, and made the inſide of the 'tent as warm as a ſtove.'—

'And what concluſion doſt thou 'draw, Corporal Trim,' cried my father, 'from all theſe premiſes?'

'I infer, an' pleaſe your worſhip,' replied Trim, 'that the radical moiſture 'is nothing in the world but ditch 'water—and that the radical heat, of 'thoſe who can go to the expence of it, 'is burnt brandy—the radical heat and 'moiſture of a private man, an' pleaſe 'your honours, is nothing but ditch-'water—and a dram of geneva——and 'give us but enough of it, with a pipe 'of tobacco, to give us ſpirits, and 'drive away the vapours—we know 'not what it is to fear death.'

'I am at a loſs, Captain Shandy,' quoth

quoth Doctor Slop, 'to determine in 'which branch of learning your ſer-'vant ſhines moſt, whether in phyſio-'logy or divinity.'—Slop had not for-got Trim's comment upon the ſermon.—

'It is but an hour ago,' replied Yo-rick, 'ſince the corporal was examined 'in the latter, and paſs'd muſter with 'great honour.'—

'The radical heat and moiſture,' quoth Doctor Slop, turning to my fa-ther, 'you muſt know, is the baſis and 'foundation of our being—as the root 'of a tree is the ſource and principle of 'it's vegetation.—It is inherent in the 'ſeeds of all animals, and may be pre-'ſerved ſundry ways, but principally, 'in my opinion, by *conſubſtantials*, *im-'priments*, and *occludents*:—Now this 'poor fellow,' continued Doctor Slop, pointing to the corporal, 'has had the 'misfortune to have heard ſome ſuper-'ficial empirick diſcourſe upon this 'nice point.—'That he has,' ſaid my father.—'Very likely,' ſaid my Uncle. —'I'm ſure of it,' quoth Yorick.

CHAP. XLI.

DOCTOR Slop being called out to look at a cataplaſm he had or-dered, it gave my father an opportunity of going on with another chapter in the Triſtra-pædia.——Come! cheer up, my lads! I'll ſhew you land—for, when we have tugged through that chapter, the book ſhall not be opened again this twelvemonth.—'Huzza!'—

CHAP. XLII.

—'FIVE years with a bib under 'his chin;

'Four years in travelling from Chriſt-'croſs-row to Malachi;

'A year and a half in learning to 'write his own name;

'Seven long years and more *rwſl-'ing* it, at Greek and Latin;

'Four years at his *probations* and his '*negations*—the fine ſtatue ſtill lying 'in the middle of the marble block—'and nothing done but his tools ſharp-'ened to hew it out!—'Tis a piteous 'delay!—Was not the great Julius 'Scaliger within an ace of never get-'ting his tools ſharpened at all?—'Forty-four years old was he before 'he could manage his Greek—and Pe-'ter Damianus, Lord Biſhop of Oſtia, 'as all the world knows, could not ſo 'much as read, when he was of man's 'eſtate.—And Baldus himſelf, as emi-'nent as he turned out after, entered 'upon the law ſo late in life, that every 'body imagined he intended to be an 'advocate in the other world: no won-'der, when Eudamidas, the ſon of Ar-'chidamas, heard Xenocrates at ſeven-'ty-five diſputing about wiſdom, that 'he aſked gravely, *if the old man be 'yet diſputing and enquiring concerning 'wiſdom—what time will he have to 'make uſe of it?*'

Yorick liſtened to my father with great attention; there was a ſeaſon-ing of wiſdom unaccountably mixed up with his ſtrangeſt whims, and he had ſometimes ſuch illuminations in the darkeſt of his eclipſes, as almoſt atoned for them——be wary, Sir, when you imitate him.

'I am convinced, Yorick,' conti-nued my father, half reading and half diſcourſing, 'that there is a north-'weſt paſſage to the intellectual world; 'and that the ſoul of man has ſhorter 'ways of going to work, in furniſhing 'itſelf with knowledge and inſtruction, 'than we generally take with it.—— 'But, alack! all fields have not a river 'or a ſpring running beſides them— 'every child, Yorick! has not a pa-'rent to point it out.

——'The whole entirely depends,' added my father, in a low voice, 'upon 'the *auxiliary verbs*, Mr. Yorick.'

Had Yorick trod upon Virgil's ſnake, he could not have looked more ſur-prized.—'I am ſurprized too,' cried my father, obſerving it! 'and I reckon 'it as one of the greateſt calamities 'which ever befel the republick of let-'ters—that thoſe who have been en-'truſted with the education of our chil-'dren, and whoſe buſineſs it was to 'open their minds, and ſtock them early 'with ideas, in order to ſet the imagi-'nation looſe upon them, have made ſo 'little uſe of the auxiliary verbs in do-'ing it, as they have done.—So that, 'except Raymond Lullius, and the 'elder Pelegrini, the laſt of which ar-'rived to ſuch perfection in the uſe of 'them, with his topicks, that in a few 'leſſons, he could teach a young gen-'tleman to diſcourſe with plauſibility 'upon any ſubject, *pro* and *con*, and

'to say and write all that could be 'spoken or written concerning it, without blotting a word, to the admiration of all who beheld him.'—'I 'should be glad,' said Yorick, interrupting my father, 'to be made to comprehend this matter.'—'You shall,' said my father.

'The highest stretch of improvement 'a single word is capable of, is a high 'metaphor—for which, in my opinion, 'the idea is generally the worse, and 'not the better——but, be that as it 'may—when the mind has done that 'with it—there is an end——the mind 'and the idea are at rest—until a second idea enters—and so on.

'Now the use of the *auxiliaries* is, 'at once to set the soul a-going by herself upon the materials as they are 'brought her: and by the versability 'of this great engine, round which 'they are twisted, to open new tracks 'of enquiry, and make every idea engender millions.'

'You excite my curiosity greatly,' said Yorick.

'For my own part,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'I have given it up.'—'The 'Danes, an please your honour,' quoth the corporal, 'who were on the left at 'the siege of Limerick, were all auxiliaries.'—'And very good ones!' said my Uncle Toby.—'But the auxiliaries, Trim, my brother is talking 'about—I conceive to be different 'things.'——

——'You do?' said my father, rising up.

CHAP. XLIII.

MY father took a single turn across the room, then sat down and finished the chapter.

'The verbs auxiliary we are concerned in here,' continued my father, 'are—*am*; *was*; *have*; *had*; *do*; *did*; *make*; *made*; *suffer*; *shall*; *should*; *will*; *would*; *can*, *could*; *owe*; *ought*; *used*; or *is wont*.——And these varied with tenses—*present*, *past*, *future*, and conjugated with the verb *see*——or with these questions added to them—*Is it? Was it? Will it be? Would it be? May it be? Might it be?* And these again put negatively '—*Is it not? Was it not? Ought it not?*——Or affirmatively—*It is; it was; it ought to be.*——Or chronologically—*Has it been always? Lately? How long ago?*——Or hypothetically—*If it was? If it was not?*——What would follow?—If the French should beat the English? If the sun go out of the zodiack?

'Now, by the right use and application of these,' continued my father, 'in which a child's memory should be exercised, there is no one idea can enter his brain, how barren soever, but a magazine of conceptions and conclusions may be drawn forth from it.——Did'st thou ever see a white bear?' cried my father, turning his head round to Trim, who stood at the back of his chair.—'No, an' please your honour,' replied the corporal.—'But thou could'st discourse about one, 'Trim,' said my father, 'in case of need?'—'How is it possible, brother,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'if the corporal never saw one?'—'It is the fact, 'I want,' replied my father—'and the 'possibility of it is as follows.

'A WHITE BEAR!—Very well.—'Have I ever seen one? Might I ever 'have seen one? Am I ever to see one? 'Ought I ever to have seen one? Or 'can I ever see one?

'Would I had seen a white bear? '(for how can I imagine it?)

'If I should see a white bear, what 'should I say? If I should never see a 'white bear, what then?

'If I never have, can, must, or shall 'see a white bear alive; have I ever 'seen the skin of one? Did I never see 'one painted?—described? Have I never dreamed of one?

'Did my father, mother, uncle, aunt, 'brothers or sisters, ever see a white 'bear? What would they give? how 'would they behave? How would the 'white bear have behaved? Is he wild? 'tame? terrible? rough? smooth?

——'Is the white bear worth seeing?—

——'Is there no sin in it?—

'Is it better than a BLACK ONE?'

END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

VOLUME THE SIXTH.

CHAP. I.

WE'LL not ſtop two moments, my dear Sir—only, as we have got through theſe five volumes, (do, Sir, ſit down upon a ſet—they are better than nothing) let us juſt look back upon the country we have paſſed through.—

——What a wilderneſs has it been! and what a mercy that we have not both of us been loſt or devoured by wild beaſts in it?

Did you think the world itſelf, Sir, had contained ſuch a number of jack-aſſes?—How they viewed and reviewed us as we paſſed over the rivulet at the bottom of that little valley!—and when we climbed over that hill, and were juſt getting out of ſight—good God! what a braying did they all ſet up together!

——Prythee, ſhepherd, who keeps all thoſe jack-aſſes? * * *

——Heaven be their comforter!—What! are they never curried?—Are they never taken in in winter?—Bray—bray—bray. Bray on—the world is deeply your debtor——louder ſtill—that's nothing——in good ſooth, you are ill-uſed——Was I a jack-aſs, I ſolemnly declare, I would bray in G-ſol-re-ut from morning, even unto night.

CHAP. II.

WHEN my father had danced his white bear backwards and forwards through half a dozen pages, he cloſed the book for good an' all—and in a kind of triumph re-delivered it into Trim's hand, with a nod to lay it upon the ſcrutoire where he found it.—'Triſtram,' ſaid he, 'ſhall be made 'to conjugate every word in the dictionary, backwards and forwards the 'ſame way—every word, Yorick, by 'this means, you ſee, is converted into 'a theſis or an hypotheſis—every theſis 'and hypotheſis have an offspring of 'propoſitions—and each propoſition has 'it's own conſequences and concluſions; every one of which leads the 'mind on again into freſh tracks of enquiries and doubtings.——The force 'of this engine,' added my father, 'is 'incredible, in opening a child's head.'

——'It is enough, brother Shandy,' cried my Uncle Toby, 'to burſt it into 'a thouſand ſplinters.'—

'I preſume,' ſaid Yorick, ſmiling—'it muſt be owing to this—(for let logicians ſay what they will, it is not 'to be accounted for ſufficiently from 'the bare uſe of the ten predicaments) '—that the famous Vincent Quirino, 'amongſt the many other aſtoniſhing 'feats of his childhood, of which the 'Cardinal Bembo has given the world 'ſo exact a ſtory—ſhould be able to 'paſte up in the publick ſchools at 'Rome, ſo early as in the eighth year 'of his age, no leſs than four thouſand 'five hundred and ſixty different theſes, 'upon the moſt abſtruſe points of the 'moſt abſtruſe theology—and to defend 'and maintain them in ſuch ſort, as 'to cramp and dumb-found his opponents.'—'What is that?' cried my father,

father, 'to what is told us of Alphonſus 'Toſtatus—who, almoſt in his nurſe's 'arms, learned all the ſciences and li-'beral arts, without being taught any 'one of them!—What ſhall we ſay of 'the great Pireſkius?'—'That's the 'very man,' cried my Uncle Toby, 'I once told you of, brother Shandy, 'who walked a matter of five hundred 'miles, reckoning from Paris to Schev-'ling, and from Schevling back again, 'merely to ſee Stevinus's flying chariot. —'He was a very great man!' added my Uncle Toby; (meaning Stevinus) 'He was ſo, brother Toby,' ſaid my father, (meaning Pireſkius)—'and had 'multiplied his ideas ſo faſt, and in-'creaſed his knowledge to ſuch a pro-'digious ſtock, that, if we may give 'credit to an anecdote concerning him, 'which we cannot withold here, with-'out ſhocking the authority of all anec-'dotes whatever—at ſeven years of age, 'his father committed entirely to his 'care the education of his younger bro-'ther, a boy of five years old—with the 'ſole management of all his concerns.' ——'Was the father as wiſe as the 'ſon?' quoth my Uncle Toby.—'I 'ſhould think not,' ſaid Yorick.——— 'But what are theſe,' continued my father—(breaking out in a kind of en-thuſiaſm)—'what are theſe, to thoſe 'prodigies of childhood in Grotius, 'Scioppius, Heinſius, Politian, Paſcal, 'Joſeph Scaliger, Ferdinand de Cor-'doue, and others—ſome of which left 'off their *ſubſtantial forms* at nine years 'old, or ſooner, and went on reaſoning 'without them—others went through 'their claſſicks at ſeven—wrote tragé-'dies at eight——Ferdinand de Cor-'doue was ſo wiſe at nine, 'twas 'thought the devil was in him—and at 'Venice gave ſuch proofs of his know-'ledge and goodneſs, that the monks 'imagined he was Antichriſt, or no-'thing.—Others were maſters of four-'teen languages at ten—finiſhed the 'courſe of their rhetorick, poetry, lo-'gick, and ethicks, at eleven—put-'forth their commentaries upon Servius 'and Martianus Capella at twelve— 'and at thirteen received their degrees 'in philoſophy, laws, and divinity.'— 'But you forget the great Lipſius,' quoth Yorick, 'who compoſed a work 'the day he was born*.'—'They 'ſhould have wiped it up,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, 'and ſaid no more about 'it.'

CHAP. III.

WHEN the cataplaſm was ready, a ſcruple of *decorum* had unſeaſonably roſe up in Suſannah's conſcience, about holding the candle, whilſt Slop tied it on; Slop had not treated Suſannah's diſtemper with anodynes— and ſo a quarrel had enſued betwixt them.

——'Oh! oh!'—ſaid Slop, caſting a glance of undue freedom in Suſannah's face, as ſhe declined the office—'then, 'I think, I know you, Madam!'— 'You know me, Sir!' cried Suſannah faſtidiouſly, and with a toſs of her head, levelled evidently not at his profeſſion, but at the doctor himſelf—'you know 'me!' cried Suſannah again.—Doctor Slop clapped his finger and his thumb inſtantly upon his noſtrils.—Suſannah's ſpleen was ready to burſt at it:. 'It is 'falſe!' ſaid Suſannah.—'Come, come, 'Mrs. Modeſty,' ſaid Slop, not a little elated with the ſucceſs of his laſt thruſt; 'if you won't hold the candle, and 'look—you may hold it and ſhut your 'eyes.'—'That's one of your Popiſh 'ſhifts,' cried Suſannah.—'It is bet-'ter,' ſaid Slop, with a nod, 'than 'no ſhift at all, young woman.'—'I 'defy you, Sir!' cried Suſannah, pull-ing her ſhift-ſleeve below her elbow.

It was almoſt impoſſible for two perſons to aſſiſt each other in a ſurgical caſe with a more ſplenetick cordiality.

Slop ſnatched up the cataplaſm—Su-ſannah ſnatched up the candle.—'A 'little this way,' ſaid Slop. Suſannah looking one way, and rowing another, inſtantly ſet fire to Slop's wig, which

* 'Nous aurions quelque interêt,' ſays Baillet, 'de montrer qu'il n'a rien de ridicule 's'il étoit véritable, au moins dans le ſens énigmatique que Nicius Erythræus a tâché de 'lui donner. Cet auteur dit, que pour comprendre comme Lipſe a pû compoſer un ouv-'rage le premier jour de ſa vie, il faut s'imaginer, que ce premier jour n'eſt pas celui de 'ſa naiſſance charnelle, mais celui au quel il a commencé d'uſer de la raiſon; il veut que 'ç'ait été à l'age de *neuf* ans; et il nous veut perſuader que ce fut en cet âge, que Lipſe fit 'un poeme.—Le tour eſt ingenieux,' &c. &c.

being

being somewhat bushy and unctuous withal, was burnt out before it was well kindled.—'You impudent whore!' cried Slop—(for what is passion, but a wild beast)—'you impudent whore!'—cried Slop, getting upright, with the cataplasm in his hand——'I never was 'the destruction of any body's nose!' said Susannah; 'which is more than 'you can say!'——'Is it?' cried Slop, throwing the cataplasm in her face.—'Yes it is!' cried Susannah—returning the compliment with what was left in the pan.—

CHAP. IV.

DOCTOR Slop and Susannah filed cross-bills against each other in the parlour; which done, as the cataplasm had failed, they retired into the kitchen to prepare a fomentation for me;—and whilst that was doing, my father determined the point as you will read.

CHAP. V.

'YOU see 'tis high time,' said my my father, addressing himself equally to my Uncle Toby and Yorick, 'to take this young creature out of 'these women's hands, and put him 'into those of a private governor. Marcus Antoninus provided fourteen governors all at once to superintend his 'son Commodus's education—and in 'six weeks he cashiered five of them '——I know very well,' continued my father, 'that Commodus's mother was 'in love with a gladiator at the time of 'her conception, which accounts for a 'great many of Commodus's cruelties 'when he became emperor—but still I 'am of opinion, that those five whom 'Antoninus dismissed, did Commodus's temper, in that short time, more 'hurt than the other nine were able to 'rectify all their lives long.

'Now, as I consider the person who 'is to be about my son, as the mirror 'in which he is to view himself from 'morning to night, and by which he 'is to adjust his looks, his carriage, 'and perhaps the inmost sentiments of 'his heart—I would have one, Yorick, 'if possible, polished at all points, fit 'for my child to look into.'—'This is 'very good sense!' quoth my Uncle Toby to himself.

——'There is, continued my father, 'a certain mien and motion of the body and all it's parts, both in acting 'and speaking, which argues a man '*well within*: and I am not at all 'surprized that Gregory of Nazianzum, upon observing the hasty and 'untoward gestures of Julian, should 'foretel he would one day become an 'apostate—or that St. Ambrose should 'turn his amanuensis out of doors, be'cause of an indecent motion of his 'head, which went backwards and for'wards like a flail—or that Democri'tus should conceive Protagoras to be 'a scholar, from seeing him bind up a 'faggot, and thrusting, as he did it, 'the small twigs inwards.——There 'are a thousand unnoticed openings,' continued my father, 'which let a pe'netrating eye at once into a man's 'soul—and I maintain it,' added he, 'that a man of sense does not lay down 'his hat in coming into a room, or 'take it up in going out of it, but 'something escapes which discovers 'him.

'It is for these reasons,' continued my father, 'that the governor I make 'choice of shall neither lisp*, or squint, 'or wink, or talk loud, or look fierce, 'or foolish—or bite his lips, or grind 'his teeth—or speak through his nose, 'or pick it, or blow it with his fingers.—

'He shall neither walk fast, or slow, '—or fold his arms, for that is lazi'ness—or hang them down, for that 'is folly—or hide them in his pocket, 'for that is nonsense.—

'He shall neither strike, or pinch, or 'tickle—or bite, or cut his nails—or 'hawk, or spit, or snift—or drum with 'his feet or fingers in company—nor '—(according to Erasmus)—shall he 'speak to any one in making water—'nor shall he point to carrion or excre'ment.'——'Now this is all nonsense 'again!' quoth my Uncle Toby to himself.—

'I will have him,' continued my father, 'chearful, faceté, jovial—at the 'same time, prudent, attentive to bu'siness, vigilant, acute, argute, inven'tive, quick in resolving doubts and spe-

* Vid. Pellegrina.

'culative

'culative queſtions—he ſhall be wiſe, and 'judicious, and learned——' 'And 'why not humble, and moderate, and 'gentle-tempered, and good?' ſaid Yorick.—'And why not,' cried my Uncle Toby, 'free, and generous, and 'bountiful, and brave?'—'He ſhall, 'my dear Toby,' replied my father, getting up and ſhaking him by his hand.—'Then, brother Shandy,' anſwered my Uncle Toby, raiſing himſelf off the chair, and laying down his pipe to take hold of my father's other hand—'I 'humbly beg I may recommend poor Le Fevre's ſon to you!'——A tear of joy of the firſt water ſparkled in my Uncle Toby's eye—and another, the fellow to it, in the corporal's, as the propoſition was made.——You will ſee why, when you read Le Fevre's ſtory.——Fool that I was! nor can I recollect, (nor perhaps you) without turning back to the place, what it was that hindered me from letting the corporal tell it in his own words!——but the occaſion is loſt—I muſt now tell it in my own.

CHAP. VI.

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE.

IT was ſome time in the ſummer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies—which was about ſeven years before my father came into the country—and about as many after the time that my Uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's houſe in town, in order to lay ſome of the fineſt ſieges to ſome of the fineſt fortified cities in Europe—when my Uncle Toby was one evening getting his ſupper, with Trim ſitting behind him at a ſmall ſide-board——I ſay, ſitting—for, in conſideration of the corporal's lame knee—(which ſometimes gave him exquiſite pain)—when my Uncle Toby dined or ſupped alone, he would never ſuffer the corporal to ſtand; and the poor fellow's veneration for his maſter was ſuch, that with a proper artillery, my Uncle Toby could have taken Dendermond itſelf, with leſs trouble than he was able to gain this point over him—for many a time, when my Uncle Toby ſuppoſed the corporal's leg was at reſt, he would look back, and deteſt him ſtanding behind him with the moſt dutiful reſpect: this bred more little ſquabbles betwixt them, than all other cauſes, for five and twenty years together.——But this is neither here nor there——why do I mention it?——Aſk my pen——it governs me—I govern not it

He was one evening ſitting thus at his ſupper, when the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand to beg a glaſs or two of ſack. 'It is for a poor 'gentleman—I think, of the army,' ſaid the landlord, 'who has been taken 'ill at my houſe four days ago, and 'has never held up his head ſince, or 'had a deſire to taſte any thing, till 'juſt now, that he has a fancy for a 'glaſs of ſack and a thin toaſt.—"I "think," ſays he, taking his hand 'from his forehead, "it would com-"fort me!"—

——'If I could neither beg, bor-'row, or buy ſuch a thing,' added the landlord—'I would almoſt ſteal it for 'the poor gentleman, he is ſo ill—— 'I hope in God he will ſtill mend!' continued he; 'we are all of us con-'cerned for him.'

'Thou art a good-natured ſoul,' I 'will anſwer for thee,' cried my Uncle Toby; 'and thou ſhalt drink the poor 'gentleman's health in a glaſs of ſack 'thyſelf—and take a couple of bottles 'with my ſervice, and tell him he is 'heartily welcome to them, and to a 'dozen more if they will do him good.

'Though I am perſuaded,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, as the landlord ſhut the door, 'he is a very compaſſionate fel-'low, Trim—yet I cannot help enter-'taining a high opinion of his gueſt 'too; there muſt be ſomething more 'than common in him, that in ſo ſhort 'a time ſhould win ſo much upon the 'affections of his hoſt.'—'And of his 'whole family,' added the corporal; 'for they are all concerned for him.'—'Step after him,' ſaid my Uncle Toby—'do, Trim—and aſk if he knows 'his name.'

——'I have quite forgot it, truly!' ſaid the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal; 'but I can aſk 'his ſon again.'—'Has he a ſon with 'him then?' ſaid my Uncle Toby.—'A boy,' replied the landlord, 'of 'about eleven or twelve years of age—'but the poor creature has taſted almoſt 'as little as his father; he does nothing

'but

'but mourn and lament for him night 'and day—he has not ſtirred from the 'bed-ſide theſe two days.'

My Uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thruſt his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took away without ſaying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

——'Stay in the room a little!' ſaid my Uncle Toby.

'Trim!' ſaid my Uncle Toby, after he had lighted his pipe, and ſmoaked about a dozen whiffs.—Trim came in front of his maſter, and made his bow—my Uncle Toby ſmoaked on, and ſaid no more. 'Corporal!' ſaid my Uncle Toby—the corporal made his bow.—My Uncle proceeded no farther, but finiſhed his pipe.

'Trim!' ſaid my Uncle Toby, 'I 'have a project in my head, as it is a 'bad night, of wrapping myſelf up 'warm in my roquelaure, and paying 'a viſit to this poor gentleman.'—'Your honour's roquelaure,' replied the corporal, 'has not once been had 'on, ſince the night before your ho-'nour received your wound, when we 'mounted guard in the trenches before 'the gate of St. Nicholas—and, be-'ſides, it is ſo cold and rainy a night, 'that what with the roquelaure, and 'what with the weather, 'twill be 'enough to give your honour your 'death, and bring on your honour's 'torment in your groin.'—'I fear ſo,' replied my Uncle Toby; 'but I am not 'at reſt in my mind, Trim, ſince the 'account the landlord has given me.—I 'wiſh I had not known ſo much of this 'affair,' added my Uncle Toby; 'or 'that I had known more of it!—How 'ſhall we manage it?'—'Leave it, an't 'pleaſe your honour, to me,' quoth the corporal—'I'll take my hat and 'ſtick, and go to the houſe and recon-'noitre, and act accordingly; and I 'will bring your honour a full account 'in an hour.'—'Thou ſhalt go, Trim,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, 'and here's a 'ſhilling for thee to drink with his ſer-'vant.'—'I ſhall get it all out of him,' ſaid the corporal, ſhutting the door.

My Uncle Toby filled his ſecond pipe; and had it not been, that he now and then wandered from the point, with conſidering whether it was not full as well to have, the curtin of the tennaile a ſtraight line, as a crooked one—he might be ſaid to have thought of nothing elſe but poor Le Fevre and his boy the whole time he ſmoaked it.

CHAP. VII.

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE CONTINUED.

IT was not till my Uncle Toby had knocked the aſhes out of his third pipe, that Corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account.

'I deſpaired at firſt,' ſaid the corporal, 'of being able to bring back 'your honour any kind of intelligence 'concerning the poor ſick lieutenant.' —'Is he in the army, then?' ſaid my Uncle Toby. 'He is,' ſaid the corporal.—'And in what regiment?' ſaid my Uncle Toby.—'I'll tell your ho-'nour,' replied the corporal, 'every 'thing ſtraight forwards, as I learnt 'it.'—'Then, Trim, I'll fill another 'pipe,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, 'and 'not interrupt thee till thou haſt done; 'ſo ſit down at thy eaſe, Trim, in the 'window-ſeat, and begin thy ſtory 'again.' The corporal made his old bow, which generally ſpoke as plain as a bow could ſpeak it—'*Your ho-'nour is good!*'——and having done that, he ſat down, as he was ordered—and begun the ſtory to my Uncle Toby over again in pretty near the ſame words.

'I deſpaired at firſt,' ſaid the corporal, 'of being able to bring back any 'intelligence to your honour about the 'lieutenant and his ſon; for when I 'aſked where his ſervant was, from 'whom I made myſelf ſure of knowing 'every thing which was proper to be 'aſked——' 'That's a right diſtinc-'tion, Trim,' ſaid my Uncle Toby.—'I was anſwered, an' pleaſe your ho-'nour, that he had no ſervant with 'him—that he had come to the inn 'with hired horſes; which, upon find-'ing himſelf unable to proceed, (to join, 'I ſuppoſe, the regiment) he had diſ-'miſſed the morning after he came.—"If I get better, my dear," ſaid he, 'as he gave his purſe to his ſon to pay 'the man—"we can hire horſes from "hence."—"But, alas! the poor "gentleman will never get from hence,"

'ſaid the landlady to me—" for I " heard the death-watch all night long " —and when he dies, the youth, his " ſon, will certainly die with him; for " he is broken-hearted already."

'I was hearing this account,' continued the corporal, 'when the youth 'came into the kitchen, to order the 'thin toaſt the landlord ſpoke of— " But I will do it for my father my- " ſelf," ſaid the youth.—" Pray let " me ſave you the trouble, young gen- " tleman!" ſaid I, taking up a fork 'for the purpoſe, and offering him my 'chair to ſit down upon by the fire 'whilſt I did it.—"I believe, Sir," 'ſaid he, very modeſtly, "I can pleaſe " him beſt myſelf."—"I am ſure," 'ſaid I, "his honour will not like the " toaſt the worſe for being toaſted by " an old ſoldier." The youth took 'hold of my hand, and inſtantly burſt 'into tears.'——'Poor youth!' ſaid my Uncle Toby—'he has been bred up 'from an infant in the army, and the 'name of a ſoldier, Trim, ſounded in 'his ears like the name of a friend—I 'wiſh I had him here!'

——'I never, in the longeſt march,' ſaid the corporal, 'had ſo great a mind 'to my dinner, as I had to cry with 'him for company.—What could be 'the matter with me, an' pleaſe your 'honour?'—'Nothing in the world, 'Trim,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, blowing his noſe, 'but that thou art a good-'natured fellow.'

'When I gave him the toaſt,' continued the corporal, 'I thought it was 'proper to tell him I was Captain 'Shandy's ſervant, and that your ho-'nour (though a ſtranger) was ex-'tremely concerned for his father—and 'that if there was any thing in your 'houſe or cellar——' (—'And thou 'mighteſt have added, my purſe too,' ſaid my Uncle Toby.)——'he was 'heartily welcome to it.——He made 'a very low bow—(which was meant 'to your honour)—but no anſwer, '—for his heart was full—ſo he 'went up ſtairs with the toaſt——"I " warrant you, my dear," ſaid I, as I 'opened the kitchen-door, "your fa- "ther will be well again."—Mr. Yo-'rick's curate was ſmoaking a pipe 'by the kitchen-fire—but ſaid not a 'word, good or bad, to comfort the 'youth——I thought it wrong,' added the corporal.—'I think ſo too,' ſaid my Uncle Toby.

'When the lieutenant had taken his 'glaſs of ſack and toaſt, he felt him-'ſelf a little revived, and ſent down 'into the kitchen, to let me know, 'that in about ten minutes he ſhould 'be glad if I would ſtep up ſtairs.— "I believe," ſaid the landlord, "he " is going to ſay his prayers—for there " was a book laid upon the chair by " his bed-ſide; and, as I ſhut the door, " I ſaw his ſon take up a cuſhion."

" I thought," ſaid the curate, " that " you gentlemen of the army, Mr. " Trim, never ſaid your prayers at " all."—" I heard the poor gentleman " ſay his prayers laſt night," ſaid the 'landlady, "very devoutly, and with " my own ears, or I could not have " believed it."—" Are you ſure of " it?" replied the curate. " A ſoldier, " an' pleaſe your reverence," ſaid I, " prays as often (of his own accord) " as a parſon; and when he is fighting " for his king, and for his own life, " and for his honour too, he has the " moſt reaſon to pray to God of any " one in the whole world!"—'It was 'well ſaid of thee, Trim,' ſaid my Uncle Toby.—" But when a ſoldier," 'ſaid I, "an' pleaſe your reverence, " has been ſtanding for twelve hours " together in the trenches, up to his " knees in cold water; or engaged," 'ſaid I, "for months together in long " and dangerous marches—haraſſed, " perhaps, in his rear to-day—haraſ- " ſing others to-morrow——detached " here—countermanded there——reſt- " ing this night out upon his arms— " beat up in his ſhirt the next—— " benumbed in his joints—perhaps " without ſtraw in his tent to kneel " on——muſt ſay his prayers *how* and " *when* he can.——I believe," ſaid I— 'for I was piqued,' quoth the corporal, 'for the reputation of the army—"I " believe, an't pleaſe your reverence," 'ſaid I, "that when a ſoldier gets time " to pray—he prays as heartily as a par- " ſon—though not with all his fuſs and " hypocriſy."——'Thou ſhould'ſt not 'have ſaid that, Trim,' ſaid my Uncle Toby—'for God only knows who is 'a hypocrite, and who is not.—At the 'great and general review of us all, 'corporal, at the day of judgment— '(and not till then—it will be ſeen

'who

'who has done their duties in this 'world—and who has not; and we 'shall be advanced, Trim, according-'ly.'—'I hope we shall,' said Trim. —'It is in the Scripture,' said my Uncle Toby, 'and I will shew it thee to-'morrow.—In the mean time, we may 'depend upon it, Trim, for our com-'fort,' said my Uncle Toby, 'that 'God Almighty is so good and just a 'governor of the world, that if we 'have but done our duties in it—it 'will never be enquired into, whether 'we have done them in a red-coat or a 'black one.'—'I hope not,' said the corporal.—'But go on, Trim,' said my Uncle Toby, 'with thy story.'

'When I went up,' continued the corporal, 'into the lieutenant's room, 'which I did not do till the expiration of 'the ten minutes—he was lying in his 'bed with his head raised upon his 'hand, with his elbow upon the pil-'low, and a clean white cambrick 'handkerchief beside it.—The youth 'was just stooping down to take up the 'cushion—upon which, I suppose, he 'had been kneeling—the book was 'laid upon the bed; and, as he rose, 'in taking up the cushion with one 'hand, he reached out his other to take 'it away at the same time.—"Let it "remain there, my dear," said the lieu-'tenant.

'He did not offer to speak to me, till 'I had walked up close to his bed-side.' —"If you are Captain Shandy's ser-"vant," said he, "you must present my "thanks to your master, with my little "boy's thanks along with them, for his "courtesy to me.——If he was of Le-"vens's——" said the lieutenant.—— 'I told him your honour was.—— "Then," said he, "I served three "campaigns with him in Flanders, "and remember him—but 'tis most "likely, as I had not the honour of "any acquaintance with him, that he "knows nothing of me.—You will tell "him, however, that the person his "good-nature has laid under obliga-"tions to him, is one Le Fevre, a lieu-"tenant in Angus's——but he knows "me not!"—said he, a second time, 'musing——"possibly he may my "story,"—added he.——"Pray tell "the captain, I was the ensign at Bre-"da, whose wife was most unfortu-"nately killed with a musket-shot, as 'she lay in my arms in my tent."— "I remember the story, an't please "your honour," said I, "very well." —"Do you so?" said he, wiping his 'eyes with his handkerchief—"then "well may I!"—In saying this, he 'drew a little ring out of his bosom, 'which seemed tied with a black rib-'band about his neck, and kissed it 'twice.—"Here, Billy," said he—— 'the boy flew across the room to the 'bed-side—and falling down upon his 'knee, took the ring in his hand, and 'kissed it too—then kissed his father, 'and sat down upon the bed and wept.'

'I wish,' said my Uncle Toby, with a deep sigh—'I wish, Trim, I was 'asleep.'

'Your honour,' replied the corpo-ral, 'is too much concerned—shall I 'pour your honour out a glass of sack 'to your pipe?'—'Do, Trim,' said my Uncle Toby.

'I remember,' said my Uncle To-by, sighing again, the story of the en-'sign and his wife, with a circumstance 'his modesty omitted—and particular-'ly well that he, as well as she, upon 'some account or other, (I forget what) 'was universally pitied by the whole 'regiment——but finish the story thou 'art upon.'——'It is finished already,' said the corporal; 'for I could stay no 'longer—so wished his honour a good 'night.——Young Le Fevre rose from 'off the bed, and saw me to the bot-'tom of the stairs; and as we went 'down together, told me they had 'come from Ireland, and were on 'their route to join the regiment in 'Flanders.—But, alas!' said the corpo-ral, 'the lieutenant's last day's march is 'over!'—'Then what is to become of 'his poor boy!' cried my Uncle Toby.

CHAP. VIII.

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE CONTINUED.

IT was to my Uncle Toby's eternal honour—though I tell it only for the sake of those, who, when cooped in betwixt the natural and positive law, know not for their souls, which way in the world to turn themselves—that notwithstanding my Uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond, paral-lel with the allies, who pressed theirs

on ſo vigorouſly, that they ſcarce allowed him time to get his dinner—that, nevertheleſs, he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterſcarp, and bent his whole thoughts towards the private diſtreſſes at the inn—and, except that he ordered the garden-gate to be bolted up, by which he might be ſaid to have turned the ſiege of Dendermond into a blockade—he left Dendermond to itſelf—to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good; and only conſidered how he himſelf ſhould relieve the poor lieutenant and his ſon.

———That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendleſs, ſhall recompence thee for this!

'Thou haſt left this matter ſhort,' ſaid my Uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed—'and 'I will tell thee in what, Trim.—In 'the firſt place, when thou madeſt an 'offer of my ſervices to Le Fevre—as 'ſickneſs and travelling are both ex'penſive, and thou kneweſt he was but 'a poor lieutenant, with a ſon to ſubſiſt 'as well as himſelf, out of his pay—'that thou didſt not make an offer to 'him of my purſe; becauſe, had he 'ſtood in need, thou knoweſt, Trim, 'he had been as welcome to it as my'ſelf.'—'Your honour knows,' ſaid the corporal, 'I had no orders.'—'True,' quoth my Uncle Toby—'thou 'didſt very right, Trim, as a ſoldier—'but certainly very wrong as a man.

'In the ſecond place—for which, in'deed, thou haſt the ſame excuſe,' continued my Uncle Toby—'when thou 'offeredſt him whatever was in my 'houſe, thou ſhouldſt have offered him 'my houſe too—a ſick brother-officer 'ſhould have the beſt quarters, Trim '—and if we had him with us, we 'could tend and look to him.—Thou 'art an excellent nurſe thyſelf, Trim —'and what with thy care of him, 'and the old woman's, and his boy's, 'and mine together, we might recruit 'him again at once, and ſet him upon 'his legs.

———'In a fortnight or three weeks,' added my Uncle Toby, ſmiling—'he 'might march.'—'He will never march, 'an' pleaſe your honour, in this world,' ſaid the corporal.—'He will march,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, riſing up from the ſide of the bed, with one ſhoe off.—'An' pleaſe your honour,' ſaid the corporal, 'he will never march, but to his 'grave.'—'He ſhall march,' cried my Uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a ſhoe on, though without advancing an inch—'he ſhall march to 'his regiment.'—'He cannot ſtand it,' ſaid the corporal.—'He ſhall be ſup'ported,' ſaid my Uncle Toby.—'He'll 'drop at laſt,' ſaid the corporal, 'and 'what will become of his boy?'—'He 'ſhall not drop,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, firmly.—'A well-o'day—do what we 'can for him,' ſaid Trim, maintaining his point—'the poor ſoul will 'die!'—'He ſhall not die, by G—!' cried my Uncle Toby.

———The ACCUSING SPIRIT which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, bluſhed as he gave it in—and the RECORDING ANGEL, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever!

CHAP. IX.

———MY Uncle Toby went to his bureau—put his purſe into his breeches-pocket—and, having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a phyſician—he went to bed, and fell aſleep.

CHAP. X.

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE CONCLUDED.

THE ſun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted ſon's; the hand of death preſſed heavy upon his eye-lids—and hardly could the wheel at the ciſtern turn round it's circle———when my Uncle Toby, who had roſe up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology, ſat himſelf down upon the chair by the bed-ſide, and independently of all modes and cuſtoms, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother-officer would have done it, and aſked him how he did; —how he had reſted in the night—what was his complaint—where was his pain —and what he could do to help him? ———And, without giving him time to anſwer any one of the enquiries, went on,

on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.

——'You ſhall go home directly, Le 'Fevre,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, 'to my 'houſe—and we'll ſend for a doctor to 'ſee what's the matter—and we'll have 'an apothecary—and the corporal ſhall 'be your nurſe—and I'll be your ſer-'vant, Le Fevre.'

There was a frankneſs in my Uncle Toby—not the *effect* of familiarity, but the *cauſe* of it—which let you at once into his ſoul, and ſhewed you the goodneſs of his nature; to this there was ſomething in his looks, and voice, and manner, ſuper-added, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take ſhelter under him: ſo that before my Uncle Toby had half finiſhed the kind offers he was making to the father, had the ſon inſenſibly preſſed up cloſe to his knees, and had taken hold of the breaſt of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.—The blood and ſpirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and ſlow within him, and were retreating to their laſt citadel, the heart—rallied back—the film forſook his eyes for a moment—he looked up wiſhfully in my Uncle Toby's face—then caſt a look upon his boy—and that ligament, fine as it was—was never broken.

Nature inſtantly ebb'd again——the film returned to it's place——the pulſe fluttered—ſtopp'd—went on—throbb'd ſtopp'd again——mov'd—ſtopp'd.——Shall I go on?——No.

CHAP. XI.

I Am ſo impatient to return to my own ſtory, that what remains of young Le Fevre's, that is, from this turn of his fortune, to the time my Uncle Toby recommended him for my preceptor, ſhall be told in a very few words, in the next chapter.—All that is neceſſary to be added to this chapter is as follows.

That my Uncle Toby, with young Le Fevre in his hand, attended the poor lieutenant, as chief mourners, to his grave.

That the governor of Dendermond aid his obſequies all military honours —and that Yorick, not to be behind-and—paid him all eccleſiaſtick—for he ried him in his chancel.—And it appears, likewiſe, he preached a funeral ſermon over him——I ſay it *appears*—for it was Yorick's cuſtom, (which I ſuppoſe a general one with thoſe of his profeſſion) on the firſt leaf of every ſermon which he compoſed, to chronical down the time, the place, and the occaſion of it's being preached: to this, he was ever wont to add ſome ſhort comment or ſtricture upon the ſermon itſelf; ſeldom indeed, much to it's credit—For inſtance, *This ſermon upon the Jewiſh diſpenſation—I don't like it at all—though I own there is a world of* WATER-LANDISH *knowledge in it—but 'tis all tritical, and moſt tritically put together.——This is but a flimſy kind of compoſition—what was in my head when I made it?*

——N. B. *The excellency of this text is, that it will ſuit any ſermon——and of this ſermon—that it will ſuit any text.*

——*For this ſermon I ſhall be hanged; —for I have ſtolen the greateſt part of it——Doctor Paidagunes found me out.* ☞ *Set a thief to catch a thief.*—

On the back of half a dozen I find written, *So, ſo,* and no more——and, upon a couple, *Moderato*; by which, as far as one may gather from Altieri's Italian dictionary—but moſtly from the authority of a piece of green whipcord which ſeemed to have been the unravelling of Yorick's whip-laſh, with which he has left us the two ſermons marked *Moderato*, and the half dozen of *So, ſo*, tied faſt together in one bundle by themſelves—one may ſafely ſuppoſe he meant pretty near the ſame thing.

There is but one difficulty in the way of this conjecture, which is this—that the *moderato's* are five times better than the *ſo, ſo's*—ſhew ten times more knowledge of the human heart—have ſeventy times more wit and ſpirit in them—(and, to riſe properly in my climax)—diſcover a thouſand times more genius—and, to crown all, are infinitely more entertaining than thoſe tied up with them——for which reaſon, whenever Yorick's dramatick ſermons are offered to the world, though I ſhall admit but one out of the whole number of the *ſo, ſo's*, I ſhall, nevertheleſs, adventure to print the two *moderato's* without any ſort of ſcruple.

What Yorick could mean by the words *lentamente—tenutè—grave*—and ſometimes *adagio*—as applied to theolo-

gical

gical compoſitions, and with which he has characterized ſome of theſe ſermons, I dare not venture to gueſs—I am more puzzled ſtill upon finding *A l'octava alta!* upon one—*Con ſtrepito* upon the back of another—*Scicilliana* upon a third—*Alla capella* upon a fourth—*Con l'arco* upon this—*Senza l'arco* upon that.——All I know is, that they are muſical terms, and have a meaning—and as he was a muſical man, I will make no doubt, but that by ſome quaint application of ſuch metaphor to the compoſitions in hand, they impreſſed very diſtinct ideas of their ſeveral characters upon his fancy—whatever they may do upon that of others.

Amongſt theſe, there is that particular ſermon which has unaccountably led me into this digreſſion—the funeral ſermon upon poor Le Fevre, wrote out very fairly, as if from a haſty copy.—I take notice of it the more, becauſe it ſeems to have been his favourite compoſition. It is upon mortality; and is tied lengthways and croſs-ways with a yarn thrum, and then rolled up and twiſted round with a half ſheet of dirty blue paper, which ſeems to have been once the caſt-cover of a general-review, which to this day ſmells horribly of horſe-drugs.—Whether theſe marks of humiliation were deſigned, I ſomething doubt—becauſe, at the end of the ſermon, (and not at the beginning of it) very different from his way of treating the reſt, he had wrote—

'BRAVO!'

——Though not very offenſively—for it is at two inches, at leaſt, and a half's diſtance from, and below the concluding line of the ſermon, at the very extremity of the page, and in that right-hand corner of it, which, you know, is generally covered with your thumb; and, to do it juſtice, it is wrote beſides with a crow's quill ſo faintly in a ſmall Italian hand, as ſcarce to ſolicit the eye towards the place, whether your thumb is there or not—ſo that from the *manner of it*, it ſtands half excuſed; and being wrote moreover with very pale ink, diluted almoſt to nothing—'tis more like a *ritratto* of the ſhadow of vanity, than of VANITY herſelf—of the two——reſembling rather a faint thought of tranſient applauſe, ſecretly ſtirring up in the heart of the compoſer—than a groſs mark of it, coarſely obtruded upon the world.

With all theſe extenuations, I am aware, that in publiſhing this, I do no ſervice to Yorick's character as a modeſt man—but all men have their failings! and what leſſens this ſtill farther, and almoſt wipes it away, is this; that the word was ſtruck through ſome time afterwards (as appears from a different tint of the ink) with a line quite acroſs in this manner, ~~BRAVO~~——as if he had retracted, or was aſhamed of the opinion he had once entertained of it.

Theſe ſhort characters of his ſermons were always written, excepting in this one inſtance, upon the firſt leaf of his ſermon, which ſerved as a cover to it; and uſually upon the inſide of it, which was turned towards the text;—but at the end of his diſcourſe, where, perhaps, he had five or ſix pages, and ſometimes, perhaps, a whole ſcore to turn himſelf in, he took a larger circuit, and, indeed, a much more mettleſome one—as if he had ſnatched the occaſion of unlacing himſelf with a few more frolickſome ſtrokes at vice, than the ſtraitneſs of the pulpit allowed.—Theſe, though, huſſar-like, they ſkirmiſh lightly and out of all order, are ſtill auxiliaries on the ſide of virtue——tell me then, Mynheer Vander Blonederdondergewdenſtronke, why they ſhould not be printed together?

CHAP. XII.

WHEN my Uncle Toby had turned every thing into money, and ſettled all accounts betwixt the agent of the regiment and Le Fevre, and betwixt Le Fevre and all mankind—there remained nothing more in my Uncle Toby's hands, than an old regimental coat and a ſword; ſo that my Uncle Toby found little or no oppoſition from the world in taking adminiſtration. The coat my Uncle Toby gave the corporal—'Wear it, Trim,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, 'as long as it will hold together, 'for the ſake of the poor lieutenant.—'And this,' ſaid my Uncle Toby taking up the ſword in his hand, and drawing it out of the ſcabbard as he ſpoke—'and this—Le Fevre, I'll ſay 'for thee——'tis all the fortune,' continued my Uncle Toby, hanging it up on a crook, and pointing to it—''tis 'all the fortune, my dear Le Fevre, 'which God has left thee; but if he

'has

'has given thee a heart to fight thy 'way with it in the world — and thou 'doeſt it like a man of honour — 'tis 'enough for us.'

As ſoon as my Uncle Toby had laid a foundation, and taught him to inſcribe a regular polygon in a circle, he ſent him to a publick ſchool — where, excepting Whitſuntide and Chriſtmas, at which times the corporal was punctually diſpatched for him — he remained to the ſpring of the year ſeventeen; when the ſtories of the emperor's ſending his army into Hungary againſt the Turks, kindling a ſpark of fire in his boſom, he left his Greek and Latin without leave, and throwing himſelf upon his knees before my Uncle Toby, begged his father's ſword, and my Uncle Toby's leave along with it, to go and try his fortune under Eugene. — Twice did my Uncle Toby forget his wound, and cry out, 'Le Fevre! I will go with 'thee, and thou ſhalt fight beſide me!' and twice he laid his hand upon his groin, and hung down his head in ſorrow and diſconſolation. —

My Uncle Toby took down the ſword from the crook, where it had hung untouched ever ſince the lieutenant's death, and delivered it to the corporal to brighten up — and having detained Le Fevre a ſingle fortnight to equip him, and contract for his paſſage to Leghorn, he put the ſword into his hand — 'If 'thou art brave, Le Fevre,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, 'this will not fail thee — 'but fortune,' ſaid he, (muſing a little) 'fortune may: — and if ſhe does,' added my Uncle Toby, embracing him; 'come back again to me, Le Fevre, and 'we will ſhape thee another courſe.'

The greateſt injury could not have oppreſſed the heart of Le Fevre more than my Uncle Toby's paternal kindneſs — he parted from my Uncle Toby, as the beſt of ſons from the beſt of fathers — both dropped tears — and as my Uncle Toby gave him his laſt kiſs, he ſlipped ſixty guineas, tied up in an old purſe of his father's, in which was his mother's ring, into his hand — and bid God bleſs him.

CHAP. XIII.

LE Fevre got up to the imperial army juſt time enough to try what metal his ſword was made of, at the defeat of the Turks before Belgrade; but a ſeries of unmerited miſchances had purſued him from that moment, and trod cloſe upon his heels for four years together after: he had withſtood theſe buffetings to the laſt, till ſickneſs overtook him at Marſeilles, from whence he wrote my Uncle Toby word, he had loſt his time, his ſervices, his health — and, in ſhort, every thing but his ſword — and was waiting for the firſt ſhip to return back to him.

As this letter came to hand about ſix weeks before Suſannah's accident, Le Fevre was hourly expected; and was uppermoſt in my Uncle Toby's mind all the time my father was giving him and Yorick a deſcription of what kind of perſon he would chuſe for a preceptor to me: but as my Uncle Toby thought my father at firſt ſomewhat fanciful in the accompliſhments he required, he forbore mentioning Le Fevre's name — till the character, by Yorick's interpoſition, ending unexpectedly, in one, who ſhould be gentle-tempered, and generous, and good, it impreſſed the image of Le Fevre and his intereſt upon my Uncle Toby ſo forcibly, he roſe inſtantly off his chair; and laying down his pipe, in order to take hold of both my father's hands — 'I beg, brother 'Shandy,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, 'I 'may recommend poor Le Fevre's ſon 'to you!' — 'I beſeech you do!' added Yorick. — 'He has a good heart,' ſaid my Uncle Toby. — 'And a brave 'one too, an' pleaſe your honour!' ſaid the corporal.

— 'The beſt hearts, Trim, are ever 'the braveſt,' replied my Uncle Toby. — 'And the greateſt cowards, an' pleaſe 'your honour, in our regiment, were 'the greateſt raſcals in it. — There was 'a Serjeant Kumber, and Enſign — '

— 'We'll talk of them,' ſaid my father, 'another time.'

CHAP. XIV.

WHAT a jovial and merry world would this be, may it pleaſe your worſhips, but for that inextricable labyrinth of debts, cares, woes, want, grief, diſcontent, melancholy, large jointures, impoſitions, and lyes!

Doctor Slop — like a ſon of a w — , as my father called him for it — to exalt himſelf — debaſed me to death — and made

made ten thousand times more of Susannah's accident, than there was any grounds for; so that in a week's time, or less, it was in every body's mouth, *that poor Master Shandy* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *entirely*.—And FAME, who loves to double every thing—in three days more had sworn positively she saw it—and all the world, as usual, gave credit to her evidence—*that the nursery window had not only* *;—but that* *'s also*.

Could the world have been sued like a BODY CORPORATE—my father had brought an action upon the case, and trounced it sufficiently; but to fall foul of individuals about it—as every soul who had mentioned the affair, did it with the greatest pity imaginable—'twas like flying in the very face of his best friends—And yet, to acquiesce under the report, in silence—was to acknowledge it openly—at least, in the opinion of one half of the world——and to make a bustle, again, in contradicting it—was to confirm it as strongly in the opinion of the other half.

——'Was ever poor devil of a country gentleman so hampered!' said my father.

'I would shew him publickly,' said my Uncle Toby, 'at the market-cross.'

——''Twill have no effect,' said my father.

CHAP. XV.

——'I'll put him, however, into breeches,' said my father—'let the world say what it will.'

CHAP. XVI.

THERE are a thousand resolutions, Sir, both in church and state—as well as in matters, Madam, of a more private concern—which, though they have carried all the appearance in the world of being taken, and entered upon in a hasty, hare-brained, and unadvised manner, were, notwithanding this, (and could you or I have got into the cabinet, or stood behind the curtain, we should have found it was so) been weighed, poised, and perpended—argued upon—canvassed through—entered into, and examined on all sides—with so much coolness, that the GODDESS of COOLNESS herself (I do not take upon me to prove her existence) could neither have wished it, or done it better.

Of the number of these was my father's resolution of putting me into breeches; which though determined at once—in a kind of huff, and a defiance of all mankind—had, nevertheless, been *pro'd* and *con'd*, and judicially talked over betwixt him and my mother, about a month before, in two several *beds of justice*, which my father had held for that purpose. I shall explain the nature of these beds of justice in my next chapter; and in the chapter following that, you shall step with me, Madam, behind the curtain, only to hear in what kind of manner my father and my mother debated between themselves this affair of the breeches—from which you may form an idea how they debated all lesser matters.

CHAP. XVII.

THE ancient Goths of Germany, who (the learned Cluverius is positive) were first seated in the country between the Vistula and the Oder, and who afterwards incorporated the Herculi, the Bugians, and some other Vandallick clans to 'em—had all of them a wise custom of debating every thing of importance to their state, twice; that is—once drunk, and once sober——Drunk—that their counsels might not want vigour——and sober—that they might not want discretion.

Now my father being entirely a water-drinker—was a long time gravelled almost to death, in turning this as much to his advantage, as he did every other thing, which the ancients did or said; and it was not till the seventh year of his marriage, after a thousand fruitless experiments and devices, that he hit upon an expedient which answered the purpose—and that was, when any difficult and momentous point was to be settled in the family, which required great sobriety, and great spirit too, in it's determination—he fixed and set apart the first Sunday night in the month, and the Saturday night which immediately preceded it, to argue it over in bed with my mother. By which contrivance, if you consider, Sir, with yourself, * * * * *

* *

——These my father, humorously enough, called his *beds of justice*—for, from the two different counsels taken in these two different humours, a middle one was generally found out, which touched the point of wisdom as well as if he had got drunk and sober a hundred times.

It must not be made a secret to the world, that this answers full as well in literary discussions, as either in military or conjugal; but it is not every author that can try the experiment as the Goths and Vandals did it—or if he can, may it be always for his body's health; and to do it as my father did it—am I sure it would always be for his soul's.

My way is this——

In all nice and ticklish discussions—(of which, Heaven knows, there are but too many in my book) where I find I cannot take a step without the danger of having either their worships or their reverences upon my back—I write one half *full*—and t'other *fasting*——or write it all full—and correct it fasting——or write it fasting—and correct it full——for they all come to the same thing.——So that, with a less variation from my father's plan, than my father's from the Gothick—I feel myself upon a par with him in his first bed of justice—and no way inferior to him in his second.——These different and almost irreconcileable effects, flow uniformly from the wise and wonderful mechanism of nature—of which—be her's the honour——all that we can do, is to turn and work the machine to the improvement and better manufactory of the arts and sciences.—

Now, when I write full—I write as if I was never to write fasting again as long as I live——that is, I write free from the cares, as well as the terrors of the world.——I count not the number of my scars—nor does my fancy go forth into dark entries and bye-corners to antedate my stabs.—In a word, my pen takes it's course; and I write on as much from the fulness of my heart, as my stomach.—

But when, an' please your honours, I indite fasting, 'tis a different history; —I pay the world all possible attention and respect—and have as great a share (whilst it lasts) of that understrapping virtue of discretion, as the best of you. —So that, betwixt both, I write a careless kind of a civil, nonsensical, good-humoured Shandean book, which will do all your hearts good——

——And all your heads too—provided you understand it.

CHAP. XVIII.

'WE should begin,' said my father, turning himself half round in bed, and shifting his pillow a little towards my mother's, as he opened the debate; 'we should begin to 'think, Mrs. Shandy, of putting this 'boy into breeches.'

'We should so,' said my mother.—

——'We defer it, my dear,' quoth my father, 'shamefully.'

'I think we do, Mr. Shandy,' said my mother.

——'Not but the child looks extremely well,' said my father, 'in 'his vests and tunicks.'

'He does look very well in them,' replied my mother.

——'And, for that reason, it would 'be almost a sin,' added my father, 'to 'take him out of 'em.'

'It would so,' said my mother.

——'But, indeed, he is growing a 'very tall lad,' rejoined my father.

'He is very tall for his age, indeed,' said my mother.

——'I can not'—(making two syllables of it)—'imagine,' quoth my father, 'who the deuce he takes after!'

'I cannot conceive, for my life,' said my mother.

——'Humph!'—said my father.

(The dialogue ceased for a moment.)

——'I am very short myself,' continued my father, gravely.

'You are very short, Mr. Shandy,' said my mother.

——'Humph!' quoth my father to himself, a second time: in muttering which, he plucked his pillow a little farther from my mother's—and turning about again, there was an end of the debate for three minutes and a half.

——'When he gets these breeches 'made,' cried my father in a higher tone, 'he'll look like a beast in 'em.'

'He will be very aukward in them 'at first,' replied my mother.

——'And 'twill be lucky, if that's 'the worst on't,' added my father.

'It will be very lucky,' answered my mother.

——'I suppose,' replied my father—

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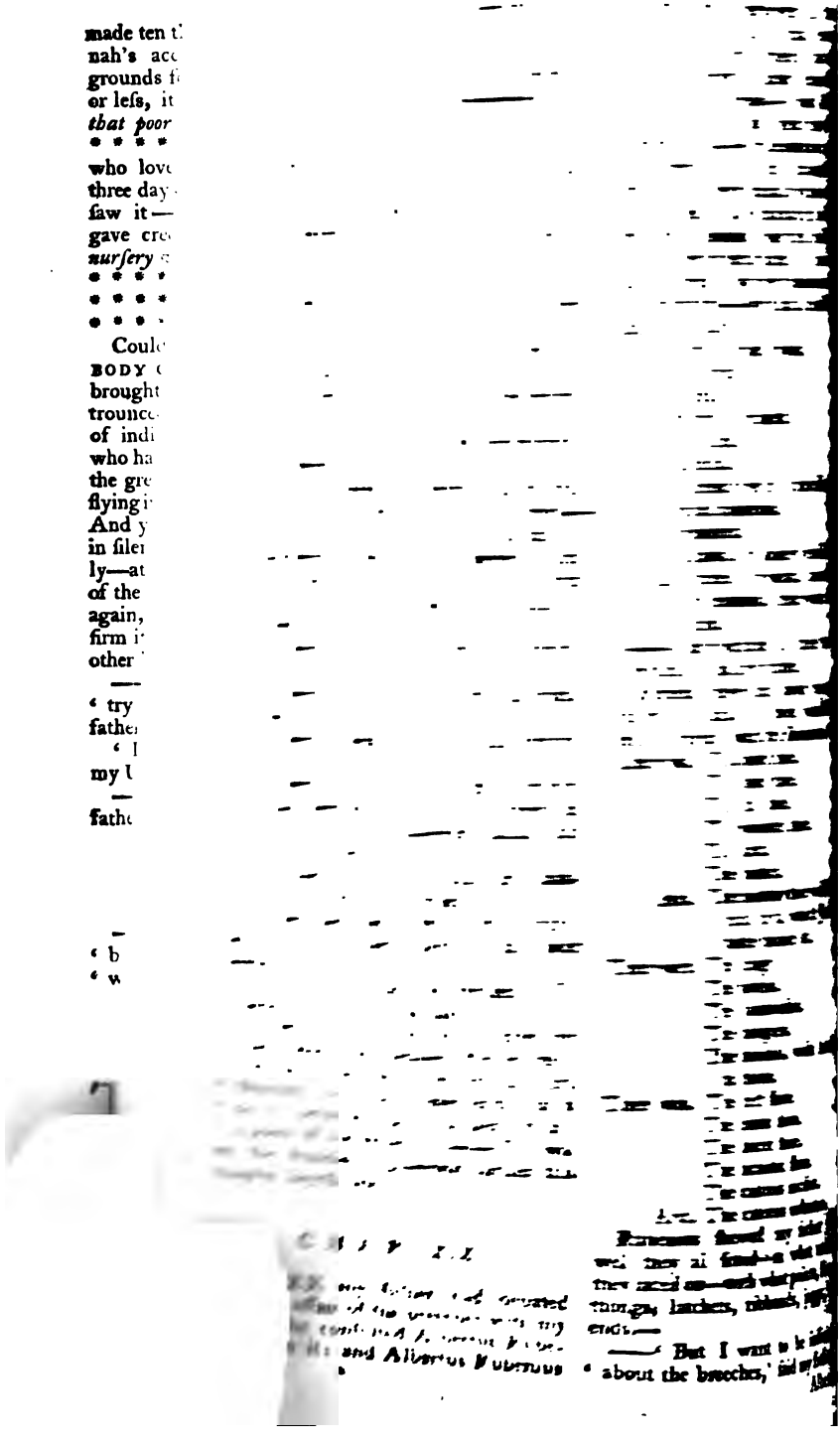

Tertus Rubenius informed my fa-
that the Romans manufactured
of various fabricks—ſome plain—
ſtriped—others diapered through-
he whole contexture of the wool,
ſilk and gold—that linen did not
in to be in common uſe till to-
us the declenſion of the empire,
the Egyptians coming to ſettle
ugſt them brought it into vogue.

—That perſons of quality and for-
diſtinguiſhed themſelves by the
ſs and whiteneſs of their cloaths;
a colour (next to purple, which
appropriated to the great offices)
moſt affected, and wore on their
days and publick rejoicings.—
it appeared from the beſt hiſtorians
ſe times, that they frequently ſent
cloaths to the fuller, to be cleaned
whitened—but that the inferior
e, to avoid that expence, generally
brown cloaths, and of a ſomething
r texture—till towards the begin-
of Auguſtus's reign, when the
dreſſed like his maſter; and almoſt
diſtinction of habiliment was loſt,
he *latus clavus*.

And what was the *latus clavus?*' my father.

henius told him, that the point
ſtill litigating amongſt the learned
Egnatius, Sigonius, Boſſius Ti-
ſius, Bayfius, Budæus, Salmaſius,
ius, Lazius, Iſaac Cauſonbon, and
ph Scaliger, all differed from each
—and he from them: that ſome
it to be the button—ſome the coat
—others only the colour of it——
the great Bayfius, in his Wardrobe
the Ancients, chap. xii.—honeſtly
he knew not what it was—whether
nula—a ſtud—a button—a loop—a
kle—or claſps and keepers.

—My father loſt the horſe, but
the ſaddle——'They are hooks
d eyes,' ſaid my father——and with
ks and eyes he ordered my breeches
be made.

CHAP. XX.

WE are now going to enter upon a new ſcene of events.

—Leave we then the breeches in Taylor's hands, with my father ing over him with his cane, read-
im, as he ſat at work, a lecture the *latus clavus*, and pointing to the preciſe part of the waiſtband, where he was determined to have it ſewed on.

Leave we my mother—(trueſt of all the *poco-curante's* of her ſex!)—careleſs about it, as about every thing elſe in the world which concerned her—that is, indifferent whether it was done this way or that—provided it was but done at all.

Leave we Slop, likewiſe, to the full profits of all my diſhonours.

Leave we poor Le Fevre to recover, and get home from Marſeilles as he can.——And laſt of all—becauſe the hardeſt of all—

Let us leave, if poſſible, *myſelf*—— but 'tis impoſſible—I muſt go along with you to the end of the work.

CHAP. XXI.

IF the reader has not a clear conception of the rood and a half of ground which lay at the bottom of my Uncle Toby's kitchen-garden, and which was the ſcene of ſo many of his delicious hours—the fault is not in me, but in his imagination—for I am ſure I gave him ſo minute a deſcription, I was almoſt aſhamed of it.

When FATE was looking forwards one afternoon, into the great tranſactions of future times—and recollected for what purpoſes this little plot, by a decree faſt bound down in iron, had been deſtined—ſhe gave a nod to NATURE——'twas enough—Nature threw half a ſpade full of her kindlieſt compoſt upon it, with juſt ſo *much* clay in it, as to retain the forms of angles and indentings—and ſo *little* of it too, as not to cling to the ſpade, and render works of ſo much glory naſty in foul weather.

My Uncle Toby came down, as the reader has been informed, with plans along with him, of almoſt every fortified town in Italy and Flanders; ſo let the Duke of Marlborough, or the allies, have ſet down before what town they pleaſed, my Uncle Toby was prepared for them.

His way, which was the ſimpleſt one in the world, was this; as ſoon as ever a town was inveſted—(but ſooner when the deſign was known)—to take the plan of it, (let it be what town it would) and enlarge it upon a ſcale to the exact ſize of his bowling-green; upon the ſurface of which, by means of a large roll

of packthread, and a number of ſmall piquets driven into the ground, at the ſeveral angles and redans, he transferred the lines from his paper; then taking the profile of the place, with it's works, to determine the depths and ſlopes of the ditches—the talus of the glacis, and the preciſe height of the ſeveral banquets, parapets, &c.—he ſet the corporal to work——and ſweetly went it on—the nature of the ſoil—the nature of the work itſelf—and, above all, the good-nature of my Uncle Toby, ſitting by from morning to night, and chatting kindly with the corporal upon paſt-done deeds—left LABOUR little elſe but the ceremony of the name.

When the place was finiſhed in this manner, and put into a proper poſture of defence—it was inveſted—and my Uncle Toby and the corporal began to run their firſt parallel.——I beg I may not be interrupted in my ſtory, by being told, *that the firſt parallel ſhould be at leaſt three hundred toiſes diſtant from the main body of the place—and that I have not left a ſingle inch for it*——for my Uncle Toby took the liberty of incroaching upon his kitchen-garden, for the ſake of enlarging his works on the bowling-green, and for that reaſon generally ran his firſt and ſecond parallels betwixt two rows of his cabbages and his cauliflowers; the conveniences and inconveniences of which will be conſidered at large in the hiſtory of my Uncle Toby's and the corporal's campaign, of which this I'm now writing is but a ſketch, and will be finiſhed, if I conjecture right, in three pages (but there is no gueſſing.)—The campaigns themſelves will take up as many books; and therefore I apprehend it would be hanging too great a weight of one kind of matter in ſo ſlimſy a performance as this, to rhapſodize them, as I once intended, into the body of the work——ſurely they had better be printed apart!——we'll conſider the affair—ſo take the following ſketch of them in the mean time.

CHAP. XXII.

WHEN the town, with it's works was finiſhed, my Uncle Toby and the corporal began to run their firſt parallel—not at random, or any how—but from the ſame points and diſtances the allies had begun to run theirs; and regulating their approaches and attacks, by the accounts my Uncle Toby received from the daily papers—they went on, during the whole ſiege, ſtep by ſtep with the allies.

When the Duke of Marlborough made a lodgment—my Uncle Toby made a lodgment too.——And when the face of a baſtion was battered down, or a defence ruined—the corporal took his mattock and did as much—and ſo on——gaining ground, and making themſelves maſters of the works one after another, till the town fell into their hands.

To one who took pleaſure in the happy ſtate of others—there could not have been a greater ſight in the world, than, on a poſt morning, in which a practicable breach had been made by the Duke of Marlborough, in the main body of the place—to have ſtood behind the horn-beam hedge, and obſerved the ſpirit with which my Uncle Toby, with Trim behind him, ſallied forth—the one with the Gazette in his hand—the other with a ſpade on his ſhoulder to execute the contents.——What an honeſt triumph in my Uncle Toby's looks as he marched up to the ramparts! What intenſe pleaſure ſwimming in his eye as he ſtood over the corporal, reading the paragraph ten times over to him, as he was at work, leſt peradventure he ſhould make the breach an inch too wide, or leave it an inch too narrow.—But when the *chamade* was beat, and the corporal helped my uncle up it, and followed with the colours in his hand to fix them upon the ramparts—Heaven! earth! ſea!—but what avails apoſtrophes?—with all your elements, wet or dry, ye never compounded ſo intoxicating a draught.

In this track of happineſs, for many years, without one interruption to it—except now and then when the wind continued to blow due weſt for a week or ten days together, which detained the Flanders mail, and kept them ſo long in torture—but ſtill 'twas the torture of the happy——In this track, I ſay, did my Uncle Toby and Trim move for many years; every year of which, and ſometimes every month, from the invention of either the one or the other of them, adding ſome new conceit or quirk of improvement to their

their operations, which always opened freſh ſprings of delight in carrying them on.

The firſt year's campaign was carried on from beginning to end, in the plain and ſimple method I've related.

In the ſecond year, in which my Uncle Toby took Liege and Ruremond, he thought he might afford the expence of four handſome draw-bridges, two of which I have given an exact deſcription of, in the former part of my work.

At the latter end of the ſame year he added a couple of gates with port-culliſes—theſe laſt were converted afterwards in orgues, as the better thing; and during the winter of the ſame year, my Uncle Toby, inſtead of a new ſuit of cloaths, which he always had at Chriſtmas, treated himſelf with a handſome ſentry-box, to ſtand at the corner of the bowling-green, betwixt which point and the foot of the glacis, there was left a little kind of an eſplanade for him and the corporal to confer and hold councils of war upon.

——The ſentry-box was in caſe of rain.

All theſe were painted white three times over the enſuing ſpring, which enabled my Uncle Toby to take the field with great ſplendour.

My father would often ſay to Yorick, that if any mortal in the whole univerſe had done ſuch a thing, except his brother Toby, it would have been looked upon by the world as one of the moſt refined ſatires upon the parade and prancing manner in which Lewis XIV. from the beginning of the war, out particularly that very year, had taken the field.—'But 'tis not my brother To'by's nature, kind ſoul!' my father would add, 'to inſult any one.'

——But let us go on.

CHAP. XXIII.

I Muſt obſerve, that although in the firſt year's campaign, the word *town* is often mentioned—yet there was no town at that time within the polygon; that addition was not made till the ſummer following the ſpring in which the bridges and ſentry-box were painted, which was the third year of my Uncle Toby's campaigns—when, upon his taking Amberg, Bonn, and Rhinberg, and Huy and Limbourg, one after another, a thought came into the corporal's head, that to talk of taking ſo many towns *without one* TOWN *to ſhow for it*—was a very nonſenſical way of going to work, and ſo propoſed to my Uncle Toby, that they ſhould have a little model of a town built for them—to be run up together of ſlit deals, and then painted, and clapped within the interior polygon, to ſerve for all.

My Uncle Toby felt the good of the project inſtantly, and inſtantly agreed to it, but with the addition of two ſingular improvements, of which he was almoſt as proud, as if he had been the original inventor of the project itſelf.

The one was, to have the town built exactly in the ſtyle of thoſe, of which it was moſt likely to be the repreſentative—with grated windows, and the gable ends of the houſes facing the ſtreets, &c. &c.—as thoſe in Ghent and Bruges, and the reſt of the towns in Brabant and Flanders.

The other was, not to have the houſes run up together, as the corporal propoſed, but to have every houſe independant, to hook on, or off, ſo as to form into the plan of whatever town they pleaſed. This was put directly into hand, and many and many a look of mutual congratulation was exchanged between my Uncle Toby and the corporal, as the carpenter did the work.

——It anſwered prodigiouſly the next ſummer—the town was a perfect Proteus—it was Landen, and Trerebach, and Santvliet, and Druſen, and Hagenau—and then it was Oſtend, and Menin, and Aeth, and Dendermond.—

——Surely never did any TOWN act ſo many parts, ſince Sodom and Gomorrah, as my Uncle Toby's did.

In the fourth year, my Uncle Toby thinking a town looked fooliſhly without a church, added a very fine one with a ſteeple.——Trim was for having bells in it—my Uncle Toby ſaid, the metal had better be caſt into cannon.

This led the way, the next campaign, for half a dozen braſs field-pieces—to be planted three and three on each ſide of my Uncle Toby's ſentry-box; and in a ſhort time, theſe led the way for a train of ſomewhat larger—and ſo on—(as muſt always be the caſe in hobby-horſical affairs)—from pieces of half an inch bore, till it came at laſt to my father's jack boots.

The next year, which was that in which

which Liſle was beſieged, and at the cloſe of which both Ghent and Bruges fell into our hands—my Uncle Toby was ſadly put to it for *proper* ammunition:—I ſay, proper ammunition—becauſe his great artillery would not bear powder; and 'twas well for the Shandy family they would not—for ſo full were the papers, from the beginning to the end of the ſiege, of the inceſſant firings kept up by the beſiegers—and ſo heated was my Uncle Toby's imagination with the accounts of them, that he had infallibly ſhot away all his eſtate.

Something therefore was wanting, as a ſuccedaneum, eſpecially in one or two of the more violent paroxiſms of the ſiege, to keep up *ſomething* like a continual firing in the imagination—and this ſomething, the corporal, whoſe principal ſtrength lay in invention, ſupplied by an entire new ſyſtem of battering of his own—without which this had been objected to by military criticks, to the end of the world, as one of the great *deſiderata* of my Uncle Toby's apparatus.

This will not be explained the worſe, for ſetting off, as I generally do, at a little diſtance from the ſubject.

CHAP. XXIV.

WITH two or three other trinkets, ſmall in themſelves, but of great regard, which poor Tom, the corporal's unfortunate brother, had ſent him over, with the account of his marriage with the Jew's widow, there was—

A Montero cap, and two Turkiſh tobacco-pipes.

The Montero cap I ſhall deſcribe by and bye.—The Turkiſh tobacco-pipes had nothing particular in them; they were fitted up and ornamented as uſual, with flexible tubes of Morocco leather and gold wire; and mounted, at their ends, the one of them with ivory—the other with black ebony tipped with ſilver.

My father, who ſaw all things in lights different from the reſt of the world, would ſay to the corporal, that he ought to look upon theſe two preſents more as tokens of his brother's nicety, than his affection.——'Tom did not care, 'Trim,' he would ſay, 'to put on the 'cap, or to ſmoke in the tobacco-pipe 'of a Jew.'—'God bleſs your ho'nour,' the corporal would ſay, (giving a ſtrong reaſon to the contrary)—'how can that be?'—

The Montero cap was ſcarlet, of a ſuperfine Spaniſh cloth, died in grain, and mounted all round with fur, except about four inches in the front, which was faced with a light blue, ſlightly embroidered—and ſeemed to have been the property of a Portugueze quarter-maſter—not of foot, but of horſe, as the word denotes.

The corporal was not a little proud of it, as well for it's own ſake as the ſake of the giver—ſo ſeldom or never put it on but upon GALA-days: and yet never was a Montero cap put to ſo many uſes; for in all controverted points, whether military or culinary, provided the corporal was ſure he was in the right—it was either his *oath*—his *wager*—or his *gift*.

—'Twas his gift in the preſent caſe. 'I'll be bound,' ſaid the corporal, ſpeaking to himſelf, 'to *give* away my Mon'tero cap to the firſt beggar who comes 'to the door, if I do not manage this 'matter to his honour's ſatisfaction.'

The completion was no farther off than the very next morning; which was that of the ſtorm of the counterſcarp betwixt the Lower Deule, to the right, and the gate St. Andrew—and, on the left, between St. Magdalen's and the river.

As this was the moſt memorable attack in the whole war—the moſt gallant and obſtinate on both ſides—and, I muſt add, the moſt bloody too, for it coſt the allies themſelves that morning above eleven hundred men—my Uncle Toby prepared himſelf for it with a more than ordinary ſolemnity.

The eve which preceded, as my Uncle Toby went to bed, he ordered his Ramillie wig, which had lain inſide-out for many years in the corner of an old campaigning trunk, which ſtood by his bed-ſide, to be taken out and laid upon the lid of it, ready for the morning; and the very firſt thing he did in his ſhirt, when he had ſtepped out of bed, my Uncle Toby, after he had turned the rough ſide outwards—put it on——This done, he proceeded next to his breeches, and having buttoned the waiſt-band, he forthwith buckled on his ſword-belt, and had got his ſword half way in—when he conſidered he ſhould want

ſhaving,

ſhaving, and that it would be very inconvenient doing it with his ſword on —ſo took it off.——In aſſaying to put his regimental coat and waiſtcoat, my Uncle Toby found the ſame objection in his wig—ſo that went off too——ſo that, what with one thing, and what with another, as always falls out when a man is in the moſt haſte—'twas ten o'clock, which was half an hour later than his uſual time, before my Uncle Toby ſallied out.

CHAP. XXV.

MY Uncle Toby had ſcarce turned the corner of his yew-hedge, which ſeparated his kitchen-garden from his bowling-green, when he perceived the corporal had begun the attack without him.—

Let me give you a picture of the corporal's apparatus; and of the corporal himſelf in the height of this attack, juſt as it ſtruck my Uncle Toby, as he turned towards the ſentry-box, where the corporal was at work—for in nature there is not ſuch another—nor can any combination of all that is groteſque and whimſical in her works, produce it's equal.

The corporal——

——Tread lightly on his aſhes, ye men of genius—for he was your kinſman——

Weed his grave clean, ye men of goodneſs—for he was your brother.——O corporal! had I thee but now—now that I am able to give thee a dinner and protection—how would I cheriſh thee! thou ſhouldſt wear thy Montero cap every hour of the day, and every day of the week—and when it was worn out, I would purchaſe thee a couple like it——But, alas! alas! alas! now that I can do this, in ſpite of their reverences——the occaſion is loſt—for thou art gone——thy genius fled up to the ſtars from whence it came—and that warm heart of thine, with all it's generous and open veſſels, compreſſed into a *clod of the valley!*

——But what—what is this, to that future and dreaded page, where I look towards the velvet pall, decorated with the military enſigns of thy maſter—the firſt—the foremoſt of created beings—where I ſhall ſee thee, faithful ſervant! laying his ſword and ſcabbard with a trembling hand acroſs his coffin, and then returning pale as aſhes to th to take his mourning horſe by t dle, to follow his hearſe, as he ed thee——where—all my fathe tems ſhall be baffled by his ſo and, in ſpite of his philoſophy, behold him, as he inſpects the la ed plate, twice taking his ſpe from off his noſe, to wipe aw dew which nature has ſhed upon —When I ſee him caſt in the ro with an air of diſconſolation, cries through my ears—'O To 'what corner of the world ſhall 'thy fellow?'

——Gracious powers! whic have opened the lips of the dumb diſtreſs, and made the tongue ſtammerer ſpeak plain—when arrive at this dreaded page, de with me, then, with a ſtinted ha

CHAP. XXVI.

THE corporal, who the nig fore had reſolved in his m ſupply the grand *deſideratum*, o ing up ſomething like an inceſſan upon the enemy during the heat attack—had no farther idea in hi at that time, than a contriva ſmoking tobacco againſt the tow of one of my Uncle Toby's fix pieces, which were planted on ea of his ſentry-box; the means of ing which occurring to his fancy ſame time, though he had pled cap, he thought it in no dange the miſcarriage of his projects.

Upon turning it this way, an a little in his mind, he ſoon be find out, that by means of h Turkiſh tobacco-pipes, with the ment of three ſmaller tubes of leather at each of their lower-en be tagged by the ſame number pipes fitted to the touch-holes, an ed with clay next the cannon, an tied hermetically with waxed their ſeveral inſertions into the M tube—he ſhould be able to fire field-pieces all together, and wi ſame eaſe as to fire one.—

——Let no man ſay from wha and jaggs hints may not be cut the advancement of human know Let no man who has read my f firſt and ſecond *beds of juſtice*, e up and ſay again, from collil

what kinds of bodies, light may or may not be ſtruck out, to carry the arts and ſciences up to perfection.——Heaven! thou knoweſt how I love them—thou knoweſt the ſecrets of my heart, and that I would this moment give my ſhirt—— 'Thou art a fool, Shandy,' ſays Eugenius; 'for thou haſt but a 'dozen in the world—and 'twill break 'thy ſet.'

No matter for that, Eugenius; I would give the ſhirt off my back to be burnt into tinder, were it only to ſatisfy one feveriſh enquirer, how many ſparks at one good ſtroke, a good flint and ſteel could ſtrike into the tail of it—Think ye not, that in ſtriking theſe *in*—he might, peradventure, ſtrike ſomething *out*? as ſure as a gun.—

——But this project, by the bye.

The corporal ſat up the beſt part of the night in bringing *his* to perfection; and having made a ſufficient proof of his cannon, with charging them to the top with tobacco—he went with contentment to bed.

CHAP. XXVII.

THE corporal had ſlipped out about ten minutes before my Uncle Toby, in order to fix his apparatus, and juſt give the enemy a ſhot or two before my Uncle Toby came.

He had drawn the ſix field-pieces for this end, all cloſe up together in front of my Uncle Toby's ſentry-box, leaving only an interval of about a yard and a half betwixt the three, on the right and left, for the convenience of charging, &c.—and the ſake poſſibly of two batteries, which he might think double the honour of one.

In the rear, and facing this opening, with his back to the door of the ſentry-box, for fear of being flanked, had the corporal wiſely taken his poſt.—He held the ivory pipe, appertaining to the battery on the right, betwixt the finger and thumb of his right-hand—and the ebony pipe tipped with ſilver, which appertained to the battery on the left, betwixt the finger and thumb of the other—and with his right knee fixed firm upon the ground, as if in the front rank of his platoon, was the corporal, with his Montero cap upon his head, furiouſly playing off his two croſs-batteries at the ſame time againſt the counterguard, which faced the counterſcarp, where the attack was to be made that morning. His firſt intention, as I ſaid, was no more than giving the enemy a ſingle puff or two—but the pleaſure of the *puffs*, as well as the *puffing*, had inſenſibly got hold of the corporal, and drawn him on from puff to puff, into the very height of the attack, by the time my Uncle Toby joined him.

'Twas well for my father, that my Uncle Toby had not his will to make that day!'

CHAP. XXVIII.

MY Uncle Toby took the ivory pipe out of the corporal's hand—looked at it for half a minute, and returned it.

In leſs than two minutes my Uncle Toby took the pipe from the corporal again, and raiſed it half way to his mouth—then haſtily gave it back a ſecond time.

The corporal redoubled the attack——my Uncle Toby ſmiled—then looked grave—then ſmiled for a moment—then looked ſerious for a long time;—'Give me hold of the ivory pipe, Trim,' ſaid my Uncle Toby.—My Uncle Toby put it to his lips—drew it back directly—gave a peep over the horn-beam hedge—never did my Uncle Toby's mouth water ſo much for a pipe in his life.—My Uncle Toby retired into the ſentry-box with the pipe in his hand.

——Dear Uncle Toby, don't go into the ſentry-box with the pipe—there's no truſting a man's ſelf with ſuch a thing in ſuch a corner.

CHAP. XXIX.

I Beg the reader will aſſiſt me here, to wheel off my Uncle Toby's ordnance behind the ſcenes—to remove his ſentry-box, and clear the theatre, *if poſſible*, of horn-works and half-moons, and get the reſt of his military apparatus out of the way—that done, my dear friend Garrick, we'll ſnuff the candles bright—ſweep the ſtage with a new broom—draw up the curtain—and exhibit my Uncle Toby dreſſed in a new character, throughout which the world can have no idea how he will act; and yet, if pity be akin to love—and bra-

very

very no alien to it—you have ſeen enough of my Uncle Toby in theſe, to trace theſe family likeneſſes, betwixt the two paſſions, (in caſe there is one) to your heart's content.

Vain ſcience! thou aſſiſteſt us in no caſe of this kind—and thou puzzleſt us in every one.

There was, Madam, in my Uncle Toby, a ſingleneſs of heart which miſled him ſo far out of the little ſerpentine tracks in which things of this nature uſually go on; you can—you can have no conception of it: with this there was a plainneſs and ſimplicity of thinking, with ſuch an unmiſtruſting ignorance of the plies and foldings of the heart of women—and ſo naked and defenceleſs did he ſtand before you, (when a ſiege was out of his head) that you might have ſtood behind any one of your ſerpentine walks, and ſhot my Uncle Toby ten times in a day through his liver—if nine times in a day, Madam, had not ſerved your purpoſe.

With all this, Madam—and what confounded every thing as much on the other hand, my Uncle Toby had that unparalleled modeſty of nature I once told you of—and which, by the bye, ſtood eternal ſentry upon his feelings, that you might as ſoon—— But where am I going? theſe reflections croud in upon me ten pages at leaſt too ſoon, and take up that time, which I ought to beſtow upon facts.

CHAP. XXX.

OF the few legitimate ſons of Adam, whoſe breaſts never felt what the ſting of love was—(maintaining, firſt, all myſogyniſts to be baſtards)—the greateſt heroes of ancient and modern ſtory have carried off, amongſt them, nine parts in ten of the honour; and I wiſh for their ſakes I had the key of my ſtudy out of my draw-well, only for five minutes, to tell you their names—recolleſt them I cannot—ſo be content to accept of theſe, for the preſent, in their ſtead.—

There was the great King Aldrovandus, and Boſphorus, and Capadocius, and Dardanus, and Pontus, and Aſius; —to ſay nothing of the iron-hearted Charles the XIIth, whom the Counteſs of K***** herſelf could make nothing of.—There was Babylonicus, and Mediterraneus, and Polixenes, and Perſicus, and Pruſicus; not one of whom, (except Capadocius and Pontus, who were both a little ſuſpected) ever once bowed down his breaſt to the goddeſs. —The truth is, they had all of them ſomething elſe to do—and ſo had my Uncle Toby, till Fate—till Fate, I ſay, envying his name the glory of being handed down to poſterity with Aldrovandus's and the reſt—ſhe baſely patched up the peace at Utrecht.

——Believe me, Sir, 'twas the worſt deed ſhe did that year.

CHAP. XXXI.

AMONGST the many ill conſequences of the treaty of Utrecht, it was within a point of giving my Uncle Toby a ſurfeit of ſieges; and though he recovered his appetite afterwards, yet Calais itſelf left not a deeper ſcar in Mary's heart, than Utrecht upon my Uncle Toby's. To the end of his life he never could hear Utrecht mentioned upon any account whatever—or ſo much as read an article of news extracted out of the Utrecht Gazette, without fetching a ſigh, as if his heart would break in twain.

My father, who was a great MOTIVE-MONGER, and conſequently a very dangerous perſon for a man to ſit by, either laughing or crying—for he generally knew your motive for doing both, much better than you knew it yourſelf —would always conſole my Uncle Toby upon theſe occaſions, in a way which ſhewed plainly, he imagined my Uncle Toby grieved for nothing in the whole affair, ſo much as the loſs of his hobby-horſe.—'Never mind, brother Toby,' he would ſay, 'by God's bleſſing we 'ſhall have another war break out 'again ſome of theſe days! and when 'it does—the belligerent powers, if 'they would hang themſelves, cannot 'keep us out of play.——I defy 'em, 'my dear Toby,' he would add, 'to 'take countries without taking towns '—or towns without ſieges!'

My Uncle Toby never took this back-ſtroke of my father's at his hobby-horſe kindly.—He thought the ſtroke ungenerous; and the more ſo—becauſe, in ſtriking the horſe, he hit the rider too, and in the moſt diſhonourable part a blow could fall; ſo that, upon theſe occaſions,

caſions, he always laid down his pipe upon the table with more fire to defend himſelf than common.

I told the reader, this time two years, that my Uncle Toby was not eloquent; and in the very ſame page gave an inſtance to the contrary.—I repeat the obſervation, and a fact which contradicts it again.—He was not eloquent—it was not eaſy to my Uncle Toby to make long harangues—and he hated florid ones; but there were occaſions where the ſtream overflowed the man, and ran ſo counter to it's uſual courſe, that in ſome parts my Uncle Toby, for a time, was at leaſt equal to Tertullus—but, in others, in my own opinion, infinitely above him.

My father was ſo highly pleaſed with one of theſe apologetical orations of my Uncle Toby's, which he had delivered one evening before him and Yorick, that he wrote it down before he went to bed.

I have had the good fortune to meet with it amongſt my father's papers, with here and there an inſertion of his own, betwixt two crooks, thus [ ], and is indorſed,

'*My brother* TOBY'S *juſtification of his own principles and conduct in wiſhing to continue the war.*'

I may ſafely ſay, I have read over this apologetical oration of my Uncle Toby's a hundred times, and think it ſo fine a model of defence—and ſhews ſo ſweet a temperament of gallantry and good principles in him, that I give it the world, word for word (interlineations and all) as I find it.

CHAP. XXXII.

MY UNCLE TOBY'S APOLOGETICAL ORATION.

'I Am not inſenſible, brother Shandy, 'that when a man, whoſe profeſſion is arms, wiſhes, as I have done, 'for war—it has an ill aſpect to the 'world——and that how juſt and right ſoever his motives and intentions may 'be—he ſtands in an uneaſy poſture in 'vindicating himſelf from private views 'in doing it.

'For this cauſe, if a ſoldier is a prudent man—which he may be, without 'being a jot the leſs brave—he will be 'ſure not to utter his wiſh in the hearing of an enemy; for ſay what he 'will, an enemy will not believe him.—'He will be cautious of doing it even 'to a friend—leſt he may ſuffer in his eſteem—but if his heart is overcharged, 'and a ſecret ſigh for arms muſt have it's vent, he will reſerve it for the 'ear of a brother, who knows his character to the bottom, and what his 'true notions, diſpoſitions, and principles of honour are: what, I *hope*, I 'have been in all theſe, brother Shandy, would be unbecoming in me to 'ſay—much worſe, I know, have I 'been, than I ought—and ſomething 'worſe, perhaps, than I think——but 'ſuch as I am—you, my dear brother 'Shandy, who have ſucked the ſame breaſts with me—and with whom I 'have been brought up from my cradle, '—and from whoſe knowledge, from 'the firſt hours of our boyiſh paſtimes, 'down to this, I have concealed no one 'action of my life, and ſcarce a thought 'in it—ſuch as I am, brother, you muſt 'by this time know me, with all my 'vices, and with all my weakneſſes too, 'whether of my age, my temper, my 'paſſions, or my underſtanding.

'Tell, me then, my dear brother 'Shandy, upon which of them it is, 'that when I condemned the peace of 'Utrecht, and grieved the war was not 'carried on with vigour a little longer, 'you ſhould think your brother did it 'upon unworthy views; or that in 'wiſhing for war, he ſhould be bad 'enough to wiſh more of his fellow-creatures ſlain—more ſlaves made, 'and more families driven from their 'peaceful habitations, merely for his 'own pleaſure——tell me, brother 'Shandy, upon what one deed of mine 'do you ground it?' ['*The devil a deed do I know of, dear Toby, but one for a hundred pounds, which I lent thee to carry on theſe curſed ſieges.*']

'If, when I was a ſchool-boy, I 'could not hear a drum beat, but my 'heart beat with it—was it my fault? '——Did I plant the propenſity there? '—Did I ſound the alarm within, or 'Nature?

'When Guy, Earl of Warwick, and 'Pariſmus and Pariſmenus, and Valentine and Orſon, and the Seven Champions of England, were handed around 'the ſchool—were they not all purchaſed

'chaſed with my own pocket-money? '—Was that ſelfiſh, brother Shandy? '—When we read over the ſiege of 'Troy, which laſted ten years and 'eighth months—though, with ſuch a 'train of artillery as we had at Namur, 'the town might have been carried in a 'week—was I not as much concerned 'for the deſtruction of the Greeks and 'Trojans as any boy of the whole 'ſchool? Had I not three ſtrokes of a 'ferula given me, two on my right-'hand, and one on myleft, for calling 'Helena a bitch for it?—Did any one 'of you ſhed more tears for Hector? 'And when King Priam came to the 'camp to beg his body, and returned 'weeping back to Troy without it—'you know, brother, I could not eat 'my dinner.

——'Did that beſpeak me cruel?—'Or, becauſe, brother Shandy, my 'blood flew out into the camp, and 'my heart panted for war—was it a 'proof it could not ache for the diſ-'treſſes of war too?

'O brother! 'tis one thing for a ſol-'dier to gather laurels—and 'tis another 'to ſcatter cypreſs—' ['*Who told thee, my dear Toby, that cypreſs was uſed by the ancients on mournful occaſions?*']

——'It is one thing, brother Shan-'dy, for a ſoldier to hazard his own 'life—to leap firſt down into the trench, 'where he is ſure to be cut in pieces '—'tis one thing from publick ſpirit 'and a thirſt of glory, to enter the 'breach the firſt man—to ſtand in the 'foremoſt rank, and march bravely in 'with drums and trumpets, and co-'lours flying about his ears.—'tis 'one thing, I ſay, brother Shandy, to 'do this—and 'tis another thing to re-'flect on the miſeries of war—to view 'the deſolations of whole countries, 'and conſider the intolerable fatigues 'and hardſhips which the ſoldier him-'ſelf, the inſtrument who works them, 'is forced (for ſixpence a day, if he 'can get it) to undergo.

'Need I be told, dear Yorick, as I 'was by you, in Le Fevre's funeral 'ſermon, *that ſo ſoft and gentle a crea-'ture, born to love, to mercy, and kind-'neſs, as man is, was not ſhaped for 'this?*—But why did you not add, 'Yorick—if not by NATURE—that he 'is ſo by NECESSITY?—For what is 'war? what is it, Yorick, when fought 'as ours has been, upon principles of '*liberty*, and upon principles of *honour?* '—what is it, but the getting together 'of quiet and harmleſs people, with 'their ſwords in their hands, to keep 'the ambitious and the turbulent with-'in bounds? And Heaven is my wit-'neſs, brother Shandy, that the plea 'ſure I have taken in theſe things—'and that infinite delight, in particular, 'which has attended my ſieges in my 'bowling-green, has aroſe within me, 'and I hope in the corporal too, from 'the conſciouſneſs we both had, that 'in carrying them on, we were anſwer-'ing the great ends of our creation.'

CHAP. XXXIII.

I Told the Chriſtian reader—I ſay, *Chriſtian*—hoping he is one—and, if he is not, I am ſorry for it—and only beg he will conſider the matter with himſelf, and not lay the blame entirely upon this book—

I told him, Sir—for, in good truth, when a man is telling a ſtory in the ſtrange way I do mine, he is obliged continually to be going backwards and forwards to keep all tight together in the reader's fancy—which, for my own part, if I did not take heed to do more than at firſt, there is ſo much unfixed and equi-vocal matter ſtarting up, with ſo many breaks and gaps in it—and ſo little ſer-vice do the ſtars afford—which, never-theleſs, I hang up in ſome of the darkeſt paſſages, knowing that the world is apt to loſe it's way, with all the light the ſun itſelf at noon-day can give it—and now, you ſee, I am loſt myſelf!

——But 'tis my father's fault; and whenever my brains come to be diſ-ſected, you will perceive, without ſpec-tacles, that he has left a large uneven thread, as you ſometimes ſee in an un-ſaleable piece of cambrick, running along the whole length of the web, and ſo untowardly, you cannot ſo much as cut out a **, (here I hang up a couple of lights again)—or a fillet, or a thumb-ſtall, but it is ſeen or felt.—

'*Quanto id diligentius in libris pro-'crandis cavendum*,' ſayeth Cardan. All which being conſidered, and that you ſee it is morally impracticable for me to wind this round to where I ſet out——

I begin the chapter over again.

CHAP. XXXIV.

I Told the Christian reader in the beginning of the chapter which preceded my Uncle Toby's apological oration—though in a *different* trope from what I shall make use of now—that the peace of Utrecht was within an ace of creating the same shyness betwixt my Uncle Toby and his hobby-horse, as it did betwixt the queen and the rest of the confederating powers.

There is an indignant way in which a man sometimes dismounts his horse, which as good as says to him, 'I'll go 'a foot, Sir, all the days of my life, 'before I would ride a single mile upon 'your back again.' Now my Uncle Toby could not be said to dismount his horse in this manner: for, in strictness of language, he could not be said to dismount his horse at all—his horse rather flung him—and somewhat *viciously*, which made my Uncle Toby take it ten times more unkindly. Let this matter be settled by state jockies as they like. —It created, I say, a sort of shyness betwixt my Uncle Toby and his hobby-horse.—He had no occasion for him from the month of March to November, which was the summer after the articles were signed, except it was now and then to take a short ride out, just to see that the fortifications and harbour of Dunkirk were demolished, according to stipulation.

The French were so backward all that summer in setting about that affair, and Monsieur Tugghe, the deputy from the magistrates at Dunkirk, presented so many affecting petitions to the queen, beseeching her majesty to cause only her thunderbolts to fall upon the martial works, which might have incurred her displeasure—but to spare—to spare the mole, for the mole's sake; which, in it's naked situation, could be no more than an object of pity—and the queen, (who was but a woman) being of a pitiful disposition—and her ministers also, they not wishing in their hearts to have the town dismanted, for these private reasons, *—
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * *; so that the whole went heavily on with my Uncle Toby; insomuch that it was not within three full months, after he and the corporal had constructed the town, and put it in a condition to be destroyed, that the several commandants, commissaries, deputies, negociators, and intendants, would permit him to set about it.—Fatal interval of inactivity!

The corporal was for beginning the demolition, by making a breach in the ramparts or main fortifications of the town.—'No—that will never do, corporal!' said my Uncle Toby; 'for, 'in going that way to work with the 'town, the English garrison will not 'be safe in it an hour; because, if the 'French are treacherous——' 'They 'are as treacherous as devils, an' please 'your honour!' said the corporal.— 'It gives me concern always when I 'hear it, Trim,' said my Uncle Toby: 'for they don't want personal bravery; 'and if a breach is made in the ramparts, they may enter it, and make 'themselves masters of the place when 'they please.'—'Let them enter it,' said the corporal, lifting up his pioneer's spade in both his hands, as if he was going to lay about him with it—'let 'them enter, an' please your honour, 'if they dare.'—'In cases like this, 'corporal,' said my Uncle Toby, slipping his right-hand down to the middle of his cane, and holding it afterwards truncheon-wise, with his fore-finger extended—''tis no part of the consideration of a commandant, what the 'enemy dare—or what they dare not 'do; he must act with prudence. We 'will begin with the outworks both 'towards the sea and the land, and 'particularly with Fort Louis, the most 'distant of them all, and demolish it 'first—and the rest, one by one, both 'on our right and left, as we retreat 'towards the town—then we'll demolish the mole—next fill up the harbour—then retire into the citadel, and 'blow it up into the air; and having 'done that, corporal, we'll embark for 'England.'—'We are there,' quoth the corporal, recollecting himself.—— 'Very true!' said my Uncle Toby—looking at the church.

CHAP. XXXV.

A Delusive, delicious consultation or two of this kind, betwixt my Uncle Toby and Trim, upon the demolition of Dunkirk, for a moment rallied

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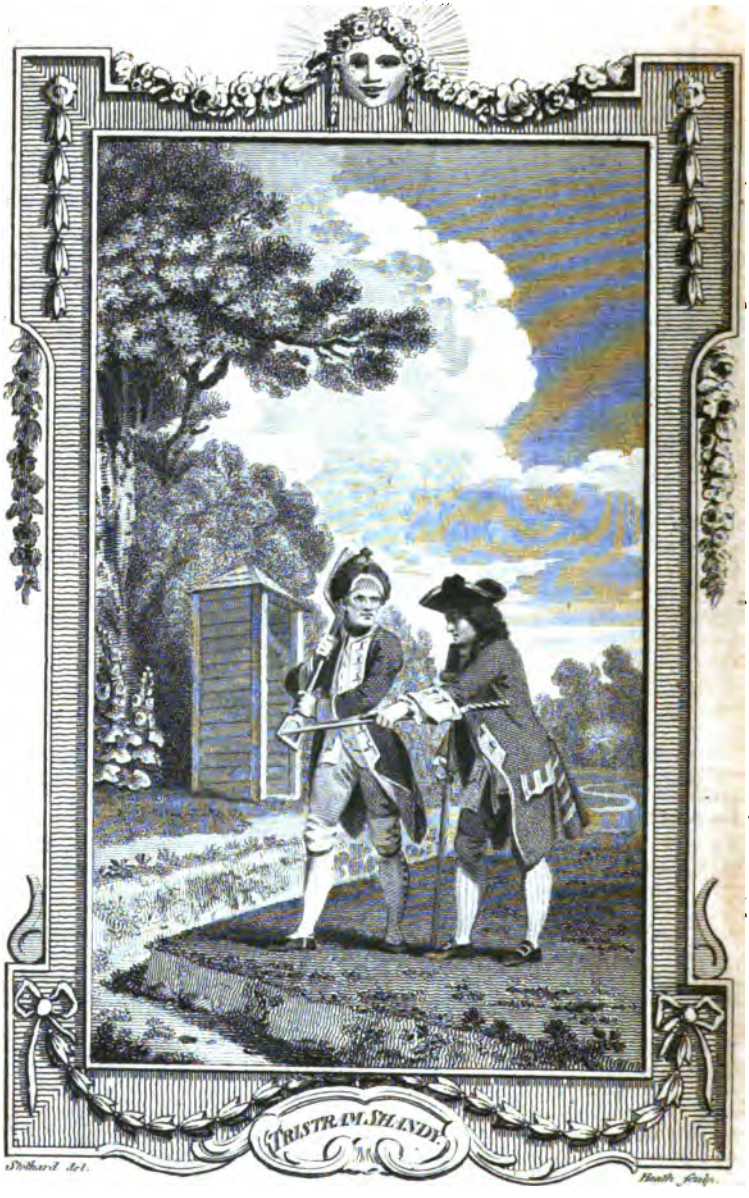


Plate V.

Publish'd as the Act directs by Harrison &C.° May 19.th 1783.

rallied back the ideas of thoſe pleaſures, which were ſlipping from under him —ſtill—ſtill all went on heavily—the magick left the mind the weaker.—STILLNESS, with SILENCE at her back, entered the ſolitary parlour, and drew their gauzy mantle over my Uncle Toby's head!—and LISTLESSNESS, with her lax fibre and undirected eye, ſat quietly down beſide him in his arm-chair.—— No longer Amberg, and Rhinberg, and Limbourg, and Huy, and Bonn, in one year—and the proſpect of Landen, and Trerebach, and Druſen, and Dendermond, the next—hurried on the blood——no longer did ſaps, and mines, and blinds, and gabions, and paliſadoes, keep out this fair enemy of man's repoſe——no more could my Uncle Toby, after paſſing the French lines, as he eat his egg at ſupper, from thence break into the heart of France—croſs over the Oyes, and with all Picardie open behind him, march up to the gates of Paris, and fall aſleep with nothing but ideas of glory;——no more was he to dream, he had fixed the royal ſtandard upon the tower of the Baſtile, and awake with it ſtreaming in his head!

—— Softer viſions — gentler vibrations, ſtole ſweetly in upon his ſlumbers —the trumpet of war fell out of his hands—he took up the lute, ſweet inſtrument! of all others the moſt delicate, the moſt difficult!—how wilt thou touch it, my dear Uncle Toby?

CHAP. XXXVI.

NOW, becauſe I have once or twice ſaid, in my inconſiderate way of talking—that I was confident the following memoirs of my uncle Toby's courtſhip of Widow Wadman, whenever I got time to write them, would turn out one of the moſt compleat ſyſtems, both of the elementary and practical part of love and love-making, that ever was addreſſed to the world—are you to imagine from thence, that I ſhall ſet out with a deſcription of *what love is?* whether part God and part Devil, as Plotinus will have it—

——Or, by a more critical equation, and ſuppoſing the whole of love to be as 10—to determine, with Ficinus, '*How many parts of it—the one*—and *how many the other*;'—or whether it is *all of it one great devil*, from head to tail, as Plato has taken upon him to pronounce; concerning which conceit of his, I ſhall not offer my opinion—but my opinion of Plato is this; that he appears, from this inſtance, to have been a man of much the ſame temper and way of reaſoning with Doctor Baynyard, who being a great enemy to bliſters, as imagining that half a dozen of 'em on at once, would draw a man as ſurely to his grave, as a hearſe and ſix—raſhly concluded, that the devil himſelf was nothing in the world, but one great bouncing *cantharidis*.—

I have nothing to ſay to people who allow themſelves this monſtrous liberty in arguing, but what Nazianzen cried out *(that is, polemically)* to Philagrius—

"Ευγε!" *O rare! 'tis fine reaſoning,*
Sir, indeed! "ὅτι φιλοσοφεῖς ἐν Παθεσι"—
and moſt nobly do you aim at truth,
when you philoſophize about it in your
moods and paſſions.'

Nor is it to be imagined, for the ſame reaſon, I ſhould ſtop to enquire, whether love is a diſeaſe—or embroil myſelf with Rhaſis and Dioſcorides, whether the ſeat of it is in the brain or liver—becauſe this would lead me on to an examination of the two very oppoſite manners in which patients have been treated—the one of Aætius, who always begun with a cooling glyſter of hemp-ſeed and bruiſed cucumbers—and followed on with thin potations of water-lilies and purſlane—to which he added a pinch of ſnuff, of the herb hanea—and, where Aætius durſt venture it, his topaz ring.

——The other, that of Gordonius, who (in his cap. xv. *De Amore*) directs they ſhould be thraſhed, '*ad putorem uſque*;'—till they ſtink again.

Theſe are diſquiſitions which my father, who had laid in a great ſtock of knowledge of this kind, will be very buſy with, in the progreſs of my Uncle Toby's affairs: I muſt anticipate thus much—that from his theories of love, (with which, by the way, he contrived to crucify my Uncle Toby's mind, almoſt as much as his amours themſelves) he took a ſingle ſtep into practice—and by means of a camphorated cere-cloth, which he found means to impoſe upon the taylor for buckram, whilſt he was making my Uncle Toby a new pair of breeches, he produced Gordonius's effect

feſt upon my Uncle Toby without the diſgrace.

What changes this produced, will be read in it's proper place: all that is needful to be added to the anecdote, is this—that whatever effect it had upon my Uncle Toby—it had a vile effect upon the houſe; and if my Uncle Toby had not ſmoked it down as he did, it might have had a vile effect upon my father too.

CHAP. XXXVII.

——'TWILL come out of itſelf by and bye.—All I contend for is, that I am not *obliged* to ſet out with a definition of what love is; and ſo long as I can go on with my ſtory intelligibly, with the help of the word itſelf, without any other idea to it, than what I have in common with the reſt of the world, why ſhould I differ from it a moment before the time?—When I can get on no farther—and find myſelf entangled on all ſides of this myſtick labyrinth, my opinion will then come in, in courſe—and lead me out.

At preſent, I hope I ſhall be ſufficiently underſtood, in telling the reader, my Uncle Toby *fell in love*.

——Not that the phraſe is at all to my liking: for, to ſay a man is *fallen* in love—or that he is *deeply* in love—or *up to the ears* in love—and ſometimes even *over head and ears in it*—carries an idiomatical kind of implication, that love is a thing *below* a man—this is recurring again to Plato's opinion, which, with all his divinityſhip—I hold to be damnable and heretical—and ſo much for that.

Let love, therefore, be what it will—my Uncle Toby fell into it.

——And poſſibly, gentle reader, with ſuch a temptation—ſo wouldſt thou; for never did thy eyes behold, or thy concupiſcence covet, any thing in this world, more concupiſcible than Widow Wadman.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

TO conceive this right—call for pen and ink—here's paper ready to your hand.——Sit down, Sir; paint her to your own mind—as like your miſtreſs as you can—as unlike your wife as your conſcience will let you—'tis all one to me—pleaſe but your own fancy in it.

——'Was ever any thing in nature 'so sweet!—so exquisite!'

——Then, dear Sir, how could my Uncle Toby resist it?

Thrice happy book; thou wilt have one page, at least, within thy covers, which MALICE will not blacken, and which IGNORANCE cannot misrepresent.

CHAP. XXXIX.

AS Susannah was informed, by an express from Mrs. Bridget, of my Uncle Toby's falling in love with her mistress, fifteen days before it happened—the contents of which express Susannah communicated to my mother the next day—it has just given me an opportunity of entering upon my Uncle Toby's amours a fortnight before their existence.

'I have an article of news to tell 'you, Mr. Shandy,' quoth my mother, 'which will surprize you greatly.'

Now my father was then holding one of his second beds of justice, and was musing within himself about the hardships of matrimony, as my mother broke silence.

——'My brother Toby,' quoth she, 'is going to be married to Mrs. Wad- 'man.'

'Then he will never,' quoth my father, 'be able to lie *diagonally* in his 'bed again as long as he lives.'

It was a consuming vexation to my father, that my mother never asked the meaning of a thing she did not understand.

——'That she is not a woman of 'science,' my father would say, 'is 'her misfortune—but she might ask a 'question!'

My mother never did. In short, she went out of the world, at last, without knowing whether it turned *round*, or stood *still*.—My father had officiously told her above a thousand times which way it was—but she always forgot.

For these reasons, a discourse seldom went on much farther betwixt them than a proposition—a reply—and a rejoinder; at the end of which it generally took breath for a few minutes, (as in the affair of the breeches) and then went on again.

'If he marries, 'twill be the worse 'for us!' quoth my mother.

'Not a cherry-stone,' said my father; 'he may as well batter away his 'means upon that, as any thing else.'

——'To be sure,' said my mother——so here ended the proposition—the reply—and the rejoinder—I told you of.

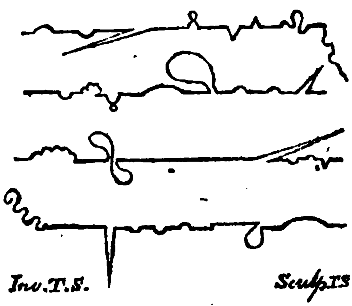
'It will be some amusement to him, 'too,' said my father.

'A very great one,' answered my mother, 'if he should have children.'

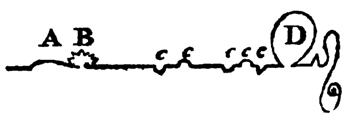
——'Lord have mercy upon me!' said my father to himself—* *.

CHAP. XL.

I Am now beginning to get fairly into my work; and, by the help of a vegetable diet, with a few of the cold seeds, I make no doubt but I shall be able to go on with my Uncle Toby's story, and my own, in a tolerable straight line. Now,



These were the four lines I moved in through my first, second, third, and fourth volumes.—In the fifth volume I have been very good—the precise line I have described in it being thus:



By which it appears, that except at the curve, marked A, where I took a trip to Navarre—and the indented curve B, which is the short airing when I was there with the Lady Baussiere and her page—I have not taken the least frisk of

of a digreſſion, till John de la Caſſe's devils led me the round you ſee marked D—for, as for *ccccc*, they are nothing but parentheſes, and the common *ins* and *outs* incident to the lives of the greateſt miniſters of ſtate; and when compared with what men have done—or with my own tranſgreſſions at the letters A B D—they vaniſh into nothing.

In this laſt volume, I have done better ſtill—for, from the end of Le Fevre's epiſode, to the beginning of my Uncle Toby's campaigns—I have ſcarce ſtepped a yard out of my way.

If I mend at this rate, it is not impoſſible—by the good leave of his grace of Benevento's devils—but I may arrive hereafter at the excellency of going on even thus:

---

which is a line drawn as ſtraight as I could draw it, by a writing-maſter's ruler, (borrowed for that purpoſe) turning neither to the right-hand or to the left.

This *right line*—— 'the path way 'for Chriſtians to walk in!'—ſay divines.

——'The emblem of moral rectitude!' ſays Cicero.

——'The *beſt line!*' ſay cabbage-planters—'is the ſhorteſt line,' (ſays Archimedes) 'which can be drawn from 'one given point to another.'

I wiſh your ladyſhips would lay this matter to heart in your next birth-day ſuits!

——What a journey!

Pray, can you tell me—that is, without anger, before I write my chapter upon ſtraight lines—by what miſtake—who told them ſo—or how it has come to paſs—that your men of wit and genius have all along confounded this line with the line of GRAVITATION.

END OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

VOLUME THE SEVENTH.

CHAP. I.

NO!—I think I ſaid I would write two volumes every year, provided the vile cough which then tormented me, and which to this hour I dread worſe than the devil, would but give me leave—and in another place (but where I can't recollect now) ſpeaking of my book as a *machine*, and laying my pen and ruler down croſs-wiſe upon the table, in order to gain the greater credit to it—I ſwore it ſhould be kept a going at that rate theſe forty years, if it pleaſed but the Fountain of Life to bleſs me ſo long with health and good ſpirits.

Now, as for my ſpirits, little have I to lay to their charge—nay, ſo very little, (unleſs the mounting me upon a long ſtick, playing the fool with me nineteen hours out of the twenty-four, be accuſations) that, on the contrary, I have much—much to thank 'em for: chearily have ye made me tread the path of life with all the burdens of it (except it's cares) upon my back: in no one moment of my exiſtence, that I remember, have ye once deſerted me, or tinged the objects which came in my way, either with ſable, or with a ſickly green; in dangers ye gilded my horizon with hope, and when DEATH himſelf knocked at my door—ye bade him come again; and in ſo gay a tone of careleſs indifference did ye do it, that he doubted of his commiſſion.—

——'There muſt certainly be ſome 'miſtake in this matter,' quoth he.

Now there is nothing in this world I abominate worſe, than to be interrupted in a ſtory—and as I was that moment telling Eugenius a moſt tawdry one in my way, of a nun who fancied herſelf a ſhell-fiſh, and of a monk damned for eating a muſſel; and was ſhewing him the grounds and juſtice of the procedure—

——'Did ever ſo grave a perſonage 'get into ſo vile a ſcrape?' quoth Death.—'Thou haſt had a narrow 'eſcape, Triſtram,' ſaid Eugenius, taking hold of my hand as I finiſhed my ſtory.

'But there is no *living*, Eugenius,' replied I, 'at this rate; for as this *ſon* '*of a whore* has found out my lodg-'ings——'

——'You call him rightly,' ſaid Eugenius—'for, by Sin, we are told, 'he entered the world——' 'I care 'not which way he entered,' quoth I, 'provided he be not in ſuch a hurry to 'take me out with him—for I have 'forty volumes to write, and forty 'thouſand things to ſay and do, which 'nobody in the world will ſay and do 'for me, except thyſelf; and as thou 'ſeeſt he has got me by the throat,' (for Eugenius could ſcarce hear me ſpeak acroſs the table) 'and that I am no

'match for him in the open field, had 'I not better, whilſt theſe few ſcattered 'ſpirits remain, and theſe two ſpider 'legs of mine,' (holding one of them up to him) 'are able to ſupport me— 'had I not better, Eugenius, fly for 'my life?'—'It is my advice, my dear 'Triſtram,' ſaid Eugenius.—'Then, 'by Heaven! I will lead him a dance 'he little thinks of—for I will gallop,' quoth I, 'without looking once behind 'me, to the banks of the Garonne; and 'if I hear him clattering at my heels— 'I'll ſcamper away to Mount Veſuvius—from thence to Joppa, and from 'Joppa to the world's end; where, if 'he follows me, I pray God he may 'break his neck.—

——'He runs more riſk there,' ſaid Eugenius, 'than thou.'

Eugenius's wit and affection brought blood into the cheek from whence it had been ſome months baniſhed—'twas a vile moment to bid adieu in; he led me to my chaiſe—'Allons!' ſaid I; the poſt-boy gave a crack with his whip—off I went like a cannon, and in half a dozen bounds got into Dover.

CHAP. II.

'NOW, hang it,' quoth I, as I looked towards the French coaſt—'a man ſhould know ſomething 'of his own country, too, before he goes 'abroad—and I never gave a peep into 'Rocheſter church, or took notice of 'the dock of Chatham, or viſited St. 'Thomas at Canterbury; though they 'all three laid in my way.

——'But mine, indeed, is a particular caſe.'

So without arguing the matter farther with Thomas a' Becket, or any one elſe—I ſkipped into the boat; and in five minutes we got under ſail, and ſcudded away like the wind.

'Pray, captain,' quoth I, as I was going down into the cabin, 'is a man 'never overtaken by *Death* on this paſſage?'

'Why, there is not time for a man 'to be ſick in it,' replied he.—'What 'a curſed lyar!—for I am ſick as a 'horſe,' quoth I, 'already!——What a 'brain!—upſide down!—hey-day! the 'cells are broke looſe one into another, 'and the blood and the lymph, and 'the nervous juices, with the fixed and 'volatile ſalts, are all jumbled into one 'maſs—good G—! every thing turns 'round in it like a thouſand whirlpools—I'd give a ſhilling to know if 'I ſhan't write the clearer for it.

'Sick! ſick! ſick! ſick!—

——'When ſhall we get to land, 'captain?——They have hearts like 'ſtones——O, I am deadly ſick!—— 'Reach me that thing, boy—'tis the 'moſt diſcomfiting ſickneſs—I wiſh I 'was at the bottom——Madam! how 'is it with you?'——'Undone! undone! un—— O! undone, Sir!'— 'What, the firſt time?'——'No, 'tis 'the ſecond, third, ſixth, tenth time, 'Sir!'—'Hey day! what a trampling 'overhead!—Hollo! cabin-boy! what's 'the matter?'—

'The wind's chopped about!'—— 'S'death!—then I ſhall meet him full 'in the face!'

'What luck!'——'It is chopped 'about again, maſter.'——'O the devil chop it!'

'Captain,' quoth ſhe, 'for Heaven's 'ſake, let us get aſhore.'

CHAP. III.

IT is a great inconvenience to a man in haſte, that there are three diſtinct roads between Calais and Paris, in behalf of which there is ſo much to be ſaid by the ſeveral deputies from the towns which lie along them, that half a day is eaſily loſt in ſettling which you'll take.

Firſt, the road by Liſle and Arras——which is the moſt about—but moſt intereſting and inſtructing.

The ſecond, that by Amiens——which you may go, if you would ſee Chantilly.

And that by Beauvais——which you may go if you will.

For this reaſon, a great many chuſe to go by Beauvais.

CHAP. IV.

'NOW, before I quit Calais,' a travel-writer would ſay, 'it 'would not be amiſs to give ſome ac'count of it.'—Now I think it very much amiſs—that a man cannot go quietly through a town, and let it alone, when it does not meddle with him, but

that

that he muſt be turning about and drawing his pen at every kennel he croſſes over, merely, o' my conſcience, for the ſake of drawing it; becauſe, if we may judge from what has been wrote of theſe things, by all who have *wrote and gallopped*—or who have *gallopped and wrote*, which is a different way ſtill—or who, for more expedition than the reſt, have wrote gallopping, which is the way I do at preſent—from the great Addiſon, who did it with his ſatchel of ſchool-books hanging at his a—, and galling his beaſt's crupper at every ſtroke—there is not a gallopper of us all, who might not have gone on ambling quietly in his own ground (in caſe he had any) and have wrote all he had to write, dry-ſhod, as well as not.

For my own part, as Heaven is my Judge, and to which I ſhall ever make my laſt appeal—I know no more of Calais, (except the little my barber told me of it as he was whetting his razor) than I do this moment of Grand Cairo; for it was duſky in the evening when I landed, and dark as pitch in the morning when I ſet out; and yet—by merely knowing what is what, and by drawing this from that in one part of the town, and by ſpelling and putting this and that together in another—I would lay any travelling odds, that I this moment write a chapter upon Calais as long as my arm; and with ſo diſtinct and ſatisfactory a detail of every item, which is worth a ſtranger's curioſity in the town—that you would take me for the town-clerk of Calais itſelf——and where, Sir, would be the wonder? was not Democritus, who laughed ten times more than I, town-clerk of Abdera?—and was not— (I forget his name) who had more diſcretion than us both, town-clerk of Epheſus?——It ſhould be penned, moreover, Sir, with ſo much knowledge and good ſenſe, and truth, and preciſion——

——Nay—if you don't believe me, you may read the chapter for your pains.

CHAP. V.

CALAIS—*Calatium, Caluſium, Caleſium.*

This town, if we may truſt it's archives, the authority of which I ſee no reaſon to call in queſtion in this place—was *once* no more than a ſmall village belonging to one of the firſt Counts de Guines; and as it boaſts at preſent of no leſs than fourteen thouſand inhabitants, excluſive of four hundred and twenty diſtinct families in the *baſſe ville* or ſuburbs—it muſt have grown up by little and little, I ſuppoſe, to it's preſent ſize.

Though there are four convents, there is but one parochial church in the whole town; I had not an opportunity of taking it's exact dimenſions, but it is pretty eaſy to make a tolerable conjecture of 'em——for as there are fourteen thouſand inhabitants in the town, if the church holds them all, it muſt be conſiderably large—and if it will not—'tis a very great pity they have not another——it is built in form of a croſs, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary; the ſteeple, which has a ſpire to it, is placed in the middle of the church, and ſtands upon four pillars, elegant and light enough, but ſufficiently ſtrong at the ſame time—it is decorated with eleven altars, moſt of which are rather fine than beautiful. The great altar is a maſter-piece in it's kind—'tis of white marble; and, as I was told, near ſixty feet high—had it been much higher, it had been as high as mount Calvary itſelf—therefore, I ſuppoſe it muſt be high enough in all conſcience.

There was nothing ſtruck me more than the Great Square—though I cannot ſay 'tis either well paved or well built—but 'tis in the heart of the town, and moſt of the ſtreets, eſpecially thoſe in that quarter, all terminate in it: could there have been a fountain in all Calais, which it ſeems there cannot, as ſuch an object would have been a great ornament, it is not to be doubted, but that the inhabitants would have had it in the very centre of this ſquare—becauſe 'tis forty feet longer from eaſt to weſt, than from north to ſouth; ſo that the French in general have more reaſon on their ſide in calling them *places* than SQUARES, which, ſtrictly ſpeaking, to be ſure they are not.

The town-houſe ſeems to be but a ſorry building, and not to be kept in the beſt repair; otherwiſe it had been a ſecond great ornament to this place; it anſwers, however, it's deſtination, and ſerves very well for the reception of the magiſtrates, who aſſemble in it from time to time; ſo that 'tis preſumable, juſtice is regularly diſtributed.

I had

I had heard much of it, but there is nothing at all curious in the *Courgain*; 'tis a diſtinct quarter of the town, inhabited ſolely by ſailors and fiſhermen; it conſiſts of a number of ſmall ſtreets, neatly built, and moſtly of brick; 'tis extremely populous, but as that may be accounted for from the principles of their diet—there is nothing curious in that neither.—A traveller may ſee it to ſatisfy himſelf—he muſt not omit however taking notice of *La Tour de Guet*, upon any account: 'tis ſo called from it's particular deſtination, becauſe in war it ſerves to diſcover and give notice of the enemies which approach the place, either by ſea or land—but 'tis monſtrous high, and catches the eye ſo continually, you cannot avoid taking notice of it, if you would.

It was a ſingular diſappointment to me, that I could not have permiſſion to take an exact ſurvey of the fortifications, which are the ſtrongeſt in the world, and which, from firſt to laſt, that is, from the time they were ſet about by Philip of France Count of Boulogne, to the preſent war, wherein many reparations were made, have coſt—(as I learned afterwards from an engineer in Gaſcony)—above a hundred millions of livres. It is very remarkable that at the *Tête de Gravelenes*, and where the town is naturally the weakeſt, they have expended the moſt money; ſo that the outworks ſtretch a great way into the campaign, and conſequently occupy a large tract of ground.—However, after all that is *ſaid* and *done*, it muſt be acknowledged that Calais was never upon any account ſo conſiderable from itſelf, as from it's ſituation, and that eaſy entrance which it gave our anceſtors upon all occaſions into France: it was not without it's inconveniences alſo; being no leſs troubleſome to the Engliſh in thoſe times, than Dunkirk has been to us in ours: ſo that it was deſervedly looked upon as the key to both kingdoms, which no doubt is the reaſon that there have ariſen ſo many contentions who ſhould keep it: of theſe the ſiege of Calais, or rather the blockade (for it was ſhut up both by land and ſea) was the moſt memorable, as it withſtood the efforts of Edward the Third a whole year, and was not terminated at laſt but by famine and extreme miſery; the gallantry of *Euſtace de St. Pierre*, who firſt offered himſelf a victim for his fellow-citizens, has ranked his name with heroes. As it will not take up above fifty pages, it would be injuſtice to the reader, not to give him a minute account of that romantick tranſaction, as well as of the ſiege itſelf, in Rapin's own words.

CHAP. VI.

——BUT courage! gentle reader! —I ſcorn it—'tis enough to have thee in my power—but to make uſe of the advantage which the fortune of the pen has now gained over thee, would be too much——No——! by that all-powerful fire which warms the viſionary brain, and lights the ſpirits through unworldly tracts! ere I would force a helpleſs creature upon this hard ſervice, and make thee pay, poor ſoul! for fifty pages which I have no right to ſell thee—naked as I am, I would browſe upon the mountains, and ſmile that the north-wind brought me neither my tent or my ſupper.

——'So put on, my brave boy! and 'make the beſt of thy way to Boulogne.'

CHAP. VII.

——BOULOGNE!—hah!—ſo we are all got together—debtors and ſinners, before Heaven; a jolly ſet of us—but I can't ſtay and quaff it off with you—I'm purſued myſelf like a hundred devils, and ſhall be overtaken before I can well change horſes.—'For 'Heaven's ſake make haſte!'—'It is 'for high-treaſon,' quoth a very little man, whiſpering as low as he could to a very tall man that ſtood next him.—'Or elſe for murder,' quoth the tall man.—'Well thrown, *Size-Ace!*' quoth I.—'No,' quoth a third; 'the gentle-'man has been committing——'

'Ah! *ma chere fille!*' ſaid I, as ſhe tripp'd by from her matins—'you 'look as roſy as the morning!'—(for the ſun was riſing, and it made the compliment the more gracious.)——'No, 'it can't be that,' quoth a fourth—— (She made a curtſey to me—I kiſſed my hand.)—'It is debt,' continued he.—'It is certainly for debt,' quoth a fifth.—'I would not pay that gentleman's 'debts,' quoth *Ace*, 'for a thouſand 'pounds.'—'Nor would I,' quoth *Size*,

Size, 'for ſix times the ſum.'—'Well 'thrown, *Size-Ace*, again!' quoth I. 'But I have no debt but the debt of 'NATURE, and I want but patience of 'her, and I will pay her every farthing 'I owe her.'——'How can you be ſo 'hard-hearted, MADAM, to arreſt a 'poor traveller going along without 'moleſtation to any one, upon his law-'ful occaſions?—Do ſtop that death-'looking, long-ſtriding ſcoundrel of a 'ſcare ſinner, who is poſting after me '—he never would have followed me 'but for you—if it be but for a ſtage, or 'two, juſt to give me ſtart of him—I be-'ſeech you, Madam.—Do, dear lady.!'

——'Now, in troth, 'tis a great pity,' quoth mine Iriſh hoſt, 'that all this good 'courtſhip ſhould be loſt; for the young 'gentlewoman has been after going out 'of hearing of it all along.'—

——'Simpleton!' quoth I.

——'So you have nothing *elſe* in 'Boulogne worth ſeeing?'

'By Jaſus! there is the fineſt SEMI-'NARY for the HUMANITIES——'

——'There cannot be a finer,' quoth I.

CHAP. VIII.

WHEN the precipitancy of a man's wiſhes hurries on his ideas ninety times faſter than the vehicle he rides in—woe be to truth! and woe be to the vehicle and it's tackling (let 'em be made of what ſtuff you will) upon which he breathes forth the diſappointment of his ſoul!

As I never give general characters either of men or things in choler, '*the 'moſt haſte, the worſt ſpeed*,' was all the reflection I made upon the affair, the firſt time it happen'd—the ſecond, third, fourth, and fifth time, I confined it reſpectively to thoſe times; and accordingly blamed only the ſecond, third, fourth, and fifth poſt-boy for it, without carrying my reflections farther—but the event continuing to befal me from the fifth, to the ſixth, ſeventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth time, and without one exception, I then could not avoid making a national reflection of it, which I do in theſe words:

That ſomething is always wrong in a French poſt-chaiſe upon firſt ſetting out.

Or the propoſition may ſtand thus:

A French poſtilion has always to alight before he has got three hundred yards out of town.

'What's wrong now?'—'Diable! '—a rope's broke!——a knot has ſlipt? '—a ſtaple's drawn—a bolt's to whit-'tle!—a tag, a rag, a jag, a ſtrap, a 'buckle, or a buckle's tongue, want 'altering.'—

Now true as all this is, I never think myſelf impowered to excommunicate, thereupon, either the poſt-chaiſe or it's driver—nor do I take it into my head to ſwear by the living G—, I would rather go a foot ten thouſand times——or that I will be damn'd if ever I get into another——but I take the matter coolly before me, and conſider, that ſome tag, or rag, or jag, or bolt, or buckle, or buckle's tongue, will ever be a wanting, or want altering, travel where I will—ſo I never chafe, but take the good and the bad as they fall in my road, and get on.——'Do ſo, my lad!' ſaid I—he had loſt five minutes already, in alighting in order, to get a luncheon of black bread which he had crammed into the chaiſe-pocket, and was remounting and going leiſurely on, to reliſh it the better.—'Get on, my lad!' ſaid I, briſkly,—but in the moſt perſuaſive tone imaginable, for I jingled a four and twenty ſous piece againſt the glaſs, taking care to hold the flat ſide towards him, as he looked back—the dog grinned intelligence from his right-ear to his left, and behind his ſooty muzzle diſcover'd ſuch a pearly row of teeth, that *Sovereignty* would have pawned her jewels for them——

'Juſt Heaven! { what maſticators!' / what bread!'

and ſo, as he finiſhed the laſt mouthful of it, we entered the town of Montreuil.

CHAP. IX.

THERE is not a town in all France, which in my opinion looks better in the map than Montreuil; I own, it does not look ſo well in the book of poſt-roads; but when you come to ſee it—to be ſure it looks moſt pitifully.

There is one thing however in it at preſent very handſome; and that is, the inn-keeper's daughter; ſhe has been eighteen months at Amiens, and ſix at Paris, in going through her claſſes; ſo knits, and ſews, and dances, and does the little coquetries very well!—

——A

——A flut! in running them over within theſe five minutes that I have ſtood looking at her, ſhe has let fall at leaſt a dozen loops in a white thread ſtocking—Yes, yes—I ſee, you cunning gipſy!—'tis long, and taper—you need not pin it to your knee—and that 'tis your own—and fits you exactly.—

——That nature ſhould have told this creature a word about a *ſtatue's thumb!*—

——But as this ſample is worth all their thumbs—beſides I have her thumbs and fingers in at the bargain if they can be any guide to me——and as Janatone withal (for that is her name) ſtands ſo well for a drawing—may I never draw more—or rather, may I draw like a draught-horſe, by main ſtrength—all the days of my life—if I do not draw her in all her proportions, and with as determined a pencil, as if I had her in the wetteſt drapery.—

——But your worſhips chuſe rather that I give you the length, breadth, and perpendicular height of the great pariſh church, or a drawing of the faſcade of the abbey of Saint Auſtreberte, which has been tranſported from Artois hither——every thing is juſt, I ſuppoſe, as the maſons and carpenters left them—and if the belief in Chriſt continues ſo long, will be ſo theſe fifty years to come——ſo your worſhips and reverences may all meaſure them at your leiſures—but he who meaſures thee, Janatone, muſt do it now—thou carrieſt the principles of change within thy frame: and conſidering the chances of a tranſitory life, I would not anſwer for thee a moment; ere twice twelve months are paſſed and gone, thou mayeſt grow out like a pumkin, and loſe thy ſhapes—or, thou mayeſt go off like a flower, and loſe thy beauty—nay, thou mayeſt go off like a huſſy—and loſe thyſelf.—I would not anſwer for my Aunt Dinah, was ſhe alive—'faith, ſcarce for her picture—were it but painted by Reynolds!

——But if I go on with my drawing, after naming that ſon of Apollo, I'll be ſhot!

So you muſt e'en be content with the original; which, if the evening is fine, in paſſing through Montreuil, you will ſee at your chaiſe-door, as you 'change horſes; but unleſs you have as bad a reaſon for haſte as I have—you had better ſtop—ſhe has a little of the *devote*; but that, Sir, is a terce to a nine in your favour.

——L—— help me! I could not count a ſingle point: ſo had been piqued, and repiqued, and capotted to the devil.

CHAP. X.

ALL which being conſidered, and that death moreover might be much nearer me than I imagined—'I wiſh I 'was at Abbeville,' quoth I, 'were it 'only to ſee how they card and ſpin.' So off we ſet.

'* *de Montreuil à Nampont—poſte et* 'demi de *Nampont* à Bernay - - - poſte
'de Bernay à Nouvion - - - poſte
'de Nouvion à Abbeville poſte.'

——but the carders and ſpinners were all gone to bed.

CHAP. XI.

WHAT a vaſt advantage is travelling! only it heats one; but there is a remedy for that, which you may pick out of the next chapter.

CHAP. XII.

WAS I in a condition to ſtipulate with death—as I am this moment with my apothecary, how and where I will take his gliſter—I ſhould certainly declare againſt ſubmitting to it before my friends; and therefore I never ſeriouſly think upon the mode and manner of this great cataſtrophe, which generally takes up and torments my thoughts as much as the cataſtrophe itſelf, but I conſtantly draw the curtain acroſs it with this wiſh, that the Diſpoſer of all things may ſo order it, that it happen not to me in my own houſe—but rather in ſome decent inn——at home, I know it—the concern of my friends, and the laſt ſervices of wiping my brows and ſmoothing my pillow, which the quivering hand of pale affection ſhall pay me, will ſo crucify my ſoul, that I ſhall die of a diſtemper which my phyſician is not aware of: but, in an inn, the few cold offices I

* Vide Book of French poſt-roads, page 36. Edition of 1768.

wanted,

wanted, would be purchaſed with a few guineas, and paid me with an undiſturbed, but punctual attention——but mark! This inn ſhould not be the inn at Abbeville—if there was not another in the univerſe, I would ſtrike that inn out of the capitulation: ſo,

'Let the horſes be in the chaiſe exactly by four in the morning—Yes, by four, Sir!—or, by Genevieve! I'll raiſe a clatter in the houſe ſhall wake the dead.'

CHAP. XIII.

'MAKE *them like-unto a wheel*,' is a bitter ſarcaſm, as all the learned know, againſt the *grand tour*, and that reſtleſs ſpirit for making it, which David prophetically foreſaw would haunt the children of men in the latter days; and therefore, as thinketh the great Biſhop Hall, 'tis one of the ſevereſt imprecations which David ever uttered againſt the enemies of the Lord—and, as if he had ſaid, 'I wiſh them 'no worſe luck than always to be rolling about.—So much motion,' continues he, (for he was very corpulent)—'is ſo much unquietneſs; and ſo much 'of reſt, by the ſame analogy, is ſo 'much of heaven.'

Now, I (being very thin) think differently: and that ſo much of motion is ſo much of life, and ſo much of joy;—and that, to ſtand ſtill, or get on but ſlowly, is death and the devil.—

'Hollo! ho!—the whole world's 'aſleep! bring out the horſes—greaſe 'the wheels—tie on the mail—and 'drive a nail into that moulding—I'll 'not loſe a moment.'—

Now the wheel we are talking of, and *where-into* (but not *where-onto*, for that would make an Ixion's wheel of it) he curſeth his enemies, according to the biſhop's habit of body, ſhould certainly be a poſt-chaiſe wheel, whether they were ſet up in Paleſtine at that time or not—and my wheel, for the contrary reaſons, muſt as certainly be a cart-wheel, groaning round it's revolution once in an age; and of which ſort, were I to turn commentator, I ſhould make no ſcruple to affirm, they had great ſtore in that hilly country.

I love the Pythagoreans (much more than ever I dare tell my dear Jenny) for their 'χωρισμὸν' ἀπὸ τῦ σώματος' ὡς, τῦ 'Καλῶς φιλοσοφεῖν'——[their] '*getting* 'out of the body, *in order to think well*.' No man thinks right whilſt he is in it; blinded, as he muſt be, with his congenial humours, and drawn differently aſide, as the biſhop and myſelf have been, with too lax or too tenſe a fibre—REASON is, half of it, SENSE; and the meaſure of heaven itſelf is but the meaſure of our preſent appetites and concoctions.—

——'But which of the two, in the 'preſent caſe, do you think to be moſtly in the wrong?'

'You, certainly,' quoth ſhe, 'to diſturb a whole family ſo early.'

CHAP. XIV.

——But ſhe did not know I was under a vow not to ſhave my beard till I got to Paris—yet I hate to make myſteries of nothing——'tis the cold cautiouſneſs of one of thoſe little ſouls, from which Leſſius (lib. xiii. *De moribus divinus*, cap. xxiv.) hath made his eſtimate, wherein he ſetteth forth, that one Dutch mile, cubically multiplied, will allow room enough, and to ſpare, for eight hundred thouſand millions, which he ſuppoſes to be as great a number of ſouls (counting from the fall of Adam) as can poſſibly be damned to the end of the world.

From what he has made this ſecond eſtimate—unleſs from the parental goodneſs of God—I don't know.——I am much more at a loſs what could be in Franciſcus Ribbera's head, who pretends that no leſs a ſpace than one of two hundred Italian miles, multiplied into itſelf, will be ſufficient to hold the like number—he certainly muſt have gone upon ſome of the old Roman ſouls, of which he had read, without reflecting how much, by a gradual and moſt tabid decline, in a courſe of eighteen hundred years, they muſt unavoidably have ſhrunk, ſo as to have come, when he wrote, almoſt to nothing.

In Leſſius's time, who ſeems the cooler man, they were as little as can be imagined.—

——We find them leſs *now*—

And next winter we ſhall find them leſs again; ſo that, if we go on from little to leſs, and from leſs to nothing, I heſitate not one moment to affirm, that in half a century, at this rate, we

ſhall have no ſouls at all; which being the period beyond which I doubt likewiſe of the exiſtence of the Chriſtian faith, 'twill be one advantage that both of them will be exactly worn out together.—

Bleſſed Jupiter! and bleſſed every other heathen god and goddeſs! for now ye will all come into play again, and with Priapus at your tails—what jovial times!——But where am I? and into what a delicious riot of things am I ruſhing? I—I who muſt be cut ſhort in the midſt of my days, and taſte no more of 'em than what I borrow from my imagination——Peace to thee, generous fool! and let me go on.

CHAP. XV.

——'SO hating,' I ſay, 'to make 'myſteries of *nothing*,'—I entruſted it with the poſt-boy, as ſoon as ever I got off the ſtones; he gave a crack with his whip to balance the compliment; and with the thill-horſe trotting, and a ſort of an up and a down of the other, we danced it along to Ailly au Clochers, famed in days of yore for the fineſt chimes in the world; but we danced through it without muſick—the chimes being greatly out of order—(as, in truth, they were through all France.)

And ſo making all poſſible ſpeed, from—

Ailly au Clochers, I got to Hixcourt; from Hixcourt, I got to Pequignay; and from Pequignay, I got to *Amiens*—

concerning which town I have nothing to inform you, but what I have informed you once before——and that was—that Janatone went there to ſchool.

CHAP. XVI.

IN the whole catalogue of thoſe whiffling vexations which come puffing acroſs a man's canvas, there is not one of a more teazing and tormenting nature, than this particular one which I am going to deſcribe—and for which, (unleſs you travel with an avance-courier, which numbers do in order to prevent it)—there is no help: and it is this.

That be you in never ſo kindly a propenſity to ſleep—though you are paſſing perhaps through the fineſt country—upon the beſt roads—and in the eaſieſt carriage for doing it in the world—nay, was you ſure you could ſleep fifty miles ſtraight forwards, without once opening your eyes—nay, what is more, was you as demonſtratively ſatisfied as you can be of any truth in Euclid, that you ſhould upon all accounts be full as well aſleep as awake—nay perhaps better—yet the inceſſant returns of paying for the horſes at every ſtage—with the neceſſity thereupon of putting your hand into your pocket, and counting out from thence three livres fifteen ſous (ſous by ſous) puts an end to ſo much of the project, that you cannot execute above ſix miles of it—(or ſuppoſing it is a poſt and a half, that is but nine)—were it to ſave your ſoul from deſtruction.

—'I'll be even with 'em,' quoth I, 'for I'll put the preciſe ſum into a piece 'of paper, and hold it ready in my 'hand all the way.—Now I ſhall have 'nothing to do,' ſaid I (compoſing myſelf to reſt) 'but to drop this gently 'into the poſt boy's hat, and not ſay 'a word.'—Then there wants two ſous more to drink—or there is a twelve ſous piece of Louis XIV. which will not paſs—or a livre and ſome odd liards to be brought over from the laſt ſtage, which Monſieur had forgot—which altercations (as a man cannot diſpute very well aſleep) rouze him. Still is ſweet ſleep retrievable—and ſtill might the fleſh weigh down the ſpirit, and recover itſelf of theſe blows—but then, 'By 'Heaven! you have paid but for a ſingle 'poſt—whereas 'tis a poſt and a half!' and this obliges you to pull out your book of poſt roads, the print of which is ſo very ſmall, it forces you to open your eyes, whether you will or no: then Monſieur Le Cure offers you a pinch of ſnuff—or a poor ſoldier ſhews you his leg—or a ſhaveling his box—or the *prieſteſſe* of the ciſtern will water your wheels——they do not want it—but ſhe ſwears by her *prieſthood* (throwing it back) that they do——then you have all theſe points to argue, or conſider over in your mind; in doing of which, the rational powers get ſo thoroughly awakened—you may get 'em to ſleep again as you can.

It was entirely owing to one of theſe misfortunes, or I had paſſed clean by the ſtables of Chantilly.—

——But the poſtilion firſt affirming, and then perſiſting in it to my face, that there

there was no mark upon the two ſous piece, I opened my eyes to be convinced—and ſeeing the mark upon it, as plain as my noſe—I leaped out of the chaiſe in a paſſion, and ſo ſaw every thing at Chantilly in ſpite.—I tried it but for three poſts and a half, but believe 'tis the beſt principle in the world to travel ſpeedily upon; for as few objects look very inviting in that mood—you have little or nothing to ſtop you; by which means it was that I paſſed through St. Dennis, without turning my head ſo much as on one ſide towards the Abby.—

——Richneſs of their treaſury! ſtuff and nonſenſe!——Bating their jewels, which are all falſe, I would not give three ſous for any one thing in it, but *Jaidas's lanthern*—nor for that either—only, as it grows dark, it might be of uſe.

CHAP. XVII.

'CRACK, crack—crack, crack—'crack, crack—ſo this is Paris!' quoth I, (continuing in the ſame mood)—'and this is Paris!—humph!—Pa-'ris!' cried I, repeating the name a third time—

'The firſt, the fineſt, the moſt bril-'liant—

——'The ſtreets, however, are naſty;

'But it looks, I ſuppoſe, better than 'it ſmells—crack, crack—crack, crack! '—What a fuſs thou makeſt—as if it 'concerned the good people to be in-'formed, that a man with a pale face, 'and clad in black, had the honour to 'be driven into Paris at nine o'clock 'at night, by a poſtillion in a tawny-'yellow jerkin turned up with red cal-'lamanco—crack, crack—crack, crack '—crack, crack! I wiſh thy whip—

—'But 'tis the ſpirit of thy nation; 'ſo crack—crack on!'

'Ha!—and no one gives the wall!—'but in the SCHOOL of URBANITY 'itſelf, if the walls are beſh—t—how 'can you do otherwiſe?

'And pr'ythee when do they light 'the lamps? What! never in the ſum-'mer months?—Ho!—'tis the time of 'ſallads.—O rare! ſallad and ſoup—'ſoup and ſallad—ſallad and ſoup, en-'core.'—

——'Tis *too much* for ſinners.

Now I cannot bear the barbarity of it: how can that unconſcionable coachman talk ſo much bawdy to that lean horſe? 'Don't you ſee, friend, the 'ſtreets are ſo villainouſly narrow, that 'there is not room in all Paris to turn 'a wheel-barrow? In the grandeſt city 'of the whole world, it would not have 'been amiſs, if they had been left a 'thought wider; nay, were it only ſo 'much in every ſingle ſtreet, as that a 'man might know (was it only for 'ſatisfaction) of which ſide of it he 'was walking.

'One—two—three—four—five—ſix '—ſeven—eight—nine—ten—— Ten 'cooks ſhops! and twice the number 'of barbers! and all within three mi-'nutes driving! one would think that 'all the cooks in the world, on ſome 'great merry meeting with the barbers, 'by joint conſent had ſaid—"Come, "let us all go live at Paris; the French "love good eating—they are all *gour-"mands*—we ſhall rank high; if their "god is their belly—their cooks muſt "be gentlemen."—"And, foraſmuch "*as the periwig maketh the man*, and "the periwig-maker maketh the peri-"wig—ergo," would the barbers ſay, "we ſhall rank higher ſtill—we ſhall "be above you all—we ſhall be *Ca-"pitouls** at leaſt—pardi! we ſhall all "wear ſwords."

——And ſo, one would ſwear, (that is, by candle-light—but there is no depending upon it) they continue to do to this day.

CHAP. XVIII.

THE French are certainly miſunderſtood—but whether the fault is theirs, in not ſufficiently explaining themſelves, or ſpeaking with that exact limitation and preciſion which one would expect on a point of ſuch importance, and which, morever, is ſo likely to be conteſted by us——or whether the fault may not be altogether on our ſide, in not underſtanding their language always ſo critically as to know *what they would be at*——I ſhall not decide; but 'tis evident to me, when they affirm *that they who have ſeen Paris, have ſeen every thing*, they muſt mean

* Chief Magiſtrate in Toulouſe, &c. &c. &c.

to ſpeak of thoſe who have ſeen it by day-light.

As for candle-light—I give it up—I have ſaid before, there was no depending upon it—and I repeat it again; but not becauſe the lights and ſhades are too ſharp—or the tints confounded—or that there is neither beauty or keeping, &c. . . . for that's not truth—but it is an uncertain light in this reſpect—that in all the five hundred grand hotels, which they number up to you in Paris—and the five hundred good things, at a modeſt computation (for 'tis only allowing one good thing to a hotel) which by candle-light are beſt to be *ſeen, felt, heard, and underſtood*—(which, by the bye, is a quotation from Lilly)—the devil a one of us out of fifty can get our heads fairly thruſt in amongſt them.

This is no part of the French computation; 'tis ſimply this—

That, by the laſt ſurvey, taken in the year one thouſand ſeven hundred ſixteen, ſince which time there have been conſiderable augmentations, Paris doth contain nine hundred ſtreets; (viz.)

In the quarter called the City—there are fifty-three ſtreets.
In St. James of the Shambles, fifty-five ſtreets.
In St. Oportune, thirty-four ſtreets.
In the quarter of the Louvre, twenty-five ſtreets.
In the Palace-Royal, or St. Honorius, forty-nine ſtreets.
In Mont. Martyr, forty-one ſtreets.
In St. Euſtace, twenty nine ſtreets.
In the Halles, twenty-ſeven ſtreets.
In St. Dennis, fifty-five ſtreets.
In St. Martin, fifty-four ſtreets.
In St. Paul, or the Mortellerie, twenty-ſeven ſtreets.
The Greve, thirty-eight ſtreets.
In St. Avoy, or the Verrerie, nineteen ſtreets.
In the Marias, or the Temple, fifty-two ſtreets.
In St. Antony's, ſixty-eight ſtreets.
In the Place Maubert, eighty-one ſtreets.
In St. Bennet, ſixty ſtreets.
In St. Andrew's de Arc's, fifty-one ſtreets.
In the quarter of the Luxembourg, ſixty-two ſtreets.
And in that of St. Germain, fifty-five ſtreets—into any of which you may walk; and that when you have ſeen them, with all that belongs to them, fairly by day light—their gates, their bridges, their ſquares, their ſtatues—and have cruſaded it moreover through all their pariſh churches, by no means omitting St. Roche and Sulpice—and to crown all, have taken a walk to the four palaces, which you may ſee either with or without the ſtatues and pictures, juſt as you chuſe—

——Then you will have ſeen——

——but, 'tis what no one needeth to tell you, for you will read it yourſelf upon the portico of the Louvre, in theſe words—

EARTH NO SUCH FOLKS'—NO FOLKS E'ER SUCH A TOWN AS PARIS IS!—SING, DERRY, DERRY, DOWN *.

The French have a *gay* way of treating every thing that is Great; and that is all can be ſaid upon it.

CHAP. XIX.

IN mentioning the word *gay* (as in the cloſe of the laſt chapter) it puts one (*i. e.* an author) in mind of the word *ſplen*—eſpecially if he has any thing to ſay upon it: not that, by any analyſis—or that, from any table of intereſt or genealogy, there appears much more ground of alliance betwixt them, than betwixt light and darkneſs, or any two of the moſt unfriendly oppoſites in nature—only 'tis an undercraft of authors to keep up a good underſtanding amongſt words, as politicians do amongſt men—not knowing how near they may be under a neceſſity of placing them to each other—which point being now gain'd, and that I may place mine exactly to my mind, I write it down here—

SPLEEN.

This, upon leaving Chantilly, I declared to be the beſt principle in the world to travel ſpeedily upon; but I gave it only as matter of opinion—ſtill

* Non orbis gentem, non urbem gens habet ullam
——————————ulla pareſti.

continue

continue in the ſame ſentiments—only I had not then experience enough of it's working to add this, that though you do get on at a tearing rate, yet you get on but uneaſily to yourſelf at the ſame time; for which reaſon I here quit it entirely, and for ever, and 'tis heartily at any one's ſervice—it has ſpoiled me the digeſtion of a good ſupper, and brought on a bilious diarrhœa, which has brought me back again to my firſt principle on which I ſet out—and with which I ſhall now ſcamper it away to the banks of the Garonne.—

——No!—I cannot ſtop a moment to give you the character of the people—their genius—their manners—their cuſtoms—their laws—their religion—their governments—their manufactures—their commerce—their finances—with all the reſources and hidden ſprings which ſuſtain them: qualified as I may be, by ſpending three days and two nights amongſt them, and during all that time making theſe things the entire ſubject of my enquiries and reflections.—

Still—ſtill I muſt away—the roads are paved—the poſts are ſhort—the days are long—'tis no more than noon—I ſhall be at Fontainbleau before the king.—

——'Was he going there?'—'Not 'that I know.'—

CHAP. XX.

NOW I hate to hear a perſon, eſpecially if he be a traveller, complain that we do not get on ſo faſt in France as we do in England; whereas we get on much faſter, *conſideratis, conſiderandis*; thereby always meaning, that if you weigh their vehicles with the mountains of baggage which you lay both before and behind upon them—and then conſider their puny horſes, with the very little they give them—'tis a wonder they get on at all: their ſuffering is moſt unchriſtian, and 'tis evident thereupon to me, that a French poſt-horſe would not know what in the world to do, was it not for the two words ****** and ****** in which there is as much ſuſtenance, as if you gave him a peck of corn: now, as theſe words coſt nothing, I long from my ſoul to tell the reader what they are; but here is the queſtion—they muſt be told him plainly, and with the moſt diſtinct articulation, or it will anſwer no end—and yet to do it in that plain way—though their reverences may laugh at it in the bed-chamber—full well I wot, they will abuſe it in the parlour: for which cauſe, I have been volving and revolving in my fancy ſome time, but to no purpoſe, by what clean device or facete contrivance I might ſo modulate them, that whilſt I ſatisfy *that ear* which the reader chuſes to *lend* me—I might not diſſatisfy the other which he keeps to himſelf.

——My ink burns my finger to try—and when I have—'twill have a worſe conſequence—it will burn (I fear) my paper.

——No—I dare not—

But if you wiſh to know how the Abbeſs of Andoüillets, and a novice of her convent got over the difficulty (only firſt wiſhing myſelf all imaginable ſucceſs)—I'll tell you without the leaſt ſcruple.

CHAP. XXI.

THE Abbeſs of Andoüillets, which if you look into the large ſet of provincial maps now publiſhing at Paris, you will find ſituated amongſt the hills which divide Burgundy from Savoy, being in danger of an *anchyloſis* or ſtiff joint (the *ſinovia* of her knee becoming hard by long matins) and having tried every remedy—firſt, prayers and thankſgiving; then invocations to all the ſaints in heaven promiſcuouſly—then particularly to every ſaint who had ever had a ſtiff leg before her—then touching it with all the reliques of the convent, principally with the thigh-bone of the man of Lyſtra, who had been impotent from his youth—then wrapping it up in her veil when ſhe went to bed—then croſs-wiſe her roſary—then bringing in to her aid the ſecular arm, and anointing it with oils and hot fat of animals—then treating it with emolient and reſolving fomentations—then with poultices of marſh-mallows, mallows, bonus Henricus, white lilies, and fenugreek—then taking the woods, I mean the ſmoke of 'em, holding her ſcapulary acroſs her lap—then decoctions of wild chicory, water-creſſes, chervil, ſweet cecily and cochlearia—and nothing all this while anſwering—was prevailed on at laſt to try the hot baths of Bourbon——ſo having firſt obtained

tained leave of the viſitor general to take care of her exiſtence—ſhe ordered all to be got ready for her journey: a novice of the convent of about ſeventeen, who had been troubled with a whitlo in her middle finger, by ſticking it conſtantly into the abbeſs's caſt poultices, &c.—had gain'd ſuch an intereſt, that overlooking a ſciatical old nun, who might have been ſet up for ever by the hot baths of Bourbon, Margarita, the little novice, was elected as the companion of the journey.

An old caleſh, belonging to the abbeſs, lined with green frize, was ordered to be drawn out into the ſun—the gardener of the convent being choſen muleteer, led out the two old mules to clip the hair from the rump ends of their tails, whilſt a couple of lay-ſiſters were buſied, the one in darning the lining and the other in ſewing on the ſhreds of yellow binding, which the teeth of time had unravelled—the under-gardener dreſs'd the muleteer's hat in hot wine-lees—and a tailor ſat muſically at it, in a ſhed over againſt the convent, in aſſorting four dozen of bells for the harneſs, whiſtling to each bell as he tied it on with a thong.—

——The carpenter and the ſmith of Andoüillets held a council of wheels; and by ſeven, the morning after, all looked ſpruce, and was ready at the gate of the convent for the hot baths of Bourbon——two rows of the unfortunate ſtood ready there an hour before.

The Abbeſs of Andoüillets, ſupported by Margarita the novice, advanced ſlowly to the caleſh, both clad in white, with their black roſaries hanging at their breaſts.—

There was a ſimple ſolemnity in the contraſt: they entered the caleſh; the nuns in the ſame uniform—ſweet emblem of innocence!—each occupied a window, and as the abbeſs and Margarita look'd up—each (the ſciatical poor nun excepted)—each ſtream'd out the end of her veil in the air—then kiſs'd the lily hand which let it go: the good abbeſs and Margarita laid their hands faint-wiſe upon their breaſts—look'd up to heaven—then to them—and look'd, 'God bleſs you, dear ſiſters.'

I declare I am intereſted in this ſtory, and wiſh I had been there.

The gardener, who I ſhall now call the muleteer, was a little, hearty, broad-ſet, good-natured, chattering, toping kind of a fellow, who troubled his head very little with the *how's* and *when's* of life: ſo had mortgaged a month of his conventical wages in a borrachio or leathern caſk of wine, which he had diſpoſed behind the caleſh, with a large ruſſet-coloured riding coat over it, to guard it from the ſun; and as the weather was hot—and he, not a niggard of his labours, walking ten times more than he rode—he found more occaſions than thoſe of nature, to fall back to the rear of his carriage; till by frequent coming and going, it had ſo happen'd, that all his wine had leaked out at the *legal* vent of the borrachio, before one half of the journey was finiſh'd.

Man is a creature born to habitudes. The day had been ſultry—the evening was delicious—the wine was generous; —the Burgundian hill on which it grew was ſteep——a little tempting buſh over the door of a cool cottage at the foot of it, hung vibrating in full harmony with the paſſions—a gentle air ruſtled diſtinctly through the leaves—'Come—'come—thirſty muleteer—come in.'

——The muleteer was a ſon of Adam; I need not ſay one word more. He gave the mules, each of 'em, a ſound lath, and looking in the abbeſs's and Margarita's faces (as he did it)—as much as to ſay, 'Here I am!'—he gave a ſecond good crack—as much as to ſay to his mules, 'Get on!'—ſo ſlinking behind, he entered the little inn at the foot of the hill.

The muleteer, as I told you, was a little, joyous, chirping fellow, who thought not of to-morrow, nor of what had gone before, or what was to follow it, provided he got but his ſcantling of Burgundy, and a little chit-chat along with it: ſo entering into a long converſation—as how he was chief gardener to the convent of Andoüillets, &c. &c. and out of friendſhip for the abbeſs and Mademoiſelle Margarita, who was only in her noviciate, he had come along with them from the confines of Savoy, &c.—&c.—and as how ſhe had got a white-ſwelling by her devotions—and what a nation of herbs he had procured to mollify her humours, &c. &c.—and that if the waters of Bourbon did not mend that leg—ſhe might as well be lame of both—&c. &c. &c.—he ſo contrived his ſtory, as abſolutely to forget the heroine of it—and with her, the little novice;

novice——and what was a more ticklish point to be forgot than both—the two mules: who, being creatures that take advantage of the world, inasmuch as their parents took it of them—and they not being in a condition to return the obligation downwards—(as men, and women, and beasts are)—they do it sideways, and long ways, and back-ways—and up hill, and down hill, and which way they can.——Philosophers, with all their ethicks, have never considered this rightly—how should the poor muleteer, then, in his cups, consider it at all? He did not in the least—'tis time we do; let us leave him then in the vortex of his element, the happiest and most thoughtless of mortal men—and for a moment let us look after the mules, the abbess, and Margarita.

By virtue of the muleteer's two last strokes, the mules had gone quietly on, following their own consciences up the hill, till they had conquered about one half of it; when the elder of them, a shrewd, crafty old devil, at the turn of an angle, giving a side-glance, and no muleteer behind them—

'By my fig!' said she, swearing, 'I'll 'go no farther!'—'And if I do,' replied the other, 'they shall make a drum 'of my hide!'—

And so with one consent they stopp'd thus——

CHAP. XXII.

——'Get on with you!' said the abbess.

——'Wh---ysh—ysh!'——cried Margarita.

'Sh---a——shu-u—shu--u——'sh--aw!'——shawed the abbess.

——'Whu—v—w——whew—w'—w!'——whuved Margarita, pursing up her sweet lips betwixt a hoot and a whittle.

'Thump—thump—thump!'——observeperated the Abbess of Andoüillets, with the end of her gold-headed cane against the bottom of the caleſh.

——The old mule let a f——.

CHAP. XXIII.

'WE are ruined and undone, my 'child!' said the abbess to Margarita—'we shall be here all night '—we shall be plundered—we shall be 'ravished.'—

——'We shall be ravished,' said Margarita, 'as sure as a gun!'

'Sancta Maria!' cried the abbess, (forgetting the O!) 'why was I go'verned by this wicked stiff joint? 'why did I leave the convent of An'doüillets; and why didst thou not 'suffer thy servant to go unpolluted to 'her tomb?'

'O my finger! my finger!' cried the novice, catching fire at the word *servant*—'why was I not content to put 'it here, or there, any where, rather 'than be in this strait?'

——'Strait!' said the abbess.

'Strait!' said the novice: for terror had struck their understandings—the one knew not what she said—the other what she answered.

'O my virginity! virginity!' cried the abbess.

——'Inity!—inity!' said the novice, sobbing.

CHAP. XXIV.

'MY dear mother,' quoth the novice, coming a little to herself—'there are two certain words, 'which I have been told will force any 'horse, or ass, or mule, to go up a 'hill whether he will or no: be he ne'ver so obstinate or ill-will'd, the mo'ment he hears them uttered, he obeys.'—'They are words magick!' cried the abbess, in the utmost horror.—'No,' replied Margarita calmly—'but they 'are words sinful——' 'What are 'they?' quoth the abbess, interrupting her. 'They are sinful in the first de'gree,' answered Margarita—'they 'are mortal—and if we are ravished 'and die unabsolved of them, we shall 'both——' 'But you may pronounce 'them to me,' quoth the Abbess of Andoüillets.—'They cannot, my dear 'mother,' said the novice, 'be pro'nounced at all; they will make all 'the blood in one's body fly up into 'one's face.'—'But you may whisper 'them in my ear,' quoth the abbess.

Heaven! hadst thou no guardian angel to delegate to the inn at the bottom of the hill? was there no generous and friendly spirit unemployed—no agent in nature, by some monitory shivering, creeping

creeping along the artery which led to his heart, to rouze the muleteer from his banquet?—no ſweet minſtrelſy to bring back the fair idea of the abbeſs and Margarita, with their black roſaries!

Rouze! rouze!—but 'tis too late—the horrid words are pronounced this moment.

——And how to tell them—Ye, who can ſpeak of every thing exiſting with unpolluted lips—inſtruct me—guide me.

CHAP. XXV.

'ALL ſins whatever,' quoth the abbeſs, turning caſuiſt in the diſtreſs they were under, 'are held by 'the confeſſor of our convent to be either mortal or venial: there is no 'farther diviſion. Now a venial ſin 'being the ſlighteſt and leaſt of all 'ſins—being halved—by taking, either only the half of it, and leaving 'the reſt—or, by taking it all, and 'amicably halving it betwixt yourſelf 'and another perſon—in courſe, becomes diluted into no ſin at all.

'Now I ſee no ſin in ſaying, *bou, bou, bou, bou, bou*, a hundred times 'together; nor is there any turpitude in 'pronouncing the ſyllable *ger, ger, ger, ger, ger*, were it from our matins to 'our veſpers: therefore, my dear daughter,' continued the Abbeſs of Andoüillets—'I will ſay *bou*, and thou 'ſhalt ſay *ger*; and then, alternately, 'as there is no more ſin in *fou* than in '*bou*—thou ſhalt ſay *fou*—and I will 'come in (like fa, ſol, la, re, mi, ut, 'at our complines) with *ter*.' And accordingly the abbeſs, giving the pitch note, ſet off thus.

Abbeſs, } 'Bou - - bou - - bou - - '
Margarita, } —'ger, - - ger, - - ger!'

Margarita, } 'Fou - - fou - - fou - - '
Abbeſs, } —'ter, - - ter, - - ter!'

The two mules acknowledged the notes by a mutual laſh of their tails; but it went no farther.—'It will anſwer 'by an' by,' ſaid the novice.

Abb. } 'Bou-bou-bou-bou-bou-bou-'
Marg. } —'ger, ger, ger, ger, ger, ger!'

'Quicker ſtill!' cried Margarita.

'Fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, 'fou, fou!'

'Quicker ſtill!' cried Margarita.

'Bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, 'bou, bou!'

'Quicker ſtill!'—'God preſerve me!' ſaid the abbeſs.—'They do not under-'ſtand us,' cried Margarita.—'But 'the devil does,' ſaid the Abbeſs of Andoüillets.

CHAP. XXVI.

WHAT a tract of country have I run!—how many degrees nearer to the warm ſun am I advanced, and how many fair and goodly cities have I ſeen during the time you have been reading, and reflecting, Madam, upon this ſtory! There's FONTAINBLEAU, and SENS, and JOIGNY, and AUXERRE, and DIJON the capital of Burgundy, and CHALLON, and MACON the capital of the Mâconeſe, and a ſcore more upon the road to LYONS—and now I have run them over—I might as well talk to you of ſo many market-towns in the moon as tell you one word about them: it will be this chapter at the leaſt, if not both this and the next, entirely loſt, do what I will.—

——'Why, 'tis a ſtrange ſtory, Triſ-'tram.'

——Alas! Madam, had it been upon ſome melancholy lecture of the croſs—the peace of meekneſs—or the contentment of reſignation—I had not been incommoded: or had I thought of writing it upon the purer abſtractions of the ſoul, and that food of wiſdom and holineſs, and contemplation, upon which the ſpirit of man (when ſeparated from the body) is to ſubſiſt for ever—you would have come with a better appetite from it.—

——I wiſh I never had wrote it: but as I never blot any thing out—let us uſe ſome honeſt means to get it out of our heads directly.

——Pray reach me my fool's cap—I fear you ſit upon it, Madam—'tis under the cuſhion—I'll put it on.—

'Bleſs me! you have had it upon 'your head this half-hour.'—Then there let it ſtay, with a

Fa-ra diddle di
and a fa-ri-diddle d;
and a high-dum—dye-dum
ſiddle - - - dumb-c

And now, Madam, we may venture, I hope, a little, to go on.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVII.

——All you need ſay of FONTAINBLEAU (in caſe you are aſk'd) is, that it ſtands about forty miles (ſouth *ſomething*) from Paris, in the middle of a large foreſt — that there is ſomething great in it—that the king goes there once every two or three years with his whole court, for the pleaſure of the chaſe—and that during that carnival of ſporting, any Engliſh gentleman of faſhion, (you need not forget yourſelf) may be accommodated with a nag or two, to partake of the ſport, taking care only not to out-gallop the king.

Though there are two reaſons why you need not talk loud of this to every one.

Firſt, becauſe it will make the ſaid nags the harder to be got; and—

Secondly, 'tis not a word of it true.—*Allons!*

As for SENS—you may diſpatch it in a word—'*It is an archiepiſcopal* 'ſee.'

——For JOIGNY—the leſs, I think, one ſays of it, the better.

But for AUXERRE—I could go on for ever: for in my *grand tour* through Europe, in which, after all, my father (not caring to truſt me with any one) attended me himſelf, with my Uncle Toby and Trim, and Obadiah, and indeed moſt of the family, except my mother, who being taken up with the project of knitting my father a pair of large worſted breeches—(the thing is common ſenſe)—and ſhe not caring to be put out of her way, ſhe ſtaid at home at SHANDY HALL, to keep things right during the expedition; in which, I ſay, my father ſtopping us two days at Auxerre, and his reſearches being ever of ſuch a nature, that they would have found fruit even in a deſart—he has left me enough to ſay upon Auxerre: in ſhort, wherever my father went—but 'twas more remarkably ſo, in this journey through France and Italy, than in any other ſtages of his life—his road ſeemed to lie ſo much on one ſide of that, wherein all other travellers had gone before him—he ſaw kings and courts, and ſilks of all colours, in ſuch ſtrange lights—and his remarks and reaſonings upon the characters, the manners and cuſtoms, of the countries we paſſed over, were ſo oppoſite to thoſe of all other mortal men, particularly thoſe of my Uncle Toby and Trim—(to ſay nothing of myſelf)—and to crown all—the occurrences and ſcrapes which we were perpetually meeting and getting into, in conſequence of his ſyſtems and opiniatory—they were of ſo odd, ſo mixed and tragi-comical a contexture—that the whole put together, it appears of ſo different a ſhade and tint from any tour of Europe, which was ever executed—that I will venture to pronounce—the fault muſt be mine, and mine only—if it be not read by all travellers and travel-readers, till travelling is no more—or, which comes to the ſame point—till the world, finally, takes it into it's head to ſtand ſtill.

——But this rich bale is not to be opened now; except a ſmall thread or two of it, merely to unravel the myſtery of my father's ſtay at AUXERRE.

——As I have mentioned it—'tis too ſlight to be kept ſuſpended; and when 'tis wove in, there's an end of it.

'We'll go, brother Toby,' ſaid my father, 'whilſt dinner is coddling—to 'the abbey of St. Germain, if it be 'only to ſee theſe bodies, of which 'Monſieur Sequier has given ſuch a 'recommendation.'—'I'll go ſee any 'body,' quoth my Uncle Toby; for he was all compliance through every ſtep of the journey.——'Defend me!' ſaid my father, 'they are all mum-'mies.'—'Then one need not ſhave,' quoth my Uncle Toby.—'Shave! no,' cried my father, 'it will be more like 'relations to go with our beards on.'—So out we ſallied, the corporal lending his maſter his arm, and bringing up the rear, to the abbey of St. Germain.

'Every thing is very fine, and very 'rich, and very ſuperb, and very mag-'nificent!' ſaid my father, addreſſing himſelf to the ſacriſtan, who was a young brother of the order of Benedictines, 'but our curioſity has led us to 'ſee the bodies, of which Monſieur 'Sequier has given the world ſo exact 'a deſcription.'—The ſacriſtan made a bow, and lighting a torch firſt, which he had always in the veſtry ready for the purpoſe, he led us into the tomb of St. Heribald.—'This,' ſaid the ſacriſtan, laying his hand upon the tomb, 'was 'a renowned prince of the houſe of

'Bavaria, who under the ſucceſſive 'reigns of Charlemagne, Louis le De-'bonair, and Charles the Bald, bore 'a great ſway in the government, and 'had a principal hand in bringing every 'thing into order and diſcipline.'

'Then he has been as great,' ſaid my Uncle 'in the field as in the cabi-'net — I dare ſay he has been a gal-'lant ſoldier.'—'He was a monk,' ſaid the ſacriſtan.

My Uncle Toby and Trim ſought comfort in each other's faces—but found it not; my father clapped both his hands upon his cod-piece, which was a way he had when any thing hugely tickled him; for though he hated a monk, and the very ſmell of a monk, worſe than all the devils in hell—yet the ſhot hitting my Uncle Toby and Trim ſo much harder than him, 'twas a relative triumph; and put him into the gayeſt humour in the world.

——'And pray what do you call 'this gentleman?' quoth my father, rather ſportingly. 'This tomb,' ſaid the young Benedictine, looking downwards, 'contains the bones of Saint 'MAXIMA, who came from Ravena 'on purpoſe to touch the body——'

——'Of Saint MAXIMUS,' ſaid my father, popping in with his ſaint before him—'they were two of the 'greateſt ſaints in the whole martyro-'logy,' added my father.—'Excuſe 'me,' ſaid the ſacriſtan—'it was to 'touch the bones of St. Germain, the 'builder of the abbey.'—And what 'did ſhe get by it?' ſaid my Uncle Toby.—'What does any woman get 'by it?' ſaid my father.—'MARTYR-'DOM,' replied the young Benedictine, making a bow down to the ground, and uttering the word with ſo humble, but deciſive a cadence, it diſarmed my father for a moment. 'It is ſuppoſed,' continued the Benedictine, 'that St. 'Maxima has lain in this tomb four 'hundred years, and two hundred be-'fore her canonization.'—'It is but a 'ſlow riſe, brother Toby,' quoth my father, 'in this ſelf ſame army of mar-'tyrs.'—'A deſperate ſlow one, an' 'pleaſe your honour,' ſaid Trim, 'un-'leſs one could purchaſe——' 'I 'ſhould rather ſell out entirely,' quoth my Uncle Toby.'—'I am pretty much 'of your opinion, brother Toby,' ſaid my father.

——'Poor St. Maxima!' ſaid my Uncle Toby, low to himſelf, as we turned from her tomb.—'She was one 'of the faireſt and moſt beautiful ladies 'either of Italy or France,' continued the ſacriſtan.——'But who the deuce 'has got lain down here, beſides her?' quoth my father, pointing with his cane to a large tomb as we walked on.—'It 'is *St. Optat*, Sir,' anſwered the ſa-criſtan—'And properly is St. Optat 'placed!' ſaid my father: 'and what 'is St. Optat's ſtory?' continued he. '*St. Optat*,' replied the ſacriſtan, 'was 'a biſhop——'

——'I thought ſo, by Heaven!' cried my father, interrupting him.—'St. Optat!—how ſhould St. Optat 'fail?' ſo ſnatching out his pocket-book, and the young Benedictine hold-ing him the torch as he wrote, he ſet it down as a new prop to his ſyſtem of Chriſtian names: and I will be bold to ſay, ſo diſintereſted was he in the ſearch of truth, that had he found a treaſure in St. Optat's tomb, it would not have made him half ſo rich—'twas as ſucceſsful a ſhort viſit as ever was paid to the dead; and ſo highly was his fancy pleaſed with all that had paſſed in it—that he determined at once to ſtay another day in Auxerre.

——'I'll ſee the reſt of theſe good 'gentry to-morrow,' ſaid my father, as we croſſed over the ſquare.—'And 'while you are paying that viſit, bro-'ther Shandy,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'the corporal and I will mount the 'ramparts.'

CHAP. XXVIII.

——NOW this is the moſt puzzled ſkein of all—for in this laſt chapter, as far at leaſt as it has helped me through Auxerre, I have been get-ting forwards in two different journies together, and with the ſame daſh of the pen—for I have got entirely out of Auxerre in this journey which I am writing now, and I am got half-way out of Auxerre in that which I ſhall write hereafter. There is but a certain degree of perfection in every thing; and by puſhing at ſomething be-yond that, I have brought myſelf into ſuch a ſituation, as no traveller ever ſtood before me; for I am this moment walking acroſs the market place of Auxerre with my father and my Uncle

Toby,

Toby, in our way back to dinner—— and I am this moment alſo entering Lyons with my poſt-chaiſe broke into a thouſand pieces—and I am moreover this moment in a handſome pavilion built by Pringello*, upon the banks of the Garonne, which Monſ. Sligniac has lent me, and where I now ſit rhapſodizing all theſe affairs.

—— Let me collect myſelf, and purſue my journey.

CHAP. XXIX.

'I Am glad of it,' ſaid I, ſettling the account with myſelf as I walked into Lyons—my chaiſe being all laid higgledy-piggledy with my baggage in a cart, which was moving ſlowly before me—'I am heartily glad,' ſaid I, 'that 'it is all broke to pieces; for now I can 'go directly by water to Avignon, 'which will carry me on a hundred and 'twenty miles of my journey, and not 'coſt me ſeven livres—and from thence,' continued I, bringing forwards the account, 'I can hire a couple of mules— 'or aſſes, if I like, (for nobody knows 'me) and croſs the plains of Lan'guedoc, for almoſt nothing——I ſhall 'gain four hundred livres by the mis'fortune, clear into my purſe; and 'pleaſure!——worth—worth double 'the money by it.——With what 'velocity,' continued I, clapping my two hands together, 'ſhall I fly down 'the rapid Rhone, with the VIVARES on 'my right-hand, and DAUPHINY on 'my left, ſcarce ſeeing the ancient cities 'of VIENNE, *Valence*, and Vivieres! 'What a flame will it rekindle in the 'lamp, to ſnatch a bluſhing grape from 'the Hermitage and Coté Roti, as I 'ſhoot by the foot of them? and what 'a freſh ſpring in the blood! to behold 'upon the banks, advancing and re'tiring, the caſtles of romance, whence 'courteous knights have whilome re'ſcued the diſtreſs'd—and ſee vertigi'nous, the rocks, the mountains, the 'cataracts, and all the hurry which Na'ture is in, with all her great works 'about her.'—

As I went on thus, methought my chaiſe, the wreck of which looked ſtately enough at the firſt, inſenſibly grew leſs and leſs in it's ſize; the freſhneſs of the painting was no more—the gilding loſt it's luſtre—and the whole affair appeared ſo poor in my eyes—ſo ſorry!—ſo contemptib'e! and, in a word, ſo much worſe than the Abbeſs of Andouillet's itſelf——that I was juſt opening my mouth to give it to the devil—when a pert vamping chaiſe undertaker, ſtepping nimbly acroſs the ſtreet, demanded if Monſieur would have his chaiſe refitted—'No, no,' ſaid I, ſhaking my head ſide-ways.—'Would Mon'ſieur chuſe to ſell it?' rejoined the undertaker.—'With all my ſoul,' ſaid I; 'the iron work is worth forty livres—'and the glaſſes worth forty more—and 'the leather you may take to live on.'

——'What a mine of wealth,' quoth I, as he counted me the money, 'has 'this poſt-chaiſe brought me in?'—And this is my uſual method of book-keeping, at leaſt with the diſaſters of life—making a penny of every one of 'em, as they happen to me—

——'Do, my dear Jenny, tell the 'world for me, how I have behaved, 'under one of the moſt oppreſſive of 'it's kind which could befal me as a 'man, proud as he ought to be, of his 'manhood.'—

'It is enough,' ſaid'ſt thou, coming cloſe up to me, as I ſtood with my garters in my hand, reflecting upon what had *not* paſſed—'It is enough, Triſ'tram, and I am ſatisfied,' ſaidſt thou, whiſpering theſe words in my ear, "**** ** **** *** ******;—**** "** ****"—any other man would 'have ſunk down to the centre.'

——'Every thing is good for ſome'thing,' quoth I.

——I'll go into Wales for ſix weeks, and drink goat's whey—and I'll gain ſeven years longer life for the accident. For which reaſon I think myſelf inexcuſable for blaming fortune ſo often as I have done, for pelting me all my life long, like an ungracious ducheſs, as I called her, with ſo many ſmall evils: ſurely, if I have any cauſe to be angry with her, 'tis that ſhe has not ſent me great ones—a ſcore of good, curſed, bouncing loſſes, would have been as good as a penſion to me.

* The ſame Don Pringello, the celebrated Spaniſh architect, of whom my Couſin Antony has made ſuch honourable mention in a ſcholium to the tale inſcribed to his name. Vide p. 129. ſmall edit.

One of a hundred a year, or ſo, is all I wiſh—I would not be at the plague of paying land-tax for a larger.

CHAP. XXX.

TO thoſe who call vexations, VEXATIONS, as knowing what they are, there could not be a greater, than to be the beſt part of a day in Lyons, the moſt opulent and flouriſhing city in France, enriched with the moſt fragments of antiquity—and not be able to ſee it. To be witheld upon *any* account, muſt be a vexation; but to be witheld *by* a vexation—muſt certainly be what philoſophy juſtly calls

VEXATION

UPON

VEXATION.

I had got my two diſhes of milk-coffee (which, by the bye, is excellently good for a conſumption, but you muſt boil the milk and coffee together—otherwiſe 'tis only coffee and milk)—and as it was no more than eight in the morning, and the boat did not go off till noon, I had time to ſee enough of Lyons to tire the patience of all the friends I had in the world with it. 'I 'will take a walk to the cathedral,' ſaid I, looking at my lift, 'and ſee the 'wonderful mechaniſm of this great 'clock of Lippius of Baſil, in the firſt 'place.'—

Now, of all things in the world, I underſtand the leaſt of mechaniſm—I have neither genius, or taſte, or fancy—and have a brain ſo entirely unapt for every thing of that kind, that I ſolemnly declare I was never yet able to comprehend the principles of motion of a ſquirrel-cage, or a common knife-grinder's wheel—though I have many an hour of my life looked up with great devotion at the one—and ſtood by with as much patience as any Chriſtian ever could do at the other.—

'I'll go ſee the ſurprizing move-'ments of this great clock,' ſaid I, 'the very firſt thing I do: and then I 'will pay a viſit to the great library of 'the Jeſuits, and procure, if poſſible, 'a ſight of the thirty volumes of the 'general hiſtory of China, wrote (not 'in the Tartarian, but) in the Chineſe 'language, and in the Chineſe charac-'ter too.'

Now I almoſt know as little of the Chineſe language, as I do of the mechaniſm of Lippius's clock-work; ſo, why theſe ſhould have joſtled themſelves into the two firſt articles of my liſt—I leave to the curious as a problem of Nature. I own it looks like one of her ladyſhip's obliquities; and they who court her, are intereſted in finding out her humour as much as I.

'When theſe curioſities are ſeen,' quoth I, half addreſſing myſelf to my *valet de place*, who ſtood behind me, it 'will be no hurt if we go to the church 'of St. Ireneus, and ſee the pillar to 'which Chriſt was tied—and after that, 'the houſe where Pontius Pilate lived.' —'It was at the next town,' ſaid the *valet de place*—at Vienne.'—'I am 'glad of it,' ſaid I, riſing briſkly from my chair, and walking acroſs the room with ſtrides twice as long as my uſual pace—'for ſo much the ſooner ſhall I 'be at the *tomb of the two lovers*.'

What was the cauſe of this movement, and why I took ſuch long ſtrides in uttering this—I might leave to the curious too; but as no principle of clock-work is concerned in it—'twill be as well for the reader if I explain it myſelf.

CHAP. XXXI.

O! There is a ſweet æra in the life of man, when—(the brain being tender and fibrillous, and more like pap than any thing elſe)—a ſtory read of two fond lovers, ſeparated from each other by cruel parents, and by ſtill more cruel deſtiny—

Amandus——He
Amanda——She—

each ignorant of the other's courſe,

He——caſt
She——weſt

Amandus taken captive by the Turks, and carried to the Emperor of Morocco's court, where the Princeſs of Morocco falling in love with him, keeps him twenty years in priſon, for the love of his Amanda—

She—(Amanda) all the time wandering bare foot, and with diſhevelled hair, o'er rocks and mountains enquiring for Amandus—'Amandus! Amandus!'

—making

—making every hill and valley to echo back his name—

'Amandus! Amandus!'

at every town and city ſitting down for-lorn at the gate—'Has Amandus!—'has my Amandus entered?'—till, going round, and round, and round the world—chance unexpected bringing them at the ſame moment of the night, though by different ways, to the gate of Lyons, their native city, and each in well known accents calling out aloud,

'Is Amandus } ſtill alive?'
'Is my Amanda }

they fly into each other's arms, and both drop down dead for joy.

There is a ſoft ſera in every gentle mortal's life, where ſuch a ſtory affords more *pabulum* to the brain, than all the *fruits*, and *crufts*, and *ruſts* of Antiquity, which travellers can cook up for it.

'Twas all that ſtuck on the right ſide of the cullender in my own, of what Spon and others, in their accounts of Lyons, had *ſtrained* into it; and finding, moreover, in ſome itinerary, but in what God knows—that ſacred to the fidelity of Amandus and Amanda, a tomb was built without the gates, where to this hour lovers called upon them to atteſt their truths—I never could get into a ſcrape of that kind in my life, but this *tomb of the lovers* would, ſome how or other, come in at the cloſe—nay ſuch a kind of empire had it eſtabliſhed over me, that I could ſeldom think or ſpeak of Lyons, and ſometimes not ſo much as ſee even a *Lyons coaiſtcoat*, but this remnant of antiquity would preſent itſelf to my fancy; and I have often ſaid in my wild way of running on—though I fear with ſome irreverence—'I thought this ſhrine (neglected as it 'was) as valuable as that of Mecca, 'and ſo little ſhort, except in wealth, 'of the Santa Caſa itſelf, that ſome 'time or other, I would go a pilgrimage '(though I had no other buſineſs at 'Lyons) on purpoſe to pay it a viſit.'

In my liſt, therefore, of *videnda* at Lyons—this, though *laſt*—was not, you ſee, *leaſt*; ſo taking a dozen or two of longer ſtrides than uſual acroſs my room, juſt while it paſſed my brain, I walked down calmly into the *Baſſe Cour*, in order to ſally forth; and having called for my bill—as it was uncertain whether I ſhould return to my inn, I had paid it—had moreover given the maid ten ſous, and was juſt receiving the dernier compliments of Monſieur Le Blanc, for a pleaſant voyage down the *Rhône*—when I was ſtopped at the gate.—

CHAP. XXXII.

——'TWAS by a poor aſs who had juſt turned in with a couple of large panniers upon his back, to collect œconomyzany turnip-tops and cabbage-leaves; and ſtood dubious, with his two fore-feet on the inſide of the threſhold, and with his two hinder-feet towards the ſtreet, as not knowing very well whether he was to go in or no.

Now, it is an animal (be in what hurry I may) I cannot bear to ſtrike—there is a patient endurance of ſufferings, wrote ſo unaffectedly in his looks and carriage, which pleads ſo mightily for him, that it always diſarms me, and to that degree, that I do not like to ſpeak unkindly to him: on the contrary, meet him where I will—whether in town or country—in cart or under panniers—whether in liberty or bondage—I have ever ſomething civil to ſay to him on my part; and as one word begets another (if he has as little to do as I)—I generally fall into converſation with him; and ſurely never is my imagination ſo buſy as in framing his reſponſes from the etchings of his countenance—and where thoſe carry me not deep enough—in flying from my own heart into his, and ſeeing what is natural for an aſs to think—as well as a man—upon the occaſion. In truth, it is the only creature of all the claſſes of beings below me, with whom I can do this: for parrots, jack-daws, &c.—I never exchange a word with them—nor with the apes, &c. for pretty near the ſame reaſon; they act by rote, as the others ſpeak by it, and equally make me ſilent: nay my dog and my cat, though I value them both—(and for my dog) he would ſpeak if he could)—yet ſome how or other, they neither of them poſſeſs the talents for converſation—I can make nothing of a diſcourſe with them, beyond the *propoſition*, the *reply*, and *rejoinder*, which terminated my father's and my mother's converſations, in his beds of juſtice—and thoſe utter'd—there's an end of the dialogue——

——But with an aſs, I can commune for ever.

'Come,

'Come, Honeſty?' ſaid I, ſeeing it was impracticable to paſs betwixt him and the gate—'art thou for coming in, 'or going out?'

The aſs twiſted his head round to look up the ſtreet.—

'Well,' replied I—'we'll wait a 'minute for thy driver.'

—He turned his head thoughtful about, and looked wiſtfully the oppoſite way.—

'I underſtand thee perfectly,' anſwered I—'if thou takeſt a wrong ſtep 'in this affair, he will cudgel thee to 'death—Well! a minute is but a mi-'nute, and if it ſaves a fellow-creature 'a drubbing, it ſhall not be ſet down 'as ill-ſpent.'

He was eating the ſtem of an artichoke as this diſcourſe went on, and in the little peeviſh contentions of nature betwixt hunger and unſavourineſs, had dropt it out of his mouth half a dozen times, and pick'd it up again—'God 'help thee, Jack!' ſaid I, 'thou haſt a 'bitter breakfaſt on't—and many a 'bitter days labour—and many a bitter 'blow, I fear, for it's wages—it is all—'all bitterneſs to thee, whatever life is to 'others—And now thy mouth, if one 'knew the truth of it, is as bitter, I 'dare ſay, as ſoot'—(for he had caſt aſide the ſtem)—'and thou haſt not a 'friend perhaps in all this world, that 'will give thee a macaroon.'—In ſaying this, I pull'd out a paper of 'em, which I had juſt purchaſed, and gave him one—and at this moment that I am telling it, my heart ſmites me, that there was more of pleaſantry in the conceit of ſeeing *how* an aſs would eat a macaroon—than of benevolence in giving him one, which preſided in the act.

When the aſs had eaten his macaroon, I preſs'd him to come in—the poor beaſt was heavy loaded—his legs ſeemed to tremble under him—he hung rather backwards, and as I pull'd at his halter, it broke ſhort in my hand—he look'd up penſive in my face—'Don't thraſh 'me with it—but if you will, you may.'—'If I do,' ſaid I, 'I'll be d——d.'

The word was but one half of it pronounced, like the abbeſs of Andouillet's—(ſo there was no ſin in it)—when a perſon coming in, let fall a thundering baſtinado upon the poor devil's crupper, which put an end to the ceremony.

'*Out upon it!*' cried I—but the interjection was equivocal—and, I think, wrong-placed too; for the end of an oſier which had ſtarted out from the contexture of the aſs's pannier, and caught hold of my breeches pocket as he ruſhed by me, and rent it in the moſt diſaſtrous direction you can imagine—ſo that the

'*Out upon it!*' in my opinion, ſhould have come in here—but this I leave to be ſettled by

THE
REVIEWERS
OF
MY BREECHES,

which I have brought over along with me for that purpoſe.

CHAP. XXXIII.

WHEN all was ſet to rights, I came down ſtairs again into the *Baſſe Cour* with my valet de place, in order to ſally out towards the tomb of the two lovers, &c.—and was a ſecond time ſtopped at the gate—not by the aſs—but by the perſon who ſtruck him; and who, by that time, had taken poſſeſſion (as is not uncommon after a defeat) of the very ſpot of ground where the aſs ſtood.

It was a commiſſary ſent to me from the poſt-office, with a reſcript in his hand for the payment of ſome ſix livres odd ſous.

'Upon what account?' ſaid I.—'It 'is upon the part of the king,' replied the commiſſary, heaving up both his ſhoulders.——

——'My good friend,' quoth I, as 'ſure as I am I—and you are you——'

——'And who are you?' ſaid he.—'Don't puzzle me!' ſaid I.

CHAP. XXXIV.

——'But it is an indubitable ve-'rity,' continued I, addreſſing myſelf to the commiſſary, changing only the form of my aſſeveration—'that I owe 'the king of France nothing but my 'good-will; for he is a very honeſt 'man, and I wiſh him all health and 'paſtime in the world.'—

'*Pardonnez moi!*'—replied the commiſſary; 'you are indebted to him ſix 'livres, four ſous, for the next poſt from 'hence to St. Fon's, in your rout to 'Avignon—

'Avignon—which being a poſt-royal, 'you pay double for the horſes and 'poſtilion——otherwiſe 'twould have 'amounted to no more than three livres 'two ſous.—

——'But I don't go by land,' ſaid I.

——'You may, if you pleaſe,' replied the commiſſary.—

'Your moſt obedient ſervant!'—ſaid I, making him a low bow.—

The commiſſary, with all the ſincerity of grave good-breeding—made me one, as low again.—I never was more diſconcerted with a bow in my life.

——'The devil take the ſerious character of theſe people!' quoth I—(aſide)—'they underſtand no more of 'IRONY than this—'

The compariſon was ſtanding cloſe by with his panniers—but ſomething ſealed up my lips—I could not pronounce the name.

'Sir,' ſaid I, collecting myſelf—'it 'is not my intention to take poſt.'

——'But you may;'—ſaid he, perſiſting in his firſt reply—'you may take 'poſt if you chuſe.'

——'And I may take ſalt to my 'pickled herring,' ſaid I, 'if I chuſe——

——'But I do not chuſe.'

——'But you muſt pay for it, whether you do or no.'—'Aye! for the 'ſalt!' ſaid I, '(I know)—'

——'And for the poſt too,' added he.—'Defend me!' cried I.

'I travel by water—I am going down 'the Rhône this very afternoon—my 'baggage is in the boat—and I have 'actually paid nine livres for my paſſage.'—

'*C'eſt tout egal*—'tis all one!' ſaid he.

'*Bon Dieu!* what, pay for the way 'I go! and for the way I do *not* go!

——'*C'eſt tout egal!*' replied the commiſſary—

——'The devil it is!' ſaid I.—'But 'I will go to ten thouſand baſtiles firſt!

'O England! England! thou land 'of liberty, and climate of good ſenſe; 'thou tendereſt of mothers—and gen'tleſt of nurſes,' cried I, kneeling upon one knee, as I was beginning my apoſtrophe—

When the director of Madam Le Blanc's conſcience coming in at that inſtant, and ſeeing a perſon in black, with a face as pale as aſhes, at his devotions—looking ſtill paler by the contraſt and diſtreſſes of his drapery—aſked, if I ſtood in want of the aids of the church.

'I go by WATER,'—ſaid I—'and 'here's another will be for making me 'pay for going by OIL.'

CHAP. XXXV.

AS I perceived the commiſſary of the poſt-office would have ſix livres four ſous, I had nothing elſe for it, but to ſay ſome ſmart thing upon the occaſion, worth the money——

——And ſo I ſet off thus:

——'And pray, Mr. Commiſſary, by 'what law of courteſy is a defenceleſs 'ſtranger to be uſed, juſt the reverſe 'from what you uſe a Frenchman in 'this matter?'

'By no means,' ſaid he.

'Excuſe me!' ſaid I—'for you have 'begun, Sir, with firſt tearing off my 'breeches—and now you want my 'pocket—

'Whereas—had you firſt taken my 'pocket, as you do with your own 'people—and then left me bare a——'d 'after—I had been a beaſt to have com'plained.

'As it is—

'It is contrary to the *law of nature*.

'It is contrary to *reaſon*.

'It is contrary to the GOSPEL.'

'But not to this!' ſaid he, putting a printed paper into my hand.

'PAR LE ROY.'

——'It is a pithy prolegomenon,' quoth I—and ſo read on '— — — —

'— — — — — — — — —

'— — — — — — — — —

'— — — — — — — — —

'— — — — — — — — —'

—'By all which it appears,' quoth I, having read it over a little too rapidly, 'that if a man ſets out in a poſt'chaiſe from Paris—he muſt go on tra'velling in one all the days of his life, '—or pay for it.'—'Excuſe me,' ſaid the commiſſary, 'the ſpirit of the ordi'nance is this—that if you ſet out with 'an intention of running poſt from Pa'ris to Avignon, &c. you ſhall not 'change that intention or mode of tra'velling without firſt ſatisfying the fer'miers for two poſts farther than the 'place you repent at—and 'tis found'ed,' continued he, 'upon this—that 'the REVENUES are not to fall ſhort 'through your *fickleneſs*'—

—'O by heavens!' cried I—'if 'fickleneſs is taxable in *France*—we 'have

'have nothing to do but to make the 'best peace with you we can.'—

AND SO THE PEACE WAS MADE.

——And if it is a bad one—as Triſtram Shandy laid the corner-ſtone of it—nobody but Triſtram Shandy ought to be hanged.

CHAP. XXXVI.

THOUGH I was ſenſible I had ſaid as many clever things to the commiſſary as came to ſix livres four ſous, yet I was determined to note down the impoſition amongſt my remarks before I retired from the place; ſo putting my hand into my coat-pocket for my remarks—(which, by the bye, may be a caution to travellers to take a little more care of *their* remarks for the future) 'my remarks were *ſtolen*.'—Never did ſorry traveller make ſuch a pother and racket about his remarks as I did about mine, upon the occaſion.

'Heaven! earth! ſea! fire!' cried I, calling in every thing to my aid but what I ſhould—'My remarks are ſto-'len!—what ſhall I do?—Mr. Com-'miſſary! pray did I drop any remarks 'as I ſtood beſides you?'—

'You dropped a good many very ſin-'gular ones,' replied he.——'Pugh!' ſaid I, 'thoſe were but a few, not 'worth above ſix livres two ſous—but 'theſe are a large parcel.'—He ſhook his head.—'Monſieur Le Blanc! Ma-'dam Le Blanc! did you ſee any pa-'pers of mine?——you maid of the 'houſe! run up ſtairs—François! run 'up after her—

'I muſt have my remarks—they 'were the beſt remarks,' cried I, 'that 'ever were made—the wiſeſt—the wit-'tieſt—What ſhall I do!—which way 'ſhall I turn myſelf!'

Sancho Panca, when he loſt his aſs's FURNITURE, did not exclaim more bitterly.

CHAP. XXXVII.

WHEN the firſt tranſport was over, and the regiſters of the brain were beginning to get a little out of the confuſion into which this jumble of croſs accidents had caſt them—it then preſently occurred to me, that I had left my remarks in the pocket of the chaiſe—and that in ſelling my chaiſe, I had ſold my remarks along with it to the chaiſe-vamper.

I leave this void ſpace that the reader may ſwear into it any oath that he is moſt accuſtomed to.—'For my own part, if ever I ſwore 'a *whole* oath into a vacancy in my 'life, I think it was into that—* * * '* * * * * * *,' ſaid I—'and ſo my 'marks through France, which were 'as full of wit as an egg is full of meat, 'and as well worth four hundred gui-'neas, as the ſaid egg is worth a pen-'ny—have I been ſelling here to a 'chaiſe-vamper—for four louis d'ors '—and giving him a poſt-chaiſe (by 'Heaven!) worth ſix into the bargain; 'had it been to Dodſley, or Becket, or 'any creditable bookſeller, who was 'either leaving off buſineſs, and want-'ed a poſt-chaiſe—or who was begin-'ning it—and wanted my remarks, and 'two or three guineas along with them, 'I could have borne it—but to a chaiſe-'vamper!——ſhew me to him this mo-'ment, François,' ſaid I.—The *valet de place* put on his hat, and led the way—and I pulled off mine, as I paſſed the commiſſary, and followed him.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

WHEN we arrived at the chaiſe-vamper's houſe, both the houſe and the ſhop were ſhut up: it was the eighth of September, the nativity of the bleſſed Virgin Mary, mother of God——Tantarra-ra-tan-tivi—the whole world was going out a-May-poling—friſking here—capering there—nobody cared a button for me or my remarks; ſo I ſat me down upon a bench by the door, philoſophating upon my condition. By a better fate than uſually attends me, I had not waited half an hour, when the miſtreſs came in, to take the papilliotes from off her hair, before ſhe went to the May-poles——

The French women, by the bye, love May-poles, *a la folie*—that is, as much as their matins—give 'em but a May-pole, whether in May, June, July, or September—they never count the times—down it goes—'tis meat, drink, waſhing, and lodging to 'em—and had we but the policy, an' pleaſe your worſhips (as wood is a little ſcarce in France) to ſend them but plenty of May-poles—

The

The women would ſet them up; and when they had done, they would dance round them (and the men for company) till they were all blind.

The wife of the chaiſe-vamper ſtepped in, I told you, to take the papillotes from off her hair—the toilet ſtands ſtill for no man—ſo ſhe jerked off her cap, to begin with them as ſhe opened the door; in doing which, one of them fell upon the ground—I inſtantly ſaw it was my own writing.—

'O ſeigneur!' cried I—'you have got 'all my remarks upon your head, Ma-'dam!'—'*J'en ſuis bien mortifie!*' ſaid ſhe.—'It is well,' thinks I, 'they have 'ſtuck there—for could they have gone 'deeper, they would have made ſuch 'confuſion in a French woman's nod-'dle—ſhe had better have gone with 'it unfrizzled to the day of eternity.'

'*Tenez!*' ſaid ſhe—ſo, without any idea of the nature of my ſuffering, ſhe took them from her curls, and put them gravely, one by one, into my hat——one was twiſted this way—another twiſted that——'Aye! by my faith; and 'when they are publiſhed,' quoth I—'they will be worſe twiſted ſtill.'

CHAP. XXXIX.

'AND now for Lippius's clock!' ſaid I, with the air of a man who had got through all his difficulties: 'Nothing can prevent us ſeeing that and 'the Chineſe hiſtory, &c.'—'Except the 'time,' ſaid François—'for 'tis almoſt 'eleven.'—'Then we muſt ſpeed the 'faſter,' ſaid I, ſtriding it away to the cathedral.

I cannot ſay, in my heart, that it gave me any concern in being told by one of the minor canons, as I was entering the weſt-door—that Lippius's great clock was all out of joints, and had not gone for ſome years—'It will 'give me the more time,' thought I, 'to 'peruſe the Chineſe hiſtory; and be-'ſides, I ſhall be able to give the world 'a better account of the clock in it's 'decay, than I could have done in it's 'flouriſhing condition.'

——And ſo away I poſted to the college of the Jeſuits.

Now it is with the project of getting a peep at the Hiſtory of China in Chineſe characters—as with many others I could mention, which ſtrike the fancy only at a diſtance; for, as I came nearer and nearer to the point—my blood cooled—the freak gradually went off, till at length I would not have given a cherry-ſtone to have it gratified.—The truth was, my time was ſhort, and my heart was at the tomb of the lovers. 'I wiſh to God,' ſaid I, as I got the rapper in my hand, 'that the key of 'the library may be but loſt!' It fell out as well——

For all the JESUITS *had got the colick*—and to that degree, as never was known in the memory of the oldeſt practitioner.

CHAP. XL.

AS I knew the geography of the tomb of the lovers as well as if I had lived twenty years in Lyons—namely, that it was upon the turning of my right-hand, juſt without the gate, leading to the Fauxbourg de Vaiſe—I diſpatched François to the boat, that I might pay the homage I ſo long owed it, without a witneſs of my weakneſs. I walked with all imaginable joy towards the place—when I ſaw the gate which intercepted the tomb, my heart glowed within me.

——'Tender and faithful ſpirits!' cried I, addreſſing myſelf to Amandus and Amanda; 'long—long have I 'tarried to drop this tear upon your 'tomb—I come—I come!'—

When I came—there was no tomb to drop it upon.

What would I have given for my Uncle Toby to have whiſtled Lillabullero!

CHAP. XLI.

NO matter how, or in what mood—but I flew from the tomb of the lovers—or, rather, I did not fly *from* it—(for there was no ſuch thing exiſting) and juſt got time enough to the boat to ſave my paſſage—and ere I had ſailed a hundred yards, the Rhône and the Saône met together, and carried me down merrily betwixt them.

But I have deſcribed this voyage down the Rhône, before I made it——

——So now I am at Avignon; and,

as there is nothing to ſee but the old houſe, in which the Duke of Ormond reſided, and nothing to ſtop me but a ſhort remark upon the place, in three minutes you will ſee me croſſing the bridge upon a mule, with François upon a horſe with my portmanteau behind him, and the owner of both, ſtriding the way before us with a long gun upon his ſhoulder, and a ſword under his arm, leſt peradventure we ſhould run away with his cattle. Had you ſeen my breeches in entering Avignon—though you'd have ſeen them better, I think, as I mounted—you would not have thought the precaution amiſs, or found in your heart to have taken it in dudgeon: for my own part, I took it moſt kindly; and determined to make him a preſent of them, when we got to the end of our journey, for the trouble they had put him to, of arming himſelf at all points againſt them.

Before I go farther, let me get rid of my remark upon Avignon, which is this: that I think it wrong, merely becauſe a man's hat has been blown off his head by chance the firſt night he comes to Avignon—that he ſhould therefore ſay, 'Avignon is more ſub-'ject to high winds than any town in 'all France:' for which reaſon, I laid no ſtreſs upon the accident till I had enquired of the maſter of the inn about it; who telling me ſeriouſly it was ſo—and hearing, moreover, the windineſs of Avignon ſpoke of in the country about as a proverb—I ſet it down, merely to aſk the learned what can be the cauſe—the conſequence I ſaw—for they are all dukes, marquiſſes, and counts there—the deuce a baron in all Avignon—ſo that there is ſcarce any talking to them, on a windy day.

'Pr'ythee, friend,' ſaid I, 'take hold 'of my mule for a moment!' for I wanted to pull off one of my jack-boots, which hurt my heel—the man was ſtanding quite idle at the door of the inn, and, as I had taken it into my head he was ſome way concerned about the houſe or ſtable, I put the bridle into his hand—ſo begun with my boot—when I had finiſhed the affair, I turned about to take the mule from the man, and thank him——

——But *Monſieur le Marquis* had walked in.

CHAP. XLII.

I Had now the whole ſouth of France, from the banks of the Rhône to thoſe of the Garonne, to traverſe upon my mule at my own leiſure—— *at my own leiſure*—for I had left Death, the Lord knows, and he only, how far behind me.—'I have followed many a 'man through France,' quoth he, 'but 'never at this mettleſome rate.' Still he followed, and ſtill I fled him—but I fled him chearfully; ſtill he purſued—but like one who purſued his prey without hope—as he lagg'd, every ſtep he loſt ſoftened his looks—why ſhould I fly him at this rate?

So, notwithſtanding all the commiſſary of the poſt-office had ſaid, I changed the *mode* of my travelling once more; and after ſo precipitate and rattling a courſe as I had run, I flattered my fancy with thinking of my mule, and that I ſhould traverſe the rich plains of Languedoc upon his back, as ſlowly as foot could fall.

There is nothing more pleaſing to a traveller—or more terrible to travel-writers—than a large rich plain; eſpecially, if it is without great rivers or bridges; and preſents nothing to the eye, but one unvaried picture of plenty; for after they have once told you that 'tis delicious! or delightful! (as the caſe happens)—that the ſoil was grateful, and that Nature pours out all her abundance, &c. . . . they have then a large plain upon their hands, which they know not what to do with—and which is of little or no uſe to them but to carry them to ſome town; and that town, perhaps, of little more, but a new place to ſtart from to the next plain—and ſo on.

This is moſt terrible work! judge if I don't manage my plains better.

CHAP. XLIII.

I Had not gone above two leagues and a half, before the man with his gun began to look at his priming.

I had three ſeveral times loitered *terribly* behind: half a mile at leaſt every time: once, in deep conference with a drum-maker, who was making drums for

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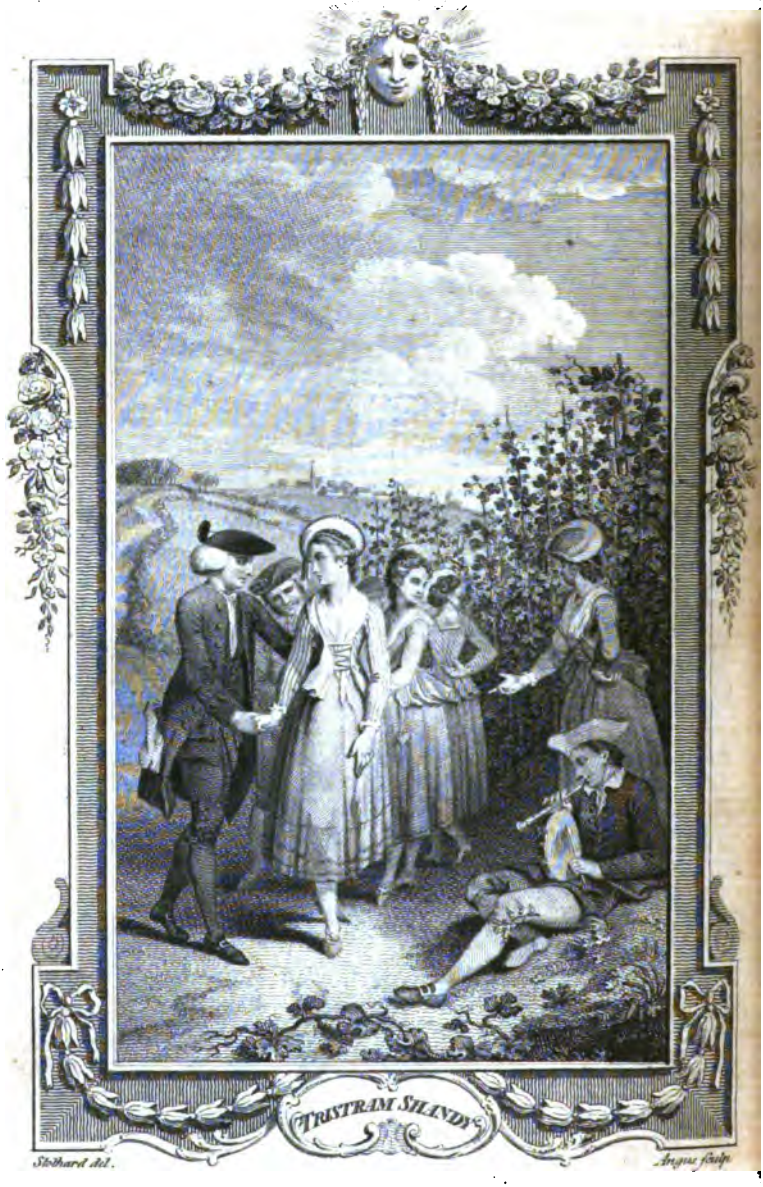

Plate VII.

Publish'd as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co. June 2d. 1781.

for the fairs of *Baucaira* and *Tarascone*—I did not understand the principles—

The second time, I cannot so properly say, I stopped—for meeting a couple of Franciscans straitened more for time than myself, and not being able to get to the bottom of what I was about—I had turn'd back with them.

The third was an affair of trade with a gossip, for a hand-basket of Provence figs for four sous; this would have been transacted at once, but for a case of conscience at the close of it; for when the figs were paid for, it turned out, that there were two dozen of eggs cover'd over with vine-leaves at the bottom of the basket—as I had no intention of buying eggs, I made no sort of claim of them—as for the space they had occupied, what signified it?—I had figs enough for my money.

——But it was my intention to have the basket—it was the gossip's intention to keep it, without which she could do nothing with her eggs—and, unless I had the basket, I could do as little with my figs, which were too ripe already, and most of 'em burst at the side: this brought on a short contention, which terminated in sundry proposals, what we should both do.

——How we disposed of our eggs and figs, I defy you, or the devil himself, had he not been there (which I am persuaded he was) to form the least probable conjecture: you will read the whole of it—not this year, for I am hastening to the story of my Uncle Toby's amours—but you will read it in the collection of those which have arose out of the journey across this plain—and which, therefore, I call my—

PLAIN STORIES.

How far my pen has been fatigued, like those of other travellers, in this journey of it, over so barren a track—the world must judge—but the traces of it, which are now all set o' vibrating together this moment, tell me 'tis the most fruitful and busy period of my life; for, as I had made no convention with my man with the gun as to time—by stopping and talking to every soul I met who was not in a full trot—joining all parties before me—waiting for every soul behind—hailing all those who were coming through cross-roads—arresting all kinds of beggars, pilgrims, fiddlers, friars—not passing by a woman in a mulberry-tree without commending her legs, and tempting her into conversation with a pinch of snuff.—In short, by seizing every handle, of what size or shape soever, which chance held out to me in this journey—I turned my *plain* into a *city*—I was always in company, and with great variety too: and as my mule loved society as much as myself, and had some proposals always on his part to offer to every beast he met—I am confident we could have passed through Pall Mall or St. James's Street for a month together, with fewer adventures—and seen less of human nature.

O! there is that sprightly frankness which at once unpins every plait of a Languedocian's dress—that whatever is beneath it, it looks so like the simplicity which poets sing of in better days—I will delude my fancy, and believe it is so.

'Twas in the road betwixt Nismes and Lunel, where there is the best Muscatto wine in all France; and which, by the bye, belongs to the honest canons of MONTPELLIER—and foul befal the man who has drank it at their table, who grudges them a drop of it.

——The sun was set—they had done their work; the nymphs had tied up their hair afresh—and the swains were preparing for a carousal.—My mule made a dead point.—'It is the fife 'and tabourin,' said I.—'I'm frighted to death!' quoth he.—'They 'are running at the ring of pleasure,' said I, giving him a prick.—'By St. 'Boogar, and all the saints at the back-'side of the door of purgatory,' said he, (making the same resolution with the Abbess of Andouillet's) 'I'll not go a 'step farther.'—'It is very well, Sir,' said I—'I never will argue a point 'with one of your family as long as I 'live!' So leaping off his back, and kicking off one boot into this ditch, and t'other into that—'I'll take a dance,' said I; 'so stay you here.'

A sun-burnt daughter of labour arose up from the groupe to meet me as I advanced towards them; her hair, which was a dark chesnut, approaching rather to a black, was tied up in a knot,' all but a single tress.

'We want a cavalier,' said she, holding

ing out both her hands, as if to offer them.—'And a cavalier you ſhall have,' ſaid I, taking hold of both of them.

'Hadſt thou, Nannette, been array'd 'like a ducheſs!'—

——'But that curſed ſlit in thy pet-'ticoat!'

Nannette cared not for it.

'We could not have done without 'you!' ſaid ſhe, letting go one hand, and with ſelf-taught politeneſs leading me up with the other.

A lame youth, whom Apollo had recompenſed with a pipe, and to which he had added a tabourin of his own accord, ran ſweetly over the prelude, as he ſat upon the bank. 'Tie me up this treſs 'inſtantly!' ſaid Nannette, putting a piece of ſtring into my hand. It taught me to forget I was a ſtranger—the whole knot fell down—we had been ſeven years acquainted.

The youth ſtruck the note upon the tabourin—his pipe followed, and off we bounded—'The deuce take that ſlit!'

The ſiſter of the youth, who had ſtolen her voice from heaven, ſung alternately with her brother—'twas a Gaſcoigne roundelay.

'VIVA LA JOIA!
'FIDON LA TRISTESSA!'

The nymphs join'd in uniſon, and their ſwains an octave below them.

I would have given a crown to have it ſewed up—Nannette would not have given a ſous—'*Viva la joia!*' was in her lips.—'*Viva la joia!*' was in her eyes. A tranſient ſpark of amity ſhot acroſs the ſpace betwixt us—She look'd amiable!—Why could I not live and end my days thus? 'Juſt Diſpoſer of 'our joys and ſorrows,' cried I, 'why 'could not a man ſit down in the lap 'of content here—and dance, and ſing, 'and ſay his prayers, and go to heaven 'with this nut-brown maid?' Capriciouſly did ſhe bend her head on one ſide, and dance up inſidious.—'Then 'it is time to dance off,' quoth I: ſo changing only partners and tunes, I danced it away from Lunel to Montpellier—from thence to Peſçnas, Beziers— I danced it along through Narbonne, Carcaſſon, and Caſtle Naudairy, till at laſt I danced myſelf into Perdrillo's pavilion; where pulling out a paper of black lines, that I might go on ſtraight forwards, without digreſſion or parentheſis, in my Uncle Toby's amours—

I begun thus—

END OF THE SEVENTH VOLUME.

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

VOLUME THE EIGHTH.

CHAP. I.

—BUT ſoftly—for in theſe ſportive plains, and under this genial ſun, where at this inſtant all fleſh is running out piping, fiddling, and dancing to the vintage, and every ſtep that's taken, the judgment is ſurprized by the imagination, I defy—notwithſtanding all that has been ſaid upon *ſtraight lines* *, in ſundry pages of my book—I defy the beſt cabbage-planter that ever exiſted, whether he plants backwards or forwards, it makes little difference in the account—(except that he will have more to anſwer for in the one caſe than in the other)—I defy him to go on coolly, critically, and canonically, planting his cabbages one by one, in ſtraight lines, and ſtoical diſtances, eſpecially if ſlits in petticoats are unſew'd up—without ever and anon ſtraddling out, or ſidling into ſome baſtardly digreſſion. —In *Freeze-land*, *Fog-land*, and ſome other lands I wot of—it may be done.—

But in this clear climate of fantaſy and perſpiration, where every idea, ſenſible and inſenſible, gets vent—in this land, my dear Eugenius—in this fertile land of chivalry and romance, where I now ſit, unſkrewing my inkhorn to writ my Uncle Toby's amours, and with all the meanders of JULIA's track in queſt of her DIEGO, in full view of my ſtudy-window—if thou commeſt not and takeſt me by the hand—

What a work is it likely to turn out!

——Let us begin it.

CHAP. II.

IT is with LOVE as with CUCKOLDOM—

——But now I am talking of beginning a book, and have long had a thing upon my mind to be imparted to the reader, which if not imparted now, can never be imparted to him as long as I live—(whereas the COMPARISON may be imparted to him any hour in the day) —I'll juſt mention it, and begin in good earneſt.

The thing is this.

That of all the ſeveral ways of beginning a book, which are now in practice throughout the known world, I am confident my own way of doing it is the beſt——I'm ſure it is the moſt religious —for I begin with writing the firſt ſentence—and truſting to Almighty God for the ſecond.

'Twould cure an author for ever of the fuſs and folly of opening his ſtreet-door, and calling in his neighbours and friends, and kinsfolk, with the devil

* Vide vol. vi. p. 217.

and

and all his imps, with their hammers and engines, &c. only to obſerve how one ſentence of mine follows another, and how the plan follows the whole.

I wiſh you ſaw me half ſtarting out of my chair, with what confidence, as I graſp the elbow of it, I look up—catching the idea, even ſometimes before it half-way reaches me—

I believe in my conſcience I intercept many a thought which Heaven intended for another man!

Pope and his portrait * are fools to me—no martyr is ever ſo full of faith or fire—I wiſh I could ſay, of good works too—but I have no

Zeal or anger—or
Anger or zeal—

And till gods and men agree together to call it by the ſame name—the arranteſt TARTUFFE in ſcience—in politicks—or in religion—ſhall never kindle a ſpark within me, or have a worſe word, or a more unkind greeting, than what he will read in the next chapter.

CHAP. III.

——*Bon jour!*—good morrow!——ſo you have got your cloke on betimes!—but 'tis a cold morning, and you judge the matter rightly—'tis better to be well mounted, than go o'foot—and obſtructions in the glands are dangerous——And how goes it with thy concubine—thy wife—and thy little ones o'both ſides?——and when did you hear from the old gentleman and lady—your ſiſter, aunt, uncle and couſins—I hope they have got better of their colds, coughs, claps, tooth-aches, fevers, ſtranguaries, ſciaticas, ſwellings, and ſore-eyes.—What a devil of an apothecary! to take ſo much blood—give ſuch a vile purge——puke—poultice—plaiſter—night-draught—gliſter—bliſter?——And why ſo many grains of calomel? Santa Maria! and ſuch a doſe of opium! periclitating, pardi! the whole family of ye, from head to tail.—By my Great Aunt Dinah's old black velvet maſk! I think there was no occaſion for it.

Now this being a little bald about the chin, by frequently putting off and on, *before* ſhe was got with child by the coachman—not one of our family would wear it after. To cover the MASK afreſh, was more than the maſk was worth—and to wear a maſk which was bald, or which could be half ſeen through, was as bad as having no maſk at all——

This is the reaſon, may it pleaſe your reverences, that in all our numerous family, for theſe four generations, we count no more than one archbiſhop, a Welch judge, ſome three or four aldermen, and a ſingle mountebank——

In the ſixteenth century we boaſt of no leſs than a dozen alchymiſts.

CHAP. IV.

'IT is with Love as with Cuckoldom;'—the ſuffering party is at leaſt the *third*, but generally the laſt in the houſe who knows any thing about the matter: this comes, as all the world knows, from having half a dozen words for one thing; and ſo long, as what in this veſſel of the human frame, is *love*—may be *hatred*, in that—*Sentiment* half a yard higher—and *nonſenſe*——no, Madam—not there—I mean, at the part I am now pointing to with my fore-finger—how can we help ourſelves?

Of all mortal, and immortal men too, if you pleaſe, whoever ſoliloquized upon this myſtick ſubject, my Uncle Toby was the worſt fitted, to have puſhed his reſearches through ſuch a contention of feelings; and he had infallibly let them all run on, as we do worſe matters, to ſee what they would turn out—had not Bridget's pre-notification of them to Suſannah, and Suſannah's repeated manifeſto's thereupon to all the world, made it neceſſary for my Uncle Toby to look into the affair.

CHAP. V.

WHY weavers, gardeners, and gladiators—or a man with a pined leg (proceeding from ſome ailment in the *foot*)—ſhould ever have had ſome tender nymph breaking her heart in ſecret for them, are points well and duly ſettled and accounted for by ancient and modern phyſiologiſts.

A water-drinker, provided he is a profeſs'd one, and does it without fraud or covin, is preciſely in the ſame predi-

* Vide Pope's Portrait.

ament: not that, at firſt ſight, there is any conſequence, or ſhew of logick in it, 'That a rill of cold water, dribbling through my inward parts ſhould 'light up a torch in my Jenny's——'

——The propoſition does not ſtrike one; on the contrary, it ſeems to run oppoſite to the natural workings of cauſes and effects—

But it ſhews the weakneſs and imbecility of human reaſon.

——'And in perfect good health 'with it?'

——The moſt perfect—Madam, that friendſhip herſelf could wiſh me.

——'And drink nothing!—nothing 'but water?'

——Impetuous fluid! the moment thou preſſeſt againſt the flood-gates of the brain—ſee how they give way!

In ſwims CURIOSITY, beckoning to her damſels to follow—they dive into the centre of the current—

FANCY ſits muſing upon the bank; and, with her eyes following the ſtream, turns ſtraws and bulruſhes into maſts and bowſprits.—And DESIRE, with reſt held up to the knee in one hand, ſnatches at them, as they ſwim by her, with the other.

O ye water drinkers! is it then by this deluſive fountain, that ye have ſo often governed and turned this world about like a mill-wheel—grinding the faces of the impotent—be-powdering their ribs—be-peppering their noſes, and changing ſometimes even the very frame and face of nature.

——'If I was you,' quoth Yorick, 'I would drink more water, Eugenius.'

——'And, if I was you, Yorick,' replied Eugenius, 'ſo would I.'

Which ſhews they had both read Longinus.

For my own part, I am reſolved never to read any book but my own, as long as I live.

CHAP. VI.

I Wiſh my Uncle Toby had been a water-drinker: for then the thing had been accounted for, that the firſt moment Widow Wadman ſaw him, ſhe felt ſomething ſtirring within her in his favour—Something!—ſomething.

——Something, perhaps, more than friendſhip—leſs than love——ſomething——no matter what—no matter where—I would not give a ſingle hair off my mule's tail, and be obliged to pluck it off myſelf, (indeed, the villain has not many to ſpare, and is not a little vicious into the bargain) to be let by your worſhips into the ſecret.

But the truth is, my Uncle Toby was not a water-drinker; he drank it neither pure nor mixed, or any how, or any where, except fortuitouſly upon ſome advanced poſts, where better liquor was not to be had—or during the time he was under cure; when the ſurgeon telling him it would extend the fibres, and bring them ſooner into contact—my Uncle Toby drank it for quietneſs ſake.

Now, as all the world knows that no effect in nature can be produced without a cauſe, and it is as well known, that my Uncle Toby was neither a weaver—a gardener, or a gladiator—unleſs as a captain you will needs have him one—but then he was only a captain of foot—and beſides the whole is an equivocation—there is nothing left for us to ſuppoſe, but that my Uncle Toby's leg—but that will avail us little in the preſent hypotheſis, unleſs it had proceeded from ſome ailment *in the foot*—whereas his leg was not emaciated from any diſorder in his foot—for my Uncle Toby's leg was not emaciated at all. It was a little ſtiff and aukward, from a total diſuſe of it, for the three years he lay confined at my father's houſe in town; but it was plump and muſcular, and in all other reſpects as good and promiſing a leg as the other.

I declare, I do not recollect any one Opinion or paſſage of my Life, where my underſtanding was more at a loſs to make ends meet, and torture the chapter I had been writing, to the ſervice of the chapter following it, than in the preſent caſe: one would think I took a pleaſure in running into difficulties of this kind, merely to make freſh experiments in getting out of 'em—Inconſiderate ſoul that thou art! What! are not the unavoidable diſtreſſes with which, as an author and a man, thou art hemmed in on every ſide of thee—are they, Triſtram, not ſufficient, but thou muſt entangle thyſelf ſtill more?

Is it not enough that thou art in debt, and that thou haſt ten cart-loads of thy fifth and ſixth volumes ſtill—ſtill unſold, and art almoſt at thy wit's ends, how to get them off thy hands?

To this hour art thou not tormented with

with the vile aſthma thou gatteſt in ſkaiting againſt the wind in Flanders? and is it but two months ago, that in a fit of laughter, on ſeeing a cardinal make water like a quiniſter (with both hands) thou breakedſt a veſſel in thy lungs, whereby, in two hours, thou loſt as many quarts of blood; and hadſt thou loſt as much more, did not the faculty tell thee—it would have amounted to a gallon?——

CHAP. VII.

——But, for Heaven's ſake, let us not talk of quarts or gallons—let us take the ſtory ſtraight before us; it is ſo nice and intricate a one, it will ſcarce bear the tranſpoſition of a ſingle tittle; and, ſome how or other, you have got me thruſt almoſt into the middle of it——

I beg we may take more care.

CHAP. VIII.

MY Uncle Toby and the corporal had poſted down with ſo much heat and precipitation, to take poſſeſſion of the ſpot of ground we have ſo often ſpoke of, in order to open their campaign as early as the reſt of the allies; that they had forgot one of the moſt neceſſary articles of the whole affair; it was neither a pioneer's ſpade, a pick-ax, or a ſhovel——

——It was a bed to lie on: ſo that as Shandy-Hall was at that time unfurniſhed: and the little inn where poor Le Fevre died, not yet built; my Uncle Toby was conſtrained to accept of a bed at Mrs. Wadman's for a night or two, till Corporal Trim (who, to the character of an excellent valet, groom, cook, ſempſter, ſurgeon, and engineer, ſuper-added that of an excellent upholſterer too) with the help of a carpenter and a couple of taylors, conſtructed one in my Uncle Toby's houſe.

A daughter of Eve—for ſuch was Widow Wadman, and 'tis all the character I intend to give of her—

—'*That ſhe was a perfect woman*'—had better be fifty leagues of—or in her warm bed—or playing with a caſe-knife—or any thing you pleaſe—than make a man the object of her attention, when the houſe and all the furniture is her own.

There is nothing in it out of doors and in broad day-light, where a woman has a power, phyſically ſpeaking, of viewing a man in more lights than one—but here, for her ſoul, ſhe can ſee him in no light without mixing ſomething of her own goods and chattels along with him—till by reiterated acts of ſuch combinations, he gets foiſted into her inventory——

——And then good night.

But this is not matter of SYSTEM—for I have delivered that above; nor is it matter of BREVIARY—for I make no man's creed but my own; nor matter of FACT—at leaſt, that I know of: but 'tis matter copulative, and introductory to what follows.

CHAP. IX.

I Do not ſpeak it with regard to the coarſeneſs or cleanneſs of them—or the ſtrength of their guſſets—but pray do not night-ſhifts differ from day-ſhifts as much in this particular, as in any thing elſe in the world—that they ſo far exceed the others in length, that when you are laid down in them, they fall almoſt as much below the feet, as the day-ſhifts fall ſhort of them?

Widow Wadman's night-ſhifts (as was the mode, I ſuppoſe, in King William's and Queen Anne's reigns) were cut, however, after this faſhion; and if the faſhion is changed—(for in Italy they are come to nothing)—ſo much the worſe for the publick—they were two Flemiſh ells and a half in length; ſo that, allowing a moderate woman two ells, ſhe had half an ell to ſpare, to do what ſhe would with.

Now, from one little indulgence gain'd after another, in the many bleak and Decemberly nights of a ſeven years widowhood, things had inſenſibly come to this paſs, and for the two laſt years had got eſtabliſhed into one of the ordinances of the bed-chamber—that as ſoon as Mrs. Wadman was put to bed, and had got her legs ſtretched down to the bottom of it, of which ſhe always gave Bridget notice—Bridget, with all ſuitable decorum, having firſt opened the bed-cloaths at the feet, took hold of the half ell of cloth we are ſpeaking of,

off, and having gently, and with both her hands, drawn it downwards to it's farthest extenſion, and then contracted it again ſide-long by four or five even plaits, ſhe took a large corking-pin out of her ſleeve, and with the point directed towards her, pinn'd the plaits all faſt together a little above the hem; which done, ſhe tucked all in tight at the feet, and wiſhed her miſtreſs a good night.

This was conſtant, and without any other variation than this; that on ſhivering and tempeſtuous nights, when Bridget untuck'd the feet of the bed, &c. to do this—ſhe conſulted no thermometer but that of her own paſſions, and ſo performed it ſtanding—kneeling—or ſquatting—according to the different degrees of faith, hope, and charity, ſhe was in, and bore towards her miſtreſs that night. In every other reſpect, the etiquette was ſacred, and might have vied with the moſt mechanical one of the moſt inflexible bed-chamber in Chriſtendom.

The firſt night, as ſoon as the corporal had conducted my Uncle Toby up ſtairs, which was about ten—Mrs. Wadman threw herſelf into her arm-chair, and croſſing her left-knee with her right, which formed a reſting-place for her elbow, ſhe reclined her cheek upon the palm of her hand, and leaning forwards, ruminated till midnight upon both ſides of the queſtion.

The ſecond night ſhe went to her bureau, and having ordered Bridget to bring her up a couple of freſh candles, and leave them upon the table, ſhe took out her marriage-ſettlement, and read it over with great devotion: and the third night (which was the laſt of my Uncle Toby's ſtay) when Bridget had pull'd down the night-ſhift, and was eſſaying to ſtick in the corking-pin——

——With a kick of both heels at once, but at the ſame time the moſt natural kick that could be kicked in her ſituation—for ſuppoſing ********* to be the ſun in it's meridian, it was a north-eaſt kick—ſhe kicked the pin out of her fingers—the *etiquette* which hung upon it—down—down it fell to the ground, and was ſhivered into a thouſand atoms!

From all which, it was plain that Widow Wadman was in love with my Uncle Toby.

CHAP. X.

MY Uncle Toby's head at that time was full of other matter; ſo that it was not till the demolition of Dunkirk, when all the other civilities of Europe were ſettled, that he found leiſure to return this.

This made an armiſtice (that is, ſpeaking with regard to my Uncle Toby—but with reſpect to Mrs. Wadman, a vacancy) of almoſt eleven years. But in all caſes of this nature, as it is the ſecond blow, happen at what diſtance of time it will, which makes the fray—I chuſe, for that reaſon, to call theſe the amours of my Uncle Toby with Mrs. Wadman, rather than the amours of Mrs. Wadman with my Uncle Toby.

This is not a diſtinction without a difference.

It is not like the affair of *an old hat cock'd*—and *a cock'd old hat*, about which your reverences have ſo often been at odds with one another—but there is a difference here in the nature of things—

And let me tell you, gentry, a wide one too.

CHAP. XI.

NOW, as Widow Wadman did love my Uncle Toby—and my Uncle Toby did not love Widow Wadman, there was nothing for Widow Wadman to do, but to go on and love my Uncle Toby—or let it alone.

Widow Wadman would do neither the one nor the other——

——Gracious Heaven!—but I forget I am a little of her temper myſelf; for, whenever it ſo falls out, which it ſometimes does about the equinoxes, that an earthly goddeſs is ſo much this, and that, and t'other, that I cannot eat my breakfaſt for her—and that ſhe careth not three halfpence whether I eat my breakfaſt or no——

——Curſe on her!—and ſo I ſend her to Tartary, and from Tartary to Terra del Fuego, and ſo on to the devil: in ſhort there is not an infernal nitch where I do not take her divinityſhip and ſtick it.

But as the heart is tender, and the paſſions in theſe tides ebb and flow ten

times in a minute, I inſtantly bring her back again; and as I do all things in extremes, I place her in the very centre of the milky-way——

Brighteſt of ſtars! thou wilt ſhed thy influence upon ſome one——

——The deuce take her and her influence too—for at that word I loſe all patience—much good may it do him!—'By all that is hirſute and gaſhly!'—I cry, taking off my furr'd cap, and twiſting it round my finger, 'I would 'not give ſixpence for a dozen ſuch!'

——'But 'tis an excellent cap, too,' (putting it upon my head, and preſſing it cloſe to my ears)—'and warm—and 'ſoft; eſpecially if you ſtroke it the 'right away—but, alas! that will ne-'ver be my luck!'—(ſo here my philoſophy is ſhipwreck'd again.)

——'No; I ſhall never have a finger in the pye!'—(ſo here I break my metaphor)—

'Cruſt and crumb,
'Inſide and out,
'Top and bottom—I deteſt it, I hate 'it, I repudiate it—I'm ſick at the ſight 'of it—
'It is all pepper,
'garlick,
'ſtaragen,
'ſalt, and
'devil's dung—By the great 'arch-cook of cooks, who does no-'thing, I think, from morning to night, 'but ſit down by the fire-ſide and in-'vent inflammatory diſhes for us, I 'would not touch it for the world!'

——'O Triſtram! Triſtram!' cried Jenny.

'O Jenny! Jenny!' replied I—and ſo went on with the twelfth chapter.

CHAP. XII.

——'Not touch it for the world!' did I ſay—

Lord! how I have heated my imagination with this metaphor!

CHAP. XIII.

WHICH ſhews, let your reverences and worſhips ſay what you will of it—(for, as for *thinking*—all who *do* think—think pretty much alike, both upon it and other matters)—LOVE is certainly—at leaſt, alphabetically ſpeaking—one of the moſt

A gitating,
B ewitching,
C onfounded,
D eviliſh affairs of life—the moſt
E xtravagant,
F utilitous,
G alligaſkiniſh,
H andy-dandyiſh,
I racundulous (there is no K to it) and
L yrical, of all human paſſions—at the ſame time, the moſt
M iſgiving,
N innyhammering,
O bſtipating,
P ragmatical,
S tridulous,
R idiculous—though, by the bye, the R ſhould have gone firſt—But, in ſhort, 'tis of ſuch a nature, as my father once told my Uncle Toby upon the cloſe of a long diſſertation upon the ſubject—'You can ſcarce,' ſaid he, 'combine 'two ideas together upon it, brother 'Toby, without an hypallage.'——'What's that?' cried my Uncle Toby.

'The cart before the horſe,' replied my father.

——'And what has he to do there?' cried my Uncle Toby.

'Nothing,' quoth my father, 'but 'to get in—or let it alone.'

Now, Widow Wadman, as I told you before, would do neither the one or the other.

She ſtood, however, ready harneſſed and capariſoned at all points to watch accidents.

CHAP. XIV.

THE Fates—who certainly all foreknew of theſe amours of Widow Wadman and my Uncle Toby—had, from the firſt creation of matter and motion, (and with more courteſy than they uſually do things of this kind) eſtabliſhed ſuch a chain of cauſes and effects, hanging ſo faſt to one another, that it was ſcarce poſſible for my Uncle Toby to have dwelt in any other houſe in the world, or to have occupied any other garden in Chriſtendom, but the very houſe and garden which join'd and laid parallel to Mrs. Wadman's: this, with the advantage of a thickſet arbour in Mrs. Wadman's garden, but planted n ſhe hedge-row of my Uncle Toby's, put

put all the occaſions into her hands which Love-militancy wanted; ſhe could obſerve my Uncle Toby's motions, and was miſtreſs likewiſe of his councils of war; and, as his unſuſpecting heart had given leave to the corporal, through the mediation of Bridget, to make her a wicker gate of communication to enlarge her walks, it enabled her to carry on her approaches to the very door of the ſentry-box; and, ſometimes, out of gratitude, to make the attack, and endeavour to blow my Uncle Toby up in the very ſentry-box itſelf.

CHAP. XV.

IT is a great pity—but 'tis certain, from every day's obſervation of man, that he may be ſet on fire like a candle, at either end—provided there is a ſufficient wick ſtanding out—if there is not, there's an end of the affair—and if there is, by lighting it at the bottom, as the flame in that caſe has the misfortune generally to put out itſelf—there's an end of the affair again.

For my part, could I always have the ordering of it which way I would be burnt myſelf—for I cannot bear the thoughts of being burnt like a beaſt—I would oblige a houſewife conſtantly to light me at the top, for then I ſhould burn down decently to the ſocket; that is, from my head to my heart, from my heart to my liver, from my liver to my bowels, and ſo on by the meſeraick veins and arteries, through all the turns and lateral inſertions of the inteſtines and their tunicles, to the blind gut—

——'I beſeech you, Doctor Slop,' quoth my Uncle Toby, interrupting him as he mentioned the *blind gut*, in a diſcourſe with my father the night my mother was brought to-bed of me—'I 'beſeech you,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'to tell me which is the blind gut; for, 'old as I am, I vow I do not know to 'this day where it lies.'

'The *blind gut*,' anſwered Doctor Slop, 'lies betwixt the *illion* and *colon*—'

——'In a man!' ſaid my father.

'It is preciſely the ſame,' cried Doctor Slop, 'in a woman.'

'That's more than I know!' quoth my father.

CHAP. XVI.

——And ſo, to make ſure of both ſyſtems, Mrs. Wadman predetermined to light my Uncle Toby neither at this end nor that; but, like a prodigal's candle, to light him, if poſſible, at both ends at once.

Now, through all the lumber-rooms of military furniture, including both of horſe and foot, from the great arſenal of Venice to the Tower of London, (excluſive) if Mrs. Wadman had been rummaging for ſeven years together, and with Bridget to help her, ſhe could not have found any one *blind* or *mantelet* ſo fit for her purpoſe, as that which the expediency of my Uncle Toby's affairs had fix'd up ready to her hands.

I believe I have not told you—but I don't know—poſſibly I have—be it as it will, 'tis one of the numbers of thoſe many things, which a man had better do over again, than diſpute about it—that whatever town or fortreſs the corporal was at work upon, during the courſe of their campaigns, my Uncle Toby always took care, on the inſide of his ſentry-box, which was towards his left-hand, to have a plan of the place, faſten'd up with two or three pins at the top, but looſe at the bottom, for the conveniency of holding it up to the eye, &c. . . . as occaſions required; ſo that when an attack was reſolved upon, Mrs. Wadman had nothing more to do, when ſhe had got advanced to the door of the ſentry-box, but to extend her right-hand; and edging-in her left-foot at the ſame movement, to take hold of the map or plan, or upright, or whatever it was, and with out-ſtretched neck meeting it half way—to advance it towards her; on which my Uncle Toby's paſſions were ſure to catch fire—for he would inſtantly take hold of the other corner of the map in his left-hand, and with the end of his pipe, in the other, begin an explanation.

When the attack was advanced to this point—the world will naturally enter into the reaſons of Mrs. Wadman's next ſtroke of generalſhip—which was to take my Uncle Toby's tobacco-pipe out of his hand as ſoon as ſhe poſſibly could; which, under one pretence or other, but generally that of pointing more diſtinctly at ſome redoubt or breaſt-work in the map, ſhe would effect before my Uncle Toby (poor ſoul!) had well marched above half a dozen toiſes with it.

——It obliged my Uncle Toby to make uſe of his fore-finger.

The difference it made in the attack was this—that in going upon it, as in the firſt caſe, with the end of her fore-finger againſt the end of my Uncle Toby's tobacco-pipe, ſhe might have travelled with it, along the lines, from Dan to Beerſheba, had my Uncle Toby's lines reached ſo far, without any effect: for as there was no arterial or vital heat in the end of the tobacco-pipe, it could excite no ſentiment—it could neither give fire by pulſation—or receive it by ſympathy—'twas nothing but ſmoke.

Whereas, in following my Uncle Toby's fore-finger with her's, cloſe through all the little turns and indentings of his works—preſſing ſometimes againſt the ſide of it—then treading upon it's nail—then tripping it up—then touching it here—then there, and ſo on—it ſet ſomething, at leaſt, in motion.

This, though ſlight ſkirmiſhing, and at a diſtance from the main body, yet drew on the reſt; for here, the map uſually falling with the back of it cloſe to the ſide of the ſentry-box, my Uncle Toby, in the ſimplicity of his ſoul, would lay his hand flat upon it, in order to go on with his explanation; and Mrs. Wadman, by a manœuvre as quick as thought, would as certainly place her's cloſe beſide it: this at once opened a communication, large enough for any ſentiment to paſs or repaſs, which a perſon ſkill'd in the elementary and practical part of love-making has occaſion for——

By bringing up her fore-finger parallel (as before) to my Uncle Toby's—it unavoidably brought the thumb into action—and the fore-finger and thumb being once engaged, as naturally brought in the whole hand. Thine, dear Uncle Toby! was never now in it's right place—Mrs. Wadman had it ever to take up—or, with the gentleſt puſhings, protruſions, and equivocal compreſſions, that a hand to be removed is capable of receiving—to get it preſſed a hair-breadth of one ſide out of her way.

Whilſt this was doing, how could ſhe forget to make him ſenſible, that it was her leg (and no one's elſe) at the bottom of the ſentry-box, which ſlightly preſs'd againſt the calf of his—So that my Uncle Toby being thus attacked and ſore puſh'd on both his wings—was it a wonder, if now and then, it put his centre into diſorder?

——'The deuce take it!' ſaid my Uncle Toby.

CHAP. XVII.

THESE attacks of Mrs. Wadman, you will readily conceive to be of different kinds; varying from each other, like the attacks which hiſtory is full of, and from the ſame reaſons. A general looker-on, would ſcarce allow them to be attacks at all—or if he did, would confound them all together.—But I write not to them: it will be time enough to be a little more exact in my deſcriptions of them, as I come up to them, which will not be for ſome chapters; having nothing more to add in this, but that in a bundle of original papers and drawings, which my father took care to roll up by themſelves, there is a plan of Bouchain in perfect preſervation (and ſhall be kept ſo, whilſt I have power to preſerve any thing) upon the lower corner of which, on the right-hand ſide, there is ſtill remaining the marks of a ſnuffy finger and thumb, which there is all the reaſon in the world to imagine were Mrs. Wadman's; for the oppoſite ſide of the margin, which I ſuppoſe to have been my Uncle Toby's, is abſolutely clean: this ſeems an authenticated record of one of theſe attacks; for there are veſtigia of the two punctures partly grown up, but ſtill viſible on the oppoſite corner of the map, which are unqueſtionably the very holes, through which it has been pricked up in the ſentry-box.

By all that is prieſtly! I value this precious relique, with it's *ſtigmata* and *pricks*, more than all the reliques of the Romiſh church — always excepting, when I am writing upon theſe matters, the pricks which entered the fleſh of St. Radagunda in the deſart, which in your road from FESSE to CLUNY, the nuns of that name will ſhew you for love.

CHAP. XVIII.

'I Think, an' pleaſe your honour,' quoth Trim, 'the fortifications 'are quite deſtroyed—and the baſon is 'upon a level with the mole.'—'I think 'ſo too,' replied my Uncle Toby, with a ſigh half ſuppreſs'd; 'but ſtep into

the

'the parlour, Trim, for the ſtipulation '—it lies upon the table.'

'It has lain there ſix weeks,' replied the corporal, 'till this very morning 'that the old woman kindled the fire 'with it.'

——'Then,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, 'there is no farther occaſion for our 'ſervices.'—'The more, an' pleaſe 'your honour, the pity!' ſaid the corporal—in uttering which, he caſt his ſpade into the wheel-barrow, which was beſide him, with an air the moſt expreſſive of diſconſolation that can be imagined, and was heavily turning about to look for his pick-ax, his pioneer's ſhovel, his picquets and other little military ſtores, in order to carry them off the field—when a 'Heigh ho!' from the ſentry-box—which being made of thin ſlit deal, reverberated the ſound more ſorrowfully to his ear, forbade him.

——'No;' ſaid the corporal to himſelf—'I'll do it before his honour riſes 'to-morrow morning:' ſo taking his ſpade out of the wheel-barrow again, with a little earth in it, as if to level ſomething at the foot of the glacis—but with a real intent to approach nearer to his maſter, in order to divert him—he looſen'd a ſod or two—pared their edges with his ſpade, and having given them a gentle blow or two with the back of it, he ſat himſelf down cloſe by my Uncle Toby's feet, and began as follows.

CHAP. XIX.

'IT was a thouſand pities——though, 'I believe, an' pleaſe your honour, 'I am going to ſay but a fooliſh kind of 'a thing for a ſoldier——'

'A ſoldier,' cried my Uncle Toby, interrupting the corporal, 'is no more 'exempt from ſaying a fooliſh thing, 'Trim, than a man of letters.'—'But 'not ſo often, an' pleaſe your honour!' replied the corporal.—My Uncle Toby gave a nod.

'It was a thouſand pities, then,' ſaid the corporal, caſting his eye upon Dunkirk, and the mole—as Servius Sulpicius, in returning out of Aſia (when he ſailed from Ægina towards Megara) did upon Corinth and Pyreus——

——'It was a thouſand pities, an' 'pleaſe your honour, to deſtroy theſe 'works—and a thouſand pities to have 'let them ſtood!'

——'Thou art right, Trim, in both 'caſes!' ſaid my Uncle Toby.—'This,' continued the corporal, 'is 'the reaſon, that from the beginning 'of their demolition to the end—I have 'never once whiſtled, or ſung, or 'laugh'd, or cry'd, or talk'd of paſs'd, 'done deeds, or told your honour one 'ſtory, good or bad.'

——'Thou haſt many excellencies, 'Trim,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, 'and 'I hold it not the leaſt of them, as thou 'happeneſt to be a ſtory-teller, that of 'the number thou haſt told me—either 'to amuſe me in my painful hours, or 'to divert me in my grave ones—thou 'haſt ſeldom told me a bad one.'

——'Becauſe, an' pleaſe your honour, except one of a *King of Bohemia and his Seven Caſtles*—they are all 'true; for they are about myſelf.'

'I do not like the ſubject the worſe, 'Trim,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, 'on 'that ſcore: But pr'ythee what is this 'ſtory? Thou haſt excited my curioſity.'

'I'll tell it your honour,' quoth the corporal, 'directly.'—'Provided,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, looking earneſtly toward Dunkirk and the mole again; 'provided it is not a merry one; to 'ſuch, Trim, a man ſhould ever bring 'one half of the entertainment along 'with him: and the diſpoſition I am in 'at preſent would wrong both thee, 'Trim, and thy ſtory.'—'It is not a 'merry one, by any means,' replied the corporal.—'Nor would I have it altogether a grave one,' added my Uncle Toby.—'It is neither the one nor the 'other,' replied the corporal; 'but will 'ſuit your honour exactly.'—'Then 'I'll thank thee for it with all my heart,' cried my Uncle Toby; 'ſo pr'ythee be'gin it, Trim!'

The corporal made his reverence; and though it is not ſo eaſy a matter as the world imagines, to pull off a lank Montero-cap with grace, or a whit leſs difficult, in my conceptions, when a man is ſitting ſquat upon the ground, to make a bow ſo teeming with reſpect as the corporal was wont; yet, by ſuffering the palm of his right-hand, which was towards his maſter, to ſlip backward upon the graſs, a little beyond his body, in order to allow it the greater ſweep—and by an unforced compreſſion, at the ſame time, of his cap with the thumb and the two fore-fingers of his left, by which

which the diameter of the cap became reduced, ſo that it might be ſaid, rather to be inſenſibly ſqueezed—than pulled off with a flatus—the corporal acquitted himſelf of both, in a better manner than the poſture of his affairs promiſed; and having hemmed twice, to find in what key his ſtory would beſt go, and beſt ſuit his maſter's humour—he exchanged a ſingle look of kindneſs with him, and ſet off thus.

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BOHEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES.

'THERE was a certain king of 'Bo—he—'

As the corporal was entering the confines of Bohemia, my Uncle Toby obliged him to halt for a ſingle moment; he had ſet out bare-headed, having ſince he pull'd off his Montero-cap, in the latter end of the laſt chapter, left it lying beſide him on the ground.

——The eye of goodneſs eſpieth all things—ſo that before the corporal had well got through the firſt five words of his ſtory, had my Uncle Toby twice touch'd his Montero-cap with the end of his cane interrogatively—as much as to ſay, 'Why don't you put it on, 'Trim?' Trim took it up with the moſt reſpectful ſlowneſs, and caſting a glance of humiliation as he did it, upon the embroidery of the fore-part, which being diſmally tarniſh'd and fray'd moreover in ſome of the principal leaves and boldeſt parts of the pattern, he laid it down again betwixt his two feet, in order to moralize upon the ſubject.

——'Tis every word of it but too 'true,' cried my Uncle Toby, 'that 'thou art about to obſerve——

'*Nothing in this world, Trim, is* '*made to laſt for ever.*'

——'But when tokens, Dear Tom, 'of thy love and remembrance, wear 'out,' ſaid Trim, 'what ſhall we ſay?'

'There is no occaſion, Trim,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'to ſay any thing elſe; 'and was a man to puzzle his brains 'till doomſday, I believe, Trim, it 'would be impoſſible.' The corporal perceiving that my Uncle Toby was in the right, and that it would be in vain for the wit of man to think of extracting a purer moral from his cap, without farther attempting it, he put it on; and paſſing his hand acroſs his forehead to rub out a penſive wrinkle, which the text and the doctrine between them had engender'd, he return'd, with the ſame look and tone of voice, to his ſtory of the King of Bohemia and his Seven Caſtles.

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BOHEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES, CONTINUED.

'THERE was a certain King of 'Bohemia, but in whoſe reign, 'except his own, I am not able to in-'form your honour——'

'I do not deſire it of thee, Trim, by 'any means,' cried my Uncle Toby.

——'It was a little before the time, 'an' pleaſe your honour, when giants 'were beginning to leave off breeding '—but in what year of our Lord that 'was——'

——'I would not give a halfpenny 'to know,' ſaid my Uncle Toby.

——'Only, an' pleaſe your honour, 'it makes a ſtory look the better in the 'face,'—'Tis thy own, Trim; ſo or-'nament it after thy own faſhion; and 'take any date,' continued my Uncle Toby, looking pleaſantly upon him—'take any date in the whole world thou 'chuſeſt, and put it to—thou art hear-'tily welcome!'

The corporal bowed: for of every century, and of every year of that century, from the firſt creation of the world down to Noah's flood; and from Noah's flood to the birth of Abraham; through all the pilgrimages of the patriarchs, to the departure of the Iſraelites out of Egypt—and throughout all the Dynaſties, Olympiads, Urbeconditas, and other memorable epochas of the different nations of the world, down to the coming of Chriſt, and from thence to the very moment in which the corporal was telling his ſtory—had my Uncle Toby ſubjected this vaſt empire of time and all it's abyſſes at his feet; but as MODESTY ſcarce touches with a finger what LIBERALITY offers her with both hands open—the corporal contented himſelf with the very *worſt year* of the whole bunch—which, to prevent your honours of the Majority and Minority from tearing the very fleſh off your bones in conteſtation, 'Whether that year is not always the laſt 'caſt-year of the laſt caſt-almanack;'—

I tell

I tell you plainly, it was—but from a different reaſon than you wot of.

——It was the year next him—which being the year of our Lord ſeventeen hundred and twelve, when the Duke of Ormond was playing the devil in Flanders—the corporal took it, and ſet out with it afreſh on his expedition to Bohemia.

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BOHEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES, CONTINUED.

'IN the year of our Lord one thou-
'ſand ſeven hundred and twelve,
'there was, an' pleaſe your honour—'

——'To tell thee truly, Trim,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'any other date
'would have pleaſed me much better;
'not only on account of the ſad ſtain
'upon our hiſtory that year, in march-
'ing off our troops, and refuſing to
'cover the ſiege of Queſnoi, though
'Fagel was carrying on the works with
'ſuch incredible vigour—but likewiſe,
'on the ſcore, Trim, of thy own ſtory;
'becauſe if there are—and which, from
'what thou haſt dropt, I partly ſuſpect
'to be the fact—if there are giants in
'it—'

'There is but one, an' pleaſe your
'honour!'

——'Tis as bad as twenty,' replied my Uncle Toby—'thou ſhould'ſt have
'carried him back ſome ſeven or eight
'hundred years out of harm's way, both
'of criticks and other people; and
'therefore I would adviſe thee, if ever
'thou telleſt it again—'

——'If I live, an' pleaſe your ho-
'nour, but once to get through it, I
'never will tell it again,' quoth Trim,
'either to man, woman, or child.'—
'Poo—poo!' ſaid my Uncle Toby; but with accents of ſuch ſweet encouragement did he utter it, that the corporal went on with his ſtory with more alacrity than ever.

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BOHEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES, CONTINUED.

'THERE was, an' pleaſe your
'honour,' ſaid the corporal—raiſing his voice, and rubbing the palms of his two hands cheerily together as he began—'a certain King of Bohemia—'

——'Leave out the date entirely,
'Trim,' quoth my Uncle Toby—leaning forwards and laying his hand gently upon the corporal's ſhoulder to temper the interruption—'leave it out entirely,
'Trim: a ſtory paſſes very well with-
'out theſe niceties, unleſs one is pretty
'ſure of 'em.'—'Sure of 'em!' ſaid the corporal, ſhaking his head.

'Right,' anſwered my Uncle Toby,
'it is not eaſy, Trim, for one bred up
'as thou and I have been, to arms,
'who ſeldom looks farther forward than
'to the end of his muſket, or backwards
'beyond his knapſack, to know much
'about this matter.'—'God bleſs your
'honour!' ſaid the corporal—won by the *manner* of my Uncle Toby's reaſoning, as much as by the reaſoning itſelf—'he
'has ſomething elſe to do! if not on
'action, or a march, or upon duty in
'his garriſon—he has his firelock, an'
'pleaſe your honour to furbiſh—his
'accoutrements to take care of—his
'regimentals to mend—himſelf to ſhave
'and keep clean, ſo as to appear al-
'ways like what he is upon the parade
'—what buſineſs,' added the corporal triumphantly, 'has a ſoldier, an'
'pleaſe your honour, to know any thing
'at all about *geography*?'

——'Thou ſhould'ſt have ſaid *chro-*
'*nology*, Trim,' ſaid my Uncle Toby;
'for, as for geography, 'tis of abſo-
'lute uſe to him. He muſt be ac-
'quainted intimately with every coun-
'try and it's boundaries where his pro-
'feſſion carries him; he ſhould know
'every town and city, and village and
'hamlet, with the canals, the roads,
'and hollow-ways, which lead up to
'them——there is not a river or rivulet
'he paſſes, Trim, but he ſhould be able
'at firſt ſight to tell thee what is it's
'name—in what mountains it takes
'it's riſe—what is it's courſe—how far
'it is navigable—where fordable—
'where not——he ſhould know the fer-
'tility of every valley, as well as the
'hind who ploughs it; and be able to
'deſcribe, or, if it is required, to give
'thee an exact map, of all the plains
'and defiles, the forts, the acclivities,
'the woods and moraſſes, through and
'by which his army is to march——
'he ſhould know their produce, their
'plants, their minerals, their waters,

'their

'their animals, their ſeaſons, their cli-
'mates, their heats and cold, their in-
'habitants, their cuſtoms, their lan-
'guage, their policy, and even their
'religion.

'Is it elſe to be conceived, corporal,' continued my Uncle Toby—riſing up in his ſentry-box, as he began to warm in this part of his diſcourſe—'how 'Marlborough could have marched his 'army from the banks of the Maes to 'Belburg; from Belburg to Kerpe-'nord—' (here the corporal could ſit no longer)—'from Kerpenord, Trim, 'to Kallaken; from Kallaken to New-'dorf; from Newdorf to Landen-'bourg; from Landenbourg to Mil-'denheim; from Mildenheim to El-'chingen; from Elchingen to Gingen; 'from Gingen to Balmerchoffen; from 'Balmerchoffen to Skellenburg—where 'he broke in upon the enemy's works, 'forced his paſſage over the *Danube*, 'croſſed the *Lech*—puſh'd on his troops 'into the heart of the empire, marching 'at the head of them through Friburg, 'Hokenwert, and Schonevelt, to the 'Plains of Blenheim and Hochſtet?—'Great as he was, corporal, he could 'not have advanced a ſtep, or made 'one ſingle day's march, without the 'aids of *geography*—As for *chronology*, 'I own, Trim,' continued my Uncle Toby—ſitting down again coolly in his ſentry-box—'that of all others, it 'ſeems a ſcience which a ſoldier might 'beſt ſpare, was it not for the lights 'which that ſcience muſt one day give 'him, in determining the invention of 'powder; the furious execution of 'which, renverſing every thing, like 'thunder, before it, has become a new 'æra to us of military improvements; 'changing ſo totally the nature of at-'tacks and defences both by ſea and 'land, and awakening ſo much art and 'ſkill in doing it, that the world can-'not be too exact in aſcertaining the 'preciſe time of it's diſcovery, or too 'inquiſitive in knowing what great 'man was the diſcoverer, and what 'occaſions gave birth to it.

'I am far from controverting,' continued my Uncle Toby, 'what hiſto-'rians agree in, that in the year of our 'Lord 1380, under the reign of Win-'celaus, ſon of Charles the Fourth—'a certain prieſt, whoſe name was 'Schwartz, ſhew'd the uſe of powder 'to the Venetians, in their wars againſt 'the Genoeſe; but 'tis certain he was 'not the firſt: becauſe, if we are to 'believe Don Pedro the Biſhop of 'Leon—' 'How came prieſts and 'biſhops, an' pleaſe your honour, to 'trouble their heads ſo much about 'gunpowder?'—'God knows!' ſaid my Uncle Toby; 'his providence 'brings good out of every thing—and 'he avers, in his chronicle of King 'Alphonſus, who reduced Toledo, that 'in the year 1343, which was full 'thirty-ſeven years before that time, 'the ſecret of powder was well known, 'and employed with ſucceſs, both by 'Moors and Chriſtians, not only in 'their ſea combats, at that period, but 'in many of their moſt memorable 'ſieges in Spain and Barbary—And all 'the world knows, that Friar Bacon 'had wrote expreſsly about it, and had 'generouſly given the world a receipt 'to make it by, above a hundred and 'fifty years before even Schwartz was 'born—And that the Chineſe,' added my Uncle Toby, 'embarraſs us, and 'all accounts of it ſtill more, by boaſt-'ing of the invention ſome hundreds 'years even before him—'

——'They are a pack of lyars, I 'believe!' cried Trim.

——'They are ſome how or other 'deceived,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, 'in 'this matter, as is plain to me from 'the preſent miſerable ſtate of military 'architecture amongſt them; which 'conſiſts of nothing more than a foſſe 'with a brick wall without flanks—'and for what they give us as a baſtion 'at each angle of it, 'tis ſo barbarouſly 'conſtructed, that it looks for all the 'world——' 'Like one of my ſeven 'caſtles, an' pleaſe your honour!' quoth Trim.

My Uncle Toby, though in the utmoſt diſtreſs for a compariſon, moſt courteouſly refuſed Trim's offer—till Trim telling him, he had half a dozen more in Bohemia, which he knew not how to get off his hands—my Uncle Toby was ſo touch'd with the pleaſantry of heart of the corporal—that he diſcontinued his diſſertation upon gunpowder—and begged the corporal forthwith to go on with his ſtory of the King of Bohemia and his ſeven caſtles.

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BOHEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES, CONTINUED.

'THIS *unfortunate* King of Bohe-
'mia—' ſaid Trim—'Was
'he unfortunate, then?' cried my Uncle Toby—for he had been ſo wrapt up in his diſſertation upon gunpowder and other military affairs, that though he had deſired the corporal to go on, yet the many interruptions he had given, dwelt ſo ſtrong upon his fancy, as to account for the epithet—'Was he *un-*
'*fortunate*, then?' ſaid my Uncle Toby, pathetically.—The corporal, wiſhing firſt the *word* and all it's ſynonimas at the devil, forthwith began to run back in his mind the principal events in the King of Bohemia's ſtory; from every one of which it appearing that he was the moſt fortunate man that every exiſted in the world—it put the corporal to a ſtand: for not caring to retract his epithet—and leſs, to explain it—and leaſt of all, to twiſt his tale (like men of lore) to ſerve a ſyſtem—he looked up in my Uncle Toby's face for aſſiſtance——but ſeeing it was the very thing my Uncle Toby ſat in expectation of himſelf—after a hum and a haw he went on——

'The King of Bohemia, an' pleaſe
'your honour,' replied the corporal, 'was *unfortunate*, as thus—that tak-
'ing great pleaſure and delight in na-
'vigation, and all ſort of ſea affairs—
'and there *happening* throughout the
'whole kingdom of Bohemia, to be no
'ſea-port town whatever—'

'How the deuce ſhould there, Trim?' cried my Uncle Toby; 'for Bohemia, 'being totally inland, it could have 'happened no otherwiſe.'—'It might,' ſaid Trim, 'if it had pleaſed God.'

My Uncle Toby never ſpoke of the being and natural attributes of God, but with diffidence and heſitation.

——'I believe not,' replied my Uncle Toby, after ſome pauſe; 'for 'being inland, as I ſaid, and having 'Sileſia and Moravia to the eaſt; Lu-
'ſatia and Upper Saxony to the north;
'Franconia to the weſt; and Bavaria
'to the ſouth: Bohemia could not have
'been propell'd to the ſea, without
'ceaſing to be Bohemia—nor could the
'ſea, on the other hand, have come up
'to Bohemia, without overflowing a
'great part of Germany, and deſtroy-
'ing millions of unfortunate inhabi-
'tants who could make no defence
'againſt it.'—('Scandalous!' cried Trim.)—'Which would beſpeak,' added my Uncle Toby mildly, 'ſuch a
'want of compaſſion in him who is the
'Father of it—that I think, Trim, the
'thing could have happened no way.'

The corporal made the bow of unfeigned conviction, and went on.

'Now the King of Bohemia, with
'his queen and courtiers, *happening*
'one fine ſummer's evening to walk
'out—' 'Aye! there the word *hap-*
'*pening* is right, Trim!' cried my Uncle Toby; 'for the King of Bohe-
'mia and his queen might have walked
'out, or let it alone—'twas a matter of
'contingency, which might happen, or
'not, juſt as chance ordered it.'

'King William was of an opinion,
'an' pleaſe your honour,' quoth Trim,
'that every thing was predeſtined for
'us in this world; inſomuch, that he
'would often ſay to his ſoldiers, that
'*every ball had it's billet.*'—'He was
'a great man,' ſaid my Uncle Toby.—
'And I believe,' continued Trim, 'to
'this day, that the ſhot which diſabled
'me at the battle of Landen, was point-
'ed at my knee for no other purpoſe,
'but to take me out of his ſervice, and
'place me in your honour's, where I
'ſhould be taken ſo much better care of
'in my old age!'—'It ſhall never,
'Trim, be conſtrued otherwiſe!' ſaid my Uncle Toby.

The heart both of the maſter and the man, were alike ſubject to ſudden overflowings——a ſhort ſilence enſued.

'Beſides,' ſaid the corporal—reſuming the diſcourſe, but in a gayer accent; 'if it had not been for that ſingle
'ſhot, I had never, an' pleaſe your ho-
'nour, been in love!'

'So thou waſt once in love, Trim!' ſaid my Uncle Toby, ſmiling—

'Souſe!' replied the corporal!—
'over head and ears! an' pleaſe your
'honour.'—'Pr'ythee, when? where?
'—and how came it to paſs?—I never
'heard one word of it before,' quoth my Uncle Toby.—'I dare ſay,' anſwered Trim, that every drummer and ſerjeant's ſon in the regiment knew of
'it.'—'It's high time I ſhould!' ſaid my Uncle Toby.

'Your honour remembers with con-
'cern,' ſaid the corporal, 'the total
'rout and confuſion of our camp and
'army at the affair of Landen—every

'one was left to ſhift for himſelf; and, 'if it had not been for the regiments of 'Wyndham, Lumley, and Galway, 'which covered the retreat over the 'bridge of Neerſpeeken, the king him-'ſelf could ſcarce have gained it—he 'was preſſed hard, as your honour 'knows, on every ſide of him.'

'Gallant mortal!' cried my Uncle Toby, caught up with enthuſiaſm; 'this moment, now that all is loſt, I 'ſee him galloping acroſs me, corporal, 'to the left, to bring up the remains of 'the Engliſh horſe along with him, to 'ſupport the right, and tear the laurel 'from Luxembourg's brows, if yet 'tis 'poſſible!—I ſee him with the knot of 'his ſcarf juſt ſhot off, infuſing freſh 'ſpirits into poor Galway's regiment—'riding along the line!—then wheeling 'about, and charging Conti at the head 'of it—Brave! brave! by Heaven!' cried my Uncle Toby—'he deſerves a 'crown!'—'As richly, as a thief a 'halter!' ſhouted Trim.

My Uncle Toby knew the corporal's loyalty—otherwiſe the compariſon was nor at all to his mind: it did not altogether ſtrike the corporal's fancy when he had made it—but it could not be recalled—ſo he had nothing to do, but proceed.

'As the number of wounded was 'prodigious, and no one had time to 'think of any thing but his own ſafe-'ty—' 'Though Talmaſh,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, 'brought off the foot with 'great prudence.'—'But I was left 'upon the field,' ſaid the corporal.—'Thou waſt ſo; poor fellow!' replied my Uncle Toby.—'So that it was noon 'the next day,' continued the corporal, 'before I was exchanged,' and put 'into a cart with thirteen or fourteen 'more, in order to be conveyed to our 'hoſpital.

'There is no part of the body, an' 'pleaſe your honour, where a wound 'occaſions more intolerable anguiſh 'than upon the knee——'

'Except the groin!' ſaid my Uncle Toby.—'An' pleaſe your honour,' replied the corporal, 'the knee, in my 'opinion, muſt certainly be the moſt 'acute, their being ſo many tendons 'and what-d'ye-call-'ems all about it.'

'It is for that reaſon,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'that the groin is infinite-'ly more ſenſible—there being not only 'ſo many tendons and what-d'ye-call-'ems—(for I know their names as 'little as thou doſt)—about it—but 'moreover * * *—'

Mrs. Wadman, who had been all the time in her arbour—inſtantly ſtopped her breath—unpinned her mob at the chin, and ſtood up upon one leg.

The diſpute was maintained with amicable and equal force betwixt my Uncle Toby and Trim for ſome time; till Trim at length recollecting that he had often cried at his maſter's ſufferings, but never ſhed a tear at his own—was for giving up the point, which my Uncle Toby would not allow—'It is a proof 'of nothing, Trim,' ſaid he, 'but the 'generoſity of thy temper!'

So that whether the pain of a wound in the groin (*ceteris paribus*) is greater than the pain of a wound in the knee—or—

Whether the pain of a wound in the knee is not greater than the pain of a wound in the groin—are points which to this day remain unſettled.

CHAP. XX.

'THE anguiſh of my knee,' continued the corporal, 'was exceſſive in itſelf; and the uneaſineſs of 'the cart, with the roughneſs of the 'roads, which were terribly cut up—'making bad ſtill worſe—every ſtep 'was death to me; ſo that with the 'loſs of blood, and the want of care 'taken of me, and a fever I felt coming 'on beſides——' (Poor ſoul!' ſaid my Uncle Toby)—'all together, an' pleaſe 'your honour, was more than I could 'ſuſtain!

'I was telling my ſufferings to a 'young woman at a peaſant's houſe, 'where our cart, which was the laſt of 'the line, had halted; they had helped 'me in, and the young woman had 'taken a cordial out of her pocket and 'dropped it upon ſome ſugar; and ſee-'ing it had cheared me, ſhe had given 'it me a ſecond and a third time.—So 'I was telling her, an' pleaſe your 'honour, the anguiſh I was in, and 'was ſaying it was ſo intolerable to 'me, that I had much rather lie down 'upon the bed, turning my face to-'wards one which was in the corner of 'the room—and die, than go on—'when, upon her attempting to lead 'me to it, I fainted away in her arms.

'—She

'—She was a good ſoul! as your ho-
'nour,' ſaid the corporal, wiping his eyes, 'will hear.'

'I thought *love* had been a joyous 'thing,' quoth my Uncle Toby.

'It is the moſt ſerious thing, an' 'pleaſe your honour, (ſometimes) that 'is in the world!—

'By the perſuaſion of the young wo-'man,' continued the corporal, 'the 'cart with the wounded men ſet off 'without me: ſhe had aſſured them I 'ſhould expire immediately if I was 'put into the cart. So when I came 'to myſelf—I found myſelf in a ſtill, 'quiet cottage, with no one but the 'young woman, and the peaſant and 'his wife. I was laid acroſs the bed in 'the corner of the room, with my 'wounded leg upon a chair, and the 'young woman beſide me, holding the 'corner of her handkerchief dipped in 'vinegar to my noſe with one hand, and 'rubbing my temples with the other.

'I took her, at firſt, for the daughter 'of the peaſant—(for it was no inn)— 'ſo had offered her a little purſe with 'eighteen florins, which my poor bro-'ther Tom—' (Here Trim wiped his eyes)—'had ſent me as a token, by a 'recruit, juſt before he ſet out for Liſ-'bon——

——'I never told your honour that 'piteous ſtory yet!'—Here Trim wiped his eyes a third time.—

'The young woman called the old 'man and his wife into the room, to 'ſhew them the money, in order to 'gain me credit for a bed, and what 'little neceſſaries I ſhould want, till I 'ſhould be in a condition to be got to 'the hoſpital.—"Come, then!" ſaid 'ſhe, tying up the little purſe—"I'll "be your banker!—but, as that office "alone will not keep me employed, "I'll be your nurſe too."

'I thought by her manner of ſpeak-'ing this, as well as by her dreſs, 'which I then began to conſider more 'attentively—that the young woman 'could not be the daughter of the pea-'ſant.

'She was in black down to her toes, 'with her hair concealed under a cam-'brick border, laid cloſe to her fore-'head: ſhe was one of thoſe kind of 'nuns, an' pleaſe your honour, of 'which, your honour knows, there 'are a good many in Flanders which 'they let go looſe.'——'By thy de-'ſcription, Trim,' ſaid my Uncle To-by, 'I dare ſay ſhe was a young *Beguine*, 'of which there are none to be found 'any where but in the Spaniſh Nether-'lands—except at Amſterdam.—They 'differ from nuns in this, that they 'can quit their cloiſter if they chuſe to 'marry; they viſit and take care of the 'ſick by profeſſion—I had rather, for 'my own part, they did it out of good-'nature!'

——'She often told me,' quoth Trim, 'ſhe did it for the love of Chriſt— 'I did not like it.'—'I believe, Trim, 'we are both wrong,' ſaid my Uncle Toby; 'we'll aſk Mr. Yorick about 'it to-night at my brother Shandy's— 'ſo put me in mind,' added my Uncle Toby.

'The young Beguine,' continued the corporal, 'had ſcarce given herſelf 'time to tell me *ſhe would be my nurſe*, 'when ſhe haſtily turned about to be-'gin the office of one, and prepare 'ſomething for me—and, in a ſhort 'time—though I thought it a long 'one—ſhe came back with flannels, '&c. &c. and having fomented my 'knee ſoundly for a couple of hours, '&c. and made me a thin baſon of 'gruel for my ſupper—ſhe wiſhed me 'reſt, and promiſed to be with me 'early in the morning.—She wiſhed 'me, an' pleaſe your honour, what 'was not to be had. My fever ran 'very high that night—her figure made 'ſad diſturbance within me—I was 'every moment cutting the world in 'two—to give her half of it—and eve-'ry moment was I crying, that I had 'nothing but a knapſack and eighteen 'florins to ſhare with her.—The whole 'night long was the fair Beguine, like 'an angel, cloſe by my bed-ſide, hold-'ing back my curtain and offering me 'cordials—and I was only awakened 'from my dream by her coming there 'at the hour promiſed, and giving 'them in reality. In truth, ſhe was 'ſcarce ever from me; and, ſo accuſ-'tomed was I to receive life from her 'hands, that my heart ſickened, and 'I loſt colour, when ſhe left the room: 'and yet,' continued the corporal—(making one of the ſtrangeſt reflections upon it in the world)——

——'*It was not love*—for, during 'the three weeks ſhe was almoſt con-'ſtantly with me, fomenting my knee 'with her hand, night and day—I can

'honeſtly ſay, an' pleaſe your honour—
'* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
'* * once.'

'That was very odd, Trim!' quoth my Uncle Toby.

'I think ſo too!' ſaid Mrs. Wadman.

'It never did!' ſaid the corporal.

CHAP. XXI.

——'But 'tis no marvel,' continued the corporal—ſeeing my Uncle Toby muſing upon it; 'for love, an' pleaſe 'your honour, is exactly like war, in 'this; that a ſoldier, though he has 'eſcaped three weeks compleat o'Saturday night—may nevertheleſs be ſhot 'through his heart on Sunday morning.—*It happened ſo here*, an' pleaſe 'your honour, with this difference 'only—that it was on Sunday in the 'afternoon, when I fell in love all at 'once with a ſiſſerara—it burſt upon 'me, an' pleaſe your honour, like a 'bomb—ſcarce giving me time to ſay, "God bleſs me!"

'I thought, Trim,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, 'a man never fell in love ſo 'very ſuddenly.'

'Yes, an' pleaſe your honour, if 'he is in the way of it;' replied Trim.

'I pr'ythee, quoth my Uncle Toby, 'inform me how this matter hap'pened?'

——'With all pleaſure!' ſaid the corporal, making a bow.

CHAP. XXII.

'I Had eſcaped,' continued the corporal, 'all that time from falling 'in love, and had gone on to the end 'of the chapter, had it not been pre'deſtined otherwiſe—there is no reſiſt'ing our fate.

'It was on a Sunday, in the after'noon, as I told your honour—

'The old man and his wife had 'walked out—

'Every thing was ſtill and huſh as 'midnight about the houſe—

'There was not ſo much as a duck 'or a duckling about the yard—

——'When the fair Beguine came 'in to ſee me.

'My wound was then in a fair way 'of doing well—the inflammation had 'been gone off for ſome time, but it 'was ſucceeded with an itching both 'above and below my knee ſo inſuf'ferable, that I had not ſhut my eyes 'the whole night for it.

"Let me ſee it," ſaid ſhe, kneeling 'down upon the ground parallel to my 'knee, and laying her hand upon the 'part below it: "it only wants rub"bing a little," ſaid the Beguine.—'So covering it with the bed-cloaths, 'ſhe began with the fore-finger of her 'right-hand to rub under my knee, 'guiding her fore finger backwards 'and forwards by the edge of the 'flannel which kept on the dreſſing.

'In five or ſix minutes I felt ſlightly the end of her ſecond finger—'and preſently it was laid flat with the 'other, and ſhe continued rubbing in 'that way round and round for a good 'while; it then came into my head that 'I ſhould fall in love—I bluſhed when 'I ſaw how white a hand ſhe had—I 'ſhall never, an' pleaſe your honour, 'behold another hand ſo white whilſt I 'live!'

——'Not in that place!' ſaid my Uncle Toby.

Though it was the moſt ſerious affair in nature to the corporal—he could not forbear ſmiling.

'The young Beguine,' continued the corporal, 'perceiving it was of great 'ſervice to me—from rubbing, for ſome 'time, with two fingers—proceeded to 'rub at length with three—till by little 'and little ſhe brought down the fourth, 'and then rubb'd with her whole hand: 'I will never ſay another word, an' 'pleaſe your honour, upon hands again '—but it was ſofter than ſattin.'

——'Pr'ythee, Trim, commend it 'as much as thou wilt!' ſaid my Uncle Toby; 'I ſhall hear thy ſtory with the 'more delight!' The corporal thanked his maſter moſt unfeignedly; but having nothing to ſay upon the Beguine's hand, but the ſame over again—he proceeded to the effects of it.

'The fair Beguine,' ſaid the corporal, 'continued rubbing with her whole 'hand under my knee—till I feared her 'zeal would weary her.—"I would do "a thouſand times more," ſaid ſhe, "for the love of Chriſt."—In ſaying 'which, ſhe paſſed her hand acroſs the 'flannel, to the part above my knee, 'which I had equally complained of, 'and rubbed it alſo.

'I perceived

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Plate VIII.

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'I perceived then I was beginning
'to be in love—
'As ſhe continued rub-rub rubbing
'—I felt it ſpread from under her hand,
'an' pleaſe your honour, to every part
'of my frame—
'The more ſhe rubb'd, and the longer
'ſtrokes ſhe took — the more the fire
'kindled in my veins — till at length,
'by two or three ſtrokes longer than the
'reſt — my paſſion roſe to the higheſt
'pitch—I ſeiz'd her hand—'
——'And then, thou clapped'ſt it to
'thy lips, Trim,' ſaid my Uncle Toby,
'and madeſt a ſpeech!'

Whether the corporal's amour terminated preciſely in the way my Uncle Toby deſcribed it, is not material; it is enough that it contain'd in it the eſſence of all the love romances which ever have been wrote ſince the beginning of the world.

CHAP. XXIII.

AS ſoon as the corporal had finiſh'd the ſtory of his amour—or rather my Uncle Toby for him—Mrs. Wadman ſilently ſallied forth from her arbour, replaced the pin in her mob, paſs'd the wicket gate, and advanced ſlowly towards my Uncle Toby's ſentry-box: the diſpoſition which Trim had made in my Uncle Toby's mind, was too favourable a criſis to be let ſlipp'd.

——The attack was determined upon: it was facilitated ſtill more by my Uncle Toby's having ordered the corporal to wheel off the pioneer's ſhovel, the ſpade, the pick-ax, the picquets, and other military ſtores which lay ſcatter'd upon the ground where Dunkirk ſtood. The corporal had march'd — the field was clear,

Now conſider, Sir, what nonſenſe it is, either in fighting or writing, or any thing elſe (whether in rhyme to it, or not) which a man has occaſion to do —to act by plan: for if ever plan, independent of all circumſtances, deſerved regiſtering in letters of gold—(I mean, in the archives of Gotham) — it was certainly the PLAN of Mrs. Wadman's attack of my Uncle Toby in his ſentry-box, BY PLAN—Now the Plan having up in it at this juncture, being the Plan of Dunkirk—and the tale of Dunkirk a tale of relaxation, it oppoſed every impreſſion ſhe could make: and beſides, could ſhe have gone upon it — the manœuvre of fingers and hands in the attack of the ſentry-box, was ſo outdone by that of the fair Beguine's, in Trim's ſtory—that juſt then, that particular attack, however ſucceſsful before — became the moſt heartleſs attack that could be made.

O! let woman alone for this.—Mrs. Wadman had ſcarce open'd the wicker-gate, when her genius ſported with the change of circumſtances.

——She formed a new attack in a moment.

CHAP. XXIV.

——'I am half diſtracted, Captain
'Shandy!' ſaid Mrs. Wadman, holding up her cambrick handkerchief to her left-eye, as ſhe approached the door of my Uncle Toby's ſentry-box—'a mote
'—or ſand—or ſomething—I know not
'what, has got into this eye of mine—
'do look into it—it is not in the white!'

In ſaying which, Mrs. Wadman edged herſelf cloſe in beſide my Uncle Toby, and ſqueezing herſelf down upon the corner of his bench, gave him an opportunity of doing it without riſing up.
—'Do look into it!' ſaid ſhe.

Honeſt ſoul! thou didſt look into it with as much innocency of heart, as ever child looked into a raree-ſhew box; and 'twere as much a ſin to have hurt thee!

——If a man will be peeping, of his own accord, into things of that nature —I've nothing to ſay to it—

My Uncle Toby never did: and I will anſwer for him, that he would have ſat quietly upon a ſofa from June to January, (which, you know, takes in both the hot and cold months) with an eye as fine as the Thracian Rodope's beſide him *, without being able to tell, whether it was a black, or a blue one.

The difficulty was, to get my Uncle Toby to look at one at all.

'Tis ſurmounted. And

I ſee him yonder with his pipe pendulous in his hand, and the aſhes falling

* Rodope Thracia tam ineverabili faſcino inſtructa, tam exacte oculis intuens attraxit, ut ſi in illam quis incideſſet, fieri non poſſet, quin caperetur.—*I know not who.*

out

out of it—looking—and looking—then rubbing his eyes—and looking again, with twice the good-nature that ever Galileo look'd for a ſpot in the ſun.

——In vain! for by all the powers which animate the organ—Widow Wadman's left-eye ſhines this moment as lucid as her right—there is neither mote, or ſand, or duſt, or chaff, or ſpeck, or particle of opake matter floating in it.—There is nothing, my dear paternal uncle! but one lambent delicious fire, furtively ſhooting out from every part of it, in all directions, into thine—

——If thou looketſt, Uncle Toby, in ſearch of this mote one moment longer—thou art undone.

CHAP. XXV.

AN eye is for all the world exactly like a cannon, in this reſpect; that it is not ſo much the eye or the cannon, in themſelves, as it is the carriage of the eye—and the carriage of the cannon—by which both the one and the other are enabled to do ſo much execution. I don't think the compariſon a bad one: however, as it is made and placed at the head of the chapter, as much for uſe as ornament, all I deſire in return is, that whenever I ſpeak of Mrs. Wadman's eyes (except once in the next period) that you keep it in your fancy.

'I proteſt, Madam,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, 'I can ſee nothing whatever in 'your eye.'

'It is not in the white!' ſaid Mrs. Wadman: my Uncle Toby look'd with might and main into the pupil.

Now of all the eyes, which ever were created—from your own, Madam, up to thoſe of Venus herſelf, which certainly were as venereal a pair of eyes as ever ſtood in a head—there never was an eye of them all, ſo fitted to rob my Uncle Toby of his repoſe, as the very eye at which he was looking—it was not, Madam, a rolling eye—a romping or a wanton one—nor was it an eye ſparkling—petulant or imperious—of high claims and terrifying exactions, which would have curdled at once that milk of human nature, of which my Uncle Toby was made up—but 'twas an eye full of gentle ſalutations—and ſoft reſponſes—ſpeaking—not like the trumpet-ſtop of ſome ill-made organ, in which many an eye I talk to holds coarſe converſe—but whiſpering ſoft—like the laſt low accents of an expiring ſaint—'How can you live comfortleſs, 'Captain Shandy, and alone, without 'a boſom to lean your head on—or 'truſt your cares to!'

It was an eye——

But I ſhall be in love with it myſelf, if I ſay another word about it.

——It did my Uncle Toby's buſineſs.

CHAP. XXVI.

THERE is nothing ſhews the characters of my father and my Uncle Toby, in a more entertaining light, than their different manner of deportment, under the ſame accident—for I call not love a misfortune, from a perſuaſion, that a man's heart is ever the better for it—Great God! what muſt my Uncle Toby's have been, when 'twas all benignity without it!

My father, as appears from many of his papers, was very ſubject to this paſſion, before he married—but from a little ſubacid kind of drolliſh impatience in his nature, whenever it befel him, he would never ſubmit to it like a chriſtian; but would piſh, and huff, and bounce, and kick, and play the devil, and write the bitterest Philippicks againſt the eye, that ever man wrote—there is one in verſe upon ſomebody's eye or other, that for two or three nights together, had put him by his reſt; which, in his firſt tranſport of reſentment againſt it, he begins thus—

'A devil 'tis—and miſchief ſuch doth work,
'As never yet did Pagan, Jew, or Turk*.'

In ſhort, during the whole paroxiſm, my father was all abuſe and foul language, approaching rather towards malediction—only he did not do it with as much method as Ernulphus—he was too impetuous; nor with Ernulphus's policy—for though my father, with the moſt intolerant ſpirit, would curſe both this and that, and every thing under heaven, which was either aiding or abetting to his love—yet he never concluded his chapter of curſes upon it, without

* This will be printed with my father's Life of Socrates, &c. &c.

curſing

curſing himſelf in at the bargain, as one of the moſt egregious fools and coxcombs, he would ſay, that ever was let looſe in the world.

My Uncle Toby, on the contrary, took it like a lamb—ſat ſtill and let the poiſon work in his veins without reſiſtance—in the ſharpeſt exacerbations of his wound (like that on his groin) he never dropt one fretful or diſcontented word—he blamed neither heaven nor earth—or thought or ſpoke an injurious thing of any body, or any part of it; he ſat ſolitary and penſive with his pipe—looking at his lame leg—then whiffing out a ſentimental heigh-ho! which mixing with the ſmoke, incommoded no one mortal.

He took it like a lamb—I ſay.

In truth, he had miſtook it at firſt; for having taken a ride with my father, that very morning, to ſave if poſſible a beautiful wood, which the dean and chapter were hewing down to give to the poor *; which ſaid wood being in full view of my Uncle Toby's houſe, and of ſingular ſervice to him in his deſcription of the battle of Wynnendale—by trotting on too haſtily to ſave it—upon an uneaſy ſaddle—worſe horſe, &c. &c. . . it had ſo happened, that the ſerous part of the blood had got betwixt the two ſkins, in the nethermoſt part of my Uncle Toby—the firſt ſhootings of which (as my Uncle Toby had no experience of love) he had taken for a part of the paſſion—till the bliſter breaking in the one caſe—and the other remaining—my Uncle Toby was preſently convinced, that his wound was not a ſkin-deep wound—but that it had gone to his heart.

CHAP. XXVII.

THE world is aſhamed of being virtuous—My Uncle Toby knew little of the world; and therefore, when he felt he was in love with Widow Wadman, he had no conception that the thing was any more to be made a myſtery of, than if Mrs. Wadman had given him a cut with a gap'd knife acroſs his finger. Had it been otherwiſe—yet, as he ever looked upon Trim as a humble friend; and ſaw freſh reaſons every day of his life, to treat him as ſuch—it would have made no variation in the manner in which he informed him of the affair.

'I am in love, corporal!' quoth my Uncle Toby.

CHAP. XXVIII.

'IN love!' ſaid the corporal; 'your 'honour was very well the day 'before yeſterday, when I was telling 'your honour the ſtory of the King of 'Bohemia!'—'Bohemia!' ſaid my Uncle Toby—muſing a long time—'What became of that ſtory, Trim?'

——'We loſt it, an' pleaſe your 'honour, ſomehow betwixt us—but 'your honour was as free from love 'then, as I am—'twas juſt whilſt thou 'went'ſt off with the wheel-barrow—'with Mrs. Wadman,' quoth my Uncle Toby—'She has left a ball 'here!' added my Uncle Toby—pointing to his breaſt.

——'She can no more, an' pleaſe 'your honour, ſtand a ſiege, than ſhe 'can fly!' cried the corporal.'

——'But, as we are neighbours, 'Trim—the beſt way, I think, is to 'let her know it civilly firſt!' quoth my Uncle Toby.

'Now if I might preſume,' ſaid the corporal, 'to differ from your ho-'nour—'

——'Why elſe do I talk to thee, 'Trim!' ſaid my Uncle Toby, mildly.

——'Then I would begin, an' pleaſe 'your honour, with making a good 'thundering attack upon her, in re-'turn—and telling her civilly after-'wards—for, if ſhe knows any thing 'of your honour's being in love, be-'fore-hand——' 'L—d help her!' 'ſhe knows no more at preſent of it, 'Trim,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, 'than 'the child unborn.'

Precious ſouls!—

Mrs. Wadman had told it, with all it's circumſtances, to Mrs. Bridget, twenty-four hours before; and was at that very moment ſitting in council with her, touching ſome ſlight miſgivings with regard to the iſſue of the affair, which the devil, who never lies dead in a ditch, had put into her head—before

* Mr. Shandy muſt mean the poor *in ſpirit*: inaſmuch as they divided the money amongſt themſelves.

he

he would allow half time to get quietly through her *Te Deum*.

'I am terribly afraid,' ſaid Widow Wadman, 'in caſe I ſhould marry him, 'Bridget—that the poor captain will 'not enjoy his health, with the mon-'ſtrous wound upon his groin.'

'It may not, Madam, be ſo very 'large,' replied Bridget, 'as you think; '—and I believe, beſides,' added ſhe, 'that 'tis dried up.'

——'I could like to know—merely 'for his ſake!' ſaid Mrs. Wadman.

—'We'll know the long and the 'broad of it, in ten days,' anſwered Mrs. Bridget; 'for, whilſt the captain 'is paying his addreſſes to you—I'm 'confident Mr. Trim will be for mak-'ing love to me—and I'll let him, as 'much as he will,' added Bridget, 'to 'get it all out of him.'

The meaſures were taken at once—and my Uncle Toby and the corporal went on with theirs.

'Now,' quoth the corporal, ſetting his left-hand a kimbo, and giving ſuch a flouriſh with his right, as juſt promiſed ſucceſs—and no more; 'if your 'honour will give me leave to lay down 'the plan of this attack—'

——'Thou wilt pleaſe me by it, 'Trim,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, exceedingly; 'and, as I foreſee thou muſt act 'in it as my aid de camp, here's a 'crown, corporal, to begin with, to 'ſteep thy commiſſion.'

'Then, an' pleaſe your honour,' ſaid the corporal,—(making a bow firſt for his commiſſion)—'we will begin with 'getting your honour's laced cloaths 'out of the great campaign trunk, to 'be well aired, and have the blue and 'gold taken up at the ſleeves—and I'll 'put your white ramallie-wig freſh into 'pipes—and ſend for a taylor, to have 'your honour's thin ſcarlet breeches 'turned—'

——'I had better take the red pluſh 'ones!' quoth my Uncle Toby.—'They will be too clumſy,' ſaid the corporal.

CHAP. XXIX.

——'Thou wilt get a bruſh and a 'little chalk to my ſword—' 'Twill 'be only in your honour's way,' replied Trim.

CHAP. XXX.

——'But your honour's two razors 'ſhall be new ſet—and I will get my 'Montero-cap furbiſh'd up, and put on 'poor Lieutenant Le Fevre's regimental 'coat, which your honour gave me to 'wear for his ſake—and as ſoon as 'your honour is clean ſhaved, and has 'got your clean ſhirt on, with your blue 'and gold, or your fine ſcarlet—ſome-'times one and ſometimes t'other—and 'every thing is ready for the attack—'we'll march up boldly, as if 'twas to 'the face of a baſtion; and whilſt your 'honour engages Mrs. Wadman in the 'parlour, to the right—I'll attack Mrs. 'Bridget in the kitchen, to the left; 'and having ſeiz'd that paſs, I'll an-'ſwer for it,' ſaid the corporal, ſnapping his fingers over his head, 'that 'the day is our own!'

'I wiſh I may but manage it right,' ſaid my Uncle Toby; 'but I declare, 'corporal, I had rather march up to 'the very edge of a trench—'

——'A woman is quite a different 'thing!' ſaid the corporal.

——'I ſuppoſe ſo!' quoth my Uncle Toby.

CHAP. XXXI.

IF any thing in this world, which my father ſaid, could have provoked my Uncle Toby during the time he was in love, it was the perverſe uſe my father was always making of an expreſſion of Hilarion the hermit; who, in ſpeaking of his abſtinence, his watchings, flagellations, and other inſtrumental parts of his religion—would ſay—though with more facetiouſneſs than became a hermit—*that they were the means he uſed, to make his* ASS (meaning his BODY) *leave off kicking*.

It pleaſed my father well; it was not only a laconick way of expreſſing—but of libelling, at the ſame time, the deſires and appetites of the lower part of us; ſo that, for many years of my father's life, 'twas his conſtant mode of expreſſion—he never uſed the word *paſſions* once—but *aſs* always inſtead of them—So that he might be ſaid truly, to have been upon the bones, or the back of his own aſs, or elſe of ſome other man's, during all that time.

I muſt

I muſt here obſerve to you, the difference betwixt

My father's *aſs*

and my *hobby-horſe*—in order to keep characters as ſeparate as may be, in our fancies, as we go along.

For my hobby-horſe, if you recollect a little, is no way a vicious beaſt; he has ſcarce one hair or lineament of the aſs about him—'tis the ſporting little filly-folly which carries you out for the preſent hour—a maggot, a butterfly, a picture, a fiddle-ſtick—an Uncle Toby's ſiege—or an *anything*, which a man makes a ſhift to get a-ſtride on, to canter it away from the cares and ſolicitudes of life.—'Tis as uſeful a beaſt as is in the whole creation—nor do I really ſee how the world could do without it—

——But, for my father's aſs—oh! mount him—mount him—mount him—(that's three times, is it not?)—mount him not—'tis a beaſt concupiſcent—and foul befal the man who does not hinder him from kicking!

CHAP. XXXII.

'WELL! dear brother Toby,' ſaid my father—upon his firſt ſeeing him after he fell in love—'and how goes it with your ASSE?'

Now my Uncle Toby thinking more of the *part* where he had had the bliſter, than of Hilarion's metaphor—and our pre-conceptions having (you know) as great a power over the ſounds of words as the ſhapes of things, he had imagined, that my father, who was not very ceremonious in his choice of words, had enquired after the part by it's proper name; ſo, notwithſtanding my mother, Doctor Slop, and Mr. Yorick, were ſitting in the parlour, he thought it rather civil to conform to the term my father had made uſe of than not.—When a man is hemmed in by two indecorums, and muſt commit one of 'em—I always obſerve—let him chuſe which he will, the world will blame him—ſo I ſhould not be aſtoniſhed if it blames my Uncle Toby.

'My a—e,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'is much better, brother Shandy.'—My father had formed great expectations from his Aſſe in this onſet; and would have brought him on again; but Doctor Slop ſetting up an intemperate laugh—and my mother crying out 'L—d bleſs us!' it drove my father's Aſſe off the field—and the laugh then becoming general—there was no bringing him back to the charge for ſome time——

And ſo the diſcourſe went on without him.

'Every body,' ſaid my mother, 'ſays 'you are in love, brother Toby—and 'we hope it is true.'

'I am as much in love, ſiſter, I believe,' replied my Uncle Toby, 'as 'any man uſually is.'—'Humph!' ſaid my father.—'And when did you 'know it?' quoth my mother.

——'When the bliſter broke,' replied my Uncle Toby.

My Uncle Toby's reply put my father into good temper—ſo he charged o'foot.

CHAP. XXXIII.

'AS the ancients agree, brother 'Toby,' ſaid my father, 'that 'there are two different and diſtinct 'kinds of *love*, according to the dif-'ferent parts which are affected by it—'the brain or liver—I think, when a 'man is in love, it behoves him a little 'to conſider which of the two he is 'fallen into.'

'What ſignifies it, brother Shandy,' replied my Uncle Toby, 'which of the 'two it is, provided it will but make 'a man marry, and love his wife, and 'get a few children!'

——'A few children!' cried my father, riſing out of his chair, and looking full in my mother's face, as he forced his way betwixt her's and Doctor Slop's—'a few children!' cried my father, repeating my Uncle Toby's words as he walked to and fro.

——'Not, my dear brother Toby,' cried my father, recovering himſelf all at once, and coming cloſe up to the back of my Uncle Toby's chair—'not 'that I ſhould be ſorry had'ſt thou a 'ſcore—on the contrary, I ſhould re-'joice—and be as kind, Toby, to eve-'ry one of them as a father.'

My Uncle Toby ſtole his hand unperceived behind his chair, to give my father's a squeeze.

——'Nay, moreover,' continued he, keeping hold of my Uncle Toby's hand; 'ſo much doſt thou poſſeſs, my dear

'Toby, of the milk of human nature, 'and ſo little of it's aſperities—'tis pi-'teous the world is not peopled by 'creatures which reſemble thee; and 'was I an Aſiatick monarch,' added my father, heating himſelf with his new project—'I would oblige thee, 'provided it would not impair thy 'ſtrength—or dry up thy radical moiſ-'ture too faſt—or weaken thy memory 'or fancy, brother Toby—which theſe 'gymnicks, inordinately taken, are apt 'to do—elſe, dear Toby, I would pro-'cure thee the moſt beautiful woman 'in my empire, and I would oblige 'thee, *nolens volens*, to beget for me 'one ſubject every *month*.'

As my father pronounced the laſt word of the ſentence—my mother took a pinch of ſnuff.

'Now I would not,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'get a child, *nolens volens*, '(that is, whether I would or no) to 'pleaſe the greateſt prince upon earth!'

——'And 'twould be cruel in me, 'brother Toby, to compel thee!' ſaid my father: 'but 'tis a caſe put, to ſhew 'thee, that it is not thy begetting a 'child—in caſe thou ſhould'ſt be able— 'but the ſyſtem of love and marriage 'thou goeſt upon, which I would ſet 'thee right in.'

'There is, at leaſt,' ſaid Yorick, 'a great deal of reaſon and plain ſenſe 'in Captain Shandy's opinion of love: 'and 'tis amongſt the ill-ſpent hours of 'my life which I have to anſwer for, 'that I have read ſo many flouriſhing 'poets and rhetoricians in my time, 'from whom I never could extract ſo 'much.'

'I wiſh, Yorick,' ſaid my father, 'you had read Plato; for there you 'would have learnt that there are two 'LOVES.'—'I know there were two 'RELIGIONS,' replied Yorick, 'a-'monſt the ancients—one for the vul-'gar, and another for the learned: 'but I think ONE LOVE might have 'ſerved both of them very well.'

'It could not,' replied my father; 'and for the ſame reaſons: for of theſe 'loves, according to Ficinus's com-'ment upon Velaſius, the one is *ra-'tional*——

——'The other is *natural*—— 'the firſt ancient—without mother— 'where Venus had nothing to do: the 'ſecond, begotten of Jupiter and Di-'one.'

——'Pray, brother,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'what has a man who be-'lieves in God to do with this?'—My father could not ſtop to anſwer, for fear of breaking the thread of his diſ-courſe.

'This latter,' continued he, 'par-'takes wholly of the nature of Venus.

'The firſt, which is the golden chain 'let down from heaven, excites to love 'heroick, which comprehends in it, 'and excites to the deſire of philoſophy 'and truth—the ſecond, excites to *de-'ſire*, ſimply.'

'I think the procreation of children 'as beneficial to the world,' ſaid Yo-rick, 'as the finding out the longi-'tude.'

——'To be ſure,' ſaid my mother, '*love* keeps peace in the world.'

——'In the *houſe*—my dear, I own!'—'It repleniſhes the earth,' ſaid my mother.

'But it keeps heaven empty—my 'dear!' replied my father.

——'It is virginity,' cried Slop, triumphantly, 'which fills paradiſe.'

'Well puſh'd, nun!' quoth my fa-ther.

CHAP. XXXIV.

MY father had ſuch a ſkirmiſhing, cutting kind of a ſlaſhing way with him in his diſputations, thruſting and ripping, and giving every one a ſtroke to remember him by in his turn—that if there were twenty people in com-pany—in leſs than half an hour he was ſure to have every one of them againſt him.

What did not a little contribute to leave him thus without an ally, was, that if there was any one poſt more un-tenable than the reſt, he would be ſure to throw himſelf into it; and to *do* him juſtice, when he was once there, he would defend it ſo gallantly, that 'twould have been a concern, either to a brave man, or a good-natured one, to have ſeen him driven out.

Yorick, for this reaſon, though he would often attack him—yet could never bear to do it with all his force.

Doctor Slop's VIRGINITY, in the cloſe of the laſt chapter, had got him for once on the right ſide of the rampart; and he was beginning to blow up all the convents in Chriſtendom about

Slop's

Slop's ears, when corporal Trim came into the parlour, to inform my Uncle Toby, that his thin ſcarlet breeches, in which the attack was to be made upon Mrs. Wadman, would not do; for that the taylor, in ripping them up, in order to turn them, had found they had been turn'd before. 'Then turn 'them again, brother,' ſaid my father rapidly, 'for there will be many a 'turning of 'em yet before all's done in 'the affair.'—'They are as rotten as 'dirt,' ſaid the corporal.—'Then, by 'all means,' ſaid my father, 'beſpeak 'a new pair, brother—for though I 'know,' continued my father, turning himſelf to the company, 'that Widow 'Wadman has been deeply in love 'with my brother Toby for many 'years, and has uſed every art and cir-'cumvention of woman to outwit him 'into the ſame paſſion, yet now that 'ſhe has caught him—her fever will 'be paſs'd it's height—

—'She has gain'd her point.

'In this caſe,' continued my father, 'which Plato, I am perſuaded, never 'thought of—*Love*, you ſee, is not ſo 'much a SENTIMENT as a SITUA-'TION, into which a man enters, as 'my brother Toby would do into a '*corps*—no matter whether he loves the 'ſervice or no—being once in it—he 'acts as if he did; and takes every ſtep 'to ſhew himſelf a man of proweſs.'

The hypotheſis, like the reſt of my father's, was plauſible enough; and my Uncle Toby had but a ſingle word to object to it—in which Trim ſtood ready to ſecond him—but my father had not drawn his concluſion.

'For this reaſon,' continued my father, (ſtating the caſe over again) 'not-'withſtanding all the world knows, 'that Mrs. Wadman *affects* my bro-'ther Toby—and my brother Toby 'contrariwiſe *affects* Mrs. Wadman, 'and no obſtacle in nature to forbid 'the muſick ſtriking up this very night, 'yet will I anſwer for it, that this ſelf-'ſame tune will not be play'd this 'twelvemonth.'

'We have taken our meaſures badly?' quoth my Uncle Toby, looking up interrogatively in Trim's face.

'I would lay my Montero-cap,' ſaid Trim—(Now Trim's Montero-cap, as I once told you, was his conſtant wager; and having furbiſh'd it up that very night, in order to go upon the attack—it made the odds look more conſiderable)——'I would lay, an' pleaſe your 'honour, my Montero cap to a ſhil-'ling—was it proper,' continued Trim, (making a bow) 'to offer a wager be-'fore your honours—'

——'There is nothing improper in 'it,' ſaid my father; 'it is a mode 'of expreſſion: for, in ſaying thou 'would'ſt lay thy Montero-cap to a 'ſhilling—all thou meaneſt is this—'thou believeſt—

——'Now, what do'ſt thou be-'lieve?'

'That Widow Wadman, an' pleaſe 'your worſhip, cannot hold it out ten 'days.'

'And whence,' cried Slop, jeeringly, 'haſt thou all this knowledge of wo-'man, friend?'

'By falling in love with a Popiſh 'clergy-woman,' ſaid Trim.

'It was a *Beguine*,' ſaid my Uncle Toby.

Doctor Slop was too much in wrath to liſten to the diſtinction; and my father taking that very criſis to fall in helter-ſkelter upon the whole Order of Nuns and Beguines—a ſet of filly, fuſty baggages—Slop could not ſtand it—and my Uncle Toby having ſome meaſures to take about his breeches—and Yorick about his fourth general diviſion—in order for their ſeveral attacks next day—the company broke up: and my father being left alone; and having half an hour on his hands betwixt that and bed-time, he called for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote my Uncle Toby the following letter of inſtructions.

'MY DEAR BROTHER TOBY,

'WHAT I am going to ſay to 'thee, is upon the nature of 'women, and of love-making to them; 'and perhaps it is as well for thee—'though not ſo well for me—that thou 'haſt occaſion for a letter of inſtruc-'tions upon that head, and that I am 'able to write it to thee.

'Had it been the good pleaſure of 'Him who diſpoſes of our lots—and 'thou no ſufferer by the knowledge—'I had been well content that thou 'ſhould'ſt have dipp'd the pen this mo-'ment into the ink, inſtead of myſelf; 'but that not being the caſe—Mrs. 'Shandy being now cloſe beſides me, 'preparing for bed—I have thrown

'together, without order, and juſt as 'they have come into my mind, ſuch 'hints and documents as I deem may 'be of uſe to thee; intending, in this, 'to give thee a token of my love; not 'doubting, my dear Toby, of the man-'ner in which it will be accepted.

'In the firſt place, with regard to all 'which concerns religion in the affair—'though I perceive from a glow in my 'cheek, that I bluſh as I begin to ſpeak 'to thee upon the ſubject, as well know-'ing, notwithſtanding thy unaffected 'ſecrecy, how few of it's offices thou 'neglecteſt—yet I would remind thee 'of one (during the continuance of thy 'courtſhip) in a particular manner, 'which I would not have omitted: and 'that is, never to go forth upon the 'enterprize, whether it be in the morn-'ing or in the afternoon, without firſt 'recommending thyſelf to the protec-'tion of Almighty God, that he may 'defend thee from the evil one.

'Shave the whole top of thy crown 'clean, once at leaſt every four or five 'days, but oftner if convenient; leſt 'in taking off thy wig before her, 'through abſence of mind, ſhe ſhould 'be able to diſcover how much has 'been cut away by Time—how much 'by Trim.

'It were better to keep ideas of bald-'neſs out of her fancy.

'Always carry it in thy mind, and 'act upon it, as a ſure maxim, Toby—'*That women are timid*: and 'tis 'well they are—elſe there would be no 'dealing with them.

'Let not thy breeches be too tight, 'or hang too looſe about thy thighs, 'like the trunk-hoſe of our anceſtors.

——'A juſt medium prevents all con-'cluſions—

'Whatever thou haſt to ſay, be it 'more or leſs, forget not to utter it in 'a low ſoft tone of voice. Silence, and 'whatever approaches it, waves dreams 'of midnight ſecrecy into the brain; 'for this cauſe, if thou canſt help it, 'never throw down the tongs and poker.

'Avoid all kinds of pleaſantry and 'facetiouſneſs in thy diſcourſe with her, 'and do whatever lies in thy power at 'the ſame time, to keep from her all 'books and writings which tend there-'to: there are ſome devotional tracts, 'which if thou canſt entice her to read 'over—it will be well: but ſuffer her 'not to look into Rabelais, or Scar-'ron, or Don Quixote—

——'They are all books which ex-'cite laughter; and thou knoweſt, dear 'Toby, that there is no paſſion ſo ſe-'rious as luſt.

'Stick a pin in the boſom of thy 'ſhirt, before thou entereſt her par-'lour.

'And if thou art permitted to ſit 'upon the ſame ſofa with her, and ſhe 'gives thee occaſion to lay thy hand 'upon her's—beware of taking it—'thou can'ſt not lay thy hand on her's, 'but ſhe will feel the temper of thine. 'Leave that, and as many other things 'as thou can'ſt, quite undetermined; 'by ſo doing, thou wilt have her cu-'rioſity on thy ſide; and if ſhe is not 'conquered by that, and thy ASSE con-'tinues ſtill kicking, which there is 'great reaſon to ſuppoſe—thou muſt 'begin, with firſt loſing a few ounces 'of blood below the ears, according to 'the practice of the ancient Scythians, 'who cured the moſt intemperate fits 'of the appetite by that means.

'Avicenna, after this, is for having 'the part anointed with the ſyrup of 'helleb're, uſing proper evacuations and 'purges—and, I believe, rightly. But 'thou muſt eat little or no goat's fleſh, 'nor red deer—nor even foal's fleſh by 'any means; and carefully abſtain—'that is, as much as thou can'ſt—from 'peacocks, cranes, coots, didappers, 'and water-hens—

'As for thy drink—I need not tell 'thee, it muſt be the infuſion of VER-'VAIN, and the herb HANEA, of which 'Ælian relates ſuch effects—but if thy 'ſtomach palls with it—diſcontinue it 'from time to time, taking cucumbers, 'melons, purſlane, water-lilies, wood-'bine, and lettice, in the ſtead of them.

'There is nothing farther for thee, 'which occurs to me at preſent—

——'Unleſs the breaking out of a 'freſh war.—So wiſhing every thing, 'dear Toby, for the beſt—

'I reſt thy affectionate brother,

'WALTER SHANDY.'

CHAP. XXXV.

WHILST my father was writing his letter of inſtructions, my Uncle Toby and the corporal were buſy in

in preparing every thing for the attack. As the turning of the thin ſcarlet breeches was laid aſide (at leaſt for the preſent) there was nothing which ſhould put it off beyond the next morning; ſo accordingly it was reſolved upon for eleven o'clock.

'Come, my dear,' ſaid my father to my mother—'it will be but like a brother and ſiſter, if you and I take a walk down to my brother Toby's—to countenance him in this attack of his.'

My Uncle Toby and the corporal had been accoutred both ſome time, when my father and mother entered—and the clock ſtriking eleven, were that moment in motion to ſally forth—but the account of this is worth more, than to be wove into the fag-end of the eighth volume of ſuch a work as this.—My father had no time but to put the letter of inſtructions into my Uncle Toby's coat-pocket—and join with my mother in wiſhing his attack proſperous.

'I could like,' ſaid my mother, 'to look through the key-hole, out of *curioſity*.'—'Call it by it's right name, my dear,' quoth my father—

'*And look through the key hole* as long as you will.'

END OF THE EIGHTH VOLUME.

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

VOLUME THE NINTH.

CHAP. I.

I Call all the powers of time and chance, which ſeverally check us in our careers in this world, to bear me witneſs that I could never yet get fairly to my Uncle Toby's amours, till this very moment, that my mother's *curioſity*, as ſhe ſtated the affair—or a different impulſe in her, as my father would have it—wiſhed her to take a peep at them through the key-hole.

'Call it, my dear, by it's right name,' quoth my father, 'and look through 'the key-hole as long as you will.'

Nothing but the fermentation of that little ſubacid humour, which I have often ſpoken of, in my father's habit, could have vented ſuch an inſinuation—he was, however, frank and generous in his nature, and at all times open to conviction; ſo that he had ſcarce got to the laſt word of this ungracious retort, when his conſcience ſmote him.

My mother was then conjugally ſwinging with her left-arm twiſted under his right, in ſuch wiſe, that the inſide of her hand reſted upon the back of his—ſhe raiſed her fingers, and let them fall—it could ſcarce be called a tap—or if it was a tap—'twould have puzzled a caſuiſt to ſay, whether it was a tap of re monſtrance, or a tap of confeſſion—my fa r, who was all ſenſibilities from head to ot, claſſed it right—Conſcience redoubled her blow—he turned his face ſuddenly the other way, and my mother ſuppoſing his body was about to turn with it in order to move homewards, by a croſs movement of her right-leg, keeping her left as it's centre, brought herſelf ſo far in front, that as he turned his head, he met her eyes.—Confuſion again! he ſaw a thouſand reaſons to wipe out the reproach, and as many to reproach himſelf—a thin, blue, chill, pellucid chryſtal, with all it's humours ſo at reſt, the leaſt mote or ſpeck of deſire might have been ſeen at the bottom of it, had it exiſted—it did not—and how I happened to be ſo lewd myſelf, particularly a little before the vernal and autumnal equinoxes—Heaven above knows!——My mother, Madam, was ſo at no time,—either by nature, by inſtitution, or example.

A temperate current of blood ran orderly through her veins in all months of the year, and in all critical moments both of the day and night alike; nor did ſhe ſuperinduce the leaſt heat into her humours from the manual effervescencies of devotional tracts—which having little or no meaning in them, nature is oft-times obliged to find one.—And as for my father's example, 'twas ſo far from being either aiding or abetting thereunto, that 'twas the whole buſineſs of his life to keep all fancies of that kind out of her head.—Nature had done her part, to have ſpared him this trouble; and what was not a little inconſiſtent,

inconſiſtent, my father knew it.—And here am I ſitting, this 12th day of Auguſt 1766, in a purple jerkin and yellow pair of ſlippers, without either wig or cap on, a moſt tragi-comical completion of his prediction, *that I ſhould neither think nor act like any other man's child, upon that very account.*

The miſtake of my father, was in attacking my mother's motive, inſtead of the act itſelf: for certainly key-holes were made for other purpoſes; and conſidering the act, as an act which interfered with a true propoſition, and denied a key hole to be what it was—it became a violation of nature; and was ſo far, you ſee, criminal.

It is for this reaſon, an' pleaſe your reverences, that key-holes are the occaſions of more ſin and wickedneſs, than all other holes in this world put together.

——Which leads me to my Uncle Toby's amours.

CHAP. II.

THOUGH the corporal had been as good as his word in putting my Uncle Toby's great ramillie-wig into pipes, yet the time was too ſhort to produce any great effects from it: it had lain many years ſqueezed up in the corner of his old campaign-trunk; and as bad forms are not ſo eaſy to be got the better of, and the uſe of candle-ends not ſo well underſtood, it was not ſo pliable a buſineſs as one would have wiſhed. The corporal, with cheery eye and both arms extended, had fallen back perpendicular from it a ſcore times, to inſpire it, if poſſible, with a better air — had SPLEEN given a look at it, 'twould have coſt her ladyſhip a ſmile—it curl'd every where but where the corporal would have it; and where a buckle or two, in his opinion, would have done it honour, he could as ſoon have raiſed the dead.

Such it was—or rather ſuch would it have ſeem'd upon any other brow; but the ſweet look of goodneſs which ſat upon my Uncle Toby's, aſſimulated every thing around it ſo ſovereignly to itſelf, and Nature had moreover wrote *Gentleman* with ſo fair a hand in every line of his countenance, that even his tarniſh'd gold-laced hat and huge cockade of flimſy taffeta became him; and though not worth a button in themſelves, yet the moment my Uncle Toby put them on, they became ſerious objects, and altogether ſeem'd to have been pick'd up by the hand of Science to ſet him off to advantage.

Nothing in this world could have co-operated more powerfully towards this, than my Uncle Toby's blue and gold—*had not quantity in ſome meaſure been neceſſary to grace:* in a period of fifteen or ſixteen years ſince they had been made, by a total inactivity in my Uncle Toby's life, for he ſeldom went farther than the bowling-green—his blue and gold had become ſo miſerably too ſtrait for him, that it was with the utmoſt difficulty the corporal was able to get him into them: the taking them up at the ſleeves was of no advantage. — They were laced, however, down the back, and at the ſeams of the ſides, &c. in the mode of King William's reign; and to ſhorten all deſcription, they ſhone ſo bright againſt the ſun that morning, and had ſo metallick, and doughty an air with them, that had my Uncle Toby thought of attacking in armour, nothing could have ſo well impoſed upon his imagination.

As for the thin ſcarlet breeches, they had been unripp'd by the taylor between the legs, and left at *fixes* and *ſevens*.

——Yes, Madam—but let us govern our fancies. It is enough they were held impracticable the night before, and as there was no alternative in my Uncle Toby's wardrobe, he ſallied forth in the red pluſh.

The corporal had array'd himſelf in poor Le Fevre's regimental coat; and with his hair tuck'd up under his Montero-cap, which he had furbiſh'd up for the occaſion, march'd three paces diſtant from his maſter: a whiff of military pride had puffed out his ſhirt at the wriſt; and upon that, in a black leather thong clipp'd into a taſſel beyond the knot, hung the corporal's ſtick.—My Uncle Toby carried his cane like a pike.

——'It looks well, at leaſt!' quoth my father to himſelf.

CHAP. III.

MY Uncle Toby turn'd his head more than once behind him, to ſee how he was ſupported by the corporal;

jail; and the corporal as oft as he did it, gave a ſlight flouriſh with his ſtick—but not vapouringly; and, with the ſweeteſt accent of moſt reſpectful encouragement, bid his honour *never fear*.

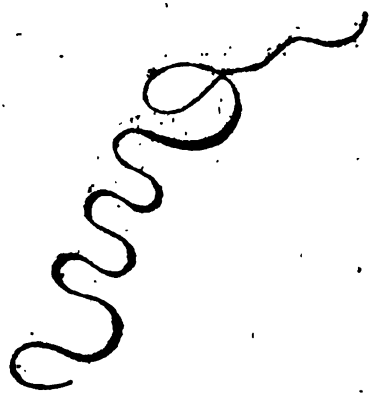
Now my Uncle Toby did fear, and grievouſly too: he knew not (as my father had reproach'd him) ſo much as the right end of a woman from the wrong, and therefore was never altogether at his eaſe—near any one of them—unleſs in ſorrow or diſtreſs—then infinite was his pity; nor would the moſt courteous knight of romance have gone farther, at leaſt upon one leg, to have wiped away a tear from a woman's eye: and yet, excepting once that he was beguiled into it by Mrs. Wadman, he had never looked ſtedfaſtly into one; and would often tell my father in the ſimplicity of his heart, that it was almoſt (if not alout) as bad as talking bawdy.

—'And ſuppoſe it is!' my father would ſay,

'—or ſo ſweet, an' pleaſe your honour, 'as liberty.'

'Nothing, Trim!' ſaid my Uncle Toby, muſing.

'Whilſt a man is free—' cried the corporal, giving a flouriſh with his ſtick thus—



CHAP. IV.

'SHE cannot,' quoth my Uncle Toby, halting, when they had march'd up to within twenty paces of Mrs. Wadman's door—'ſhe cannot, 'corporal, take it amiſs!'

—'She will take it, an' pleaſe 'your honoſtir,' ſaid the corporal, 'juſt 'as the Jew's widow at Liſbon took it 'of my brother Tom.'

—'And how was that?' quoth my Uncle Toby, facing quite about to the corporal.

'Your honour,' replied the corporal, 'knows of Tom's miſfortunes; but 'this affair has nothing to do with them, 'any farther than this, that if Tom had 'not married the widow—or had it 'pleaſed God after their marriage, that 'they had but put pork into their ſauſages, the honeſt ſoul had never been 'taken out of his warm bed, and 'dragg'd to the inquiſition.—'Tis a 'curſed place!' added the corporal, ſhaking his head: 'when once a poor 'creature is in, he is in, an' pleaſe your 'honour, for ever.'

'Tis very true!' ſaid my Uncle Toby—looking gravely at Mrs. Wadman's houſe as he ſpoke.

'Nothing,' continued the corporal, 'can be ſo bad as confinement for life A thouſand of my father's moſt ſubtle ſyllogiſms could not have ſaid more for celibacy.

My Uncle Toby looked earneſtly toward his cottage and his bowling-green.

The corporal had unwarily conjured up the ſpirit of calculation with his wand; and he had nothing to do, but to conjure him down again with his ſtory, and in this form of exorciſm, moſt un-eccleſiaſtically did the corporal do it.

CHAP. V.

'AS Tom's place, an' pleaſe your 'honour, was eaſy—and the 'weather warm—it put him upon think-'ing ſeriouſly of ſettling himſelf in the 'world; and as it fell out about that 'time, that a Jew who kept a ſauſage-'ſhop in the ſame ſtreet, had the ill 'luck to die of a ſtrangury, and leave 'his widow in poſſeſſion of a rouzing 'trade—Tom thought (as every body 'in Liſbon was doing the beſt he could 'deviſe for himſelf) there could be no 'harm in offering her his ſervice to 'carry it on—ſo, without any introduc-'tion to the widow, except that of buy-'ing a pound of ſauſages at her ſhop—

'Tom set out — counting the matter 'thus within himself as he walked a-'long; that let the worſt come of it 'that could, he ſhould at leaſt get a 'pound of ſauſages for their worth— 'but, if things went well, he ſhould 'be ſet up; inaſmuch as he ſhould get 'not only a pound of ſauſages—but a 'wife—and a ſauſage-ſhop, an' pleaſe 'your honour, into the bargain.

'Every ſervant in the family, from 'high to low, wiſhed Tom ſucceſs; 'and I can fancy, an' pleaſe your ho-'nour, I ſee him this moment with his 'white dimity waiſtcoat and breeches, 'and hat a little o'one ſide, paſſing 'jollily along the ſtreet, ſwinging his 'ſtick, with a ſmile and a chearful 'word for every body he met.—But, 'alas! Tom, thou ſmileſt no more!' cried the corporal—looking on one ſide of him upon the ground, as if he apoſtrophized him in his dungeon.

'Poor fellow!' ſaid my Uncle Toby, feelingly.

'He was an honeſt, light-hearted 'lad, an' pleaſe your honour, as ever 'blood warmed!'

——'Then he reſembled thee, Trim!' ſaid my Uncle Toby, rapidly.

The corporal bluſhed down to his fingers ends —— a tear of ſentimental baſhfulneſs — another of gratitude to my Uncle Toby — and a tear of ſorrow for his brother's misfortunes — ſtarted into his eye, and ran ſweetly down his cheek together: my Uncle Toby's kindled, as one lamp does at another; and taking hold of the breaſt of Trim's coat, (which had been that of Le Fevre's) as if to eaſe his lame leg, but in reality to gratify a finer feeling — he ſtood ſilent for a minute and a half; at the end of which he took his hand away, and the corporal making a bow, went on with the ſtory of his brother and the Jew's widow.

CHAP. VI.

'WHEN Tom, an' pleaſe your 'honour, got to the ſhop, 'there was nobody in it, but a poor 'negro girl, with a bunch of white 'feathers ſlightly tied to the end of a 'long cane, flapping away flies—not 'killing them.—'Tis a pretty pic-'ture!' ſaid my Uncle Toby—'ſhe 'had ſuffered perſecution, Trim, and 'had learnt mercy!'

——'She was good, an' pleaſe your 'honour, from nature as well as from 'hardſhips; and there are circumſtances 'in the ſtory of that poor friendleſs ſlut, 'that would melt a heart of ſtone!' ſaid Trim; 'and ſome diſmal winter's even-'ing, when your honour is in the hu-'mour, they ſhall be told you with the 'reſt of Tom's ſtory, for it makes a 'part of it.'

'Then do not forget, Trim,' ſaid my Uncle Toby.

'A negro has a ſoul, an' pleaſe your 'honour!' ſaid the corporal (doubt-ingly.)

'I am not much verſed, corporal,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'in things of 'that kind; but I ſuppoſe God would 'not leave him without one, any more 'than thee or me.'

——'It would be putting one ſadly 'over the head of another!' quoth the corporal.

'It would ſo!' ſaid my Uncle Toby. 'Why then, an' pleaſe your honour, 'is a black wench to be uſed worſe 'than a white one?'

'I can give no reaſon,' ſaid my Uncle Toby.

——'Only,' cried the corporal, ſhak-ing his head, 'becauſe ſhe has no one 'to ſtand up for her!'

——'It is that very thing, Trim,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'which re-'commends her to protection—and her 'brethren with her; 'tis the fortune of 'war which has put the whip into our 'hands *now*—where it may be here-'after, Heaven knows!—but be it 'where it will, the brave, Trim, will 'never uſe it unkindly.'

——'God forbid!' ſaid the corpo-ral.

'Amen!' reſponded my Uncle To-by, laying his hand upon his heart.

The corporal returned to his ſtory, and went on—but with an embarraſſ-ment in doing it, which here and there a reader in this world will not be able to comprehend; for by the many ſudden tranſitions all along, from one kind and cordial paſſion to another, in getting thus far on his way, he had loſt the ſportable key of his voice, which gave ſenſe and ſpirit to his tale: he attempt-ed twice to reſume it, but could not pleaſe himſelf; ſo giving a ſhout *hem!*

to

to rally back the retreating ſpirits, and aiding Nature at the ſame time with his left-arm a-kimbo on one ſide, and with his right a little extended ſupporting her on the other—the corporal got as near the note as he could; and in that attitude continued his ſtory.

CHAP. VII.

'AS Tom, an' pleaſe your honour, 'had no buſineſs at that time 'with the Mooriſh girl, he paſſed on 'into the room beyond to talk to the 'Jew's widow about love—and his 'pound of ſauſages; and being, as I 'have told your honour, an open, 'cheary-hearted lad, with his character 'wrote in his looks and carriage, he 'took a chair, and without much apology, but with great civility at the 'ſame time, placed it cloſe to her at 'the table, and ſat down.

'There is nothing ſo aukward as 'courting a woman, an' pleaſe your 'honour, whilſt ſhe is making ſauſages. '—So Tom began a diſcourſe upon 'them; firſt gravely—*as how they were 'made—with what meats, herbs and 'ſpices.*—Then a little gayly—as, '*With what ſkins—and if they never 'burſt?—Whether the largeſt were not 'the beſt?*—and ſo on—taking care 'only as he went along, to ſeaſon what 'he had to ſay upon ſauſages, rather 'under, than over—that he might have 'room to act in.'—

'It was owing to the neglect of that 'very precaution,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, laying his hand upon Trim's ſhoulder, 'that Count De la Motte loſt the 'battle of Wynendale: he preſſed too 'ſpeedily into the wood; which, if he 'had not done, Liſle had not fallen into our hands, nor Ghent and Bruges, 'which both followed her examples. 'It was ſo late in the year,' continued my Uncle Toby, 'and ſo terrible a 'ſeaſon came on, that if things had not 'fallen out as they did, our troops 'muſt have periſhed in the open field.'

——'Why, therefore, may not battles, an' pleaſe your honour, as well 'as marriages, be made in heaven?'—My Uncle Toby muſed.

Religion inclined him to ſay one thing, and his high idea of military ſkill tempted him to ſay another; ſo not being able to frame a reply exactly to his mind—my Uncle Toby ſaid nothing at all; and the corporal finiſhed his ſtory.

'As Tom perceived, an' pleaſe your 'honour, that he gained ground, and 'that all he had ſaid upon the ſubject 'of ſauſages was kindly taken, he went 'on to help her a little in making them. '—Firſt, by taking hold of the ring of 'the ſauſage whilſt ſhe ſtroked the forced 'meat down with her hand—then by 'cutting the ſtrings into proper lengths, 'and holding them in his hand, whilſt 'ſhe took them out one by one—then, 'by putting them acroſs her mouth, 'that ſhe might take them out as ſhe 'wanted them—and ſo on, from little 'to more, till at laſt he adventured to 'tie the ſauſage himſelf, whilſt ſhe held 'the ſnout.

——'Now a widow, an' pleaſe your 'honour, always chuſes a ſecond huſband as unlike the firſt as ſhe can; 'ſo the affair was more than half ſettled 'in her mind before Tom mentioned it.

'She made a feint, however, of defending herſelf, by ſnatching up a 'ſauſage—Tom inſtantly laid hold of 'another—

'But ſeeing Tom's had more griſtle 'in it—

'She ſigned the capitulation—and 'Tom ſealed it: and there was an end 'of the matter.

CHAP. VIII.

'ALL womankind,' continued Trim, (commenting upon his ſtory) 'from the higheſt to the loweſt, 'an' pleaſe your honour, love jokes: 'the difficulty is to know how they 'chuſe to have them cut; and there is 'no knowing that, but by trying as we 'do with our artillery in the field, by 'raiſing or letting down their breeches, 'till we hit the mark.'

——'I like the compariſon,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, 'better than the thing 'itſelf.'

——'Becauſe your honour,' quoth the corporal, 'loves glory, more than 'pleaſure.'

'I hope, Trim,' anſwered my Uncle Toby, 'I love mankind more than either; and as the knowledge of arms 'tends ſo apparently to the good and 'quiet of the world—and particularly 'that branch of it which we have prac-

'ſiſed together in our bowling-green, 'has no object but to ſhorten the ſtrides 'of AMBITION, and intrench the lives 'and fortunes of the *few*, from the 'plunderings of the *many*—whenever 'that drum beats in our ears, I truſt, 'corporal, we ſhall neither of us want 'ſo much humanity and fellow-feeling 'as to face about and march.'

In pronouncing this, my Uncle Toby faced about, and marched firmly as at the head of his company—and the faithful corporal, ſhouldering his ſtick, and ſtriking his hand upon his coat-ſkirt as he took his firſt ſtep—marched cloſe behind him down the avenue.

——'Now what can their two 'noddles be about?' cried my father to my mother.—'By all that's ſtrange, 'they are beſieging Mrs. Wadman in 'form, and are marching round her 'houſe to mark out the lines of circum-'vallation!'

'I dare ſay,' quoth my mother—— But ſtop, dear Sir—for what my mother dared to ſay upon the occaſion—and what my father did ſay upon it—with her replies and his rejoinders, ſhall be read, peruſed, paraphraſed, commented, and deſcanted upon—or to ſay it all in a word, ſhall be thumbed over by poſterity in a chapter apart——I ſay, by *poſterity*—and care not, if I repeat the word again—for what has this book done more than the Legation of Moſes, or the Tale of a Tub, that it may not ſwim down the gutter of Time along with them?

I will not argue the matter: time waſtes too faſt; every letter I trace tells me with what rapidity life follows my pen, the days and hours of it more precious, my dear Jenny! than the rubies about thy neck, are flying over our heads like light clouds of a windy day, never to return more—every thing preſſes on—whilſt thou art twiſting that lock—ſee! it grows grey; and every time I kiſs thy hand to bid adieu, and every abſence which follows it, are preludes to that eternal ſeparation which we are ſhortly to make.

——Heaven have mercy upon us both!

CHAP. IX.

NOW, for what the world thinks of that ejaculation—I would not give a groat.

CHAP. X.

MY mother had gone with her left arm twiſted in my father's right, till they had got to the fatal angle of the old garden wall, where Doctor Slop was overthrown by Obadiah on the coach-horſe: as this was directly oppoſite to the front of Mrs. Wadman's houſe, when my father came to it, he gave a look acroſs; and ſeeing my Uncle Toby and the corporal within ten paces of the door, he turned about.—'Let us juſt ſtop a moment,' quoth my father, 'and ſee with what cere-'monies my brother Toby and his 'man Trim make their firſt entry—it 'will not detain us,' added my father, 'a ſingle minute.'—'No matter, if it 'be ten minutes,' quoth my mother.

——'It will not detain us half a 'one,' ſaid my father.

The corporal was juſt then ſetting in with the ſtory of his brother Tom and the Jew's widow: the ſtory went on—and on—it had epiſodes in it—it came back, and went on—and on again; there was no end of it—the reader found it very long.

——G—d help my father! he *piſs'd* fifty times at every new attitude; and gave the corporal's ſtick, with all it's flouriſhings and danglings, to as many devils as choſe to accept of them.

When iſſues of events, like theſe my father is waiting for, are hanging in the ſcales of Fate, the mind has the advantage of changing the principle of expectation three times, without which it would not have power to ſee it out.

CURIOSITY governs the *firſt moment*, and the ſecond moment is all OECONOMY to juſtify the expence of the firſt—and for the third, fourth, fifth, and ſixth moments, and ſo on to the day of judgment—'tis a point of HONOUR.

I need not be told, that the ethick writers have aſſigned this all to Patience; but that *virtue*, methinks, has extent of dominion ſufficient of her own, and enough to do in it, without invading the few diſmantled caſtles which Honour has left him upon the earth.

My father ſtood it out as well as he could with theſe three auxiliaries, to the end of Trim's ſtory; and from thence to the end of my Uncle Toby's panegyrick upon arms in the chapter following it; when ſeeing, that inſtead of march-

ing

ing up to Mrs. Wadman's door, they both faced about and marched down the avenue diametrically oppoſite to his expectation—he broke out at once with that little ſubacid ſeverity of humour, which, in certain ſituations, diſtinguiſhed his character from that of all other men.

CHAP. XI.

—'NOW what can their two noddles be about?' cried my father!--&c.----'

'I dare ſay,' ſaid my mother, 'they 'are making fortifications.'

—'Not on Mrs. Wadman's pre-'miſſes!' cried my father, ſtepping back.

'I ſuppoſe not!' quoth my mother.

'I wiſh,' ſaid my father, raiſing his voice, 'the whole ſcience of fortifica-'tion at the devil! with all it's trum-'pery of ſaps, mines, blinds, gabions, 'fauſſe-brays and cuvette.'

—'They are fooliſh things!' ſaid my mother.

Now ſhe had a way—which, by the bye, I would this moment give away my purple jerkin, and my yellow ſlippers into the bargain, if ſome of your reverences would imitate—and that was, never to refuſe her aſſent and conſent to any propoſition my father had laid before her, merely becauſe ſhe did not underſtand it, or had no ideas of the principal word or term of art, upon which the tenet or propoſition rolled. She contented herſelf with doing all that her godfathers and godmothers promiſed for her—but no more; and ſo would go on uſing a hard word twenty years together—and replying to it too, if it was a verb, in all it's moods and tenſes, without giving herſelf any trouble to enquire about it.

This was an eternal ſource of miſery to my father, and broke the neck, at the firſt ſetting out, of more good dialogues between them, than could have done the moſt petulant contradiction—the few which ſurvived were the better for the cuvette.

—'They are fooliſh things,' ſaid my mother.

—'Particularly the *cuvette!*' replied my father.

'Twas enough—he taſted the ſweets of triumph, and went on.

—'Not that they are, properly 'ſpeaking, Mrs. Wadman's premiſſes,' ſaid my father, partly correcting himſelf—'becauſe ſhe is but tenant for 'life.'

—'That makes a great difference,' ſaid my mother.

—'In a fool's head!' replied my father.

'Unleſs ſhe ſhould happen to have a 'child,' ſaid my mother.

—'But ſhe muſt perſuade my bro-'ther Toby firſt to get her one!'

—'To be ſure, Mr. Shandy!' quoth my mother.

—'Though if it comes to perſua-'ſion,' ſaid my father—'Lord have 'mercy upon them!'

'Amen!' ſaid my mother, *piano.*

'Amen!' cried my father, *fortiſſimo.*

'Amen!' ſaid my mother again—but with ſuch a ſighing cadence of perſonal pity at the end of it, as diſcomfited every fibre about my father—he inſtantly took out his almanack; but before he could untie it, Yorick's congregation coming out of church, became a full anſwer to one half of his buſineſs with it—and my mother telling him it was a ſacrament-day—left him as little in doubt, as to the other part.—He put his almanack into his pocket.

The firſt lord of the treaſury thinking of *ways and means*, could not have returned home with a more embarraſſed look.

CHAP. XII.

UPON looking back from the end of the laſt chapter, and ſurveying the texture of what has been wrote, it is neceſſary, that upon this page and the five following, a good quantity of heterogeneous matter be inſerted, to keep up that juſt balance betwixt wiſdom and folly, without which a book would not hold together a ſingle year: nor is it a poor creeping digreſſion (which but for the name of, a man might continue as well going on in the king's highway) which will do the buſineſs—no; if it is to be a digreſſion, it muſt be a good friſky one, and upon a friſky ſubject too, where neither the horſe or his rider are to be caught, but by rebound.

The only difficulty, is raiſing powers ſuitable

ſuitable to the nature of the ſervice: FANCY is capricious—WIT muſt not be ſearched for—and PLEASANTRY (good-natured ſlut as ſhe is) will not come in at a call, was an empire to be laid at her feet.

——The beſt way for a man, is to ſay his prayers.

Only if it puts him in mind of his infirmities and defects, as well ghoſtly as bodily—for that purpoſe, he will find himſelf rather worſe after he has ſaid them than before—for other purpoſes, better.

For my own part, there is not a way, either moral or mechanical, under heaven, that I could think of, which I have not taken with myſelf in this caſe—ſometimes by addreſſing myſelf directly to the ſoul herſelf, and arguing the point over and over again with her upon the extent of her own faculties.

——I never could make them an inch the wider.

Then, by changing my ſyſtem, and trying what could be made of it upon the body by temperance, ſoberneſs, and chaſtity. 'Theſe are good,' quoth I, 'in themſelves—they are good, abſolutely—they are good, relatively—'they are good for health—they are 'good for happineſs in this world—'they are good for happineſs in the 'next.'

In ſhort, they were good for every thing but the thing wanted; and there they were good for nothing, but to leave the ſoul juſt as Heaven made it: as for the theological virtues of faith and hope, they give it courage; but then that ſniveling virtue of meekneſs (as my father would always call it) takes it quite away again—ſo you are exactly where you ſtarted.

Now in all common and ordinary caſes, there is nothing which I have found to anſwer ſo well as this—

——Certainly, if there is any dependence upon Logick, and that I am not blinded by ſelf-love, there muſt be ſomething of true genius about me, merely upon this ſymptom of it, that I do not know what envy is: for never do I hit upon any invention or device which tendeth to the furtherance of good writing, but I inſtantly make it publick; willing that all mankind ſhould write as well as myſelf.

——Which they certainly will, when they think as little.

CHAP. XIII.

NOW in ordinary caſes, that is, when I am only ſtupid, and the thoughts riſe heavily and paſs grumpous through my pen—

Or that I am got, I know not how, into a cold unmetaphorical vein of infamous writing, and cannot take a plumb-lift out of it *for my ſoul*; ſo muſt be obliged to go on writing like a Dutch commentator to the end of the chapter, unleſs ſomething be done—

——I never ſtand conferring with pen and ink one moment; for if a pinch of ſnuff or a ſtride or two acroſs the room will not do the buſineſs for me—I take a razor at once; and having tried the edge of it upon the palm of my hand, without farther ceremony, except that of firſt lathering my beard, I ſhave it off; taking care only, if I do leave a hair, that it be not a grey one: this done, I change my ſhirt—put on a better coat—ſend for my laſt wig—put my topaz ring upon my finger—and, in a word, dreſs myſelf from one end to the other of me, after my beſt faſhion.

Now the devil in hell muſt be in it, if this does not do! for conſider, Sir, as every man chuſes to be preſent at the ſhaving of his own beard (though there is no rule without an exception) and unavoidably ſits over againſt himſelf the whole time it is doing, in caſe he has a hand in it—the Situation, like all others, has notions of her own to put into the brain.

——I maintain it, the conceits of a rough-bearded man, are ſeven years more terſe and juvenile for one ſingle operation; and if they did not run a riſque of being quite ſhaved away, might be carried up by continual ſhaving, to the higheſt pitch of ſublimity—How Homer could write with ſo long a beard, I don't know—and as it makes againſt my hypotheſis, I as little care—But let us return to the toilet.

Ludovicus Sorbonenſis makes this entirely an affair of the body (εξωτερικον πραγμα) as he calls it—but he is deceived; the ſoul and body are joint ſharers in every thing they get; a man cannot dreſs, but his ideas get clothed at the ſame time; and if he dreſſes like a gentleman, every one of them ſtands preſented to his imagination, genteelized along with him—ſo that he has nothing

to

to do, but take his pen, and write like himself.

For this cauſe, when your honours and reverences would know whether I write clean and fit to be read, you will be able to judge full as well by looking into my laundreſs's bill, as my book: there was one ſingle month in which I can make it appear, that I dirtied one and thirty ſhirts with clean writing; and after all, was more abuſed, curſed, criticized, and confounded, and had more myſtick heads ſhaken at me, for what I had wrote in that one month, than all the other months of that year put together.

——But their honours and reverences had not ſeen my *bills*.

CHAP. XIV.

AS I never had any intention of beginning the digreſſion I am making all this preparation for, till I come to the fifteenth chapter—I have this chapter to put to whatever uſe I think proper—I have twenty this moment ready for it—I could write my chapter of *Button-holes* in it—

Or my chapter of *Piſſes*, which ſhould follow them—;

Or my chapter of *Knots*, in caſe their reverences have done with them—they might lead me into miſchief: the ſafeſt way is to follow the track of the learned, and raiſe objections againſt what I have been writing, though I declare before-hand, I know no more than my heels how to anſwer them.

And firſt, it may be ſaid, there is a pelting kind of *therſitical* ſatire, as black as the very ink 'tis wrote with—(and by the bye, whoever ſays ſo, is indebted to the muſter-maſter-general of the Grecian army, for ſuffering the name of ſo ugly and foul-mouthed a man as *Therſites* to continue upon his roll—for it has furniſhed him with an epithet)—in theſe productions, he will urge, all the perſonal waſhings and ſcrubbings upon earth do a ſinking genius no ſort of good—but juſt the contrary, inaſmuch as the dirtier the fellow is, the better generally he ſucceeds in it.

To this, I have no other anſwer—at leaſt ready—but that the Archbiſhop of Benevento wrote his *naſty* Romance of the Galatea, as all the world knows, in a purple coat, waiſtcoat, and purple pair of breeches; and that the penance ſet him of writing a commentary upon the book of the Revelations, as ſevere as it was looked upon by one part of the world, was far from being deemed ſo by the other, upon the ſingle account of that *inveſtment*.

Another objection, to all this remedy, is it's want of univerſality; foraſmuch as the ſhaving part of it, upon which ſo much ſtreſs is laid, by an unalterable law of nature, excludes one half of the ſpecies entirely from it's uſe—all I can ſay is, that female writers, whether of England or of France, muſt e'en go without it.

As for the Spaniſh ladies—I am in no ſort of diſtreſs.

CHAP. XV.

THE fifteenth chapter is come at laſt; and brings nothing with it but a ſad ſignature of *How our pleaſures ſlip from under us in this world!*

For in talking of my digreſſion—I declare before Heaven I have made it

'What a ſtrange creature is mortal 'man!' ſaid ſhe.

'It is very true,' ſaid I——but 'twere better to get all theſe things out of our heads, and return to my Uncle Toby.

CHAP. XVI.

WHEN my Uncle Toby and the corporal had marched down to the bottom of the avenue, they recollected their buſineſs lay the other way; ſo they faced about, and marched up ſtraight to Mrs. Wadman's door.

'I warrant your honour,' ſaid the corporal, touching his Montero-cap with his hand, as he paſſed him in order to give a knock at the door.—My Uncle Toby, contrary to his invariable way of treating his faithful ſervant, ſaid nothing good or bad: the truth was, he had not altogether marſhall'd his ideas; he wiſhed for another conference, and as the corporal was mounting up the three ſteps before the door—he hemm'd twice—a portion of my Uncle Toby's moſt modeſt ſpirits fled, at each expulſion, towards the corporal; he ſtood with the rapper of the door ſuſpended for

for a full minute in his hand, he ſcarce knew why. Bridget ſtood perdue within, with her finger and her thumb upon the latch, benumbed with expectation; and Mrs. Wadman, with an eye ready to be deflowered again, ſat breathleſs behind the window-curtain of her bedchamber, watching their approach.

'Trim!' ſaid my Uncle Toby—but, as he articulated the word, the minute expired, and Trim let fall the rapper.

My Uncle Toby perceiving that all hopes of a conference were knock'd on the head by it—whiſtled Lillabullero.

CHAP. XVII.

AS Mrs. Bridget's finger and thumb were upon the latch, the corporal did not knock as oft as, perchance, your honour's taylor—I might have taken my example ſomething nearer home; for I owe mine, ſome five and twenty pounds at leaſt, and wonder at the man's patience.

——But this is nothing at all to the world: only 'tis a curſed thing to be in debt; and there ſeems to be a fatality in the exchequers of ſome poor princes, particularly thoſe of our houſe, which no oeconomy can bind down in irons: for my own part, I'm perſuaded there is not any one prince, prelate, pope, or potentate, great or ſmall, upon earth, more deſirous in his heart of keeping ſtraight with the world than I am—or who takes more likely means for it. I never give above half a guinea—or walk with boots—or cheapen tooth-picks—or lay out a ſhilling upon a band-box—the year round; and for the ſix months I'm in the country, I'm upon ſo ſmall a ſcale, that with all the good temper in the world, I out-do Rouſſeau a bar length—for I keep neither man or boy, or horſe, or cow, or dog, or cat, or any thing that can eat or drink, except a thin poor picce of a veſtal (to keep my fire in) who has generally as bad an appetite as myſelf—but if you think this makes a philoſopher of me—I would not, my good people! give a ruſh for your judgments.

True philoſophy——but there is no treating the ſubject whilſt my uncle is whiſtling Lillabullero.

——Let us go into the houſe.

CHAP. XIX.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

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——'You shall see the very place, 'Madam,' said my Uncle Toby.

Mrs. Wadman blushed—looked towards the door—turned pale—blushed slightly again—recovered her natural colour—blushed worse than ever: which, for the sake of the unlearned reader, I translate thus—

'*L—d! I cannot look at it!—*

'*What would the world say if I 'looked at it?—*

'*I should drop down if I looked at 'it!—*

'*I wish I could look at it.—*

'*There can be no sin in looking at 'it.—*

——'*I will look at it!*'

Whilst all this was running through Mrs. Wadman's imagination, my Uncle Toby had risen from the sofa, and got to the other side of the parlour-door, to give Trim an order about it in the passage.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

'—I believe it is in the garret,' said my Uncle Toby—'I saw it there, an' 'please your honour, this morning,' answered Trim.—'Then pr'ythee step 'directly for it, Trim,' said my Uncle Toby, 'and bring it into the par-'lour.'

The corporal did not approve of the orders, but most chearfully obeyed them. The first was not an act of his will—the second was: so he put on his Montero-cap, and went as fast as his lame knee would let him. My Uncle Toby returned into the parlour, and sat himself down again upon the sofa.

——'You shall lay your finger upon 'the place!'—said my Uncle Toby.—'I will not touch it, however!' quoth Mrs. Wadman to herself.

This requires a second translation—it shews what little knowledge is got by mere words—we must go up to the first springs.

Now in order to clear up the mist which hangs upon these three pages, I must endeavoured to be as clear as possible myself.

Rub your hands thrice across ye foreheads—blow your noses—cleanse your emunctories—sneeze, my good people!——God bless you!—

Now give me all the help you can.

CHAP. XXI.

As there are fifty different ends (counting all ends in—as well civil as religious) for which a woman takes a husband, she first sets about and carefully weighs, then separates and distinguishes in her mind, which of all that number of ends is her's: then, by discourse, enquiry, argumentation and inference, she investigates and finds out whether she has got hold of the right one—and if she has—then by pulling it gently this way and that way, she farther forms a judgment, whether it will not break in the drawing.

The imagery under which Slawkenbergius impresses this upon his reader's fancy, in the beginning of his third Decad, is so ludicrous, that the honour I bear the sex will not suffer me to quote it—otherwise 'tis not destitute of humour.

'She first,' saith Slawkenbergius, 'stops the ass, and holding his halter 'in her left-hand (lest he should get 'away) she thrusts her right-hand into 'the very bottom of his pannier to search 'for it——' 'For what?'——'You'll 'not know the sooner,' quoth Slawkenbergius, 'for interrupting me!'—

"I have nothing, good lady, but "empty bottles!" says the ass.

"I am loaded with tripes," says the 'second.

"And thou art little better," quoth 'she to the third; "for nothing is there "in thy panniers but trunk hose and "pantoufles!" and so to the fourth and 'fifth, going on one by one through 'the whole string; till coming to the 'ass which carries it, she turns the 'pannier upside down, looks at it—'considers it—samples it—measures it, '—stretches it—wets it—dries it—'then takes her teeth both to the warp 'and weft of it—'

——'Of what? for the love of 'Christ!'

'I am determined,' answered Slawkenbergius, 'that all the powers upon 'earth shall never wring that secret 'from my breast!'

CHAP. XXII.

WE live in a world beset on all sides with mysteries and riddles—and so 'tis no matter—else it seems strange, that nature, who makes every thing so well to answer it's destination, and seldom or never errs, unless for pastime, in giving such forms and aptitudes to whatever passes through her hands, that whether she designs for the plough, the caravan, the cart—or whatever other creature she models, be it but an ass's foal, you are sure to have the thing you wanted; and yet at the same time should so eternally bungle it as she does, in making so simple a thing as a married man.

Whether it is in the choice of the clay—or that it is frequently spoiled in the baking; by an excess of which a husband may turn out too crusty (you know) on one hand—or not enough so, through defect of heat, on the other—or whether this great artificer is not so attentive to the little platonick exigencies of *that* part of the species, for whose use she is fabricating *this*—or that her ladyship sometimes scarce knows what sort of a husband will do—I know not: we will discourse about it after supper.

It is enough, that neither the observation itself, or the reasoning upon it, are at all to the purpose—but rather against it; since, with regard to my Uncle Toby's fitness for the marriage state, nothing was ever better; she had formed him of the best and kindest clay—had tempered it with her own milk, and breathed into it the sweetest spirit—she had made him all gentle, generous, and humane—she had filled his heart with trust and confidence, and disposed every passage which led to it, for the communication of the tenderest offices—she had, moreover, considered the other causes for which matrimony was ordained—

And accordingly *.

The DONATION was not defeated by my Uncle Toby's wound.

Now this last article was something apocryphal; and the devil, who is the great disturber of our faiths in this world, had raised scruples in Mrs. Wadman's brain about it; and like a true devil as he was, had done his own work at the same time, by turning my Uncle Toby's virtue thereupon into nothing but empty *bottles*, *tripes*, *trunk-hose*, and *pantoufles*.

CHAP. XXIII.

MRS. Bridget had pawned all the little stock of honour a poor chamber-maid was worth in the world, that she would get to the bottom of the affair in ten days; and it was built upon one of the most concessible *postulatum* in nature: namely, that whilst my Uncle Toby was making love to her mistress, the corporal could find nothing better to do, than make love to her—'*And I'll* '*let him, as much as he will,*' said Bridget, '*to get it out of him!*'

Friendship has two arguments; an outer, and an under one. Bridget was serving her mistress's interest in the one—and doing the thing which most pleased herself in the other; so had as many stakes depending in my Uncle Toby's wound as the devil himself.——Mrs. Wadman had but one, and as it possibly might be her last, (without discouraging Mrs. Bridget, or discrediting her talents) was determined to play her cards herself.

She wanted not encouragement: a child might have looked into his hand—there was such a plainness and simplicity in his playing out what trumps he had—with such an unmistrusting ignorance of the *ten ace*—and so naked and defenceless did he sit upon the same sofa with Widow Wadman, that a generous heart would have wept to have won the game of him.

Let us drop the metaphor.

CHAP. XXIV.

——AND the story too—if you please: for though I have all along been hastening towards this part of it, with so much earnest desire, as well knowing it to be the choicest morsel of what I had to offer to the world, yet now that I am got to it, any one is welcome to take my pen, and go on with the story for me that will—I see the

the difficulties of the deſcriptions I'm going to give——and feel my want of powers.

It is one comfort at leaſt to me, that I loſt ſome fourſcore ounces of blood this week in a moſt uncritical fever which attacked me at the beginning of this chapter; ſo that I have ſtill ſome hopes remaining, it may be more in the ſerous and globular parts of the blood, than in the ſubtile *aura* of the brain—be it which it will—an invocation can do no hurt—and I leave the affair entirely to the *invoked*, to inſpire or to inject me according as he ſees good.

THE INVOCATION.

GENTLE ſpirit of ſweeteſt Humour, who erſt didſt ſit upon the eaſy pen of my beloved Cervantes! Thou who glidedſt daily through his lattice, and turnedſt the twilight of his priſon into noon-day brightneſs by thy preſence—tingedſt his little urn of water with heaven-ſent nectar, and all the time he wrote of Sancho and his maſter, didſt caſt thy myſtick mantle o'er his withered ſtump *, and wide extended it to all the evils of his life—

——Turn in hither, I beſeech thee!—behold theſe breeches!—they are all I have in the world—that piteous rent was given them at Lyons—

My ſhirts! ſee what a deadly ſchiſm has happened amongſt 'em—for the laps are in Lombardy, and the reſt of 'em here—I never had but ſix, and a cunning gypſey of a laundreſs at Milan cut me off the *fore*-laps of five.—To do her juſtice, ſhe did it with ſome conſideration—for I was returning *out* of Italy.

And yet, notwithſtanding all this, and a piſtol tinder-box which was moreover filched from me at Sienna, and twice that I paid five Pauls for two hard eggs—once at Raddicoffini, and a ſecond time at Capua—I do not think a journey through France and Italy, provided a man keeps his temper all the way, ſo bad a thing as ſome people would make you believe: there muſt be *ups* and *downs*, or how the deuce ſhould we get into vallies where Nature ſpreads ſo many tables of entertainment!—'Tis nonſenſe to imagine they will lend you their voitures to be ſhaken to pieces for nothing; and unleſs you pay twelve ſous for greaſing your wheels, how ſhould the poor peaſant get butter to his bread?—We really expect too much—and for the livre or two above par for your ſuppers and bed—at the moſt they are but one ſhilling and nine-pence halfpenny—who would embroil their philoſophy for it? For Heaven's and for your own ſake, pay it—pay it with both hands open—rather than leave *Diſappointment* ſitting drooping upon the eye of your fair hoſteſs and her damſels in the gate-way, at your departure—and beſides, my dear Sir, you get a ſifterly kiſs of each of 'em worth a pound—at leaſt, I did.

——For my Uncle Toby's amours running all the way in my head, they had the ſame effect upon me as if they had been my own—I was in the moſt perfect ſtate of bounty and good will; and felt the kindlieſt harmony vibrating within me, with every oſcillation of the chaiſe alike: ſo that whether the roads were rough or ſmooth, it made no difference; every thing I ſaw, or had to do with, touch'd upon ſome ſecret ſpring either of ſentiment or rapture.

——They were the ſweeteſt notes I ever heard; and I inſtantly let down the fore-glaſs to hear them more diſtinctly.—'It is Maria!' ſaid the poſtilion, obſerving I was liſtening—'Poor Maria,' continued he, (leaning his body on one ſide to let me ſee her, for he was in a line betwixt us) 'is ſitting upon a bank, 'playing her veſpers upon her pipe, 'with her little goat beſide her!'

The young fellow uttered this with an accent and a look ſo perfectly in tune to a feeling heart, that I inſtantly made a vow, I would give him a four and twenty ſous piece when I got to Moulins.

——'And who is this *poor Maria!*' ſaid I.

'The love and pity of all the villages 'around us!' ſaid the poſtilion: 'it 'is but three years ago, that the ſun 'did not ſhine upon ſo fair, ſo quick-'witted, and amiable a maid; and 'better fate did Maria deſerve, than to 'have her banns forbid, by the intrigues 'of the curate who publiſhed them—'

He was going on—when Maria, who had made a ſhort pauſe, put the pipe to her mouth, and began the air again——they were the ſame notes—yet were ten

* He loſt his hand at the battle of Lepanto.

times ſweeter. 'It is the evening ſer-'vice to the Virgin,' ſaid the young man. 'But who has taught her to play 'it—or how ſhe came by her pipe—no 'one knows: we think that Heaven 'has aſſiſted her in both; for ever ſince 'ſhe has been unſettled in her mind, 'it ſeems her only conſolation—ſhe has 'never once had the pipe out of her 'hand, but plays that *ſervice* upon it 'almoſt night and day.'

The poſtilion delivered this with ſo much diſcretion and natural eloquence, that I could not help decyphering ſomething in his face above his condition—and ſhould have ſifted out his hiſtory, had not poor Maria's taken ſuch full poſſeſſion of me.

We had got by this time almoſt to the bank where Maria was ſitting: ſhe was in a thin white jacket, with her hair, all but two treſſes, drawn up into a ſilk net, with a few olive leaves twiſted a little fantaſtically on one ſide—ſhe was beautiful: and if ever I felt the full force of an honeſt heart-ache, it was the moment I ſaw her.

——'God help her! poor damſel! 'above a hundred maſſes,' ſaid the poſtilion, 'have been ſaid in the ſeveral 'pariſh-churches and convents around, 'for her—but without effect: we have 'ſtill hopes, as ſhe is ſenſible for ſhort 'intervals, that the Virgin at laſt will 'reſtore her to herſelf; but her parents, 'who know her beſt, are hopeleſs upon 'that ſcore, and think her ſenſes are 'loſt for ever.'

As the poſtilion ſpoke this, Maria made a cadence ſo melancholy, ſo tender, and querulous, that I ſprung out of the chaiſe to help her; and found myſelf ſitting betwixt her and her goat before I relapſed from my enthuſiaſm.

Maria looked wiſtfully for ſome time at me, and then at her goat—and then at me—and then at her goat again—and ſo on alternately—

——'Well, Maria,' ſaid I, ſoftly, 'what reſemblance do you find?'

I do intreat the candid reader to believe me, that it was from the humbleſt conviction of what a *beaſt* man is—that I aſk'd the queſtion; and that I would not have let fallen an unſeaſonable pleaſantry in the venerable preſence of miſery, to be entitled to all the wit that ever Rabelais ſcattered—and yet I own, my heart ſmote me—and that I ſo ſmarted at the very idea of it, that I ſwore I would ſet up for wiſdom, and utter grave ſentences the reſt of my days—and never—never attempt again to commit mirth with man, woman, or child, the longeſt day I had to live.

As for writing nonſenſe to them—I believe there was a reſerve—but that I leave to the world.

Adieu, Maria!—adieu, poor hapleſs damſel!—ſome time, but not *now*, I may hear thy ſorrows from thy own lips:—but I was deceived; for that moment ſhe took her pipe, and told me ſuch a tale of woe with it, that I roſe up, and with broken and irregular ſteps walked ſoftly to my chaiſe.

——What an excellent inn at Moulins!

CHAP. XXV.

WHEN we have got to the end of this chapter (but not before) we muſt all turn back to the two blank chapters, on the account of which my honour has lain bleeding this half hour—I ſtop it, by pulling off one of my yellow ſlippers, and throwing it with all my violence to the oppoſite ſide of my room, with a declaration at the heel of it—

——That whatever reſemblance it may bear to half the chapters which are written in the world—or for aught I know, may be now writing in it—that it was as caſual as the foam of Zeuxis' his horſe: beſides, I look upon a chapter which has *only nothing in it* with reſpect; and, conſidering what worſe things there are in the world—that it is no way a proper ſubject for ſatire.

——'Why then was it left ſo?'—And here, without ſtaying for my reply, ſhall I be called as many blockheads, numſculls, doddy-poles, dunder-heads, ninny-hammers, gooſe-caps, jolt-heads, nincompoops, and ſh—t-a-beds—and other unſavoury appellations, as ever the cake-bakers of Lerne caſt in the teeth of King Garagantua's ſhepherds—And I'll let them do it, as Bridget ſaid, as much as they pleaſe: for how was it poſſible they ſhould foreſee the neceſſity I was under of writing the twenty-fifth chapter of my book, before the eighteenth, &c.

——So I don't take it amiſs—All I wiſh is, that it may be a leſſon to the world,

world, *to let people tell their ſtories their own way.*

The Eighteenth Chapter.

AS Mrs. Bridget opened the door before the corporal had well given the rap, the interval betwixt that and my Uncle Toby's introduction into the parlour, was ſo ſhort, that Mrs. Wadman had but juſt time to get from behind the curtain—lay a Bible upon the table, and advance a ſtep or two towards the door to receive him.

My Uncle Toby ſaluted Mrs. Wadman, after the manner in which women were ſaluted by men in the year of our Lord God one thouſand ſeven hundred and thirteen—then facing about, he march'd up abreaſt with her to the ſofa, and in three plain words—though not before he was ſat down—nor after he was ſat down—but as he was ſitting down, told her, *he was in love*—ſo that my Uncle Toby ſtrained himſelf more in the declaration than he needed.

Mrs. Wadman naturally looked down upon a ſlit ſhe had been darning up in her apron, in expectation every moment, that my Uncle Toby would go on; but having no talents for amplification, and LOVE moreover of all others being a ſubject of which he was the leaſt a maſter—when he had told Mrs. Wadman once that he loved her, he let it alone, and left the matter to work after it's own way.

My father was always in raptures with this ſyſtem of my Uncle Toby's, as he falſely called it, and would often ſay, that could his brother Toby to his proceſs have added but a pipe of tobacco—he had wherewithal to have found his way, if there was faith in a Spaniſh proverb, towards the hearts of half the women upon the globe.

My Uncle Toby never underſtood what my father meant: nor will I preſume to extract more from it, than a condemnation of an error which the bulk of the world lie under—but the French, every one of 'em to a man, believe in it almoſt as much as the REAL PRESENCE—*that talking of love, is making it.*

——I would as ſoon ſet about making a black-pudding by the ſame receipt.

Let us go on.—Mrs. Wadman ſat in expectation my Uncle Toby would do ſo, to almoſt the firſt pulſation of that minute, wherein ſilence on one ſide or the other generally becomes indecent: ſo edging herſelf a little more towards him, and raiſing up her eyes, ſubbluſhing, as ſhe did it—ſhe took up the gauntlet—or the diſcourſe—(if you like it better)—and communed with my Uncle Toby, thus.

'The cares and diſquietudes of the 'married ſtate,' quoth Mrs. Wadman, 'are very great.'—'I ſuppoſe ſo,' ſaid my Uncle Toby. 'And therefore 'when a perſon,' continued Mrs. Wadman, 'is ſo much at his eaſe as you 'are—ſo happy, Captain Shandy, in 'yourſelf, your friends, and your a-'muſements—I wonder what reaſons 'can incline you to the ſtate.'—

——'They are written,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'in the Common-Prayer 'Book.'

Thus far my Uncle Toby went on warily, and kept within his depth, leaving Mrs. Wadman to ſail upon the gulph as ſhe pleaſed.

——'As for children,' ſaid Mrs. Wadman, 'though a principal end 'perhaps of the inſtitution, and the na-'tural wiſh, I ſuppoſe, of every parent '—yet do not we all find they are cer-'tain ſorrows, and very uncertain com-'forts? and what is there, dear Sir, to 'pay one for the heart-aches—what 'compenſation for the many tender and 'diſquieting apprehenſions of a ſuffer-'ing and defenceleſs mother who brings 'them into life?'—'I declare,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, ſmit with pity, 'I 'know of none! unleſs it be the plea-'ſure which it has pleaſed God—'

——A fiddleſtick!' quoth ſhe.

Chapter the Nineteenth.

NOW there are ſuch an infinitude of notes, tunes, cants, chants, airs, looks, and accents, with which the word *fiddleſtick* may be pronounced in all ſuch caſes as this, every one of them impreſſing a ſenſe and meaning as different from the other as *dirt* from *cleanlineſs*—that caſuiſts (for it is an affair of conſcience on that ſcore) reckon up no leſs than fourteen thouſand in which you may do either right or wrong.

Mrs. Wadman hit upon the *fiddleſtick*, which ſummoned up all my Uncle Toby's

by's modeſt blood into his cheeks—ſo feeling within himſelf that he had ſome how or other got beyond his depth, he ſtopt ſhort; and without entering farther either into the pains or pleaſures of matrimony, he laid his hand upon his heart, and made an offer to take them as they were, and ſhare them along with her.

When my Uncle Toby had ſaid this, he did not care to ſay it again: ſo caſting his eye upon the Bible which Mrs. Wadman had laid upon the table, he took it up; and popping, dear ſoul! upon a paſſage in it, of all others the moſt intereſting to him—which was the ſiege of Jericho—he ſet himſelf to read it over—leaving his propoſal of marriage, as he had done his declaration of love, to work with her after it's own way. Now it wrought neither as an aſtringent or a looſener; nor like opium, or bark, or mercury, or buck-thorn, or any one drug which nature had beſtowed upon the world—in ſhort, it worked not at all in her; and the cauſe of that was, that there was ſomething working there before—Babbler that I am! I have anticipated what it was a dozen times! but there is fire ſtill in the ſubject—allons!

CHAP. XXVI.

IT is natural for a perfect ſtranger, who is going from London to Edinburgh, to enquire before he ſets out, how many miles to York—which is about the half way—nor does any body wonder, if he goes on and aſks about the corporation, &c.

It was juſt as natural for Mrs. Wadman, whoſe firſt huſband was all his time afflicted with a *ſciatica*, to wiſh to know how far from the hip to the groin; and how far ſhe was likely to ſuffer more or leſs in her feelings, in one caſe than in the other.

She had accordingly read Drake's anatomy, from one end to the other. She had peeped into Wharton upon the brain, and borrowed Graaf upon the bones and muſcles *; but could make nothing of it.

She had reaſoned likewiſe from her own powers — laid down theorems — drawn conſequences—and come to no concluſion.

To clear up all, ſhe had twice aſked Doctor Slop, if poor Captain Shandy was ever likely to recover of his wound.

——'He is recovered,' Doctor Slop would ſay.

'What! quite?'

——'Quite, Madam!'

'But what do you mean by a recovery?' Mrs. Wadman would ſay.

Doctor Slop was the worſt man alive at definitions; and ſo Mrs. Wadman could get no knowledge: in ſhort, there was no way to extract it, but from my Uncle Toby himſelf.

There is an accent of humanity in an enquiry of this kind, which lulls SUSPICION to reſt—and I am half perſuaded, the ſerpent got pretty near it, in his diſcourſe with Eve; for the propenſity in the ſex to be deceived could not be ſo great, that ſhe ſhould have boldneſs to hold chat with the devil without it—But there is an accent of humanity—how ſhall I deſcribe it?—'tis an accent which covers the part with a garment, and gives the enquirer a right to be as particular with it, as your body-ſurgeon.

——*Was it without remiſſion?*

——*Was it more tolerable in bed?*

——*Could he lie on both ſides alike with it?*

——*Was he able to mount a horſe?*

——*Was motion bad for it?—et cætera*; were ſo tenderly ſpoke to, and ſo directed towards my Uncle Toby's heart, that every item of them ſunk ten times deeper into it than the evils themſelves:—but when Mrs. Wadman went round about by Namur to get at my Uncle Toby's groin; and engaged him to attack the point of the advanced counterſcarp, and pell-mell with the Dutch, to take the counter-guard of St. Rochſword in hand—and then with tender notes playing upon his ear, led him all bleeding by the hand out of the trench, wiping her eye, as he was carried to his tent—Heaven! Earth! Sea—all was lifted up—the ſprings of nature roſe above their levels—an angel of mercy ſat beſide him on the ſofa—his heart glowed with fire,—and had he been worth a thouſand, he had loſt every heart of them to Mrs. Wadman.

* This muſt be a miſtake in Mr. Shandy; for Graaf wrote upon juice, and the parts of generation.

——'And whereabouts, dear Sir,' quoth Mrs. Wadman, a little categorically, 'did you receive this sad blow?'—In asking this question, Mrs. Wadman gave a slight glance towards the waistband of my Uncle Toby's red plush breeches, expecting naturally, as the shortest reply to it, that my Uncle Toby would lay his fore-finger upon the place. It fell out otherwise—for my Uncle Toby having got his wound before the gate of St. Nicolas, in one of the traverses of the trench, opposite to the salient angle of the demi-bastion of St. Roch; he could at any time stick a pin upon the identical spot of ground where he was standing when the stone struck him: this struck instantly upon my Uncle Toby's sensorium—and with it struck his large map of the town and citadel of Namur and it's environs, which he had purchased and pasted down upon a board by the corporal's aid, during his long illness—it had lain, with other military lumber, in the garret ever since, and accordingly the corporal was detached into the garret to fetch it.

My Uncle Toby measured off thirty toises, with Mrs. Wadman's scissars, from the returning angle before the gate of St. Nicolas; and with such a virgin modesty laid her finger upon the place, that the goddess of Decency, if then in being—if not, 'twas her shade—shook her head, and with a finger wavering across her eyes—forbid her to explain the mistake.

Unhappy Mrs. Wadman!—

——For nothing can make this chapter go off with spirit but an apostrophe to thee—but my heart tells me, that in such a crisis an apostrophe is but an insult in disguise, and ere I would offer one to a woman in distress——let the chapter go to the devil; provided any damn'd critick *in keeping* will be but at the trouble to take it with him.

CHAP. XXVII.

MY Uncle Toby's map is carried down into the kitchen.

CHAP. XXVIII.

——'AND here is the Maes—'and this is the Sambre,' said the corporal—pointing with his right-hand extended a little towards the map, and his left upon Mrs. Bridget's shoulder—but not the shoulder next him:—'and this,' said he, 'is the town of 'Namur—and this the citadel—and 'there lay the French—and here lay his 'honour and myself—and in this curs'ed trench, Mrs. Bridget,' quoth the corporal, taking her by the hand, 'did 'he receive the wound which crush'd 'him so miserably *here!*'—In pronouncing which, he slightly press'd the back of her hand towards the part he felt for—and let it fall.

'We thought, Mr. Trim, it had been 'more in the middle,' said Mrs. Bridget.

'That would have undone us for 'ever!' said the corporal.

——'And left my poor mistress un'done too!' said Bridget.

The corporal made no reply to the repartee, but by giving Mrs. Bridget a kiss.

'Come—come!' said Bridget—holding the palm of her left-hand parallel to the plane of the horizon, and sliding the fingers of the other over it, in a way which could not have been done, had there been the least wart or protuberance.

——'It is every syllable of it false!' cried the corporal, before she had half finished the sentence.

——'I know it to be fact!' said Bridget, from credible witnesses.

——'Upon my honour,' said the corporal, laying his hand upon his heart, and blushing as he spoke with honest resentment—'it is a story, Mrs. Bridget, 'as false as hell!'—'Not,' said Bridget, interrupting him, 'that either I or my 'mistress care a halfpenny about it, 'whether 'tis so or no—only that when 'one is married, one would chuse to 'have such a thing by one at least.'

It was somewhat unfortunate for Mrs. Bridget that she had begun the attack with her manual exercise; for the corporal instantly *

CHAP. XXIX.

IT was like the momentary contest in the moist eye-lids of an April morning, whether Bridget should laugh or cry.

She snatched up a rolling-pin—'twas ten to one, she had laughed.

She laid it down—she cried: one single tear of 'em but ta

terneſs, full ſorrowful would the corporal's heart have been that he had uſed the argument; but the corporal underſtood the ſex, a *quart major to a terce*, at leaſt, better than my Uncle Toby, and accordingly he aſſailed Mrs. Bridget after this manner.

'I know, Mrs. Bridget,' ſaid the corporal, giving her a moſt reſpectful kiſs, 'that thou art good and modeſt 'by nature, and art withal ſo generous 'a girl in thyſelf, that if I know thee 'rightly, thou would'ſt not wound an 'inſect, much leſs the honour of ſo 'gallant and worthy a ſoul as my ma'ſter, waſt thou ſure to be made a coun'teſs of—but thou haſt been ſet on and 'deluded, dear Bridget, as is often a 'woman's caſe, *to pleaſe others more 'than themſelves!*'

Bridget's eyes poured down at the ſenſations the corporal excited.

——'Tell me—tell me then, my 'dear Bridget,' continued the corporal, taking hold of her hand, which hung down dead by her ſide—and giving a ſecond kiſs—'whoſe ſuſpicion has miſ'led thee?'

Bridget ſobbed a ſob or two—then opened her eyes—the corporal wiped 'em with the bottom of her apron—ſhe then opened her heart, and told him all.

CHAP. XXX.

MY Uncle Toby and the corporal had gone on ſeparately with their operations the greateſt part of the campaign, and as effectually cut off from all communication of what either the one or the other had been doing, as if they had been ſeparated from each other by the Maes or the Sambre.

My Uncle Toby, on his ſide, had preſented himſelf every afternoon in his red and ſilver, and blue and gold alternately, and ſuſtained an infinity of attacks in them, without knowing them to be attacks—and ſo had nothing to communicate—

The corporal, on his ſide, in taking Bridget, by it had gained conſiderable advantages—and conſequently had much to communicate—but what were the advantages—as well, as what was the manner by which he had ſeized them, required ſo nice an hiſtorian, that the corporal durſt not venture upon it; and as ſenſible as he was of glory, would rather have been contented to have gone bare-headed and without laurels for ever, than torture his maſter's modeſty for a ſingle moment.—

——Beſt of honeſt and gallant ſervants!——But I have apoſtrophized thee, Trim! once before—and could I apotheoſize thee alſo (that is to ſay) with good company—I would do it *without ceremony* in the very next page.

CHAP. XXXI.

NOW my Uncle Toby had one evening laid down his pipe upon the table, and was counting over to himſelf upon his finger-ends (beginning at his thumb) all Mrs. Wadman's perfections one by one; and happening two or three times together, either by omitting ſome, or counting others twice over, to puzzle himſelf ſadly before he could get beyond his middle-finger—'Pr'ythee, Trim!' ſaid he, taking up his pipe again, 'bring me a pen and 'ink.' Trim brought paper alſo.

'Take a full ſheet, Trim!' ſaid my Uncle Toby—making a ſign with his pipe at the ſame time to take a chair and ſit down cloſe by him at the table. The corporal obeyed—placed the paper directly before him—took a pen, and dipped it in the ink.

'She has a thouſand virtues, Trim!' ſaid my Uncle Toby.

'Am I to ſet them down, an' pleaſe 'your honour?' quoth the corporal.

——'But they muſt be taken in their 'ranks,' replied my Uncle Toby; 'for 'of them all, Trim, that which wins 'me moſt, and which is a ſecurity for 'all the reſt, is the compaſſionate turn 'and ſingular humanity of her cha'racter.—I proteſt,' added my Uncle Toby, looking up, as he proteſted it, towards the top of the ceiling—'that 'was I her brother, Trim, a thouſand'fold, ſhe could not make more con'ſtant or more tender enquiries after 'my ſufferings—though now no more!'

The corporal made no reply to my Uncle Toby's proteſtation, but by a ſhort cough—he dipped the pen a ſecond time into the inkhorn: and my Uncle Toby pointing with the end of his pipe as cloſe to the top of the ſheet at the left-hand corner of it, as he could get it—the corporal wrote down the word HUMANITY - - - - thus.

'Pr'ythee,

'Pr'ythee corporal,' said my Uncle Toby, as soon as Trim had done it—'how often does Mrs. Bridget enquire 'after the wound on the cap of thy 'knee, which thou receivedst at the 'battle of Landen?'

'She never, an' please your honour, 'enquires after it at all!'

'That, corporal,' said my Uncle Toby, with all the triumph the goodness of his nature would permit—'that 'shews the difference in the character 'of the mistress and maid!—had the 'fortune of war allotted the same mis'chance to me, Mrs. Wadman would 'have enquired into every circumstance 'relating to it a hundred times.'—'She 'would have enquired, an' please your 'honour, ten times as often about your 'honour's groin!'—'The pain, Trim, 'is equally excruciating—and compas'sion has as much to do with the one as 'the other.'

——'God bless your honour!' cried the corporal—'what has a woman's 'compassion to do with a wound upon 'the cap of a man's knee? had your 'honour's been shot into ten thousand 'splinters at the affair of Landen, Mrs. 'Wadman would have troubled her 'head as little about it as Bridget; be'cause,' added the corporal, lowering his voice and speaking very distinctly as he assigned his reason—

'The knee is such a distance from 'the main body—whereas the groin, 'your honour knows, is upon the very 'curtin of the *place*.'

My Uncle Toby gave a long whistle—but in a note which could scarce be heard across the table.

The corporal had advanced too far to retire—in three words he told the rest.

My Uncle Toby laid down his pipe as gently upon the fender, as if it had been spun from the unravellings of a spider's web.

——'Let us go to my brother Shan'dy's,' said he.

CHAP. XXXII.

THERE will be just time, whilst my Uncle Toby and Trim are walking to my father's, to inform you, that Mrs. Wadman had, some moons before this, made a confident of my mother; and that Mrs. Bridget, who had the burden of her own, as well as her mistress's secret to carry, had got happily delivered of both to Susannah behind the garden-wall.

As for my mother, she saw nothing at all in it, to make the least bustle about—but Susannah was sufficient by herself for all the ends and purposes you could possibly have in exporting a family secret; for she instantly imparted it by signs to Jonathan—and Jonathan by tokens to the cook, as she was basting a loin of mutton; the cook sold it with some kitchen fat to the postilion for a groat, who trucked it with the dairy-maid for something of about the same value—and though whispered in the hay-loft, FAME caught the notes with her brazen trumpet, and sounded them upon the house-top.—In a word, not an old woman in the village, or five miles round, who did not understand the difficulties of my Uncle Toby's siege, and what were the secret articles which had delayed the surrender.

My father, whose way was to force every event in nature into an hypothesis, by which means never man crucified TRUTH at the rate he did—had but just heard of the report as my Uncle Toby set out; and catching fire suddenly at the trespass done his brother by it, was demonstrating to Yorick, notwithstanding my mother was sitting by—not only, that the devil was in women, and that the whole of the affair was lust; but that every evil and disorder in the world, of what kind or nature soever, from the first fall of Adam, down to my Uncle Toby's (inclusive) was owing one way or other to the same unruly appetite.

Yorick was just bringing my father's hypothesis to some temper, when my Uncle Toby entering the room with marks of infinite benevolence and forgiveness in his looks, my father's eloquence rekindled against the passion—and as he was not very nice in the choice of his words when he was wroth—as soon as my Uncle Toby was seated by the fire, and had filled his pipe, my father broke out in this manner.

CHAP. XXXIII.

——'THAT provision should be 'made for continuing the 'race of so great, so exalted and god'like a being as man—I am far from

'denying—but philoſophy ſpeaks freely of every thing; and therefore I ſtill think and do maintain it to be a pity, that it ſhould be done by means of a paſſion which bends down the faculties, and turns all the wiſdom, contemplations, and operations of the ſoul backwards—a paſſion, my dear,' continued my father, addreſſing himſelf to my mother, 'which couples and equals wiſe men with fools, and makes us come out of our caverns and hiding-places more like ſatyrs and four-footed beaſts than men.

'I know it will be ſaid,' continued my father, (availing himſelf of the *prolepſis*) 'that in itſelf, and ſimply taken —like hunger, or thirſt, or ſleep—it is an affair neither good or bad—or ſhameful, or otherwiſe.—Why then did the delicacy of Diogenes and Plato ſo recalcitrate againſt it? and wherefore, when we go about to make and plant a man, do we put out the candle? and for what reaſon is it, that all the parts thereof—the congredients—the preparations—the inſtruments, and whatever ſerves thereto, are ſo held as to be conveyed to a cleanly mind by no language, tranſlation, or periphraſis whatever?

——'The act of killing and deſtroying a man,' continued my father—raiſing his voice, and turning to my Uncle Toby, 'yon ſee, is glorious—and the weapons by which we do it are honourable—we march with them upon our ſhoulders—we ſtrut with them by our ſides—we gild them—we carve them—we inlay them—we enrich them!—Nay, if it be but a *ſcoundrel* cannon, we caſt an ornament upon the breech of it!'—

——'My Uncle Toby laid down his pipe to intercede for a better epithet—and Yorick was riſing up to batter the whole hypotheſis to pieces—

——When Obadiah broke into the middle of the room with a complaint, which cried out for an immediate hearing.

The caſe was this:

My father, whether by ancient cuſtom of the manor, or as impropriator of the great tythes, was obliged to keep a bull for the ſervice of the pariſh, and Obadiah had led his cow upon a *poſſ* to him one day or other the preceding ſummer—I ſay, one day or other—becauſe, as chance would have it, it was the day on which he was married to my father's houſe-maid—ſo one was a reckoning to the other. Therefore, when Obadiah's wife was brought to-bed, Obadiah thanked God—

——'Now,' ſaid Obadiah, 'I ſhall have a calf!' So Obadiah went daily to viſit his cow.

'She'll calve on Monday—on Tueſday—or Wedneſday, at the fartheſt.'

The cow did not calve—No—ſhe'll not calve till next week—the cow put it off terribly—till at the end of the ſixth week Obadiah's ſuſpicions (like a good man's) fell upon the bull.

Now the pariſh being very large, my father's bull, to ſpeak the truth of him, was no way equal to the department; he had, however, got himſelf, ſomehow or other, thruſt into employment—and as he went through the buſineſs with a grave face, my father had a high opinion of him.

——'Moſt of the townſmen, an' pleaſe your worſhip,' quoth Obadiah, 'believe that 'tis all the bull's fault.'

——'But may not a cow be barren?' replied my father, turning to Doctor Slop.

'It never happens,' ſaid Doctor Slop; 'but the man's wife may have come before her time naturally enough.

——'Pr'ythee, has the child hair upon his head?' added Doctor Slop.

——'It is as hairy as I am!' ſaid Obadiah.—Obadiah had not been ſhaved for three weeks.——'Wheu - - u - - - '- - - - - - - - -!' cried my father; beginning the ſentence with an exclamatory whiſtle—'and ſo, bother Toby, this poor bull of mine, who is as good a bull as ever p-ſs'd, and might have done for Europa herſelf in purer times—had he but two legs leſs, might have been driven into Doctors Commons and loſt his character—which, to a town-bull, brother Toby, is the very ſame thing as his life!'

'L-rd!' ſaid my mother, 'what is all this ſtory about?'—

'A COCK and a BULL!' ſaid Yorick—'And one of the beſt of it's kind I ever heard!'

FINIS.

CHINESE TALES;

OR, THE

WONDERFUL ADVENTURES

OF THE

MANDARIN FUM-HOAM:

RELATED BY HIMSELF,

TO DIVERT THE SULTANA,

UPON

THE CELEBRATION OF HER NUPTIALS.

WRITTEN IN FRENCH

BY M. GUEULETTE.

TRANSLATED

BY THE REV. MR. STACKHOUSE.

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M DCCLXXXI.

TO

MRS. PULTENEY.

MADAM,

THE variety of incidents which occur in this book, and that happy connection and compoſition which delights and detains the reader, made me imagine, that a tranſlation of it might not only be a proper relaxation to my other ſtudies, but an agreeable entertainment likewiſe to ſuch as have not your ſkill in the *original*, though an equal deſire to be acquainted with the ſtrange Adventures of the illuſtrious FUM-HOAM. But how diverting ſoever the work might be, I ſhould not have expended ſo much time about it, had I not perceived that it's main end and intent was, to *inſtruct* as well as *pleaſe*, and to recommend an excellent moral under the agreeable veil of allegory and fable. You will be no leſs delighted, then, Madam, with the *diſcovery* at the end of each tale, than you are all along with the clearneſs of the narration, when you come to perceive, in this admirable author, that VICE is always *puniſhed*, and VIRTUE *rewarded*.

What ſtruck me with a particular regard, was the exceſs to which the Chineſe philoſophers have carried the ridiculouſneſs of their ſyſtem, and the extravagant notions that the followers of Mahomet are bound to imbibe; and I thought it no ſmall conſolation to every good Chriſtian, to reflect on the diſparity of his condition; and an abundant reaſon to rejoice exceedingly for his admiſſion into a religion which is incomparably the moſt inconteſtible in it's proofs, rich in it's promiſes, rational in it's precepts, and highly perfective of human nature.

But

But I forget myſelf, Madam, and am deviating into my road of preaching, when I only intended to preſent you with a book that may poſſibly give you ſome ſmall amuſement—in teſtimony of my approbation of the *public voice*, which is every where ſo juſtly full of your praiſe and commendation—of my gratitude to your Father, ſo frequently my bounteous benefactor—and of my zeal and reſpect to a nearer Relation of yours, the example and patron of learning, and the glory and ornament of the ſenate.

I am, Madam,

Your moſt humble,

and moſt devoted ſervant,

THO. STACKHOUSE.

THE PREFACE.

IT is no ſmall commendation to this manner of writing, that one of the greateſt wits of the age has fallen into the ſame turn of thought, and purſued the allegory ſo very cloſely, that, had this book been then extant, one would really believe he had laid it before him. The late Mr. Secretary Addiſon *, to expoſe the folly and levity of the ladies, who throw away all their fondneſs on parrots, monkeys, and lap-dogs, has drawn, what we may call, an epitome of it.

Jack Freelove, who is the facetious man of the company, is introduced as making his pretenſions to a lady of this caſt; and, upon her delay to come down to him, he leaves a letter, written in the perſon of her favourite monkey, for her to ruminate upon.

'MADAM,

'NOT having the gift of ſpeech, I have a long time waited in 'vain for an opportunity of making myſelf known to you; 'and having at preſent the conveniences of pen, ink, and paper by 'me, I gladly take occaſion of giving you my hiſtory in writing, 'which I could not do by word of mouth. You muſt know, Ma-'dam, that about a thouſand years ago I was an Indian Brachman, 'and verſed in all thoſe myſterious ſecrets, which your European 'Philoſopher, called Pythagoras, is ſaid to have learned from our 'fraternity. I had ſo ingratiated myſelf by my great ſkill in the 'occult ſciences, with a dæmon whom I uſed to converſe with, that 'he promiſed to grant me whatever I ſhould aſk of him. I deſired 'that my ſoul might never paſs into the body of a brute creature: 'but this, he told me, was not in his power to grant me. I then 'begged, that into whatever creature I ſhould chance to tranſmi-'grate, I might ſtill retain my memory, and be conſcious that I was 'the ſame perſon who lived in different animals. This, he told me, 'was within his power, and accordingly promiſed, on the word of a 'dæmon, that he would grant me what I deſired. From that time 'forth I lived ſo very unblameably, that I was made preſident of a 'college of Brachmans, an office which I diſcharged with great inte-'grity, till the day of my death.

* Vide Spectator, No. 343. (marked L.)

'I was

'I was then ſhuffled into another human body, and acted my part ſo 'very well in it, that I became firſt miniſter to a prince, who reigned 'upon the banks of the Ganges. I here lived in great honour for 'ſeveral years, but by degrees loſt all the innocence of the Brach-'man, being obliged to rifle and oppreſs the people to enrich my 'ſovereign; till at length I became ſo odious, that my maſter, to 'recover his credit with his ſubjects, ſhot me through the heart with 'an arrow, as I was one day addreſſing myſelf to him at the head of 'his army.

'Upon my next remove, I found myſelf in the woods, under the 'ſhape of a jack-call, and ſoon lifted myſelf in the ſervice of a lion: 'I uſed to yelp near his den about midnight, which was his time of 'rouzing and ſeeking after his prey. He always followed me in the 'rear, and when I had run down a fat buck, a wild goat, or a hare, 'after he had feaſted very plentifully upon it himſelf, would now and 'then throw me a bone that was but half picked, for my encourage-'ment; but upon my being unſucceſsful in two or three chaces, he 'gave me ſuch a confounded gripe in his anger, that I died of it.

'In my next tranſmigration I was again ſet upon two legs, and 'became an Indian tax-gatherer; but having been guilty of great 'extravagances, and being married to an expenſive jade of a wife, I 'ran ſo curſedly in debt, that I durſt not ſhew my head. I could 'no ſooner ſtep out of my houſe, but I was arreſted by ſomebody or 'other who lay in wait for me. As I ventured abroad one night in 'the duſk of the evening, I was taken up and hurried into a dungeon, 'where I died a few months after.

'My ſoul then entered into a flying-fiſh, and in that ſtate led a 'moſt melancholy life for the ſpace of ſix years. Several fiſhes of 'prey purſued me when I was in the water, and if I betook myſelf 'to my wings, it was ten to one but I had a flock of birds aiming at 'me. As I was one day flying amidſt a fleet of Engliſh ſhips, I ab-'ſerved a huge ſea-gull whetting his bill, and hovering juſt over my 'head: upon my dipping into the water, to avoid him, I fell into 'the mouth of a monſtrous ſhark, that ſwallowed me down in an 'inſtant.

'I was ſome years afterwards, to my great ſurprize, an eminent 'banker in Lombard-Street; and remembering how I had formerly 'ſuffered for want of money, became ſo very ſordid and avaricious, 'that the whole town cried ſhame of me. I was a miſerable little 'old fellow to look upon; for I had in a manner ſtarved myſelf, and 'was nothing but ſkin and bone when I died.

'I was afterwards very much troubled and amazed to find myſelf 'dwindled into an emmet. I was heartily concerned to make ſo in-'ſignificant a figure, and did not know but, ſome time or other, I 'might be reduced to a mite, if I did not mend my manners. I 'therefore applied myſelf with great diligence to the offices that 'were allotted me, and was generally looked upon as the notableſt ant 'in the whole mole-hill. I was at laſt picked up, as I was groaning 'under a burden, by an unlucky cock-ſparrow that lived in the 'neighbourhood, and had before made great depredations upon our 'commonwealth.

'I then bettered my condition a little, and lived a whole ſummer 'in the ſhape of a bee; but being tired with the painful and penu-'rious life I had undergone in my two laſt tranſmigrations, I fell

'into

'into the other extreme, and turned drone. As I one day headed a 'party to plunder a hive, we were received ſo warmly by the ſwarm 'which defended it, that we were moſt of us left dead upon the ſpot.

'I might tell you of many other tranſmigrations which I went 'through; how I was a town-rake, and afterwards did penance in 'a bay gelding for ten years; as alſo how I was a taylor, a ſhrimp, 'and a tom-tit. In the laſt of theſe ſhapes I was ſhot in the Chriſt-'mas holidays by a young jack-a-napes, who would needs try his 'new gun upon me.

'But I ſhall paſs over theſe and ſeveral other ſtages of life, to re-'mind you of the young beau who made love to you about ſix years 'ſince. You may remember, Madam, how he maſked, and danced, 'and ſung, and played a thouſand tricks to gain you; and how he 'was at laſt carried off by a cold that he got under your window one 'night in a ſerenade. I was that unfortunate young fellow, whom 'you were then ſo cruel to. Not long after my ſhifting that unlucky 'body, I found myſelf upon a hill in Ethiopia, where I lived in my 'preſent groteſque ſhape, till I was caught by a ſervant of the En-'gliſh factory, and ſent over into Great Britain: I need not inform 'you how I came into your hands. You ſee, Madam, this is not 'the firſt time that you have had me in a chain; I am, however, 'very happy in my captivity, as you often beſtow on me thoſe kiſſes 'and careſſes which I would have given the world for when I was a 'man. I hope this diſcovery of my perſon will not turn to my diſ-'advantage, but that you will ſtill continue your accuſtomed favours 'to your moſt devoted humble ſervant,

'PUG.'

Now, after all, it muſt be acknowledged, that the doctrine of tranſmigration was never believed, nor taught by Pythagoras, in the ſenſe that is here repreſented. The account we have of his life; how he was the fountain of all that learning, which afterwards watered the Grecian Empire; how indefatigable he was to improve and adorn his mind in all kinds of knowledge; how careful to ſubdue all ſenſual paſſions; how temperate in the uſe of lawful pleaſures; and how zealous for the honour of God, and the advancement of virtue; will hardly permit us to believe, that ſo groſs a notion as that of tranſmigration, in the vulgar ſenſe, could have any being in the thoughts of ſo great a philoſopher. But this undoubtedly was his opinion, and an opinion not inconſiſtent with the light of right reaſon *. That there is an univerſal germinating virtue emitted from the celeſtial bodies, conveyed by the medium of the air, and transfuſed into every part of the creation; that this virtue impregnating a human body, whether at the time of generation, or afterwards, conſtitutes the *ſenſitive ſpirit* of a man, which is perfectly diſtinct from the *rational ſoul*; that this ſpirit, while we live, performs all the animal operations of life, and ſeems not an improper medium between the divine immortal ray, and groſs matter; and that, upon the diſſolution of the body, it is not annihilated, but only let looſe into the air, which is it's proper receptacle, and therein made active and vigorous again, in order to impregnate new matter.

* See the late learned Mr. Bulſtrode's Eſſay on Tranſmigration, in defence of Pythagoras.

So that the true hypotheſis of tranſmigration, as it ſtands clear of all abſurdities, relates not to the *rational ſoul*, which upon it's ſeparation, goes immediately into the hands of him that gave it, (ſay the wiſeſt Heathens;) into Abraham's boſom, (ſay the Holy Scriptures) a place appointed for it's continuance in, until the reſurrection: but to the *ſenſitive ſpirit*, a quite different part of man, which is the copula, as it were, between his ſoul and body, and when broken or diſſolved, vaniſhes into the ſoft air, but is not therefore loſt; for in the revolution of nature, it thence comes down again, to permeate and vivify other bodies. And it is not improbable, that the promiſcuous uſe of theſe two ſynonymous terms, *ſoul* and *ſpirit*, have occaſioned, eſpecially among the ignorant, this miſtake of the meaning of Pythagoras.

CHINESE

CHINESE TALES;

OR, THE

WONDERFUL ADVENTURES

OF THE

MANDARIN FUM-HOAM.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

HOLONJA, the nephew of Tahl-Kia, who was prime-vizier to Tongluck King of Gannan *, was ſent by his Uncle into Circaſſia †, to buy up the moſt beautiful damſels he could meet with in that country, deſigning them for a preſent to the Sultan of China; and the young man diſcharged his commiſſion with ſo much exactneſs, that never was there a ſeraglio ſtored with ſuch variety of beauties, as was the veſſel wherein he embarked theſe Circaſſian women from Balſora ‡.

In travelling through part of Perſia, Holonja fell into the company of two derviſes, and contracted an intimate friendſhip with them. The one was about ſixty years old, and had ſuch an air of majeſty in his looks, as ſhewed the greatneſs of his quality and condition before he embraced that kind of life; the other, who paſſed for his nephew, was not above ſixteen, but had features ſo juſt and regular, that nothing could be compared to him, except one of thoſe pages who, according to Mahomet's doctrine, preſent the *poncire* § to good and virtuous Muſſulmen after their death.

Theſe derviſes quitted their convent,

* The kingdom of Gannan includes thoſe of Laas, Tunquin, and Cochinchina. Hiaouus, of the family of Hanna, who was a great conqueror, ſubdued all theſe countries; and having placed colonies in them, and made them a part of China, governed them according to the laws and policy thereof. Tongluck was one of the deſcendants of this conqueror, and held his reſidence at Tunquin. Theſe kingdoms are about one hundred and ſeventy leagues from eaſt to weſt, and one hundred and twenty from north to ſouth.

† Circaſſia has, towards the ſouth, the Euxine Sea, and the mountain Caucaſus, which ſeparates it from Georgia; the River Don or Panais, towards the North; the Caſpian Sea, to the eaſt; and the Straits of Caffa, to the weſt. There are no people in the world more beautiful, and better ſhaped, than it's inhabitants; and the traffick for ſlaves in this country is very conſiderable.

‡ Balſora is a large city, ſituate in the extreme parts of the Deſarts of Arabia, at the conflux of the Euphrates and Tigris, twelve leagues from the Perſian Gulph, which for that reaſon is frequently called the Gulph of Balſora.

§ This *poncire* is a kind of citron, which pages of an exquiſite beauty bring, on a golden plate, to ſuch Muſſulmen as have exactly followed the laws of Mahomet, when they come into the paradiſe that he promiſes them; and where an houri (*i. e.* a beautiful young virgin) will appear to each of them, in whoſe embraces they are to ſolace for fifty years.

as they pretended, with a deſign to travel over all the Eaſt; and when Holonja propoſed to carry them into China, they readily accepted his offer, and the ſhip was under full ſail, juſt off the Gulph of Cambay *, when it happened to be attacked by two corſairs of Adel †. Their veſſels were a great deal ſuperior in ſtrength to that wherein Holonja was; but he and his whole crew did ſuch wonders, and behaved with ſo much bravery, that the corſairs, having loſt a good many of their beſt ſoldiers, were forced to ſheer off.

The two derviſes bore likewiſe their part in the engagement, and the elder more eſpecially ſhewed ſuch courage and magnanimity, that Holonja in a great meaſure imputed the victory to him. He thought himſelf very happy in having ſo brave a man on board; and was making his compliments to him to that purpoſe; when, perceiving his nephew all on a ſudden turn pale, and the blood appear upon his cloaths, he was ſo ſtartled at the ſight, that he ran to him, and tore his breaſt haſtily open with a deſign to help him—but was not a little ſurprized to find that this young perſon was a lady of moſt incomparable beauty.

As good luck would have it, the wound was but ſlight, it had gone no farther than the fleſh, a little below her breaſt: but the old derviſe perceiving that he could no longer conceal a ſecret which he had never diſcloſed to any creature before, addreſſed himſelf to Holonja in this manner. 'I take you, Sir, to be 'too much a gentleman, to make any 'bad uſe of this diſcovery: and ſince 'an accident has let you into the ſex 'of this young derviſe, I ſhall take the 'freedom to relate to you, what our 'condition is, and who we are; being 'well ſatisfied, that a mind poſſeſſed 'with your generous ſentiments will 'take pleaſure in relieving a prince, 'who from the height of all worldly 'grandeur, is plunged, as you ſee, 'into the abyſs of nothing.'

THE HISTORY OF MALEKALSALEM, KING OF GEORGIA.

'I Am the King of Georgia ‡; my 'name is Malekalſalem, and my 'ordinary reſidence was at a caſtle in 'the province of Guriel, that borders 'upon the Black Sea. By all the ſultanas I kept in my ſeraglio, I never 'had but two children, a boy and a 'girl, both born of the ſame mother. 'But my joy for her fruitfulneſs was 'ſoon abated, by the loſs of young 'Abroamot, (that was my ſon's name) 'who, together with his nurſe, was 'ſtole away by pirates, when he was 'about two years old. I gave orders '(but it was to no purpoſe) for my 'people to purſue them; they never could 'come up with them: and a violent 'tempeſt, which ſoon after aroſe, and 'ſunk moſt of the veſſels that I ſent 'out, gave me cauſe to think that he 'likewiſe was ſwallowed up in the 'waves.

'After I had ſufficiently bewailed the 'loſs of my ſon, I was reſolved to re-'tire with my daughter into the city of 'Teflis ‖, which is the capital of my 'kingdom.

'This princeſs, whom you now ſee 'in the habit of a derviſe, was named 'Gulchenraz Gundogdi §, becauſe, at 'her birth, ſhe gave us great hopes of 'becoming in time a perfect beauty. 'I was then grown into years myſelf; 'and therefore, leaving the government 'of my kingdom in the hands of my 'viziers, and ſpending moſt of my 'days with my daughter, I ſaw with 'infinite pleaſure, by the time ſhe was 'arrived at fifteen, that there was not 'a woman comparable to her. In 'ſhort, I began to think ſeriouſly of 'chuſing a ſon-in-law to ſucceed in my

* The city of Cambay is ſituate at the mouth of the River Indus. It is a very populous place, has great commerce, and a gulph of the ſame name.

† Adel is a kingdom in the new Arabia, and it's capital city is of the ſame name.

‡ Georgia, or Gurgiſtan, ſo called becauſe it has St. George for it's patron, is a country ſituate between the Black Sea, Circaſſia, Comania, Muſcovia, the Tartars of Dagheſtan, the province of Scirvan, and Turcomania. The provinces of Guriel, Immeret, and Mengrelia, are the ancients Colchis, the country of Medea; and, throughout all Georgia, both the men and women are very beautiful.

‖ Teflis was formerly called Artaxata.

§ Gundogdi, in the Perſian Tongue, ſignifies *the morning*.

'kingdom;

'kingdom; when, by a ſudden and 'unexpected turn of fate, the Sultan 'of Bitlis * invaded my territories with 'a numerous army. That prince, who 'was commonly called *Dilſenghin*, (i.e. *ſtony-hearted*) had no cauſe to be 'angry with me: but as the fame of 'my daughter's perfections was ſpread 'over all the Eaſt, and himſelf was 'too conſcious, that the information I 'had had of his cruelty and vile cha'racter, would hinder me from ever 'conſenting that ſhe ſhould have him, 'he took methods to compel me to it, 'and entered into a reſolution to ſeize 'upon my throne, and to take away 'Gulchenraz from me. And, by the 'force and violence of war, he in a 'great meaſure executed his deſign.

'It was no ſmall grief to me, to ſee 'Dilſenghin lay all in fire and ſword 'before him: the few troops I was able 'to raiſe, after a peace of ten years 'continuance, were not ſufficient to 'make any head againſt him. He car'ried every place ſword in hand, and 'threatened at laſt to put me to death 'in the moſt cruel manner, unleſs I 'would deliver up Gulchenraz to him.

'I muſt needs own, Sir, that the 'deſpair wherein I beheld my daugh'ter, augmented my grief; and there'fore, thinking it not adviſeable to 'ſtay at Tefflis with an army unable to 'make reſiſtance, until this outrageous 'king ſhould come upon me; I took 'with me what gold and jewels I could 'carry, and putting myſelf and Gul'chenraz in the habits you ſee, left my 'palace and dominions in the night; 'and travelling through part of Perſia, 'in your company, came at laſt to the 'Gulph of Balſora, where we embark'ed in your veſſel. Since then we are 'reſolved to go with you as far as 'China, you yourſelf, Sir, may very 'well judge, whether we have any 'hopes of returning to Georgia; and 'whether our misfortunes might not 'have ſunk us, had we not ſet bounds 'to the violence of our grief, when at 'firſt we became wanderers and fugi'tives upon the earth!'

Holonja was aſtoniſhed to hear the misfortunes of the Sultan of Georgia, and having aſked pardon of the princeſs for his indiſcretion, he offered them all the aſſiſtance that was in his power, and promiſed them both never to reveal the ſecret. 'And to aſſwage your grief,' added he, 'ſuffer me to remind you, Sir, 'that the greateſt evils live always in 'the neighbourhood of the greateſt bleſ'ſings, as our auguſt ſultan not above 'four years ago experienced; who, 'from the moſt unfortunate condition, 'was advanced to the throne of China, 'as if the one had been a footſtep to 'the other. And if a hiſtory ſo ſin'gular will be any alleviation of your 'ſorrow to hear, I will do myſelf the 'pleaſure to relate it.'—'By all means,' replied Gulchenraz; 'you cannot oblige 'us more.'—'Well, then,' continued Holonja, 'I am very ready to do it.'

THE HISTORY OF SULTAN TONG-LUCK.

'UPON the death of Sultan Eum-'Vu, King of Gannan, who 'left no ſon behind him, a certain 'bonze †, inſinuating to the people 'that he was the neareſt relation to the 'deceaſed king, came and demanded 'the crown; which (notwithſtanding 'the oppoſition that it met with in coun'cil, and the wiſe remonſtrances which 'ſeveral mandarins made to it, that a 'man who from his youth upwards 'had abandoned the care of all worldly 'concerns, was very improper to go'vern a kingdom; and a head that 'had been accuſtomed to duſt and aſhes, 'unable to bear the weight of a crown 'with decency) he obtained, and was 'with the general acclamations of the 'people, choſen King of Gannan: but 'as ſoon as he had taken poſſeſſion of 'his throne, the governor of the iſle of 'Kiumchen made preparations to con'teſt it with him.

'He certainly was the nearer rela'tion to Eum-Vu, and proved it very 'plainly; but the new king, being 'now accuſtomed to the ſplendour of a 'throne, was ſo far from relinquiſhing

* This city is the ancient Tigranocerta, ſituate in the mountains between Diarbek, Georgia, the Leſſer Aſia, and Perſia.

† The *bonzes* are the miniſters of religion in China; they affect great continence, and live in wonderful ſobriety. They have ſeveral univerſities, where they live in community, and learn the myſteries of their ſects.

'it

'it, that he iſſued out his proclamations with ſuch diligence, that having 'ſeized his rival about twenty miles 'from Tunquin, as he was advancing 'with a ſmall army to maintain his 'right, he was reſolved to keep him 'priſoner, according to the manner of 'the Chineſe in caſes of the like nature.

'When any rebel is apprehended, the 'king goes to meet him, and orders a 'baſon and golden ewer to be preſented him; which he is obliged to carry 'on his head, walking on foot to the 'place of his impriſonment. This priſon is a cave dug under the throne 'where the king ſits; they open it every 'day to give the priſoners victuals, and 'without ever troubling themſelves whether they are dead or alive, do it for 'ſix months, and then wall it up for 'good and all.

'Our king, according to this cuſtom, was going one day to meet his rival, with a purpoſe to treat him in this 'manner, when falling into hunting, 'and continuing his ſport till noon, the 'heat of the day made him flee to a 'ſhade to reſt himſelf a little: he accordingly laid down upon the graſs 'in the middle of a ſmall wood to take 'a nap; and, to ſecure his face againſt 'the inſects, covered it with a red ſilk 'handkerchief. His principal officers, 'out of reſpect, withdrew ſome twenty 'or thirty paces; and the king was in 'a ſound ſleep, when he was ſuddenly 'awakened by a very odd accident; 'for a bird of prey, that had it's neſt 'in the tree under which the king ſlept, 'taking the red handkerchief for a piece 'of raw fleſh, made a ſtoop at it with 'ſuch violence, that with it's beak and 'talons, which were extremely ſharp 'and ſtrong, it ſtruck out both his 'eyes.

'The officers, hearing the ſultan cry 'out, ran to him in a great fright; 'but this accident, which ſhould have 'raiſed compaſſion in their breaſts, had 'a quite contrary effect upon them; for 'thinking him now no longer fit to 'reign over them, by reaſon of the loſs 'of his eyes, they immediately reſolved 'to give the crown to him who was 'made priſoner, ſince he was of the 'royal line; and therefore, taking the 'baſon and golden ewer, they ſet it 'upon this poor prince's head, and ſo 'carried him to Tongluck, (for that 'was his rival's name) whom they 'made choice of for their king.

'This new monarch, ſtruck with the 'ſudden change of his fortune, and the 'great danger he had ſo lately eſcaped, 'made wiſe reflections, and ſuch as 'well became the occaſion. "Heavens!" ſaid he, "that ever, in ſo "ſhort a time, I ſhould be in ſuch diſ-"ferent circumſtances! But one of "our poets has rightly obſerved, *Who "for another makes a pit, digs for "himſelf a grave*—Unhappy bonze!" 'continued he; "your fortune grieves "me exceedingly. But be in no con-"cern for your life; you ſhall not be "put into that frightful dungeon you "had prepared for me: your ſorrows "I will alleviate as much as poſſible, "and leave it to your choice, either to "ſtay in my court, or retire into what "place of my dominions you pleaſe, "with a penſion of a hundred thou-"ſand pieces of gold, which I will pay "you yearly."

"Ah, generous Tongluck!" cried 'the bonze, throwing himſelf at the "new ſultan's feet; "you ſhew by "this, how much better you deſerve "the throne than I. Seduced by the "ſplendour of a crown, which I de-"prived you of, I intended to have put "you to a moſt cruel and unjuſt death; "whereas you give me a life I have "not deſerved; and not only ſo, but "heap your benefits upon me likewiſe. "Ah, Sir! theſe are ſentiments be-"coming a worthy monarch!"

'Tongluck, that moment embracing 'the bonze, aſſured him of his perfect 'friendſhip: and ſo aſcending a throne 'which was his right, both upon the 'account of his birth, and this ſingular inſtance of his moderation, he hath 'reigned about four years to the perfect 'ſatisfaction of all China.'

'How happy is this prince,' cried Malekalſalem; 'and how wonderful is 'his clemency!'—'Nay, he is his 'people's darling,' replied Holonja; 'and if there is any thing that can af-'flict us, it is his inſenſibility of love, 'and the apprehenſions we are under 'of not having his poſterity to reign 'over our children; for, of all the 'ſultanas that he has yet received into 'his Seraglio, none has been able to

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touch his heart. For this reaſon it was, that my uncle, who is his prime-vizier, ſent me into Circaſſia; but what merit ſoever there may be in the rare beauties I have brought with me into China, I fear I ſhall have no better ſucceſs than others who have been employed in the like commiſſion before me.'

This prediction proved true; for notwithſtanding all the art that Holonja could uſe to heighten the beauties of nature, and to ſet off the women he brought with him to Tunquin, to the beſt advantage, Tongluck looked upon them with ſuch an indifference, as gave the other a vaſt uneaſineſs.

Malekalſalem, and the Princeſs of Georgia, had accepted apartments at Holonja's houſe in Tunquin, who took all the methods imaginable to divert the melancholy that had ſeized them, but himſelf could find no remedy for his own. And as he was one day expreſſing his concern to the king and Gulchenraz, at his having ſucceeded no better than others, in very moving terms, the princeſs addreſſed him in theſe words: 'You need not wonder in the leaſt at the ſultan your maſter's coldneſs; were I in his place, I ſhould do the ſelf-ſame thing; for his indifference, as I take it, proceeds from a heart truly noble, and not attached to the pleaſures of ſenſe. There is not one of theſe young women whom you preſent to him, but thinks his favours an honour to her, and makes more account of the monarch than he does of Tongluck. Diveſt him of his grandeur for a moment, and it is ten to one but they will deſpiſe his perſon, and he by that means find out the bottom of their hearts, and that it is their ambition only which makes them deſirous to partake of his bed: but find him out a perſon who overlooks the throne which captivates others; that rejects the addreſſes of a monarch, and conſiders him only as a private perſon; and then you will raiſe in him all thoſe emotions and tender paſſions which he is not yet acquainted with.'

'Nothing can be juſter, Madam, than theſe reflections,' replied Holonja; 'but where ſhall we find this rare perſon?'—'You have her before your eyes,' continued Gulchenraz; 'the throne, on which I was brought up, accuſtomed me to ſuch reſpects and ſubmiſſion as the women you buy at Circaſſia know nothing of; and if I have but beauty enough to engage your ſultan's eye, be his merit ever ſo great, I will let him know the difference between a princeſs and a ſlave, and how far the notions of the one ſurpaſs the other. There is a kind of reſerve and greatneſs of ſpirit in our ſex that makes us eſteemed; but the eaſe and forwardneſs of almoſt all the Eaſtern women, draws upon them the contempt they deſerve. I may ſeem perhaps a little too diſcerning for my age; but the queen my mother, whoſe royal blood raiſed her above the reſt of her ſex, took care in my tender age to inculcate theſe leſſons into my memory, ſo that they will for ever be engraven there.'

Malekalſalem heard this ſpeech of his daughter's with admiration: 'Of all the ſultanas I had in my ſeraglio,' ſaid he, 'none ever found the ſecret of approaching my heart but the charming Abadan-Sciroux, the mother of Abroamat and Gulchenraz; her reſervedneſs, her modeſty, every thing inchanted me in that adorable princeſs; and my life has been a burden to me ſince the moment I loſt her for ever!'

'No more of theſe melancholy reflections, Sir,' replied Holonja; 'I very well underſtand the ſolidity of your daughter's argument: but the way to put it in execution, that's the difficulty. Few princeſſes here are ſo beautiful as thoſe of Georgia, and as it is no eaſy matter to gain admittance into their apartments, our monarchs chuſe rather than marry a woman whoſe merit may not poſſibly come up to the idea they have of her beauty, to entertain themſelves with ſlaves, where they meet with an entire ſubmiſſion, and from the principle of ſelf-eſteem are induced to believe that they perfectly love them.'

After ſome more diſcourſe of the like nature, Holonja retired into his own apartment; where, if any thing could comfort him under his want of ſucceſs, it was that two merchants of ſlaves had preſented the Sultan of China with a great number of very beautiful damſels, with whom he was no more moved than

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at the ſight of the Circaſſian women which had coſt Holonja ſo much care and pains.

The King of Georgia, and the princeſs, had been about a month at Holonja's houſe, where he endeavoured to entertain them with all poſſible reſpect and aſſiduity; when one day he requeſted the favour of introducing a brother of his, who was returned from a long voyage, and had brought conſiderable riches with him. Malekalſalem had too much obligation to Holonja, to deny him any favour; and notwithſtanding the averſion Gulchenraz had to be ſeen in the proper habit of her ſex, (which, ſince her arrival in China, ſhe had put on again) ſhe conſented to receive him.

After the firſt civilities uſual among perſons of their diſtinction were over, they ſat down at table, and Uzumquey (for that was Holonja's brother's name) ſeemed to have ſo much wit and vivacity in converſation, as drew upon him the princeſs's eye more than once; but if Gulchenraz beheld him with ſome attention, he for his part was ſo taken with the charms of her face, and the delicacy of her wit, that he was that very moment going to make a declaration of his paſſion; but that the preſence of Malekalſalem, (who had now quitted the habit of a derviſe, and was known to be the young lady's father) as well as a certain greatneſs of mind that regulated all his actions, reſtrained him for that time, until a more favourable opportunity ſhould happen, and his reſpect and obſervances ſhould inform her of what his heart felt for her. He never failed, however, to be at his brother's houſe at meal-times; and diſcovered every moment new graces in the object of his wiſhes. 'Oh! how 'happy are we, dear brother,' ſaid he, one day, in a tranſport he could not refrain, 'that the Sultan of China knows 'nothing of the treaſure we have in this 'houſe! His frozen heart would ſoon 'be melted with the rays of the eyes of 'your charming gueſt, and I ſhould 'die with grief.—But I forget myſelf!' continued he: 'you will pardon, moſt 'beautiful Gulchenraz, this involuntary tranſport, and not be offended at 'a declaration I am conſtrained to make. 'My reſpect, however, ſhall at all 'times ſet bounds to my paſſion, be it 'ever ſo ſtrong and violent.' The princeſs immediately bluſhed; ſhe had for ſome time a ſtruggle within herſelf, between the ſecret inclination ſhe felt for Uzum-quey, and that greatneſs of ſpirit which was the rule of all her actions: but haſtily riſing up, 'Uzum-'quey,' ſaid ſhe, with eyes ſparkling with anger, 'you know not who I am, 'and therefore I think it proper to let 'you know the diſtance that is between 'us! The King of Georgia, who is 'here before your eyes, is my father; 'judge, therefore, whether our conditions be equal: examine yourſelf, in 'ſhort, and fail not in the reſpect which 'is due to me for the future, unleſs 'you are deſirous that I ſhould quit your 'brother's houſe.'—'You the Princeſs 'of Georgia!' cried out Uzum-quey inſtantly: 'Heavens! what do I hear, 'and what muſt I be?—Oh, beauteous Gulchenraz, that I were this moment the Sultan Tongluck, to offer 'you an heart worthy of your acceptance!'

'That would not make you more 'amiable in my eyes,' anſwered the princeſs, with great modeſty. 'The luſtre 'of a throne blinds not me; and the 'Monarch of China, with all his power 'and greatneſs, could have no more 'right over my heart, than another 'perſon, unleſs I felt a ſecret ſympathy for him; without which my father has promiſed me never to diſpoſe 'of my hand. Nay, I will own ſomething more to you, to eaſe the ſorrow 'I ſee painted in your eyes, and I will 'own it without a bluſh: from the 'firſt day I ſaw you, I conceived an 'eſteem for you; I wiſhed you had been 'born a prince, and that you had ſufficient power to reſtore my father to 'his kingdom of Georgia, which the 'traitor Diſſenghin, King of Bidis; 'has robbed him of by ſurprize: I 'ſhould then have preferred you before all the monarchs in the world; 'and my father, who loves you too, 'would have confirmed my choice 'with his conſent. But this is ſuperfluous talk; I was born to a throne, 'nor will I diſpoſe of my heart without 'one!'

Uzum-quey threw himſelf down that moment at Gulchenraz's feet: 'I am 'ſenſible, Madam,' ſaid he, 'of the 'raſhneſs of my love, and I will do 'what I can to ſubdue it, nor will I ever 'more mention a paſſion to you which I 'find offends you!' And, ſaying theſe words,

words, he withdrew full of confuſion. Hulonja aſked a thouſand pardons of Malekalſalem and the princeſs for his brother's indiſcretion. For above eight days together the afflicted lover durſt not appear in Gulchenraz's preſence; and when upon expreſs order he ventured to come, there appeared ſo many tokens of fear and ſorrow in his looks, that the king pitied him, and ordered his daughter to comfort him with ſome indications of her forgiveneſs. 'Re-aſſume, Uzum-quey,' ſaid ſhe, 'your former gaiety; I forget the offence 'you have committed, and therefore 'beg you will let us live in the ſame 'familiarity as before it was diſturbed 'by your profeſſion of a paſſion which 'I neither can nor ought to accept.' Uzum-quey obeyed the princeſs's commands; he returned to his former manner of living, and with infinite ſatisfaction perceived that ſhe was no longer offended with him.

He had already lived five months every day in the princeſs's company; when, going one night into his own apartment, 'You are avenged, Sir,' ſaid he to Malekalſalem; 'for Dilſenghin is 'dead, and your faithful ſubjects ex-'pect your return with the utmoſt im-'patience. Here is a letter that your 'viziers have ſent you; and, to con-'vince you farther, behold the head of 'the King of Bitlis, which I here give 'you in this baſket.'

It is impoſſible to expreſs the ſurprize that Malekalſalem and Gulchenraz were in at this ſight. The head of their enemy, which was ſtill bloody, and the letter ſigned by all the viziers of Georgia, made them not queſtion the truth of what they ſaw. 'But by what en-'chantment,' ſaid they, 'could you 'perform things that ſeem impoſſible?' —'Nothing,' replied he, with looks full of modeſty, 'but my paſſionate de-'ſire to be ſerviceable to the moſt beau-'tiful princeſs in the world. You may 'now return with the king your father 'when you pleaſe, Madam, into Geor-'gia, and I will conduct you thither in 'leſs than four hours.'—'*In leſs than 'four hours!*' anſwered the princeſs. 'Ah! Sir; how deſirous ſoever I may 'be of returning to Tefflis, I am not 'for that kind of voyage; it ſeems a 'little too ſupernatural and dangerous. 'My father and I had better go the 'common road, than hazard our lives 'in that.'—'There is no danger at all 'in it,' continued Uzum-quey; 'and 'when I have told you in what manner 'you came to be avenged of your ad-'verſary, you will not be afraid of the 'voiture wherein I offer to conduct you 'to Tefflis. But ſupper is ready: my 'brother, to teſtify his joy for your re-'eſtabliſhment, is deſirous to regale you 'this night; and I, after ſupper, will 'recount to you the manner in which 'ſo many wonders were wrought.'

Malekalſalem, and the princeſs, went into the apartment where they were to ſup: there was exquiſite meat of every kind; but, above all, a fine young pig with a pudding in the belly of it*. The whole entertainment, indeed, was ſerved up with great elegance, and being all ſat down at table, there was perfect joy in every one's countenance.

'How great is the obligation I have 'to you!' was the King of Georgia, every now and then exclaiming: 'no, 'my dear Uzum-quey, I can never 'ſufficiently acknowledge it; and my 'daughter Gulchenraz is the only thing 'wherewith I can repay it. You 'are not born a prince, indeed; but 'does birth depend upon ourſelves? 'True nobility lies in virtue, and glo-'rious actions, and not in a train of 'anceſtors, whoſe deeds are too often 'our diſgrace: what a joy will it be to 'me, if my daughter will accept you 'for a huſband? Ah! if ſhe muſt 'needs have a crown, I will relinquiſh 'mine, and think myſelf happy to be 'your firſt ſubject.'

Uzum-quey, ſeeing that Gulchenraz did not oppoſe the king's intentions, threw himſelf at her feet. 'Con-'firm,' ſaid he, 'adorable princeſs, 'confirm your father's deſire, but let 'it not coſt him his throne: I had 'rather renounce the poſſeſſion of my 'queen, than deprive him of his rights.'

The princeſs raiſed her lover up, not knowing well how to act. She ſuffered him to hang about her knees, and kiſs her hand; and Malekalſalem embraced them both in the moſt affectionate manner: when, all on a ſudden, they heard a noiſe in the anti-chamber. The

* Swine's fleſh, in China, is remarkably delicious; and this diſh there is eſteemed the moſt exquiſite dainty.

doors were forced open, and immediately entered thirty black ſlaves, with their ſabres drawn; and, at the head of them, a young man about thirty years old, but beautiful beyond imagination.—'Perfidious Holonja!' cried he; 'is it 'ſo you deal with your maſter? To me 'you have preſented a ſet of ſlaves, the 'very refuſe of Circaſſia, and kept for 'yourſelf a beauty whoſe charms are 'ſuperior even to thoſe of the houri: but 'I will ſoon ſhew you the conſequence 'of ſuch treacherous behaviour!'

Theſe words, ſpoke in great wrath, and the confuſion which Holonja and Uzum-quey appeared to be in, made Gulchenraz ſuppoſe that he who ſpoke in ſuch an abſolute tone muſt needs be Tongluck. 'King of China,' ſaid ſhe, with a fierce undaunted air, 'perſons 'of my rank and quality are not wont 'to be preſented to ſuch as you, like 'ſlaves, but are ſued to by way of am-'baſſadors. I am the Princeſs of Geor-'gia, and this is my father, the Sultan 'Malekalfalem: a baſe uſurper baniſh-'ed us from our kingdom; and For-'tune, who from that time was all 'along our cruel enemy, ſeems now to 'have declared herſelf in our favour. 'The lovely Uzum-quey has made a 'reparation for all her miſtakes, by re-'inſtating us in a throne, which Dil-'ſenghin King of Bitlis had unjuſtly 'invaded. You are not ignorant in 'what manner a prince like you ſhould 'behave to thoſe who are his equals. 'Treat us then with the dignity that 'becomes our character, and pardon 'Holonja for not informing you we 'reſided at his houſe. I forbade him, 'becauſe I was unwilling that your 'ſight of me ſhould increaſe the aver-'ſion you had for our ſex.'—'Ah, 'Madam!' replied the Sultan of China, 'how unjuſt are you to your eyes! Are 'you ignorant of their power, and think 'you that they are incapable to touch 'my heart? Yes, adorable princeſs, 'you were the only perſon who could 'diſſipate the coldneſs that ſurrounded 'it; you were born for no other pur-'poſe but to work miracles. But you 'change colour, I perceive, and my 'love makes you uneaſy. Uzum-quey, 'the *lovely* Uzum-quey, (for ſo you 'called him) whom I ſaw at your feet, 'has found out the way to pleaſe you.' —'Sir,' ſays Malekalfalem, immediately interrupting him, 'I am concern-'ed to ſee your love; but our obliga-'tions to Uzum-quey are ſo exceeding 'great, there is no way of paying him, 'but by giving him my daughter in 'marriage.'—'Oh, Heaven!' cried Tongluck; 'does the charming Gul-'chenraz prefer a private perſon to the 'Monarch of China?'—'Yes, Sir,' re-plied the princeſs, with an air of con-ſtancy: 'I loved Uzum-quey without 'his knowing it, and even before he 'reſtored us to our throne; ſince that 'time he has put the head of our ene-'my under our feet, and this ſervice 'has gained him the empire of my 'heart, which my father's conſent has 'confirmed. From that moment I 'looked upon him as my huſband; 'nor are all the powers upon earth 'able to make me change my reſo-'lution.—However, Sir,' continued the princeſs, in a little ſofter tone, 'I 'know myſelf but poorly qualified to 'diſſolve the coldneſs of your temper. 'There are others enough to fill the 'place that I am not at all ambitious 'of; for, in ſhort, your hour is come: 'and if it be true, that you could love 'me, as your majeſty is pleaſed to aſ-'ſure me, it will not be long before 'you will contract yourſelf to ſome 'beautiful ſultana, who will anſwer 'your paſſion more favourably than I 'can do.'

'What ſays the happy Uzum-quey,' continued the Sultan of China, 'to 'ſuch noble and endearing ſentiments 'as theſe?'—'I ſay,' replied the ten-der lover, throwing himſelf at the prin-ceſs's feet, 'that my happineſs exceeds 'my hope, and I have at laſt found what 'I have been looking for, a diſintereſted 'heart, and one who in loving me loves 'my perſon only. But it is time, 'adorable Gulchenraz, that I diſcover 'to you who I am; and you will par-'don this innocent artifice, which I 'only made uſe of to gain aſſurance of 'your heart. You ſee in Uzum-quey, 'then, the true King of China; where-'of the other, who acted his part ſo 'well, is no more than a phantom. I 'know now the bottom of your heart; 'I owe not your love to my quality: 'it was love alone that gained your 'declaration of a paſſion, where the 'monarch could have no preference. 'I have the conſent of the king your

'father;

'father; you are revenged of Dilſeng-
'him by the help of one of my manda-
'rins *, before whom Nature herſelf is
'naked; and, being maſter of the ele-
'ments, he commands the genii who
'inhabit there, with ſo abſolute autho-
'rity, that they even tremble at his
'voice. What have I then more to
'deſire, after ſuch a declaration as you
'have made in my favour? Come,
'my dear princeſs, come and aſcend a
'throne, where you will become the
'happineſs of the King of Gannan,
'and the admiration of all China.'

Malekalſalem and Gulchenraz were ſo ſurprized at this ſtrange diſcovery, that they ſtood immoveable as ſtatues: but Tongluck having ordered the pretended king with his attendants to retire, and Holonja confirming the truth of what had paſſed, by throwing himſelf at the princeſs's feet, to aſk pardon for having made uſe of this artifice, ſhe raiſed him up, and giving her hand to kiſs, 'Do I then find,' ſaid ſhe, 'in the 'perſon of Uzum-quey, the ſultan who 'reigns here? Is this an illuſion? And 'are theſe tranſactions any thing but a 'dream?'—'No, Madam, nothing is 'more true, than that it depends upon 'you alone to make the King of China 'happy. Holonja raiſed my curioſity, 'ſpeaking of a beautiful ſtranger he 'had at his houſe, and whoſe heart, 'as he told me, was as inſenſible as 'mine. I have ſeen you ſeveral times 'under different diſguiſes; but at laſt 'I thought proper to perſonate Holon-'ja's brother, more particularly to 'know thoſe ſentiments which have 'raiſed my eſteem of you. You could 'not yourſelf but perceive the love I 'conceived for you at firſt view, and 'how great my aſtoniſhment was, when 'I underſtood you were the princeſs of 'Georgia, a ſecret which Holonja had 'concealed from me till then, with a 'deſign to have you revenged of the 'traitor Dilſenghin. Upon this occa-'ſion I had recourſe to the famous *Fum-Hoam*, the mandarin of the law, whom 'I was mentioning to you. He carried 'me to Tefflis in leſs than three hours: 'by this means I got into the uſurper's 'chamber. I awoke him with my ſabre 'in my hand, and challenged him to 'fight me; but the poor poltroon be-'took himſelf to nothing but abject 'prayers. I thought it not worth while 'to trifle with the wretch any longer, 'and therefore I took away his life; 'and Fum-Hoam having aſſembled 'your chief viziers, I ſhewed them 'your enemy's head, (at the ſight of 'which there were a thouſand acclama-'tions of joy) and upbraided them with 'their weakneſs in owning a traitor for 'their ſovereign. I then ordered his 'favourites to be ſeized, and all who 'would not acknowledge their lawful 'king; and being, in ſhort, become 'abſolute maſter of the city of Tefflis, 'I appointed two of the principal vi-'ziers to govern your dominions until 'your father's return; and having re-'received from them the letter I de-'livered into his hands, I and Fum-'Hoam came back again as quick as 'lightning, and in as ſhort a time as 'we went brought your enemy's head 'to Tunquin. Thus you ſee, Madam, 'what my love has made me enterprize 'for your ſake; and ſhall not this love 'be recompenſed with the preſent of 'your heart? Or can you delay giving 'yourſelf up to the tender inſtances of 'a prince who adores you?'

Every circumſtance of this account, which the Sultan of China gave, increaſed the aſtoniſhment of Malekalſalem and Gulchenraz. 'Sir,' replied ſhe, with a bluſh, 'I love you: and having 'made that declaration ſo lately, it is 'no time now to diſſemble: but ſtill 'my religion is above my love; you 'are an idolater, I am a true believer. 'You adore ſeveral monſters, whoſe 'very figure is enough to terrify one, 'and make one renounce their wor-'ſhip: I know but one God, whoſe 'ambaſſador and great prophet is Ma-'homet. You believe in the paſſage 'of the ſoul from one body to another, 'which is a principal point with your

* There are generally reckoned in China nine orders of mandarins, and every order is divided into two degrees, which have particular marks to diſtinguiſh them. But in reality there are but three ſorts of mandarins. The firſt ſort are governors of provinces; the ſecond are mandarins of the army, and have the command of the troops; the third are mandarins of the law, or learning, and have the office and adminiſtration of juſtice.

'Doctor Chacabout*; and I hold it to 'be abſurd and ridiculous. This, Sir, 'is my opinion; and I leave you to 'judge whether we can be joined toge-'ther in eternal bands, without your 'ſwearing to me in the moſt ſolemn 'manner, that you will allow me the 'free exerciſe of my religion in Tun-'quin!'—'Oh, Madam,' cried Tongluck, 'may my head be a mark for 'my bittereſt enemies to ſhoot at, if 'ever I pretend to moleſt you in your 'religion! But I hope you will not 'always be ſo fixed in your reſolution, 'but that the famous Fum-Hoam may 'in time convince you of your error. 'He aſſures me, that the Chineſe and 'the Georgians are both to be ſubject to 'the ſame Divinity: but if he does not 'ſucceed in what he has promiſed me, 'I ſwear by the ſame oath, that I will 'not only be a proſelyte to your reli-'gion, and own Mahomet to be the true 'meſſenger ſent from God, but will 'deſtroy likewiſe all the pagods in my 'empire, and tread under foot the ſta-'tues which at preſent we adore.'—'Upon this aſſurance,' replied Gulchenraz, 'I am yours, Sir, and here is 'my hand.' Whereupon Tongluck, tranſported with joy, took his bride by the hand, and led her to his palace, through a line of ſoldiers who held every one a flambeau of odoriferous wax in his hand. Fum-Hoam and the other mandarins ſoon diſpatched the marriage ceremonies; and this charming couple, having firſt conducted Malekalſalem into a noble apartment, retired afterwards into their own.

After ſome days ſpent in thoſe pleaſures, which uſually attend a marriage that is founded upon love, the queen bethought herſelf of the mandarin. 'You promiſed, Sir,' ſaid ſhe to the ſultan, 'to bring Fum-Hoam into my 'company; but I hear you ſay no more 'of him.'—'He ſhall attend your or-'ders, my beautiful queen,' anſwered Tongluck: 'let ſomebody go for him.' The mandarin came in about a quarter of an hour; and after he had paid his due obeiſance to the two ſultans and the queen, he was ordered to ſit down upon a velvet cuſhion.

'The learned and illuſtrious Fum-'Hoam,' ſaid Gulchenraz to him, 'to 'whom I have ſo great an obligation, 'and who has reſtored my father to his 'throne in a manner ſo extraordinary, 'could not well arrive at ſuch a degree 'of wiſdom and capacity, without ſome 'ſingular adventures, which I ſhould 'be very deſirous, I can aſſure you, to 'know from your own mouth.'—'It 'will be no hard matter, Madam,' replied the mandarin, 'to gratify you in 'that; only I muſt premiſe to your 'majeſty, that I very much doubt whe-'ther you will credit what I ſhall have 'the honour to relate to you. I am not 'ignorant of the prejudice you have 'againſt the principles of our religion, 'and how you look upon as fables the 'very fundamental truths of it. But 'ſince your majeſty is willing to know 'the principal events wherein I bore a 'part, it will be requiſite to inform you 'that the ſoul is like a cameleon, which, 'according to the different bodies it 'paſſes through, takes different im-'preſſions, and is ſubject to all the 'paſſions of the body it inhabits. This 'is a point, Madam, which you muſt 'have the goodneſs to admit, (what-'ever you may have to alledge againſt 'it) in order to hear my relation of 'ſome ſurprizing hiſtories, and ſuch as 'will afterwards convince you of the 'truth of what I here advance. I have 'appeared in all parts of the world in 'very different forms; have conſe-'quently been of all religions, and all 'ſects; and, by a peculiar power, have 'preſerved to this very day the re-'membrance of all the chief facts where-'of I was an eye-witneſs or agent my-'ſelf.'—'That certainly muſt be very 'curious,' replied Gulchenraz, with a ſmile: 'let me deſire you to begin then; 'for I promiſe to hear you with the ut-'moſt pleaſure, and not to give you 'any interruption with the reflections I 'may make. What difficulties I have 'to propoſe, I will reſerve to the laſt, 'till you have finiſhed your account,

* Chacabout, is the name of a hermit who taught the metempſychoſis, or tranſmigration of ſouls from one body to another. He promiſed an infinity of joy to ſuch as obſerved his law; but ſuch as received it, and did not punctually obey it, were to paſs into different bodies for three thouſand years, before they could enter into the place of the happy. This Chacabout propagated his ſect in the kingdom of Siam; in ſome part of Japan; and from thence in Tunquin, where he died.

'and

'and are come to the ſtate of a *manda-*
'*rin*, under the figure wherein I now
'behold you; but as the narration will,
'in all appearance, be of a long con-
'tinuance, I will every evening ſet
'apart the time between our walking
'and ſupper, which I deſigned for the
'muſick and concert.' The princeſs then ſignifying by her ſilence that ſhe expected Fum-Hoam to ſpeak, the grave mandarin began his ſtory thus.

EVENING I.

THE HISTORY OF MANDARIN FUM-HOAM.

I Cannot, Madam, call to mind the firſt adventures of my life, without ſome horror; ſince the very moment I left the celeſtial ſphere, to come down upon the earth, I animated an unhappy infant, who became afterwards a monſter of cruelty. It was in Perſia where I was born, under the name of Piuraſh. My father, who was but a poor ſhepherd, left me a very ſmall eſtate; but I managed my intrigues ſo, as to get into the confidence of Siamek *, one of your Piſchdadan † kings, and obtained the firſt honours and dignities of the kingdom. The horrible luxury wherein I lived, might have made me, one would think, look upon honours with ſome contempt; but the thirſt of dominion was ſo predominant in my ſoul, that I made a ſcruple of nothing to attain it. As I was Siamek's chief favourite, I had every moment free acceſs to him; but, being weary of living ſneakingly under him, I cruelly murdered him, and eaſily ſeized upon his throne: after which, I committed ſo many crimes, that the world looked upon me as an abominable tyrant. There was no violence, no injuſtice, that I ſtuck at; no new puniſhment that I did not invent, to deſtroy thoſe who pretended to oppoſe my will: but Heaven, who was weary no doubt to ſee me commit ſo many crimes, was willing to humble me with a cruel diſtemper. The extreme diſorder wherein I had paſſed my youthful days, occaſioned a putrefaction in my bowels, inſomuch, that I became, even while alive, the food of the vileſt creatures, without any hopes of getting rid of them. My body became, in ſhort, one great ulcer; and dying as I did, in long and terrible torments, I left behind me in Perſia a fearful example of the Divine Juſtice. But obſerve, Madam, (continued Fum-Hoam) a ſurprizing metamorphoſis, for it's ſingularity! My ſoul was no ſooner departed out of the body of this cruel King of Perſia, but it was immediately incloſed in that of a flea.

Though this change was a great humiliation to me, yet for ſome time at leaſt I had the ſatisfaction not to ſee myſelf deprived of human blood, which I was ſo greedy of before; and had ſeveral opportunities, in this little body, of exerciſing ſome ſingular ſtrokes of my vengeance. When I was Piuraſh, I had a ſeraglio filled with the moſt beautiful women in the Eaſt, and kept by ſlaves, who at the leaſt turn of my eye trembled for fear. No ſooner was I dead, than one of my wives, whom I loved beſt, and who made ſincere returns, as I thought, to my endearments, gave an uncontrouled looſe to her paſſion; ſhe fell diſtractedly in love with a young Perſian, who worked in my gardens, and who, to gain the eaſier admittance, counterfeited a fool; ſhe introduced him into her chamber, and gave him the place I was accuſtomed to have.

You will hardly forbear laughing, Madam, when I tell you how I ſwelled in my little body with rage, to hear my favourite ſultana's railleries, the imprecations wherewith ſhe loaded my memory, and the tranſports wherewith ſhe

* Siamek was the ſon of Caioumarrath; who, as hiſtorians tell us, lived to be a hundred years old. There are ſome, however, who reckon Siamek not among the number of kings, but pretend that he died before his father, though others aſſure us that he reigned after him.

† The word *Piſchdad* ſignifies in the Perſian language *a juſticiary*. It was the ſurname and title of Houſchenk II. a king of the firſt race of princes that reigned in Perſia, who took from him the name of Piſchdadians. This firſt race or dinaſty, if we may believe the Perſians, was the greateſt in the world, inſomuch that it comprehended all the kings who compoſed the Aſſyrian, Chaldean, Babylonian, Median, and Perſian monarchies.

received

received the careſſes of her lover. I threw myſelf that inſtant with fury upon the beautifulleſt body in all Perſia, bit her in a thouſand places, and made her all over blood; till, at laſt, being mad, and blinded with my growing rage, I threw myſelf deſignedly into my perfidious ſultana's fingers, and there received my death.

'Ah, ah! a very pleaſant and jocular adventure!' cried Gulchenraz, laughing: 'but what became of the ſoul of the illuſtrious Fum-Hoam afterwards?'—'You are very pleaſant, Madam, I perceive,' replied the mandarin: 'the concluſion of this ſtory, I knew, would cure your ſerioufneſs; but though you look upon it as a mere fiction, it is nevertheleſs very true.'

THE HISTORY OF THE INDIAN MOUNTEBANK AND HIS DOG.

WHEN I left the body of that inſect, (continued Fum-Hoam) I paſſed into a little dog, belonging to a mountebank, whoſe name was Kalem, and who was at that time at Arracan*. I had an inſtinct equal to the wit of men, was extremely beautiful, and ſurprizingly quick at learning any thing, ſo that every one was for buying me; but the mountebank ſet me at ſo high a price, that none would come up to it. My pretty little tricks, however, were the whole talk of the town of Arracan, and raiſed the curioſity of a certain very rich and jolly widow, who ſent for my maſter; but when he came into her houſe, ſo blinded was he with the ſprightlineſs and vivacity of her eyes, that he changed his mind concerning me. Deriai (for that was the widow's name) was at firſt delighted with my little ſize; and after ſhe had ſeen all my exerciſes, was ſtill more taken with me. 'What will you take for this little creature?' ſaid ſhe to Kalem. 'Madam,' replied he, 'I mean not to ſell him, but to preſent him to you; but it is upon a condition that I fear you will not accept of. I can no longer bear the ſight of ſo much beauty without being ſenſibly affected with it. I love you, Madam; and though I here paſs for a mountebank, I am of an illuſtrious birth and parentage: anſwer then my love with an equal return of yours, and ſuffer me to be happy in the enjoyment of you; for that is the price I ſet upon my dog.'

Deriai was ſo ſurprized at this propoſal, that ſhe fell into a violent paſſion. 'Be you who you will,' ſaid ſhe; 'be gone out of my preſence, or I will call my ſlaves to chaſtiſe you.'—'I would not adviſe you, Madam, to do ſo,' anſwered my maſter; 'I fear not your threats, and can ſoon defeat their malice!' Theſe words enraged the beautiful widow to ſuch a degree, that ſhe called for her ſlaves, and ordered them to treat him roughly: but my maſter had no ſooner blown a little powder that he took out of a box among them, than, inſtead of falling upon him, they let fly at each other with ſo much fury, that they fell down on the floor like ſo many dead men. Whereupon Kalem, addreſſing himſelf to Deriai, 'You ſee, Madam,' ſaid he, 'one part of my ſecrets; I will leave you in your preſent ſurprize. You will reflect upon the honourable paſſion I have for you: in four days time I will come with my dog again to your gate; and then, I hope, you will give me a more favourable reception than you have done to-day.'

The mandarin Fum-Hoam was going on with his hiſtory, when word was brought the queen, that ſupper was upon the table: 'I am ſorry for it,' ſaid ſhe; 'for I ſadly want to know how the fair widow received him.'—'Your majeſty ſhall know that to-morrow,' anſwered the mandarin; 'for I will not fail to be at your cloſet-door at the hour appointed!'—'I beg you be,' added ſhe; 'for you cannot do me a greater pleaſure!' And ſo roſe up to go ſup with the ſultan her huſband and the king of Georgia; and Fum-Hoam retired to his own houſe.

* The capital city of a kingdom of the ſame name, on the River Martaban in India, beyond the Ganges.

EVEN-

EVENING II.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF THE INDIAN MOUNTEBANK AND HIS DOG.

THE Queen of China went next day into the walks, where ſhe found the mandarin waiting for her; ſhe therefore brought him with her into her cloſet: and, when every one had taken his proper place, he re-aſſumed his diſcourſe thus.

My maſter, as ſoon as he retired, left the widow in great conſternation. His youth, good mien, and handſome addreſs, was frequently in her thoughts; my little tricks and activities were perpetually before her; and it was not without much impatience on her ſide, that the fourth day came. We were introduced, by her own orders, into the bed-chamber; and my maſter, having firſt put me into her arms, threw himſelf at her feet. 'My fair Deriai,' ſaid he, 'forget, I beſeech you, the 'inſult I put upon you when I was 'laſt here: I was conſtrained to do it, 'to avoid the effects of your anger; but 'if to declare that I love you be an 'offence, I muſt own that I am a thou'ſand times more culpable now than 'I was before. The heart, however, 'that I offer you, Madam, is not un'worthy of your acceptance. I am 'ſon to one of the King of Golconda's 'viziers: my father, who has no other 'child but me, was for marrying me 'againſt my inclination; to avoid an 'engagement I had ſuch an averſion to, 'I ran away (for his menaces made 'me leave Golconda) with a purſe 'full of gold that I took from him. 'In two years time I travelled through 'the Indies, and a great part of Perſia. 'I joined myſelf in company with one 'of the ableſt mountebanks in the Eaſt, 'got into his confidence, and was ad'mitted to all his ſecrets; and we were 'returning together upon our way to 'Golconda, (where I underſtood my 'father was dead) when I had the 'misfortune to loſe him at Bantan *, by 'an accident occaſioned by fire, which 'all his knowledge could not preſerve 'him from. He went to ſup in the 'country at a great lord's houſe, where 'there chanced to be hard drinking. 'The company ſat great part of the 'night at table; and, as the wine had 'heated their brains, they fell all aſleep 'in the dining-room: the ſlaves follow'ed the example of their maſters; one 'was ſo drunk, that he ſet fire to a 'kind of office not far diſtant from 'them, ſo that they were all ſuffocated 'before any help could come. I was 'much concerned for the loſs of my 'maſter, but took poſſeſſion of all his 'drugs, and of a certain book, where'in his ſecrets were contained. I then 'came to Arracan, with a deſign to 'make no long ſtay: the little feats of 'my dog raiſed your curioſity; you 'ſent for me to your houſe, and from 'that moment I have entirely loſt my 'liberty. Be then my wife, my beau'tiful Deriai; delay no longer the hap'pineſs of one who loves you to exceſs; 'and go with me to Golconda, where 'you ſhall partake of the immenſe 'riches the vizier my father left me at 'his death.'

My maſter ſpoke theſe words (continued Fum-Hoam) with ſuch a paſſionate accent, that Deriai ſuffered herſelf to be perſuaded: ſhe gave him her promiſe, and received his; and it was not long after that I ſaw them congratulating each other upon the happineſs of their mutual enjoyment. After they had adjuſted meaſures to ſee one another frequently, Kalem retired, and left me with his new ſpouſe, whom I loved beyond what any one can imagine; for never was there any thing more amiable than ſhe. Love danced inceſſantly in her eyes, which ſeemed more bright and ſhining than two ſtars; an inchanting grace appeared in all her actions; her ſmiles, her ordinary words, her leaſt motions, her ſighs, her complaints; nay, her very frowns and contempts had a certain charm in them, that went directly to the heart; and therefore you may judge, Madam, whether Kalem had not reaſon to think himſelf happy in the poſſeſſion of ſo charming a wife.

But as jealouſy has always it's eyes

* Bantan is a maritime town, famous for it's commerce. It is ſituate on the weſt ſide of Java, near the ſtraits of the Sonde, and over-againſt the Iſland of Sumatra.

open,

pen, it was not long before a young Indian lord, who was greatly in love with my new miſtreſs, took notice of the frequent viſits that Kalem made her; he ſpoke to her of it, in a manner inſolent enough; and as ſhe uſed him not very civilly for it, the young enraged lover ſpread reports every-where exceedingly prejudicial to her reputation; which coming ſoon to her ears, filled her with grief and diſconſolation. She had her reaſons for concealing her marriage: ſhe had ſcarce been two months a widow, and to declare it as yet, would be diſcovering her infamy, and giving the world a handle to reproach her with incontinence. Kalem propoſed to her to go with him to Golconda; but he could not prevail. She was loth to give ſuch a blow to her reputation; and therefore ſhe intreated him to abſent himſelf from Arracan, for a few days, to let theſe injurious reports blow over: which cruel order he obeyed, with great reluctance, pretending to her to go into Perſia.

All this while Deriai, overwhelmed with the bitterneſs of grief, was deviſing in her mind ſome expedient to reconcile the intereſt of her love and her reputation together. She was extremely penſive for the abſence of Kalem; when bethinking herſelf that I knew her mind perfectly, and very frequently made her ſlaves underſtand it, ſhe redoubled her tears; and kiſſing me very tenderly, 'Ah! would to God,' ſaid ſhe, 'that thou could'ſt this moment bring 'my huſband hither, as thou makeſt 'my ſlaves come, upon any little ſign; 'how much ſhould I be obliged to 'thee!' Deriai, Madam, had ſcarce ended theſe words, when, jumping from her lap, I went haſtily down the ſtairs; and (as good luck would have it) getting out of the ſink-hole, I met Kalem in the ſtreet, diſguiſed like an old woman; but ſo perfectly changed in his whole figure and make, that without my ſmelling, which was very exquiſite, I could not have known him. I leaped into his arms, expreſſing a thouſand little endearments; and the tender huſband, making uſe of this pretence to get into the houſe, knocked at the door, and was carried in to Deriai, as an honeſt poor woman in the neighbourhood who had brought again her dog, whom ſhe had juſt found in the ſtreet. It was no hard matter for Deriai to know Kalem in this diſguiſe, eſpecially when, as ſhe was ſqueezing his hand, ſhe ſaw ſome tears trickle down from his eyes. She ordered her ſlaves therefore to withdraw; and, after a whole hour ſpent in her arms, without ever once opening her mouth, (her heart was ſo full of joy and ſorrow both) ſhe gave it out, in the family, that ſhe could not better recompenſe this good old woman for the ſervice ſhe had done her, than in keeping her to have an eye over her ſlaves. So that Kalem continued with Deriai, and enjoyed with great eaſe and quiet, the pleaſure of being beloved by one of the fineſt women in the Indies; when his good fortune was all on a ſudden ruined by a very odd ſort of an accident.

EVENING III.

THE FARTHER CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF THE INDIAN MOUNTEBANK AND HIS DOG.

KALEM, and his dear wife, were ſo intoxicated with their happineſs, that they were perpetually together. So ſudden a tranſition, from grief to joy, occaſioned a great diſorder in my miſtreſs; ſhe was ſeized with a fever, and for four or five days that Kalem ſpent at her bed-ſide, no one took care of me, or remembered to give me any water. I lay uſually with a young ſlave who waited on Deriai, and for whom I had a great kindneſs; but ſhe not underſtanding, by the barking and moan that I made, what a violent thirſt I had, inſtead of giving me ſomething to drink, fed me with perfumed conſerves, which I loved mightily; but they only helped to inflame the violent heat that burned up my entrails, and which proceeded at laſt to ſuch exceſs, that I found myſelf forced by an unknown power, to bite the young girl's thigh. Whether it was her modeſty that made her conceal the wound, or that ſhe thought it not ſo great as it was, but ſhe told nobody of it, until the venom I infuſed had entered ſo deep, that by the time Deriai came to recover of her fever, her ſlave began to ſhew too manifeſt ſymptoms of the effects of her madneſs: they found out the cauſe of her malady by the dread I had of water; and were more confirmed

in

in the thing, when they ſaw, that, with eyes ſparkling with fury, I fell upon all the ſlaves in the houſe, and purſued them without barking, but with open mouth all over foam.

My miſtreſs was greatly concerned to ſee me reduced to this ſad ſtate, and was ſenſible of a double loſs, in that ſhe was obliged likewiſe to have the girl ſmothered. For, beſides the love ſhe had for me, I was a kind of centinel at her chamber-door, while ſhe was ſhut in with her huſband: my barking let her know when her ſlaves were coming up; nor was it poſſible for her to be ſurprized, while I kept ſuch ſtrict watch for her ſecurity. Judge you then, Madam, what a violent ſhock and mortification it muſt be for her to prevail with herſelf, to give orders for me to be taken and caſt into the river. Her orders, however, were executed very punctually. They ſeized me, they tied a ſtone about my neck, and carried me to the River Martaban. Deriai fell into tears, at the remembrance of my pretty little actions, and Kalem endeavoured, by the moſt tender careſſes, to aſſwage her grief: when her deceaſed huſband's two brothers entered her apartment, at a time ſhe was ill prepared for ſuch a viſit. The condition wherein they found her with Kalem, could no longer permit them to be deceived with his appearing in the habit of an old woman. They had reaſon to ſuſpect, that their ſiſter had given herſelf up to laſciviouſneſs; and being ſufficiently convinced of the outrage ſhe had done to their brother's memory, they fell upon her and Kalem, whom ſhe held in her arms, and ſtabbed them in twenty places.

While this bloody and cruel ſcene was acting, I was ſtruggling in the river; but having happily bit the ſtring aſunder, which was tied to the ſtone that made me ſink, I roſe above the water again; which was ſo very cold, that it extinguiſhed the madneſs in me, ſo that I found myſelf cured of the raging heat that had devoured me; and, taking myſelf to my heels, ran as faſt as I could back again to my Deriai's houſe. But how was I ſurprized, when, at my firſt entrance, I ſaw nothing but blood and horror every where! The murderers of Kalem, and my dear miſtreſs, were ſtill in the houſe: I fell upon them, I bit them as high as I could reach; and, had my ſtrength been equal to my rage, I ſhould have quite devoured them. They were informed, however, that I was mad, and had therefore recourſe to the common medicines to cure themſelves; but, whether our gods were determined to puniſh them for their brutal cruelty, or that ſome remains of madneſs were ſtill lurking in me, it ſo happened, that in a ſhort time they died raving mad, after having almoſt devoured each other. As for me, Madam, being overwhelmed with deſpair, which I teſtified by ſuch diſmal howlings as drew tears from the eyes of every by-ſtander, I threw myſelf upon the bodies of this unhappy couple, whoſe death I was the innocent cauſe of; (for had I been in my uſual ſituation, I ſhould have prevented their ſurprize:) I licked their wounds; and refuſing all kind of nouriſhment, died in a ſhort time with grief at their feet, and was burned together with them on the ſame pile.

'Ah! lovely little dog!' cried the Queen of Gamman, 'how ſorely do I 'lament thy fate, and that of this un-'happy couple!—But, wiſe Fum-Ho-'am,' ſaid ſhe, 'you were, without 'doubt, happier in the body you next 'inhabited?'—'Not very much, Ma-'dam,' anſwered the mandarin.

THE HISTORY OF MASSOUMA.

WITHOUT ever yet going out of the Indies, I entered into a young maid of Biſnagur*; and was born of parents, famous for the nobility of their anceſtors, as well as the immenſity of their riches. My name was Maſſouma, and my father, who had no more children than me, made it his whole care to find me out a deſerving huſband, when I came to be ſeventeen years old. I was not in the leaſt handſome; on the contrary, I was a little deformed; yet, for all that, one of the fineſt lords in all Biſnagar, and as brave as ever were the Indian heroes of old,

* A town at the foot of the mountains of Gota, which divide that country between the two Kings of Golconda and Viſapour.

made his addreſſes to marry me. I had wit in abundance, and that made ſome amends for the defaults of my perſon. We loved one another with a boundleſs flame, which enjoyment did not extinguiſh: but we had ſcarce been married ſix months, when there broke out a fierce war between the Kings of Biſnagar and Narſingue. Manſour (for that was my huſband's name) went to the aſſiſtance of his prince; and having the command of a principal part of the army, like a thunderbolt of war, cut down every thing that oppoſed his valour, and made victory entirely incline to our ſide; when ſuffering himſelf to be carried away by too inconſiderate an ardour, he penetrated the enemy's army, and forced his way into the very midſt of them. Every one fled at the weight of his blows; but, as he was not followed and ſupported by his own men, the enemy, being aſhamed to ſee themſelves ſo ſlaughtered by a ſingle hero, rallied again, and ſurrounded him. It was to no purpoſe for them to ſhew deference to his bravery, or call to him to take quarter. Manſour anſwered their civility only with the ſtrokes of his ſabre; and, throwing himſelf like a lion among them, defended his life to the laſt gaſp; till pierced through and through with a thouſand ſtabs, he died upon heaps of his ſlaughtered enemies; and made even thoſe by whom he fell, envy the fate of a death ſo heroick.

If my huſband's death had happened at the beginning of the battle, things had wore a quite different face; but Fortune had already declared for the King of Biſnagar, though it was at a dear rate enough, ſince he loſt in my huſband the ſupport of his crown. After the victory, our ſoldiers found the dead body, with fury ſtill painted in his eyes; and in this condition they brought him home. Ah, Madam! my grief, upon this occaſion, was ſo exquiſite, that I could neither utter the leaſt complaint, nor ſhed a ſingle tear. My eyes were covered with a thick mourning veil, and I fell into a fit which continued ſo long, it was not without much difficulty I was at length recovered to a life which I deteſted.

To rend my cloaths, to ſcratch my face and breaſt, and tear my hair, were the leaſt ſigns of my pungent ſorrow; and ſtill more to increaſe it, I had my huſband's body embalmed with the moſt coſtly perfumes, laid him on a bed of ſtate, and both day and night gave him inceſſant tokens of my ſincere love, by watering his corpſe with my tears.

I had led this melancholy life for about eight days, when a certain good widow, whoſe room looked into my houſe, came running to my father's one morning quite out of breath. 'Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'your daughter has hitherto 'paſſed for a pattern of conjugal virtue; 'but come now and ſee her forfeit in one 'moment that character which we all 'thought ſhe juſtly had acquired: ſhe 'is actually now in the arms of a new 'lover, who is ſolacing her for the loſs 'of the brave and illuſtrious Manſour.'

EVENING IV.

THE CONTINUATION AND CONCLUSION OF THE HISTORY OF MASSOUMA.

MY father (continued Fum-Hoam) was exceedingly ſtartled at this news, ſo different to what my ſentiments had all along appeared to be: at the woman's ſolicitation, he took his poniard, and coming along with her as far as my chamber-door, was not a little ſurprized to find no other object of my love, than the body of my dear departed huſband. It was that ſweet mouth, which death had now deprived of all it's lively colour, that I was kiſſing a thouſand times; when this woman, without knowing the true motive of my tenderneſs, and truſting to an obſcure view, ran to inform my father of the diſhonour ſhe imagined I was bringing upon my family. The old gentleman would, no doubt, have nearly deſtroyed her, had ſhe not fled away, and eſcaped his anger. He then related to me the occaſion of his viſit; and, taking pity on the ſad condition I was in, thought the beſt way to remedy my grief, would be to remove the object of it. For which reaſon, in purſuance of the king's order, he had a ſtately funeral-pile erected before my houſe; and, notwithſtanding my earneſt intreaties to the contrary, was making preparation, according to the cuſtom of the country, to reduce my huſband's body to aſhes. But ſeeing myſelf about to be deprived of the dear object of my love, whom death had ſo cruelly taken from me, I roared

like

like a lion bereaved of it's whelps; and, as the fire was lighting, I went up to the terraſs of my houſe, and throwing myſelf boldly through the flames, had the comfort to die, embracing my dear Manſour.

'I had no ſooner left the body of this 'virtuous Indian, than I paſſed ſucceſſively into ſeveral others, wherein 'there happened nothing remarkable. 'I was a bee, a cricket, and a mouſe!' —'Oh! how many ſecret matters,' replied Gulchenraz, 'muſt you have ſeen 'under the laſt mentioned form?'—'It 'would be an endleſs work, Madam,' continued the Mandarin, 'to pretend 'to recount to you all the knaviſh tricks 'I have ſeen and heard under that 'ſhape. How many virgins have I 'ſeen (who had the reputation of being 'ſuch) give themſelves up to ſad diſorders! How many widows married 'again in private, or living in incontinence! How many old men ſunk 'into children, by the extravagance of 'their conduct! How many rich men 'reduced to extreme miſery by their 'debaucheries! How many beggars 'made inſolent by wealth! What a 'number of hypocrites could I have 'unmaſked, had I then had the uſe of 'ſpeech! How many cadies have I 'ſeen ſelling juſtice! And how many 'bonzes, derviſes, and calenders, have I 'known to be mere profligates, under 'the outward ſhew of mortification and 'piety! For, in ſhort, Madam, there 'was neither chamber nor cloſet, court 'of juſtice or council-room, or any 'other apartment, ſo cloſely ſhut, that 'I could not eaſily get into it; and nothing, you know, eſcapes the eye of 'him who ſees all things, and has no 'obſtruction to hinder his ſight. But, 'after having lived ſeven years in the 'ſkin of this little beaſt, and gone 'through great part of Perſia and the 'Indies, I died at laſt, as moſt part of 'my ſpecies do, being catched and 'ſtrangled by a cat.'

THE ADVENTURES OF THE IMAN ABZENDEROUD.

IN an inſtant I found myſelf at Ormus, in the body of a certain young man, named Abzenderoud*; who, by profound reading of the Alcoran, came to be made an iman †. Notwithſtanding this promotion, which ſhould have made me more circumſpect in my conduct, I was ſtill a libertine, till the great prophet thought fit to reſtore me to the right way, by a puniſhment that has ſomething very ſingular in it. There was a widow in the neighbourhood very beautiful, and a little ſuſpected of gallantry; ſhe was choaked with a bone which ſhe ſwallowed in eating too greedily; and, as her houſe depended upon my moſque, I was called to perform the abdeſt ‡, and feeling an emotion in myſelf at the ſight of ſo much beauty, I could not forbear crying out, (though I was very indiſcreet in ſo doing) 'Ah! great prophet, how happy 'ſhould I have thought myſelf to have 'taſted, with this fair widow, the pleaſures which are reſerved for true be'lievers with the houri!' No ſooner, Madam, had I ſaid theſe words, which but ill became my character and function, than my hand, which was then upon her face, moved involuntarily, ſo that my finger, I know not how, ſlipped into her mouth, and her teeth cloſed upon it, and bit me ſo violently, that I could not forbear ſqualling grievouſly. My aſtoniſhment was as great as my pain; for, notwithſtanding all my endeavours, I could not get away my hand. It was to no purpoſe to aſk pardon of the prophet for my inſolence; my prayers were not heard: and therefore,

* This name, in the Perſian language, ſignifies a river of living water.

† An iman is a kind of pariſh prieſt.

‡ The abdeſt, or waſhing of the body, is one of the moſt eſſential points in the religion of Mahomet; his followers make uſe of it, not only to keep the body clean; but they imagine, likewiſe, that by this means they cleanſe the ſoul from all it's impurities. Whoever among them ſays his prayers, without having firſt performed this duty, is accounted an abominable ſinner. And the Mahometan women obey this precept ſo punctually, that the linen which they put off is no more ſoiled, than the clean linen which ſome women of other nations put on. Nor is this cuſtom only obſerved during their life, but even after death; and the imans and their muezins (who are a kind of vicars or curates) are the perſons who have the care of waſhing their dead bodies.

to avoid ſcandal, I even took the reſolution to cut off my finger; which I accordingly did, and returned home all bloody, pretending I had met with this unlucky accident, of which I was a long time ill, by ſome aukwardneſs of my own.

So odd a puniſhment made me reflect a little, and apply myſelf ſo diligently to the offices of my function, that I was ſoon looked upon as a man much beloved by the prophet; and I was ſo entirely addicted to prayer, that whenever any perſon came into my moſque, they always found me either reading the Alcoran, or in ſome profound meditation.

So much virtue and piety raiſed the envy of the other imans, and they ſet a young woman to tempt me to defile myſelf with her; but I bravely withſtood the temptation, and ſent away the impudent baggage with threats. But ſhe being exaſperated at this manner of treating her, was reſolved to be revenged of me. To this purpoſe ſhe abandoned herſelf to one of theſe imans; and no ſooner did ſhe find herſelf with child, but carrying her impudence to the higheſt pitch, ſhe had the hardineſs to accuſe me of having committed violence upon her, even in the moſque where I officiated. So groſs a profanation as this enraged all the people againſt me: my brother imans had no pity for me; on the contrary, they by their credit got me thrown into a dark and diſmal dungeon, where I ſuffered moſt cruelly, until the time that this unhappy woman was in labour. The lady carried me that moment to her bed-ſide, taking the occaſion to queſtion her, when her pains were ſharpeſt upon her; but ſhe making the ſame declaration again, I ſhould certainly have been executed, had I not had recourſe to the ſame prophet, who puniſhed me ſo ſeverely in the caſe of the widow. 'Mighty Mahomet,' ſaid I, (taking the child in my arms, which this ſlanderous woman had juſt brought into the world) 'thou who art the true 'father of believers, the ſource of light 'and truth, ſuffer not the impoſtor to 'triumph over my innocence; but untie the tongue of this infant, that he 'may himſelf declare who his true father is!'

No ſooner had I ended this prayer, which I ſpoke with much fervency, and accompanied with my tears, but (would you believe it, Madam?) this new-born infant began to ſpeak very diſtinctly. He named the iman who was his father; declared me wholly innocent of the profanation wherewith I was accuſed; and added, that it was at the ſolicitation of the ſame iman, who was then preſent, and two other of his brethren, that his mother had undertook to ruin me, and to take away my reputation with my life. After ſo extraordinary a declaration, I was ſoon avenged of my enemies. The calumniatreſs and the three imans, overcome by the force of truth, confeſſed their crime, and were carried out of the town, and burned alive. I had my moſque reſtored to me again, and from that time was always looked upon at Ormus with the greateſt reſpect imaginable.

In gratitude to the child, who had declared my innocence to the world, I took care of his education, and provided him a good nurſe. In proceſs of time he came to ſucceed in my employ; for, before he was weaned from the breaſt, he gave ſome ſigns of his ſanctity, and on two memorable occaſions ſhewed manifeſt proofs of the choice that Mahomet had made of him to be the ſupport of his religion.

One day, as the nurſe was holding him in her arms, ſhe chanced to ſee a very handſome Perſian nobleman, well dreſſed and well mounted, paſs by. 'Would to God,' cried ſhe aloud, 'that my child may be like that fine 'lord!' whereupon the child left the breaſt, and looking ſtedfaſtly upon the nobleman, pronounced theſe words very diſtinctly: 'Good Lord! forbid that I 'may be ever like that man, whoſe con'ſcience is a ſink of iniquity!' The nurſe was ſtrangely ſurprized at this anſwer; when a man who was whipped paſſed by the door. 'God forbid,' ſaid ſhe again, 'that ever my child come 'to this fate!' But her nurſery, turning to her, expreſſed a different ſentiment of the matter. 'You muſt learn,' ſaid he to her, 'never to judge by 'appearances. That fine nobleman, 'whom you ſaw paſs by, is in reality 'guilty of the crime for which this 'man is puniſhed; his innocence makes 'him eaſy under his ſufferings, and in 'the midſt of theſe outrages, he is con'tinually ſaying to himſelf, "I am "content; God is ſufficient for me, "and it is He who will keep an account "of what I endure!" So that this man,

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'by his patience and reſignation to the 'will of God, has attained to a very 'eminent degree of merit, whereunto 'I wiſh with all my heart that I may 'ever arrive!'

As every good Muſſulman is obliged once in his life to go to Medina and Mecca, and as I had not yet taken that pilgrimage, I obtained leave of the King of Ormus, and left the care of my moſque, and of this young child, in the hands of my muezin. After a vaſt deal of fatigue, I arrived at the tomb of the holy prophet. I returned him my thanks for his viſible protection of me; and, when I had offered the uſual ſacrifice upon the mountain of Arafat*, I took the road which leads to Ormus: but it was ſo late before I got thither, that the gates were ſhut, ſo that I was forced to ſtay all night in the ſuburbs; and being in ſome perplexity about my lodging, I aſked a little ſhelter of a man whom I ſaw ſtanding at the gate of an elegant houſe. The man very readily aſked me to come in, and carried me into a fine hall, where ſupper was ſerved up; and a woman about forty years old, of a very courteous behaviour, ſat at our table. We paſſed the evening very merrily; at laſt I was conducted into a chamber, and left to myſelf. I ſhut my door, went to bed, and had been in a very ſound ſleep ſome hours, when on a ſudden I was awakened by a frightful apparition which took hold of my arm.

EVENING V.

THE CONTINUATION AND CONCLUSION OF THE ADVENTURES OF THE IMAN ABZENDEROUD.

MY hair ſtood an end with fear, when by the clear moon-light I could ſee diſtinctly a man ſtark-naked, ſtabbed in thirty places, and the blood guſhing out from every part of him. 'Fear nothing,' ſaid he, 'wiſe Ab-'zenderoud; I am in no condition to 'do you any harm; on the contrary, I 'ſtand in need of your aſſiſtance to be 'revenged: only hear me with atten-'tion. I was not long ſince the maſter 'of this houſe, and was making pre-'paration to go to Iſpahan, when my 'wife (who ſupped with you laſt night) 'took the advantage of this opportu-'nity to aſſaſſinate me, by the help of 'my brother, who had criminal com-'merce with her. After they had both 'ſtabbed me in this very chamber, they 'threw me into a well in one of the 'little gardens belonging to the houſe, 'and afterwards filled it up. A crime 'of this nature ought not to go unpu-'niſhed. Go therefore to the cady† 'as ſoon as you are out of the houſe; 'inform him of what I tell you, that he 'may puniſh the authors of my death, 'and let my body have ſuch a burial as 'every Muſſulman who has exactly 'followed the law of Mahomet de-'ſerves.'

You may imagine, Madam, how I paſſed the remainder of the night, after the apparition was gone. As ſoon as it was peep of day, I got out of the houſe as faſt as I could, without ever taking leave of my hoſt; and going to the cady's houſe, I related to him all that had happened to me. It was well he was acquainted with the chief incidents of my life before, or otherwiſe he would have hardly believed my account; but as it was, he took inſtantly ſome of his hazas‡ with him to the houſe, and ordering the well that was filled up to be cleared, he had no ſooner diſcovered the certain proofs of the murder, than the woman and her accomplice confeſſed the crime, and accordingly were executed for it. The corpſe was decently buried; and, as I aſſiſted at that doleful ceremony, I ſpared not my prayers for the repoſe of his ſoul. Afterwards I returned to my own houſe; and the ſame night was ſcarce got to ſleep, when the apparition appeared to me again, but in a quite different manner from what it did at firſt.

'I am pleaſed with what you have

* This mountain is very near Mecca. The Muſſulmen uſually offer the Corbanon, (i.e. a ſacrifice of a ſheep.) They pretend that Adam and Eve, after they were baniſhed Paradiſe, were ſeparated for a hundred and twenty years, in order to repent of their ſin; and that afterwards looking for one another, they chanced to meet upon the top of this mountain, which for that reaſon derives it's name from an Arabian word that ſignifies *to know*.

† A kind of conſtable.

‡ Archers, or guards.

'done,

'done,' said he to me; 'your charitable zeal has procured me a burial; 'I thank you, and am willing to gratify you for your trouble. Ask, therefore, whatever you desire most, and I 'have a promise from the great prophet that it shall be granted.'

After I had mused for some time, having no concern with the world, I neither desired honours or high places. 'All that I desire,' said I to the apparition, 'is to have warning of the hour 'of my death eight days before it comes, 'that like a good Mussulman I may 'without horror bear the sight of the 'Supreme Judge of both our good and 'evil actions, when I shall be ready 'to go and give an account thereof.'

'I agree to your request,' answered the apparition, 'and will come myself 'to give you information of it; do 'you continue always to follow the 'law of the great prophet, to say the 'five prayers appointed in the Alcoran, 'to observe the ablution so much re'commended by Mahomet, and you 'shall see the terrible day approach 'without fear.' When I awoke, I reported this second apparition to four or five of my friends; but they only laughed at me, and would give no credit to it. As for myself, being fully persuaded that it was not the effect of a heated imagination, I applied myself wholly to the practice of good actions, and to bring up the child with care, whose education I had taken upon me.

Twenty years were now past, in all which time this young man went on in the way of perfection. I made him my muesin, and had sufficient reason to be satisfied with his gratitude.

One day five or six of my friends came to see me, and I made them stay dinner. That day we passed very agreeably; and, a great storm happening a little before night, I intreated them to take a supper and a bed with me. We had almost done supper, when I heard one knock at my gate. I ran with a light to see who it was that should want me at such an unseasonable hour; but how great was my surprize to find it was the man who had appeared to me twice before! 'Virtuous iman,' said he, 'I keep my word with you; and 'am come to inform you, that within 'eight days you shall no longer be 'reckoned among the number of the 'living.'

As soon as I heard this terrible sentence, I felt a great trembling all over me, and returned into the room so terrified, that my friends were alarmed at it: but when I came to tell them the cause, (though there were two in the company to whom about twenty years before I had related my adventures) they all treated it lightly, and observed, that the fastings of Ramadan *, and the extraordinary austerities I had imposed upon myself, had seized upon my brain. It was in vain to remind them of the dead person's history, his murder, and his apparitions; they persisted still in the same infidelity: but being myself persuaded of the truth of the prediction, I fell into a deep melancholy; not that I had any regret to part with life, but a dread and apprehension of being not sufficiently pure to appear before the Sovereign Creator of all things. I began then to repent of my wish; but having prepared very seriously for that passage, the nearer I approached to the appointed day, the more I found my soul easy and undisturbed. My pupil was dissolved in tears; but seeing me much better than was usual with me, he endeavoured to persuade himself that the time of our separation was not yet so near.

The fatal day arrived at last, when these same friends of mine came all to my house: they found me busy in reading the divine book, which the angel of the Lord dictated to the sovereign prophet, and could not refrain weeping. The day passed without any accident; the night came, I was still alive, and began myself to believe that the apparition had deceived me; when having occasion to cross my court-yard, several balusters that made a kind of gallery on the top of the house tumbled down, and fell upon my head: at the noise of this disaster my friends ran to me; and finding me all bloody and expiring, were too severely convinced of the prediction which the spectre had foretold.

'These are incidents somewhat sin'gular,' said the Queen of China; 'and they please me the more, be-

* This is the Mussulmen's Lent.

'cause

'cauſe they ſeem not to agree ſo well 'with your ſyſtem of tranſmigration; 'but I will not ſtand with you for ſo 'ſmall a matter.' Proceed, ſage Fum-Hoam, and recount what became of 'you next.'

The mandarin bluſhed a little at this gentle reproof, and then went on thus.

THE HISTORY OF THE BEAUTIFUL AL-RAOULF.

I Paſſed over the ſeas, Madam, to Viſapour*, and came into the family of a rich Indian merchant, whoſe daughter I animated. For eight years after I was born, my mother had no other child but myſelf; and my father, being deſirous to revenge himſelf of Fortune, for refuſing him a ſon, endeavoured to procure me all thoſe perfections which not only diſtinguiſh a woman from the reſt of her ſex, but even make an accompliſhed man. As I poſſeſſed every diſpoſition neceſſary to learn the moſt abſtracted ſciences, and was active, beautiful, and well-ſhaped, I had all kind of maſters who were proper to improve both my mind and body; and ſucceeded ſo perfectly well in every exerciſe, that in a ſhort time I was become the ſubject of all converſations in Viſapour.

No ſooner was I ſixteen, and arrived at an age wherein the graces had laviſhed all their charms upon my perſon, but there was no young Indian of quality who did not uſe his beſt endeavours to obtain me for his ſpouſe; but, by what cruel caprice I cannot tell, my father deſpiſed all their addreſſes, and was reſolved to give me to a vizier who was extremely old. Accordingly I married him, though fitter to be my great-grandfather than my huſband, and thereby put an end to the hopes of all my ſuitors. The ſciences, which I was miſtreſs of to a great degree, had given me frequent occaſions to read many matters of gallantry; but, as my paſſions did not yet begin to work, the reading them occaſioned no emotion in me. But Love, who was offended at my ſimplicity, raiſed a revolt in all my ſenſes, and by continual reflections made me comprehend the reaſon of the tears of ſo many lovers for their miſtreſſes, and that the height of happineſs conſiſted in loving and being beloved again. Thus guided by nature, love, and converſation with my female friends, who knew the deteſtation I had for the old vizier, I was extremely ſmitten, without ever knowing the object I deſired to poſſeſs. My huſband had a ſiſter, who was a widow lady, and much about his age: ſhe had an infinite deal of wit; and, as ſhe had, for above twenty years, a ſort of academy at her houſe, of the moſt learned perſons in Viſapour, ſhe earneſtly intreated her brother to give me leave to make one at their aſſembly. He conſented; and no ſooner was I introduced, than I was loaded with commendations for ſome works I read to them; but the praiſes that touched me moſt, came from a young Indian lord, whoſe name was Daoud.

EVENING VI.

THE CONTINUATION AND CONCLUSION OF THE HISTORY OF THE BEAUTIFUL AL-RAOULF.

OUR eyes met each other ſo frequently, and with ſuch eager glances, that we were ſoon made ſenſible of all the emotions of a violent paſſion. Daoud, under borrowed names, charmed the ears of all the academicks with his fine verſes, and his tender and paſſionate ſongs: and he could eaſily perceive that thoſe which I compoſed grew by degrees tenderer and tenderer. Hearing me frequently ſpeak myſteriouſly, and what he himſelf knew only how to expound, he took courage at laſt to write to me, and to declare the love he felt for me in his letter. I received a vaſt pleaſure in reading it, and it was not long unanſwered; after which we wrote to each other very regularly. We had continued this epiſtolary commerce, to my great ſatisfaction, ſomething more than a month; when, by the negligence of our porter, the note I had written to Daoud fell unluckily into the hands of my old huſband; and he, ſuppoſing me guilty in the moſt eſſential point, produced it to my father.

* The royal and capital city of the kingdom of Decan, ſituate on a peninſula within the Ganges.

Ah,

Ah, Madam! (continued Fum-Hoam) what cruelty and hard-heartedneſs did I meet with in theſe two old men! Their firſt deſign was to ſtab me in a thouſand places; but, being both deſirous to preſerve their reputation, which they thought I had mortally wounded, they deviſed an expedient of a very ſingular nature. Directly over the place where I was accuſtomed to dreſs my head, there ſtood a marble buſt, repreſenting one of our ancient kings; it was placed upon a cornice, and faſtened by an iron pin which went through the wall into a room that was never uſed. They ſo ordered this pin, that by pulling out the key which went through the hole of it, the buſt might fall upon me; and then, watching me through a hole they had made in the wall, they obſerved when I went to dreſs my head, and let the buſt fall ſo ſuddenly, that it cruſhed me to pieces before ever I ſaw it coming: and thus puniſhed me for a crime which I never committed.

'I greatly pity that unhappy Indian,' ſaid Gulchenraz, 'and think fathers 'very blameable, who diſhonour themſelves by unſuitable matches!'—— 'That is very true, Madam,' continued Fum-Hoam; 'it was the ſource of 'my misfortune, to which the ſciences, 'wherein my father had me inſtructed, 'contributed not a little: and I am, 'from my own experience, fully ſatisfied, that the care to govern her family ſhould be the only employ of a 'virtuous wife; and that it is next to 'a miracle, if pride, or ſome other 'more dangerous paſſion, make not a 'woman neglect her duty, when ſhe 'once comes to apply herſelf to the 'ſtudy of learning, and affects to ſurpaſs the reſt of her ſex.'

THE HISTORY OF JEZDAD.

WHEN I left the body of this unhappy victim to avarice and intereſt, I found myſelf in an inſtant tranſported into a village not far from Iolcos *, which nature had enriched with all it's gifts. The air was wholeſome and pure, the water as clear as chryſtal, which falling from the top of Mount Petras, divided itſelf into a thouſand rivulets, exceedingly cool, and watered the plains, which were very beautiful. The fields were ſtored with cattle of all kinds, and the earth incloſed in it's boſom mines of gold and ſilver which the covetouſneſs of mankind had not as yet dug up.

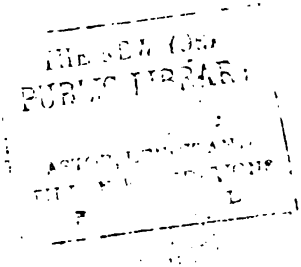
A rich ſhepherd of this village, who dwelt in the moſt pleaſant part of it, where he had built him a very commodious houſe, was my father: he called me Jezdad; and Fortune, who was laviſh of her favours, made me appear in thoſe parts under the form of one of the greateſt beauties that had ever been ſeen in Greece.

As I was one time, in imitation of my companions, who ſpent whole days by the clear fountains, or in the dark foreſts, in purſuit of the fallow-deer, ſcouring through our woods, and had out-ran my greyhound, a very frightful figure of a ſhepherd met me. My fear gave wings to my feet, and I ran as faſt as I could; but the monſter of a man purſuing me very nimbly, I found it would be but vain to truſt my fate to my heels, and therefore turned about, and let fly a dart at him: but, as I had no ſure hand, I miſſed my aim, and the brute came up to me that moment, with an intent, no doubt, to revenge my contempt of him at the expence of my honour; when a lovely fine gentleman ran to my cries, and cut his head aſunder with one ſtroke of his ſabre.

I was ſo exceedingly terrified when my deliverer came up to me, that I had ſcarce ſtrength to thank him, much leſs had I power to reſiſt his deſires; and though he did not attack me with ſuch brutality as the inſolent fellow he had juſt then killed, yet he was no leſs daring in his enterprize, and attained the ſame end, though in a different way. I had no ſooner recovered my ſpirits, than I was ſtruck with the moſt pungent ſorrow, and loaded him with a thouſand reproaches for the horrid deed he had done. My tears, and repeated cries,

* Iolcos is an ancient city of Magneſia, a province of Theſſalia, which at preſent is no more than a village, called Jaco, ſituate at the bottom of Mount Pelion, or Petras. This city is the place where Jaſon was born, and from whence he ſet ſail with his Argonauts to bring home the golden fleece.

gave



S'lothard del. Gilbert scul.

Plate III.

Publish'd as the Act directs by Harrison & C.° June 30.° 1781.

gave him no time to excuſe the extravagances of his paſſion; he was apprehenſive they would bring company to the place, and therefore mounted his horſe, and rode away as quick as lightning.

It was to no purpoſe to tear my hair, or diſfigure my face; my deſpair was no relief to my ſorrow, which every day increaſed more and more, when I came to perceive that I carried in my womb the certain marks of my misfortune.

It was the cuſtom at Iolcos to have every year a feaſt, in order to engage the young ſhepherdeſſes thereabouts to avoid the ſurprizes of love; and the feaſt began uſually with purification, which was done by bathing in a little river that roſe out of the mountain. All the pretences that I could make, would not excuſe me from being at this feaſt; I was obliged to do as the reſt of my companions did, and ſo we went all to the river-ſide, where we undreſſed ourſelves under a tent ſet up for that purpoſe. I had a veil, which hung over my body; but not thinking that ſufficient to conceal my weakneſs, and imagining to hide it better, I plunged myſelf haſtily into the water up to my neck: but, as ſoon, Madam, as I came to feel the coldneſs of it, the miſerable fruit of the gentleman's indiſcretion ſo leaped within me, that I ſwooned away in my companions arms; and as I had in my looks all the ſymptoms of a dying perſon, they concluded to carry me home to my mother. Nobody had hitherto perceived my fault; the ſimplicity of theſe girls made them not ſuſpect the condition I was in; but the moment my mother caſt her eyes upon me, 'Wretched creature!' ſaid ſhe, crying out very imprudently, 'would to God 'thou hadſt died the moment thou waſt 'born!—Ah! ſee you not here the oc'caſion of her faintings?' With this my companions opened their eyes, and were but too much convinced of my fault; then ſtealing out one by one, they went and reported the news of my misfortune every-where. My death was decreed by the laws of Iolcos. A diſgrace of this kind cannot be waſhed out but by one's blood, eſpecially when he who is the author of it does not appear to marry the perſon he has diſhonoured. So that as ſoon as I came to myſelf, I could read my ſentence in the looks of every ſpectator about me.

EVENING VII.

THE FARTHER CONTINUATION AND CONCLUSION OF THE HISTORY OF JESDAD.

THE uneaſineſs of the ſtate I was in, the ſhame that would redound upon my family, and the fear of puniſhment, all together, made me miſcarry: and hereupon I was ſoon conveyed to the place of execution; where, as a victim to the brutal paſſions of men, I was to ſuffer certain death; and, what was a great addition to my father's grief, he, by the cuſtom eſtabliſhed at Iolcos, was obliged to cut ſhort the courſe of that unhappy life which himſelf had given me under the aſpect of malevolent ſtars. I invoked Heaven with all earneſtneſs; I beſeeched the gods to make known my innocence, and the involuntarineſs of my crime; I called to witneſs the trees under which I unhappily chanced to be converſant with that rath man: but the gods ſeemed deaf to my prayers, and I was reaching out my neck to the knife, which my father held in his trembling hand, when Prince Coulouf, ſon to the late King of Iolcos, and who himſelf about a month before had aſcended the throne, ſtayed my father's hand. 'Hold, ſhepherd,' ſaid he; 'ſuſpend 'thy reſentment, and obey no longer a 'law that is too rigorous, and which I 'aboliſh this moment. This beautiful 'young woman is not culpable; and 'Heaven, who will not ſuffer the inno'cent to be oppreſſed, ſent me hither 'to ſave her life. As I was myſelf 'the perſon who robbed her of her ho'nour, under thoſe very trees, it is but 'juſt that I ſhould repair my fault by 'making her my wife. Conſider her, 'therefore, henceforwards, as your 'queen, and do juſtice to the virtues of 'the beautiful Jezdad.'

You may imagine, Madam, what effects theſe words of the king had upon the minds of all the ſhepherds and ſhepherdeſſes. In a moment the foreſt rung with a thouſand ſhouts for joy, and the names of Coulouf and Jezdad were repeated without intermiſſion. The king called his guards, who ſtood at ſome

diſtance from the place deſigned for my puniſhment; and embracing me before them all, took me, together with my father and mother, into his chariot, and carried us to his palace, where I was married to him with all the ſolemnities due to his rank. But I muſt own to you, Madam, that the ſplendor of the throne, to which I was advanced, did not affect me near ſo much as did my juſtification. I was not at all elated to ſee myſelf raiſed above my companions: I always remembered the meanneſs of my birth; and taking great delight in ſuccouring the diſtreſſed, I let not a day paſs without doing ſome remarkable kindneſs to my people. This made my huſband love me very tenderly, and my ſubjects in a manner adore me; inſomuch that it was not without abundance of tears that at ſeven years end I died, and left no poſterity behind me.

THE HISTORY OF HOUSCHENK AND GULBAZE.

AS ſoon as I had quitted the body of Jezdad, I entered into that of a young child, whom a dyer in the ſuburbs of Schiras *, while he was waſhing his ſtuffs in the river of Baudemir, found in an ebony trunk, which the current of the water threw up juſt by him. The man, as ſoon as he had broke open the lock, was ſurprized to find a boy dreſſed in rich linen, and adorned with jewels; which made him believe that he muſt needs be born of ſome illuſtrious parents. I held out my little hands, as if I implored his ſuccour, and begged my life; and he was ſo ſenſibly touched with my ſituation, that he carried me home, and gave me to his wife, who divided her milk between a daughter ſhe had then at her breaſt, and me. When I was grown up to youth's eſtate, I found I had no inclination to my reputed father's trade, and therefore employed all my time in hunting; and at night, when I returned from my ſport, I uſed always to bring home more game than would feed the whole family. My foſter-ſiſter's name was Gulbaze, and the dyer called me Houſchenk. Though I had a very great reſpect for Gulbaze, as ſuppoſing her to be my ſiſter, yet I perceived ſo much beauty in her, that I could not look upon her without ſome ſtrange emotions. One night, as I was preſenting her with a young ſtag, I fell at her feet, and embraced her very tenderly. 'Houſchenk,' ſaid ſhe to me, 'Heaven is my witneſs, with what purity I love you, and how much I am 'concerned for your life. You coſt me 'many a tear every day; nor can I ſee 'you encounter wild beaſts without 'horror; for I have this daily dread 'upon my ſpirits, that at one time or 'other you will be brought home bathed 'in your own blood. In the name of 'all tenderneſs, my dear brother, leave 'off this violent exerciſe, and let us have 'a little more of your company at 'home!'—'Ah! my charming Gulbaze,' cried I, 'do not perſuade me 'to follow a mean employment, and 'to which I have an utter averſion! I 'will never be a dyer: my bow and 'arrows will maintain me; and I had 'a thouſand times left my father's 'houſe ere this, and gone into the 'queen's army, but that there is ſome 'ſecret charm in this place which detains me. You are my ſiſter, moſt 'adorable Gulbaze, and I cannot without offence paſs the bounds of the 'moſt ſtrict friendſhip and affection; 'but what would I give that the paſſion 'I feel for you were legitimate! Yes, I 'ſwear to you by Mahomet, that were 'I in poſſeſſion of the whole univerſe, I 'would ſet the crown thereof upon your 'head, even though your condition 'were more humble than it is.'—'Alas! 'my dear brother,' anſwered Gulbaze, with a flood of tears, 'how exactly do 'your ſentiments correſpond with my 'own! Ten thouſand times have I wiſhed, that we had not been joined toge'ther by the bands of conſanguinity; 'and, notwithſtanding all theſe invin'cible obſtacles, I ſtill find my love in'creaſing for you every moment: I 'blame myſelf often for the careſſes I 'give you; they alarm my ſhame and 'modeſty; and I dread more than death 'the leaſt ſhadow of a crime.'—'Why 'then do you detain me here?' ſaid I to her, with more than an ordinary tranſport; 'Why ſhould we thus conſtantly expoſe our feeble virtue to temp-

* A great city of Perſia, near the river of Baudemir, in the province of Farſy. The wines of Schiras are excellent, and in great repute throughout all Perſia.

'tations?

'tations? Adieu, Gulbaze; I muſt 'avoid for ever your dangerous charms, 'and this is the laſt kiſs you will re-'ceive from your dear Houſchenk!' This reſolution, Madam, (continued Fum-Hoam) how many tears ſoever it might coſt us, I had the courage to execute. Next morning, at break of day, I went and offered my ſervice to one of the Queen of Perſia's viziers; and being unwilling to own myſelf a dyer's ſon, I told him, I knew not my father's name; but that, if I might judge by the nobleneſs of my ſpirit, I flattered myſelf, I could do ſuch renowned actions, as would make the queen herſelf not aſhamed to own me for her ſon. This little vivacity of mine made him ſmile; he gave me, however, an immediate employ, and being willing to know whether my courage was anſwerable to my pretenſions, recommended me to his father-in-law, the prime-vizier, who ordered me to ſerve him in the capacity of aid-de-camp. Their general was then juſt going to fight a great battle: I charged always at his elbow, and under the eye of my protector. I ſaved both their lives that day, and performed ſuch prodigious acts of courage, that the enemy looked upon me as the tutelar god of Perſia, and durſt not abide my blows. Thus, all the campaign through, I carried victory along with me, and the vizier, aſtoniſhed at my courage, did me the honour to declare publickly, that the ſucceſs of that day, and the following ones, was wholly owing to me. The enemy, in ſhort, was entirely defeated; we made them tributary to the queen; and I was ſent to Iſpahan *, to lay at her feet the marks of their ſubmiſſion and obedience.

Dugme (for that was the queen's name) had been left a widow by Koudaddan, King of Perſia, by whom ſhe had only two daughters, much about ſix months, when I came before her. The viziers had often preſſed her to give them a ſovereign. I was very handſome; and my name was become ſo famous, that ſhe took great notice of me. If my parentage was obſcure, my great exploits had ſo advanced it, that I was looked upon as one deſcended from thoſe firſt heroes, who, as they tell us, governed Perſia in the moſt obſcure ages of antiquity; and the more I endeavoured to conceal my origin, the more was the myſtery ſuppoſed to be merely an artifice to prove the affection of Dugme's heart. In ſhort, the princeſs herſelf was ſo blinded with the notions of my birth, that from that very moment, I thought I could diſcern that I was far from indifferent to her.

EVENING VIII.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF HOUSCHENK AND GULBAZE.

THE Queen of Perſia was ſomething more than five and thirty, but I never ſaw ſo fine a woman in my life. She was ſo exceedingly well made, that one could not behold her without admiration: her hair, which was blacker than ebony, was finely contraſted by the faireſt and moſt lively complexion; a delicate proportion and exact regularity appeared in every feature of her face; and the whole was a collection of charms, ſufficient to captivate the moſt indifferent heart; and above the power of eloquence to deſcribe. The fire of her eyes was ſufficient to raiſe a flame in the moſt ſerene breaſt: her mouth, which ſhe only opened to load me with praiſe, diſplayed a ſet of the fineſt and moſt regular teeth in the world; her hand, which ſhe gave me to kiſs, ſeemed to be made only for ſceptres and crowns; and a noble boldneſs and air of majeſty, raiſed and ſupported all theſe perfections. The truth is, I was ſo aſtoniſhed at the ſight of them, that forgetting, in that inſtant, my dear Gulbaze, I entirely loſt the uſe of my reaſon. What became of me, Madam, I cannot tell; but as ſoon as I recovered myſelf out of the deliquium, I perceived I was in the arms of one of the queen's old ſlaves, who gave me to underſtand, that her miſtreſs had tied on my arm her own picture ſet with diamonds, of extraordinary value; and after ſome inconceivable tranſports of joy, I retired to the prime-vizier's houſe, as he had ordered me. In five days time, he himſelf came to town; and as I was relating to him in what manner the queen

* One of the chief cities of Perſia, in the province of Dyerach, where their kings uſually reſide.

received me, he was ſo ſurprized with the magnificence of her preſent, that embracing me very tenderly, 'My Lord 'Houſchenk,' ſaid he, 'Fortune, I ſee, 'begins to look upon you with a fa-'vourable eye; I will make her ac-'knowledge your merit; and, before a 'month be over your head, doubt not 'but to place you upon the throne of 'Perſia.'—'What! me, my lord!' ſaid I, ſurprized; 'by what means can 'you think of effecting it?'—'By 'marrying you to Queen Dugme,' replied he. 'Such a hero as you alone 'deſerves to be our ſovereign; and, 'ſince the choice depends ſolely upon 'her, I will die if I bring it not to 'paſs!'

The vizier, not doubtful of my gratitude, and thinking that this advancement would be a means to bind me eternally to him, did his utmoſt endeavours to keep his word. He went to wait on the queen: and having extolled my ſervices to her, he perceived, by her bluſhing upon every occaſion of mentioning my name, the ſtrong impreſſion I had made on her heart. He took the advantage of this favourable ſituation, and perſuading her to believe that a perſon of my exalted valour could not but be ſprung from ſome illuſtrious family, he conjured her, in the name of all Perſia, to make me her huſband; and putting the other viziers, and ſoldiers, who were witneſſes of my glorious actions, upon the ſame requeſt, he reduced her to this at laſt, that ſhe only required ſome time to conſider, before ſhe reſolved upon a matter of ſuch importance; and ſo, without ſeeming to gratify the ſtrong inclination ſhe had conceived for me, ſhe conſented in a few days afterwards to place me on the Perſian throne.

I own to you, Madam, that I was not a little intoxicated with love and ambition. Dugme was the moſt charming princeſs in the world; ſhe ſeemed not to be above twenty; and I thought myſelf the happieſt man living, to ſee with what goodneſs ſhe received my love. One night, as I was embracing her knees, in profound reſpect, I thought ſhe ſeemed a little uneaſy in her mind. 'What troubles my queen?' ſaid I to her, trembling; 'does ſhe repent of the 'promiſe ſhe has given to her viziers?'—'No, Houſchenk,' ſaid ſhe to me, 'my ſentiments muſt always be ſubſer-'vient to the intereſt of my duty; and 'the deſire of all Perſia is a ſovereign 'law to me.'—'A *ſovereign law!* 'Madam,' cried I, with ſome emotion; 'can you believe that I will ever be in-'debted to your ſubjects, and not to 'your own inclination, for the ineſti-'mable happineſs of poſſeſſing you? 'Ah, too adorable Dugme! how ſove-'reign ſoever the laws of ſtate may be, 'a real affection makes them ſubmit to 'thoſe of Love! he will owe all to the 'object of his paſſion, and looks upon 'politicks as an obſtacle that generally 'croſſes the happineſs of true lovers.' As I was ſaying theſe words, I marked the queen's countenance, and ſaw a viſible alteration in it. Her troubled looks, which ſeemed to ſearch for mine, were afraid at the ſame time to meet them; and had ſhe not recalled her uſual dignity, her beautiful eyes, which ſeemed then more languiſhing than ever, had perhaps given me ſome intimations of the moſt private ſentiments of her heart. 'Houſchenk,' ſaid ſhe to me, 'your 'paſſion is violent, nor am I calm and 'compoſed enough to anſwer you upon 'that head: let me get a little reſt, I 'beſeech you; which your company, 'and the ſenſe of your merit, have be-'reaved me of, ſince the time I firſt 'beheld you.' I was throwing myſelf again at her feet; but ſhe lifted me up, and giving me her hand to kiſs, obliged me to retire: however, I gave her a look at parting, that diſcovered the diſorder of my ſoul. At length, Madam, the evening preceding our marriage arrived; and as I laid me down to take a little reſt, a fearful dream diſturbed all the pleaſure of my ſleep. My dear Gulbaze, I thought, appeared to me all in tears: 'What are you going to do, 'Houſchenk?' ſaid ſhe to me; 'have 'you ſo ſoon forgot all the tenderneſs 'I had for you? Raſh young man, the 'ſplendor of a throne dazzles you! but 'tremble to ſet your foot thereon; for, 'in ſo doing, you will commit a moſt 'hideous crime, unleſs I am partaker 'with you!'

I waked on a ſudden in the moſt terrible fright. 'What ſignifies this ex-'travagant dream?' ſaid I to myſelf; 'it is not worth minding! I cannot 'marry Gulbaze without offering a vio-'lence to nature.' But how much ſoever I reſolved againſt it, I could not get over my terror; it grew more and more upon me, until they came to dreſs

me

me in all my ſplendid attire, and the greateſt lords of Perſia conducted me into the moſque belonging to the palace, where I was married to the charming Dugme.

How much reaſon ſoever the queen and I had to be ſatisfied with each other, it is certain we were both in very great diſorder, notwithſtanding all we could do to ſuppreſs it. I perceived it firſt in my conſort; but imputed it only to her regret at having married a perſon ſhe knew nothing of; and ſcrupled not to mention the great uneaſineſs that my ſuſpicions gave me. 'No, no, my dear 'Houſchenk,' ſaid ſhe to me, 'your 'ſuſpicions are injurious to my love. I 'can now own to you without a bluſh, 'to what degree it is I love you; but 'a dream which I had laſt night gives 'me ſome pain. The King Bahaman, 'my father, appeared to me: he for'bade me to marry you; and foretold 'innumerable miſchiefs to befal me, if 'I did not obey him. As I have no 'great reaſon to be ſo well pleaſed with 'my father, as to reſpect his memory, 'I have made no ſcruple, even contrary 'to his expreſs orders, to give you my 'hand. This is all the matter that 'troubles me.'—'Ah, my dear queen!' ſaid I to her again, 'much ſuch an'other dream has had a like effect upon 'me; but I have regarded it no more 'than you. Our heated imaginations 'occaſion theſe phantoms; but our love 'will ſoon break through the impe'diment they would put to our mu'tual ſatisfaction.' In ſhort, we paſſed the reſt of the day with eaſe and tranquillity enough. The night came; my ſpouſe was undreſſed, and her ſlaves put her to bed: and I too, after I had taken my leave of the viziers, whom I loaded with preſents, (eſpecially the two to whom I was indebted for my throne) went to lie by her ſide.

There was nothing now, one would have thought, to oppoſe my deſires, but only Dugme's baſhfulneſs, which I conjured her to baniſh for ever: when, happening to eſpy, by the help of the wax-lights in the room, as the boſom of my ſhirt was open, the perfect mark of a tulip on my ſtomach, 'Oh, Heavens!' ſaid ſhe, ſhrieking violently; 'this is 'the interpretation of my dream!' and then, puſhing me from her with all her might, ſhe threw herſelf out of bed, and ran to a cloſet where an old ſlave lay, who had brought her up, and haſtily ſhut the door.

EVENING IX.

THE FARTHER CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF HOUSCHENK AND GULBAZE.

YOU may imagine, Madam, (continued the mandarin) in what ſurprize and aſtoniſhment I was left. I put on my gown and ran to the door; but they refuſed me admittance: ſo that after much intreaty, I broke it open, and found the queen fallen into a ſwoon in her old ſlave's arms, whoſe name was Sunghier. 'What is the reaſon,' ſaid I to her, 'of all this uneaſineſs? Why 'does the queen, who has had all along 'hitherto ſo much kindneſs for me, fly 'from me with horror? Unfold this ſe'cret, I conjure you.' Sunghier made no reply; but opening my gown, and ſhewing me the tulip, 'Ah!' ſaid ſhe, 'the queen has ſufficient reaſon; that 'fatal mark has reduced her to this con'dition.' Dugme that moment opened her eyes; and turning them languiſhingly upon me, 'Ah! dear Houſchenk!' cried ſhe, 'praiſed be the great prophet, 'that I did not defile my bed with in'ceſt: you are my ſon!'—'*Your ſon*, 'Madam,' replied I, with the utmoſt aſtoniſhment; 'that is impoſſible: and 'ſince I muſt inform you of my birth, 'which I was willing to conceal, be'cauſe of it's meanneſs, I am the 'ſon of a dyer in the ſuburbs of 'Schiras, ſurnamed Topal, becauſe he 'is a cripple. I could not bring myſelf 'to like ſo mechanick a life; my cou'rage gained me ſome glory in your 'armies, and my queen had the good'neſs to requite me with her hand and 'heart, for ſome gallant actions of mine 'which had the good fortune to pleaſe 'her.'

'Houſchenk!' replied the queen, with a languiſhing voice, Heaven grant that 'what you tell me be true, and that 'Topal may be able to rid my mind of 'the ſecret horror of this marriage, 'which nature inſpired, but my love 'ſurmounted! Let us, then, live like 'brother and ſiſter till this myſtery be

'unriddled,

'unriddled, and to-morrow ſet forward 'to Schiras.'

I could not but comply with the queen's requeſt. The next day we departed, and arrived at the palace of Schiras, where we ſent to find out Topal. But how great was the poor man's ſurprize, when he was brought into a cloſet, where only were Dugme, her ſlave, and myſelf, and told by what means I became King of Perſia! He fell proſtrate at our feet; but the queen raiſing him up, 'Topal,' ſaid ſhe, 'it but ill 'becomes you to uſe ſuch a poſture to 'me; rather praiſe Heaven for having 'bleſſed you with a ſon, whoſe ſhining 'valour has merited a throne, and live 'in future with us, in ſuch plenty and 'honours as are reſerved for the father 'of the illuſtrious Houſchenk.'

'Ah, Madam!' replied Topal, trembling, 'Houſchenk is not my ſon.'—'Who then is my father?' ſaid I, turning pale as death. 'I cannot tell, my 'good lord!' anſwered the old man. 'It is now about nineteen years 'ſince I found you in an ebony trunk, 'which floated on the River Baudemir, 'and ſtuck in the ſtuffs that I was then 'waſhing. The richneſs of the linen 'and the jewels wherewith you were 'adorned, made me believe that you 'were of an illuſtrious family, and that 'ſome malignant ſtar had deſtined you 'to loſe your life, before you could 'know the uſe of it. I took you out 'of the trunk; my wife brought you 'up, together with my daughter Gulbaze; and you left me, Sir, the moment I came to underſtand the averſion you had to my profeſſion, and was 'about to inform you of the myſtery 'of your birth.'

I was ſo ſurprized at this diſcourſe of Topal's, that I never obſerved the queen, as ſhe fell back upon her ſopha, all drowned in tears. I fell inſtantly at her feet; 'Let me but know, at leaſt,' ſaid I, 'to what adventure I owe my life, 'and why I came to be thrown into the 'River Baudemir.'—'Ah, my ſon!' cried Dugme, 'how can I tell you a 'thing that I cannot think on without 'horror; or in what terms ſhall I do 'it? But as this horrid ſecret is known 'to none but faithful Sunghier and myſelf, and you have all the intereſt that 'can be to conceal it, I ſhall run no 'hazard in relating it to you, how unwilling ſoever I am to do it.

THE HISTORY OF DUGME QUEEN OF PERSIA.

'BAHAMAN, my father, King 'of Perſia, reſided for ſome part 'of the year at Schiras. He had no 'other children but me, and would to 'God I had died the moment I was 'born! The ſultana, my mother, died 'when I was ſcarce twelve years old; 'and, to my misfortune, I was but 'too beautiful. My father, who was 'generally well beloved by his ſubjects, 'ſaid the death of my mother ſore to 'heart. His viziers in vain repreſented to him the unreaſonableneſs of his 'immoderate grief; he regarded them 'not, but ſhut himſelf up in his ſeraglio, and would ſee nobody for above 'three months. I ſhared in his ſorrow 'as much as my age would permit; 'and he, won by my endearments, 'which I did not then underſtand the 'conſequence of, could not look upon 'me without conceiving a criminal paſſion. I had not diſcretion enough at 'that age to diſtinguiſh his ſentiments; 'I acted from nature only, and the tenderneſs he perceived I had for him, 'ſerved only to kindle that horrible 'fire that burnt in his veins when I 'drew near: however, my fourteenth 'year of age, that improved my reaſon, 'made me more reſerved towards him. 'This grieved him exceedingly, and 'made him complain to me; but I 'knew not how to anſwer his complaints, and only endeavoured to avoid 'them as much as I could; when, all 'on a ſudden, I found myſelf ſeized 'with an illneſs unknown to me before. I loſt my appetite, I had continual vomitings, and felt ſtrange 'emotions within me. This made me 'very uneaſy; and the ignorance of 'our phyſicians had nearly proved fatal 'to me, when my father fell dangerouſly ill, and all the care that could 'be taken of him was not enough to 'drive the angel of death from his bed, 'whoſe approach he dreaded exceedingly: however, when he found he had 'not many moments to live, and was 'going to give an account of his deeds 'before the awful tribunal of God, he 'ordered every body, except Sunghier 'and myſelf, to leave the room; and 'calling to me, "Come hither," ſaid 'he, "my daughter; receive my laſt

"farewel,

" farewel, and grant me your pardon
" for the fault which the execrable paſ-
" ſion I had for you made me commit.
" You were much too wiſe and too vir-
" tuous willingly to comply with it;
" but I took the advantage of a deep
" ſleep, which every night I caſt you
" and Sunghier into, and by that means
" gave myſelf up to the moſt deteſtable
" crime of abuſing your innocence.
" This, my dear Dugme, is the cauſe
" of your illneſs." You may imagine,
Sir," continued the queen of Perſia,
my condition at the hearing of this.
Rage and deſpair made me thunder
out a thouſand imprecations againſt
Bahaman. He heard them with hu-
miliation. " I have deſerved all this,
" and more," ſaid he; " but ſtill let
" it be concealed: all Perſia is hitherto
" ignorant of my crime, and your
" ſhame.—I give you this in charge,
" Sunghier," added he, ſpeaking to
this woman, " that you take Dugme
" hence: her juſt fury may perhaps diſ-
" cover a ſecret, that ought to be bu-
" ried in everlaſting oblivion. I am
" now going to give ſome orders about
" the affairs of my kingdom." Sung-
hier pulled me out of Bahaman's
chamber: he immediately made the
viziers come in; and, having pro-
claimed me Queen of Perſia, made an
order that whomſoever I ſhould chuſe,
him ſhould they acknowledge for their
king. As my father had always go-
verned his ſubjects with great lenity,
and was not a little beloved by them,
his orders were punctually executed;
for no ſooner was he dead, than they
forced me from one of the lower apart-
ments of the palace, where I was giv-
ing myſelf up to deſpair, and placed
me upon the throne. To the ſame
apartment I retired again, under pre-
tence of lamenting the loſs of a mo-
narch whom I then deteſted, and
whoſe memory I ſtill deteſt; where I
continued ſix months without ever
appearing in publick, but always be-
wailing the infamy my cruel fate had
brought upon me. When my hour
was come, I was delivered of a child,
who came into the world with the
plain mark of a tulip upon his breaſt.
It was Sunghier who received the
fruit of my father's deteſtable love,
which I could not myſelf look upon
without horror. My bowels recoiled
at the ſight of it; and, in the firſt
tranſports of my fury, I ordered Sung-
hier to throw it into the river Baude-
mir, which runs at the foot of the
palace. She went out immediately,
and returned in a quarter of an hour,
aſſuring me that ſhe had executed
my orders. Ah, Sir! how exceed-
ing powerful is nature! My blood
chilled at the ſhocking recital; I re-
pented of my cruelty, and bewailed
the unhappy infant with tears of blood.
After I had ſpent a conſiderable time
in ſorrow, and was now perfectly
recovered, I appeared in publick again;
and notwithſtanding the melancholy
which hung always about me, my
people thought me ſo fine a woman,
that they were perpetually urging me
to give them a monarch, whoſe poſte-
rity might govern Perſia. In vain I
married, about three years after the
death of Bahaman, the Prince Koud
Addan, who joined Circaſſia to my
kingdoms. That monarch had only
daughters by me; and I ſincerely la-
mented his death, which happened
ſome eight months ago, by a fall from
his horſe; for he was both a gallant
and a virtuous prince: he loved me
with extreme tenderneſs, and it was
not without ſome reluctance that I
came ſo ſoon into your arms. I was
forced to love you by the voice of na-
ture: that ſame nature oppoſed the
inclination I had to admit you to my
bed. Bahaman's ghoſt cautioned me
to decline your marriage; I rejected
his counſel, as the effect of his mad
jealouſy: but, thanks be to Heaven,
the mark upon your boſom has de-
livered me from the commiſſion of a
ſecond crime, no leſs horrible than the
firſt! The linen, the jewels, and the
ebony trunk, wherein Sunghier aſſured
me afterwards that ſhe expoſed you
upon the Baudemir; the plain and
natural declaration of Topal; and
my heart, which is a more certain proof
than all, aſſures me that you are my
ſon. Receive, then, my dear Houſ-
chenk, theſe embraces, pure and ſe-
parate from all criminal paſſion: and
as there is no neceſſity for the people
to know ſecrets of ſuch importance as
this, chuſe you out a wife in all Per-
ſia, and marry her in private. I will
adopt your children, and make them
paſs for mine. This, my dear Houſ-
chenk, will now be the ſummit of my
joy and felicity.'

EVEN-

EVENING X.

THE CONTINUATION AND CONCLUSION OF THE HISTORY OF HOUSCHENK AND GULBAZE.

'AH, Madam,' ſaid I, very readily, 'the woman is already found: it 'ſhall be the lovely Gulbaze, daughter 'to Topal. We have now loved one 'another theſe ſix years with all ima'ginable purity; I eſteemed her as my 'ſiſter, and fearing leſt our paſſion 'ſhould become criminal, left the good 'man's houſe whom I imagined my fa'ther. Grief and deſpair made me en'gage in your army. I ſought for death; 'and had doubtleſs found it, had not 'Heaven, which favoured me ſo viſibly, 'ſuffered me to deſtroy your enemies, 'like a thunder-bolt, without receiving 'the leaſt wound myſelf. Let me in'treat you to conſent, therefore, Ma'dam, that I may have this adorable 'creature; who, next to yourſelf, may 'be juſtly called the model of all per'fections!'—'I conſent, with all my 'heart,' anſwered Dugme; 'order To'pal to go for Gulbaze, for I have an 'impatient deſire to ſee and embrace 'her.' I executed, Madam, (continued Fum-Hoam) the Queen of Perſia's orders. Gulbaze appeared in an hour's time, with all the modeſty peculiar to her age; and was received by the queen with every endearment imaginable. That princeſs made me notice a thouſand beauties in her, which I had not perceived before: and, telling her ſhe had diſcovered that I was the late king's nephew, and had on that account ſome ſcruple to live with me as huſband and wife, deſired that we might inſtantly marry, and expected no other acknowledgment, but that we and Topal ſhould keep the ſecret inviolable.

It is not to be expreſſed, Madam, with what ſatisfaction Gulbaze and I received the queen's orders, which we immediately executed. In ſhort, I was married to this lovely young creature; and the queen took to herſelf five ſons I had by Gulbaze, and they conſequently paſſed for her own children.

In the midſt of all this happineſs, and apparent reaſon for contentment, Dugme would every now and then give herſelf up to melancholy; and I have ſometimes ſeen, as ſhe looked at me, the tears drop involuntarily from her eyes. I uſed every effort, by inventing always ſome new pleaſure or other, to diſſipate the ſad ideas which the remembrance of the king her father brought to her mind; but all would not do. She ſunk into a ſad dejection of ſoul, that preyed upon her continually: at length ſhe fell ſick, and the whole art of phyſick could not ſave her life. She died in mine and Gulbaze's arms; having deſired me, in the preſence of all the viziers, to marry that charming woman; who had paſſed for her favourite.

I was extremely troubled for the death of my mother: according to her orders, however, I raiſed Gulbaze to the throne, and had afterwards three daughters by her. At length, when we had lived together in perfect union to a good old age, honoured and reſpected both by our children and ſubjects, we quitted the cares which attend a crown. We left the ſovereignty to our eldeſt ſon, and having ſettled a conſiderable portion upon the other four, and their ſiſters, reſerved to ourſelves only Circaſſia; whither we retired, and had the conſolation to ſee all our children live in peace and unity; till, by the will of the great prophet, Gulbaze and I, both in one day, quitted a life which would have been burdenſome to the ſurvivor.

'This hiſtory, I confeſs,' ſaid the Queen of Gannan, 'has given me a 'great deal of pleaſure, and the cir'cumſtances of it are very affecting: 'but what became of you afterwards?'

THE HISTORY OF THE BEAUTIFUL HENGU.

I Went (continued the mandarin) into the body of a young woman of Cananor *, whoſe name was Hengu. My father, who died before I was born, ſold fiquaa †; and my mother, who continued the buſineſs after his deceaſe, brought me up with as much care as her

* The kingdom of Cananor is in Malabar, between Decan and the Cape of Comorin.
† Fiquaa, is a kind of beer.

circum-

circumſtances would permit. I lived always retired in a little neat apartment, with an old ſlave named Gebra, where I ſpent my days in ſuch works as are proper for our ſex; and enjoyed this ſecret tranquillity, without any paſſion to diſturb me, when an unlucky accident happened in our houſe, which diſconcerted all my felicity.

Some Indian gentlemen happened one day to quarrel in our ſhop; and though we did all we could to prevent any miſchief, yet one of the company received a ſtab with a poniard, and was dangerouſly wounded. We ſent immediately for a ſurgeon to dreſs him, but the gentleman falling into a ſwoon, it was not thought adviſeable to carry him to his own houſe, and therefore my mother lent him a bed. The wound was deep; but not being mortal, the young Indian was ſoon out of danger. He returned my mother many thanks for the care ſhe had taken of him; and, before he left the houſe, took his opportunity, when there were many people in the ſhop, and my mother very buſy, to come into my chamber, leaning upon his ſlave's arm, without my being apprized of the viſit. I was ſurprized, indeed, at the ſight of him; but my beauty made ſuch an impreſſion upon his ſpirits, that he had like to have died away. 'My dear 'friend,' ſaid he to his ſlave, 'you 'have not deceived me: this certainly 'is the moſt charming creature upon 'earth, and how happy ſhould I think 'myſelf, if ſhe could love me with 'the ſame ardour with which I adore 'her!'

I confeſs, Madam, I was in the utmoſt confuſion; for never did I ſee a handſomer man in my life than Cotza-Rechid, (that was the gentleman's name) and I found my vanity ſo well pleaſed with his praiſes and reſpectful carriage, that I was perfectly enchanted. After ſome time, however, I ſaid to him, 'Sir, I know too well the diſ-'tance between you and me ever to 'think of becoming your wife, and I 'have too much virtue to be your miſ-'treſs; I beg you therefore to ceaſe 'you railleries, which are no handſome 'return for the care we have taken of 'your life.'—'Ah, Madam!' replied Cotza-Rechid, 'I ſpeak ſeriouſly: I 'never ſaw any thing ſo perfect as you; 'and I call all our gods to witneſs, and 'to puniſh me with the moſt cruel 'death, if I place not my whole happi-'neſs in the love of my adorable Hen-'gu!' Gebra, who had all this while ſpoke nothing, believing that ſhe ſaw ſincerity painted in the eyes of my lover, ſaid, 'Sir, my young miſtreſs is not to 'be deluded by words; for though ſhe 'is inferior to you in point of birth, 'her beauty, (if ſhe were once known 'to our ſultan) might place her upon 'the throne of Cananor.'—'Ah! I 'know that but too well,' cried Cotza-Rechid; 'nor do I pretend to her heart 'but by the moſt honourable means.' What ſhall I ſay, Madam? (continued Fum-Hoam) Gebra was won by the preſents of my lover; he feigned a relapſe, to gain an opportunity of ſeeing me more conveniently; and, for a whole month he ſpent in my company, all the time that my mother was in her ſhop, he was always tender and ſubmiſſive; and I in my turn loved him with an equal paſſion. In ſhort, after we had, in the preſence of Gebra, entered into engagements which I thought ſolemn and ſincere, I gave myſelf up to my love without reſerve. My mother knew nothing of our intrigue; ſhe would never have conſented to this private marriage, and therefore Gebra adviſed me not to mention a word of it to her. It was high time, however, for the ſecret to be out; my huſband had left his lodging for ſome time, not thinking it decent to ſtay any longer, and I was upon the point of becoming a parent. What to do upon this conjuncture I did not well know; but my going away, which was propoſed, ſeemed to me the beſt expedient. One very dark night, therefore, I left our houſe, accompanied with Gebra. My huſband waited for us at the outward gate, and carried us to a ſtately palace which he had about a league from Cananor; and it was there I firſt began to enjoy his dear company with freedom: but that pleaſure was ſoon interrupted by a piece of news which touched me very ſenſibly. My mother was ſo affected by my running away, that ſhe fell dangerouſly ſick upon it: ſhe was ſeized with a very violent fever, and died in a few days, uttering curſes and imprecations upon me, which too ſoon had their effect.

I fell into a ſad dejection of mind upon my mother's death, which I was ſenſible I had occaſioned; and would

a thouſand times have ſtabbed myſelf, had it not been for the care that Gebra and Cotza-Rechid took of me. Their aſſiduity dried up my tears; and, for two years, which I paſſed in ſuch delights as tender mutual lovers taſte, I thought no more of the matter.

Cotza-Rechid was one of the moſt charming and entertaining men living: he was perpetually at my knees, and proteſting to me that his love ſhould laſt as long as life; when, on a ſudden, I thought I perceived ſome coldneſs in him, and endeavouring to find out the cauſe of it to no purpoſe, gave myſelf up entirely to grief, and never after had a moment's reſt. My ſleep, when I laid me down at any time, was moſt ſtrangely diſturbed; I thought I ſaw ten thouſand extravagant phantoms that are not in nature, and every one more fantaſtical than another; and my frightful dreams always ended in my mother's threatening me that I ſhould ſoon be puniſhed for my want of tenderneſs to her.

Cotza-Rechid, who now began to neglect me much, and for fifteen days together could ſtay in Cananor, without any conſideration of my affliction, ſeemed one day a little ſenſible of my misfortune; and, after a few ſlight endearments, propoſed that we ſhould go and take the air ſome diſtance from his cattle. As I had no other will than his, I made ready to obey him; and, after I had dreſſed myſelf a little, to repair the injury which grief and want of reſt had done to my beauty, Gebra and I went into a palanquin, and Cotza-Rechid rode on horſeback. In this manner we went about two good leagues, till we came to a little country-houſe that belonged to him. It was the moſt pleaſant ſituation that ever I ſaw. An old Indian, who had the care of it, opened us the gate; the gardens were exceeding neat, and a fountain of clear delicious water ſeemed to invite us to ſit down by the ſide of it's baſon, where we were ſerved with moſt excellent fruit.

I obſerved a very great uneaſineſs in Cotza-Rechid's looks; he eat nothing, and turned his eyes from me. 'What's 'the matter with my dear ſpouſe?' ſaid I to him, tenderly: 'wherein have I 'had the misfortune to diſpleaſe you?' A flood of tears that ran down my cheeks with theſe words, compleated the confuſion of my ſoul; I died away in Gebra's arms: and, when I came to myſelf, was in the greateſt conſternation imaginable to ſee that Cotza-Rechid was gone, and to find a green velvet purſe, that was very heavy, lying at my feet.

EVENING XI.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF THE BEAUTIFUL HENGU.

GEBRA preſently took up the purſe, and opened it: it was full of gold, and there was in it a letter directed to me. But imagine, Madam, what a condition I was in, when I came to read in it words much to this purpoſe.

'SOME particular reaſons oblige 'me to marry: in eight days I 'am to have the Governor of Cananor's 'daughter, and to-morrow muſt bring 'her to my palace: ſo that you, Hengu, muſt yield her up the place that 'belongs to her. To make you ſome 'amends for the loſs of my heart, I 'leave you abſolute miſtreſs of this 'houſe, and of all that belongs to it; 'I make you a preſent of them, together 'with five thouſand roupies of gold. 'Endeavour to live eaſy with Gebra, and 'be ſilent in this affair, if you would 'not diſpleaſe

'COTZA-RECHID.'

I ſhall not pretend, Madam, (ſaid the Mandarin) to relate to you the rage I was in, after I had recovered the firſt ſurprize that my reading this letter had occaſioned. None but a perſon who has been provoked to the laſt degree, can be ſenſible of my condition. My reſentment, indeed, was ſo keen, that I wondered with myſelf why I did not inſtantly expire; and my heart, left naked to the aſſaults of jealouſy and fury, meditated the moſt black deſigns. 'Unhappy Hengu!' ſaid I to myſelf, 'ſince it is a violence done to thy ſex 'to deny thee the uſe of arms, and the 'pleaſure of waſhing off thy affront with 'blood, find out another way to avenge 'thyſelf of the ungrateful villain who 'forſakes thee: let him and thy hated 'rival both die by the ſubtleſt poiſon.—

'But

'But how can I execute,' continued I, 'this ridiculous project? Are not all 'avenues ſhut againſt me, and how can 'I think to ſucceed therein? No; ra-'ther die, than ſurvive thy huſband's 'infidelity!' And with theſe words, I ſeized on my poniard, and was going to rid myſelf of all my torments; when Gebra wreſted it from me, and promiſed, that without running any riſque ſhe would undertake both to deſtroy my rival, and recover my dear Cotza-Rechid's heart; but that, to ſucceed therein, great diſſimulation would be neceſſary. This promiſe ſtopped the ſource of my tears, and I prepared myſelf to hear with attention; when the old Indian who had the care of the houſe came, he and his daughters together, and fell down at my feet. 'Madam,' ſaid he to me, 'I come to do homage to my new 'miſtreſs: here is a writing wherein 'Cotza-Rechid inveſts you with all the 'goods he has in this place. We were 'his ſlaves, we are now become yours; 'and we hope to find in you as much 'goodneſs as we did in Cotza-Rechid, 'who was one of the beſt maſters in the 'world!' I received the good man's homage and his daughters with courteſy; and finding that I wanted reſt, retired into an apartment, very plain, but charmingly neat, which had a proſpect into the delicious fields that belonged to the houſe.

Here I found all my cloaths and ornaments, which my perfidious huſband had cauſed to be privily brought there; and the ſight of them renewed my ſorrows. 'Is it then for ever, my dear 'ſpouſe,' ſaid I, 'that I have loſt you? 'You have baſely deceived me; and, 'abuſing my ſimplicity, and your own 'oaths, you have abandoned me to put 'yourſelf in the arms of another. Oh! 'I never will ſurvive this hard fate.'— 'As ſure as you are alive,' ſaid Gebra to me again, 'depend on me, my dear 'Hengu, and you ſhall ſoon be re-'venged.' This freſh promiſe of Gebra's appeaſed my ſorrow a little: ſhe told me her deſign, and I liſtened to her with impatience. 'Cotza-Rechid 'loves you too well,' ſaid ſhe, 'to 'abandon you for ever. It will not 'be long before he comes hither again, 'and will inform himſelf from your 'ſlaves in what manner you live: pre-'tend, therefore, to be very eaſy; ſhew 'as much as you can ſuch a freedom of 'ſpirit, as argues an unconcern for 'him, and depend on it my contrivance 'will not want for ſucceſs.'

I followed Gebra's advice very exactly. Before the old man and his daughter, I put a reſtraint upon myſelf; nay, I affected a good deal of gaiety, and ſpoke often againſt the engagement of our affections, as the foible of our ſex. All which being carried to Cotza-Rechid, he began to imagine that he might now come and ſee me without any fear of reproaches. In ſhort, one day, when I leaſt of all expected him, and as I was walking in the garden, I ſaw him come up to me. 'I am very well 'pleaſed with you, Hengu,' ſaid he to me; 'you have taken the right method: 'paſſion and reſentment would have ba-'niſhed you for ever from my heart. 'Live quiet and peaceably in this place, 'and permit me ſometimes to come and 'interrupt your ſolitude.' I anſwered him ſuitably to his deſires, and according to the inſtructions which Gebra had given me; and, as our converſation could ſcarce end without ſome occaſion or other to ſpeak of his wife, I aſked him whether ſhe had beauty enough to give her the hope of fixing his heart for ever: whereupon he drew me ſuch a picture of her, as almoſt killed me with vexation. I could indeed hardly contain myſelf, but I knew how to enter into his ſentiments ſo dexterouſly, that he did not perceive my diſorder; and continuing his detail of every ſingle perfection, both of body and mind, he extolled her above all the beauties that had ever been in life. I ſtopped him: for though I yielded to her, I ſaid, in all things elſe, yet as for *hair*, I knew no woman who had the vanity to think ſhe had finer than I. He laughed at me for this; the diſpute grew hot; and, ſince I was not allowed to come to his houſe, I deſired him to bring me a lock of the fine hair of which he ſo greatly boaſted, that we might compare it with mine. He promiſed me he would; and, after he had ſpent the reſt of the day with me, he returned home.

Gebra was hugely pleaſed with the uſe I made of her inſtructions; and, as ſoon as ſhe heard what promiſe my faithleſs huſband had made me, out ſhe runs in all haſte to look for poiſonous herbs, ſtones, and roots, unknown to any but herſelf; and by powerful charms, wherein ſhe was verſed from

her childhood, prepares for the death and deſtruction of my rival.

The moment, which I deſired with ſo much impatience, came at laſt. Cotza-Rechid, about fifteen days after his firſt viſit, came to pay me another. 'See 'here,' ſaid he, the firſt thing he ſpoke to me, 'whether I am prepoſſeſſed in fa-'vour of my wife; look on this lock 'of hair, and be convinced that it's 'blackneſs and luſtre far exceeds your 'own.' I went near the window, as if to ſee it with a better light; and pretending to look at it very earneſtly, ſtole a little of it, which I ſlid into my boſom, and returned him the reſt, after I had allowed, in complaiſance, and the better to blind him, that mine was not comparable to my rival's: hereupon he laughed very heartily, and ſeemed pleaſed with my ſincerity. He was all the day in a charming humour, and did not leave me till very late.

EVENING XII.

THE CONTINUATION AND CONCLUSION OF THE HISTORY OF THE BEAUTIFUL HENGU.

NO ſooner had I parted with Cotza-Rechid, but being full of reſentment, I made ready to take vengeance on my rival, with all the punctuality neceſſary in ſuch horrid rites. The night had ſpread it's thick ſhade over the earth, when Gebra and I, with our hair looſe, and our bodies half naked, ſtood in the open field, and called the moſt miſchievous genii to our aid. At our horrible incantations, we ſaw the ſtars inſtantly loſe their light, or by fearful ſtreaks of fire ſhew the change of their ſituation. The moon crept into a thick cloud, and left us in ſuch darkneſs as the lighted torches we held in our hands could hardly diſſipate. It ſeemed ſometimes bloody, and ſometimes glaring with fire and flames; and round about we ſaw diſtinctly fall a ſhower of burning ſparks, inſtead of wholeſome and refreſhing dews. I began to tremble exceſſively at the ſight of ſo many prodigies, when Gebra beating the air three times with her powerful wand, and pronouncing the moſt barbarous words, with horrible contortions, ſhook the hair which I had taken from Cotza-Rechid upon the flaming torch, and conjured the infernal deities, that as that hair burned and conſumed, the perſon whoſe it was might be conſumed and deſtroyed.

I began to pleaſe myſelf with the full vengeance I was to have, and fancied I already ſaw my rival on fire, when on a ſudden I found myſelf ſeized with a violent heat which burned my entrails. My blood curdled; my heart ſhrivelled up; my limbs conſumed away; and, to Gebra's great aſtoniſhment, I fell to the ground, and groaned hideouſly. 'Ah! 'perfideous Cotza-Rechid!' cried I, with a dying tone, 'you knew too well 'what I intended to do with your wife's 'hair; you have certainly brought me 'my own, that once I gave you, when 'I had the happineſs to pleaſe you; 'and, in ſeeking my rival's deſtruction, 'I have met my own.' I had but juſt time to pronounce theſe words, when my ſoul, diſappointed of it's revenge, went out of my miſerable body with cries ſufficiently dreadful to terrify the ſtouteſt heart; and Gebra, who would not live after me, ſtabbed herſelf immediately with a poniard.

'But let us wave, Madam,' (continued Fum-Hoam) 'all reflections up-'on a death ſo melancholy, and which 'I deſerved ſo well. When I had left the 'body of this unhappy young woman, 'I was for a long while, without inter-'ruption, in different conditions of life, 'wherein there was nothing remark-'able: for what pleaſure would it be 'to your majeſty, to hear a recital of the 'dangers I underwent in the form of a 'ſerpent; the ſad and uneaſy life I led 'when I was an owl and a bat; the 'amorous complaints I made under the 'figure of a tender nightingale; or the 'malicious tricks I ſtudied when I was 'an ape?'—'Your tricks, when an 'ape,' replied the queen, interrupting him, 'I have a great deſire to know; 'and you will do me no ſmall pleaſure 'to relate them.'—'Since your ma-'jeſty deſires it,' ſaid the mandarin, 'I 'will not be wanting to your ſatisfac-'tion.'

THE ADVENTURES OF THE APE MOROUG.

I Was born in a foreſt of the Indies, and ſome time after taken with birdlime, which I was fool enough to rub

my eyes with; being willing to imitate a huntſman, whom I ſaw waſhing himſelf in a baſon of water. I was ſold to a young Chineſe, who called me Morong; and who, making me faſt very ſeverely when I would not obey his commands, brought me to be ſo nimble and active, that I paſſed for a prodigy. He bought me a little horſe, which I managed with as much dexterity as the beſt riding-maſter; and while he was in his gallop, I uſed to ſkip and jump upon him ſo nimbly, that I ſurprized every body. In ſhort, through all the cities of India where we paſſed, I was looked upon with admiration; and my maſter, who had made a conſiderable profit of me there, was reſolved to return to Cambalu, where I got him as much money as in the Indies. The children brought me great ſtore of all kinds of fruit; and becauſe I played with them without hurting them, they were very fond of me, and careſſed me much. Every day I brought home my purſe, which was tied about my waiſt, full of ſilver, which I was ſure either to win or pilfer from this young fry, who had no better ſport than to divert themſelves with me.

It ſo fell out, that a certain good woman of Cambalu, whoſe houſe joined to the back part of that where my maſter lodged, chanced to die; and, as I happened to ſee the people carrying her out of her apartment, from the top of the houſe where I was ſitting, it came into my head, to try if I could imitate the moans I heard her make. I ſlipped nimbly into the chamber, put on the dead woman's ſhift and head cloaths, and covering myſelf in the bed, waited till the people's return from the burial, to play a farce which nearly coſt me my life. As ſoon as the woman's relations were come into the chamber, and were going to begin their lamentations again, I ſtretched my head out of the bed, and made moſt hideous grimaces. The good people were ſo terrified at this, that taking me for the devil, they ſcoured out of the room, and each perſon was only ſolicitous to ſave himſelf. Preſently the whole houſe was in an uproar, and the community of bonzes was ſent to in all haſte, to acquaint them with the ſtrangeneſs of this adventure. The eldeſt of the prieſts aſſembled his brethren, and every one arming himſelf with a torch, they came two and two into the dead perſon's chamber. All this while I lay ſnug in the bed; and ſeeing this jolly train as they came in, could perceive that fear was painted in their looks, which gave me the more courage. No ſooner were a dozen of them entered the room, but I ſprung out of the bed, and jumping upon the ſhoulders of their chief, bit his noſe and ears to that degree, that I made him cry out bitterly, inſomuch that the reſt of his comrades tumbled one over another, and left him to my fury. I then ſhut the door, and beat him at my eaſe; and, after I had torn his gown to tatters, and thrown the old woman's cloaths in his face, I whipt out at the window, recovered the top of the houſe, and ſo got ſafe into my maſter's lodging.

The poor bonze, after his firſt fright was over, knew, no doubt, who it was he had had to deal with; but being very feeble, he took my blows patiently: and yet, as a man of quick invention, who could make an advantage of every thing, no ſooner did he ſee me out of the chamber, than he opened the door, called to the other bonzes, and reproached them with their cowardice. He told them he had been encountering one of the moſt powerful devils he ever knew, who after an obſtinate defence (of which he had ſeveral marks to ſhew) was compelled to yield him the victory. After this, he cauſed the window where I got in to be walled up, and ſo returned home loaded with preſents; and every body afterwards looked upon him as a holy man. But he was not yet ſatisfied; I might ſtill appear upon the top of the houſe, and thus diſcover the pious fraud; and therefore, getting intelligence where my maſter lived, he came as ſoon as it was light to pay him a viſit; and telling him the whole adventure, deſired of him in all kindneſs to change his lodging. There is not, indeed, any material difference between a kind of quack (which my maſter was) and ſuch a bonze as this; ſo that they ſoon agreed, and we went to live at a diſtant part of the town: which prevented the truth of this comical adventure from ever being known at Cambalu.

To be ſhort, the wonders I performed were the whole talk of the town; my fame was carried even into the ſultan's ſeraglio; and Aliſchank, his favourite ſultana, whom he had juſt advanced to the

the throne, having a deſire to ſee me, that monarch, who could deny her nothing, ordered my maſter to make me go through all my exerciſes before her. She was ſo taken with my activity and addreſs, that ſhe could not forbear expreſſing her deſire to have me herſelf; ſo that my maſter Yvam (for that was his name) was obliged to preſent me to her, and be content with a very conſiderable gratification from the King of China.

EVENING XIII.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE ADVENTURES OF THE APE MOROUG.

I Was ſo accuſtomed to live with Yvam, that I would not obey the ſultana. I grew melancholy; and the ſultan, to pleaſe Aliſchank, ſent for my maſter, and committed him to the care of one of his chief eunuchs, whom he commanded to attend my maſter into the ſeraglio, as often as the ſultana deſired to ſee him, and to leave him upon no account whatever. I no ſooner ſet ſight on my maſter again, but I recovered my former gaiety. He was very young and handſome, ſo that Aliſchank could not look upon him without conceiving deſires injurious to the ſultan's honour. Her eyes were ſoon the interpreters of her heart. Yvam underſtood her meaning, and the eunuch who was to be preſent at their interviews, being gained by the ſtrength of money, the two lovers were left at their liberty. One day, when the ſultan was going a hunting, and was not to return again for four days, I chanced to be by as the ſultana was careſſing my maſter, and heard him aſk her who her parents were, and how long ſhe had been in the ſeraglio. 'I have 'only been here a year,' ſaid ſhe; 'but 'this year, how long has it been! I 'hate the ſultan, as much as I love you, 'my dear Yvam; and the more I ſee 'you, the more I find my hate in-'creaſes: but ſince you are deſirous to 'know who I am, I will relate to you 'ſome of the principal events of my 'life, and how it was that I came to 'this honour, which I ſo little eſteem, 'and which other ſultanas ſeek with ſo 'much eagerneſs.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE SULTANA ALISCHANK.

'MY mother, whoſe name was Do-'gandar, was the only daugh-'ter of a rich jeweller of Ceylon *, but 'a very ſevere man. There was in the 'neighbourhood a young Indian named 'Ganem, who having ſeen her fre-'quently at the window, grew paſſio-'nately in love with her; and he being 'a very beautiful man himſelf, it was 'not long before he was beloved again. 'My mother, however, knowing he was 'not rich enough to gain her father's 'conſent to marry her, reſolved to run 'away with him, and retire into ſome 'iſland in the Indian Sea. After they 'had taken proper meaſures for the ex-'ecution of this deſign, my mother 'took with her all the gold and pre-'cious ſtones ſhe could get, and em-'barked with her lover in a veſſel that 'was bound for Timor †. They were 'caſt, by the violence of a ſtorm, upon 'the coaſt of Sumatra ‡; and my mo-'ther, who was then big with me, and 'almoſt dead with the toſſing of the 'veſſel, no ſooner had ſet her foot on 'ſhore, than, unwilling to venture her 'life at ſea again, ſhe propoſed to Ga-'nem to ſtay in that iſland; and the 'better to conceal herſelf from her fa-'ther's purſuit, ſhe let the veſſel ſhe had 'hired proceed in it's voyage to Timor; 'and retiring to a good widow's houſe, 'who lived at Achem §, gave her to 'underſtand that ſhe and Ganem were 'two comedians, who had been ſhip-

* Ceylon is an iſle in the Indian ſea, towards the Cape of Comorin, where there is a mountain reputed to be the higheſt in the Indies, called Adam's Foot; becauſe the iſlanders aſſure us, that the firſt man was created on this mountain, and that he was interred on the top of it. They likewiſe pretend that the terreſtrial paradiſe was in this iſland.

† An iſland of the Oriental Sea, one of the Moluccas.

‡ One of the great iſlands of the Sonde.

§ The King of Achem has ſome part of the iſland of Sumatra; and this city, which is the capital of his kingdom, lies towards the north, in a very temperate air.

'wrecked

'wrecked on that coaſt, and ſaved in 'the ſhip's boat. The woman believed 'what ſhe ſaid; and, as my mother 'ſpent a good deal of money, which 'made the poor woman a little more 'eaſy in life, ſhe was very diligent in 'attending upon her.

'After ſome months ſtay at Achem, 'my mother was delivered of me; and 'Nature had expended her ſtore in my 'production, for I was her maſter-'piece of beauty. My parents chief 'concern was the care of my education. 'They had been ſeven years in this city, 'and perceiving they had not brought 'wealth enough with them to live at 'the rate they had hitherto done, (after 'they had parted with moſt of their 'jewels) were thinking of returning to 'Ceylon, when one night the good wo-'man where they lived came home full 'of joy. "I have good news to tell "you," ſaid ſhe; "there is a compa-"ny of comedians juſt now arrived, "who may very probably belong to "you, becauſe they have been ſhip-"wrecked in ſeveral places before their "landing in the iſland of Sumatra, and "have theſe eight or ten years been "travelling all the Indies over."

'Dogandar and Ganem could not 'forbear ſmiling at the woman's notion. "That may very well be," anſwered 'my mother; "but I will ſee them "act, before I make myſelf known to "them; and if I find they belong to "our company, I will make their joy "the more, by the ſurprize of coming "upon them when they leaſt of all ex-"pect me." The old woman was ſa-'tisfied with theſe reaſons: ſhe under-'took to ſecure us places, and we went 'the firſt time they acted, which was 'ſome few days after this diſcourſe.

'The company was made up of very 'good actors; and Dogandar ſeeing her 'ſubſtance grew leſs and leſs every day, 'fell ſuddenly into a very odd reſolu-'tion. "My dear huſband," ſaid ſhe to Ganem, "I have juſt now come "into my head an expedient that will "ſecure us againſt want and miſery; "let us turn comedians." My father 'that moment cried out with joy, em-'bracing my mother very tenderly, "That thought, my dear, I have long "entertained, but durſt not propoſe it "to you."—"But why ſo nice!" 'added ſhe: "nobody knows us here; "and, as we have all along lived in "obſcurity, who can tell but that our "condition is truly the ſame with "what we are now going to embrace? "nor will our old landlady fail to "make the world believe that this has "formerly been the profeſſion of our "life. But do you think you have a "talent for it?"—"I own," anſwer-'ed Ganem, "that this has always "been my reigning paſſion; and that "if I had been permitted to follow my "own inclination, and my love for you "had not detained me in my youthful "days, I ſhould, doubtleſs, have join-"ed myſelf to the firſt company that "paſſed through Ceylon."—"I never "carried my deſires ſo far," continued 'Dogandar; "but I have frequently "wiſhed, that young women of my "condition had been permitted to tread "the ſtage: I am willing to believe I "could diſtinguiſh myſelf, as well by "an eaſy and natural manner of acting, "as by the practice of the moſt auſtere "virtue: for virtue is by no means "inconſiſtent with that ſtate of life; "and if thoſe who have hitherto em-"braced it, had but endeavoured to "be unblameable in their morals, they "would not have rendered diſgraceful "a profeſſion which, on other accounts, "deſerves not to be condemned; ſince "it's only tendency is to correct the "vices of mankind, by ſetting before "their eyes a true and natural picture "of the faults and extravagances they "daily commit."—"You reaſon juſtly, "my dear Dogandar," replied Ganem; "let us turn comedians."

'This reſolution,' continued the Sul-tana Aliſchank, 'was moſt punctually 'followed. Next day my father and 'mother went and offered themſelves to 'the company; and having each choſe 'the part wherein they thought they 'ſhould beſt ſucceed, they ſpoke with 'ſo much eloquence, and obſerved ſuch 'propriety of action, that the whole 'audience returned home charmed with 'the play, and with their two new 'actors.

'My mother was ſomewhat more 'than three and twenty; but never was 'there a creature more beautiful than 'ſhe. All the young noblemen of 'Achen, thinking to have as favoura-'ble acceſs to her as to the generality 'of other actreſſes, were inceſſantly 'viſiting her. She received them with 'great civility, but ſoon gave them

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'their anſwer, by informing them, that 'her talents were wholly confined to 'the buſineſs of the theatre. This, 'however, they could hardly credit; 'and therefore, to tempt her farther, 'were continually ſending her the rich-'eſt preſents: but ſhe refuſed them all; 'and at length eſtabliſhed her reputa-'tion ſo well at Achen, that every body 'looked upon her with admiration.

'The company having remained three 'years in this city, reſolved to go 'through all the reſt of the iſland of 'Sumatra. My father and mother, 'who by this time had got a conſidera-'ble deal of money, began to doubt 'with themſelves whether they ſhould 'go along with them or no: but, over-'come by the earneſt intreaties of the 'reſt, and accuſtomed to a kind of ado-'ration that exceedingly gratified their 'vanity, they reſolved not to leave 'them. They accordingly eſtabliſhed 'themſelves in ſeveral places, one after 'another, with very great ſucceſs; and 'coming to fix for ſome time at Palim-'ban, my mother reſolved to give me a 'ſhort part to perform. I was then 'about thirteen, and very well ſhaped 'for my age: my mother's inſtructions 'did not a little help me; and I receiv-'ed ſuch applauſe at my firſt appearing 'on the ſtage, that thy feared it would 'have turned my brain. As I grew 'in age, I, encreaſed in beauty, and 'applied myſelf ſo diligently to my 'new profeſſion, that in a very ſhort 'time I became as great an actreſs as 'my mother. Thus every thing was 'gay about us; we lived at eaſe, were 'eſteemed by every body, and had 'abundant reaſon to be content with 'our little fortune; when our happi-'neſs was all quaſhed at once by a very 'cruel accident.

EVENING XIV.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE ADVENTURES OF THE SULTANA ALISCHANK.

'IN a new tragedy, called "Inno-"cence Oppreſſed," Ganem acted 'the part of a man perſecuted by a 'favourite of the King of the Indies, 'who was in love with his wife. My 'mother, who acted the wife, was ſo 'far from yielding, on account of the 'favourite's perſecution, that ſhe treat-'ed him with the utmoſt diſdain. Ga-'nem is falſely accuſed of crimes that 'merit death; and in one of the laſt 'ſcenes his enemy brings him a cup of 'poiſon and a poniard. My father, 'before he chuſes which of the deaths 'he will die, out-braves his rival in a 'ſpeech full of conſtancy and boldneſs; 'recommends to his wife, to avenge 'him, if poſſible; and having taken a 'tender farewel of her, ſtrikes the po-'niard into the middle of his breaſt: 'juſt as he is going to expire, his in-'nocence is found out; and the King 'of the Indies, enraged againſt his fa-'vourite, comes to inform my mother, 'the widow, that ſhe has got her re-'venge; for that he himſelf has juſt 'then cut off the head of her perſe-'cutor.

'This play got the company a vaſt 'deal of money; and my mother acted 'her part therein ſo very naturally, 'that ſhe always drew tears from the 'audience: but that which was but a 'fiction, was very unluckily for her 'turned into a reality. The actor, who 'repreſented the favourite, was in good 'earneſt in love with my mother; 'and being well convinced of her vir-'tue, he thought with himſelf, that 'as long as Ganem was alive, he could 'have no hope of poſſeſſing her: he 'therefore, to get rid of a man whom 'he reckoned the only obſtacle of his 'happineſs, invented one of the black-'eſt plots that ever was contrived; for, 'ſharpening to a point the dagger 'wherewith my father was to ſtab him-'ſelf, when he came to the concluſion 'of his part, he ſtruck it with ſuch 'force, that it plunged into his body 'quite up to the hilt. What a ſurprize 'was he in, to ſee his blood guſh out 'upon my mother's face, who was 'then embracing him! But knowing 'ſoon the villainy of the other actor's 'ſoul, he ſeized him by the throat, and 'gave him ſeveral blows with the ſame 'weapon, which laid him flat upon the 'ſtage; and that moment himſelf ex-'piring, had only time to put the po-'niard into my mother's hand, ſignify-'ing thereby plainly enough the part 'which he meant her to perform. Her 'rage made her almoſt diſtracted; ſhe 'ran to the aſſaſſin that moment, and 'taking advantage of his fall and 'wounds, threw herſelf upon him, and

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'ſtabbed him in a thouſand places; 'thus revenging my father's death, 'who had juſt expired in my arms.

'Never was there a ſcene in reality 'bloodier than this; and it would certainly have been ſtill more ſo, had not 'I ſeized the dagger as my mother was 'turning it to her breaſt, and immediately wreſted it out of her hand. She 'then threw herſelf upon my father's 'body, heaving ſuch ſighs as would 'have ſoftened the moſt obdurate heart; 'nor was there indeed any of the ſpectators who did not ſhed tears in abundance at ſo ſad and affecting a ſpectacle.

'What more ſhall I ſay, my dear 'Yvam!' continued the ſultana. 'Ever 'after that fatal day, my mother deteſted her profeſſion; and having ſpent a 'conſiderable time in bewailing her 'loſs of Ganem, ſhe reſolved to return 'again to Ceylon; and, if her father 'would not pardon her elopement, there 'to put an end to her life. Accordingly, we went on board the firſt veſſel which ſet ſail for that iſland, and 'had a very favourable wind, when we 'diſcovered two pirate-ſhips making 'full at us.

'As every one chuſes to loſe his life, 'rather than his liberty, we made ready 'to engage them with great courage: 'the fight was bloody; but, notwithſtanding all the reſiſtance we could 'make, which indeed was more than 'credible, the pirates in a ſhort time became our maſters, and maſſacred every 'one who oppoſed their fury.

'It was not enough for me to be deprived of my liberty: mine was the 'hard fate, to loſe my mother likewiſe, 'in the heat of the action; who, being 'wounded in the breaſt with an arrow, 'died in my arms, who was unable to 'give her any relief. What became of 'me in that moment, my dear Yvam, 'I cannot tell; I fell into a ſwoon, and 'when I came to myſelf, found I was 'in the pirates veſſel, and that they had 'thrown my mother's body into the ſea. 'This redoubled my ſighs and tears; 'many reproachful things I ſaid againſt 'theſe barbarians, but they underſtood 'me not, and made the beſt of their 'way for the coaſt of Egypt.

'As beauty has a power to overcome the moſt ſavage and cruel nations, theſe pirates beheld me with admiration; the majeſty that appeared 'in my whole perſon, and the innumerable graces which adorned me, made 'ſuch an impreſſion on their hearts, 'that they could not turn their eyes 'from looking upon me; inſomuch 'that they even forgot ſometimes to 'take care of the veſſel.

'Though the grief I was in, had 'made a conſiderable alteration in me, 'yet I could ſee nothing in all their 'actions but ſurprize, and was ſeveral 'times for taking the advantage of the 'aſtoniſhment they were in, to throw 'myſelf into the ſea; but they perceiving my deſign, carried me down into 'a cabbin, where there could be no 'danger of my doing myſelf any miſchief. They then came down one by 'one to take a view of me; and as if 'they aimed at the poſſeſſion of my 'perſon, and every one thought he had 'a right to pretend to it, they firſt began to diſpute the matter over ſeriouſly: but a quarrel ariſing, they fell 'to abuſing each other; from words 'they proceeded to blows, and in a 'ſhort time there was to be ſeen on our 'deck one of the moſt bloody fights 'that can poſſibly be imagined. The 'pirates of the other ſhip, ſurprized at 'this cruel diviſion, were coming on 'board us to make peace; but, inſtead 'of ending the quarrel, they fomented 'it; and, diſputing the honour of my 'conqueſt, they fell upon each other 'with ſuch rage and fury, that in leſs 'than three hours time they were almoſt 'all dead of their wounds. So that I 'was left alone in one veſſel, whilſt the 'other, which was almoſt empty, was 'bearing away before the wind.

'Since the death of my mother, I 'had been very indifferent to every 'thing I ſaw, and better pleaſed to be 'left to the diſcretion of the ſea and all 'it's monſters, than to theſe pirates; 'and had waited my death with a deal 'of unconcern, when I found myſelf 'very inclinable to fall aſleep: I laid me 'down, therefore, regardleſs what fate 'might determine for me, and fell into 'a dream, which had ſomething uncommon in it. I fancied I was upon 'the deck of the little veſſel I was in, 'and ſaw a magnificent chariot riſing 'out of the ſea, all ſhining with mother of pearl, and drawn by four ſea-monſters much like our horſes. In 'the middle of the chariot there ſat a 'man half naked, of a venerable aſpect; 'a large beard fell down to his ſto-

'mach, and in his right-hand he held 'a ſpear which was every where beſet 'with precious ſtones: he was ſur-'rounded by a great many men and 'women of a very beautiful form as 'low as their waiſt, but whoſe bodies 'terminated in the tail of a fiſh; and 'though in the water, they danced 'very ſprightly and paſſionately to the 'ſound of ſome inſtruments, whoſe 'harmony was delightful. I was won-'derfully pleaſed with my dream, and 'could not forbear admiring this extra-'ordinary ſight, when the man lifted 'up his eyes to heaven, and reading 'there, doubtleſs, the misfortunes which 'threatened my life, ſhed ſome tears, 'and looked upon me with extreme 'pity. "How do I bewail thee, un-"happy Aliſchank!" ſaid he; "but "thou can'ſt not avoid thy deſtiny!" 'And at theſe words, ſtriking the ſea 'with his ſpear, he made a wide gulph, 'where himſelf and his whole retinue 'were buried in a moment. The winds 'then began to blow terribly; the ſea, 'which before was calm, grew boiſte-'rous; mountains of water carried the 'veſſel as high as heaven; and in an in-'ſtant threw it down into thoſe abyſſes, 'which in all probability were to be my 'grave. The thunder, with it's moſt 'hideous roaring, and the violent toſ-'ſings of the ſhip, awoke me at that 'inſtant, and I ſoon perceived that the 'end of my dream was too certainly 'come to paſs!'

EVENING XV.

THE FARTHER CONTINUATION OF THE ADVENTURES OF THE SULTANA ALISCHANK.

'DURING this terrible ſtorm, which laſted two days and two 'nights, and all the while drove my 'veſſel into open ſea, the water came in 'on every ſide, and threw me at laſt 'upon a rock, where that love of life, 'with which nature never fails to in-'ſpire us when in danger, made me 'forget my inſenſibility, and ſeize on a 'plank of the ſhip which was now broke 'into a thouſand pieces; and ſuffering 'myſelf to drive where fortune ſhould 'pleaſe to direct me, I was at length 'caſt on ſhore at the foot of a mountain 'inhabited by ſavages. Some of their 'women happened luckily to be on the 'coaſt, when I came on ſhore; they 'made me throw up the water I had 'ſwallowed, and perceiving ſome ſigns 'of life, carried me into their cottages, 'where they took great care to chafe 'and warm me.

'My eyes, though covered with the 'ſhadow of death, ſtill reſembled the 'brightneſs of half rough or ill-poliſhed 'diamonds, which have not ſo good a 'luſtre as others; and my lips, which 'before out-vied the coral, were then of 'a violet colour: but, notwithſtanding 'this cloud diſfigured my beauty, theſe 'barbarians were ſo taken with it, that 'they ſpared no pains to preſerve my 'life.

'When I had recovered the uſe of 'my ſenſes, how great was my ſorrow, 'to find myſelf in the arms of ſuch 'frightful figures of women as ſcarce 'could be called human! Their lan-'guage more reſembled the howling of 'wild beaſts than any thing elſe; and, 'as I could not underſtand what they 'ſaid, I anſwered them only in ſighs, 'which diſcovered my affliction. In-'deed, the evils I had ſuffered had al-'moſt deprived me of the uſe of ſpeech.

'For the eight firſt days, wherein 'theſe women, as well as their huſ-'bands, uſed all kind offices to recover 'me from the cruel fatigue I had un-'dergone, I could perceive that my 'honour was ſafe among them; and 'was the more convinced of it, by the 'ſeveral ſorts of adoration which they 'paid to me as a divinity.

'My ſorrow at length began to wear off; 'chearfulneſs made me appear a thou-'ſand times more beautiful; my charms 'recovered their former luſtre; and, 'arming myſelf with conſtancy againſt 'the aſſaults of fortune, I was reſolved 'to bear with courage whatever cala-'mities I had ſtill to undergo. I there-'fore began to accuſtom myſelf to this 'extraordinary kind of life, and in leſs 'than four months underſtood enough 'of theſe iſlanders language to compre-'hend their meaning.

'I came then to be informed, that 'their cuſtom was, in light little barks, 'to ſcour along the ſeas, and to ſell all 'the ſlaves they could find; and that 'their firſt intention was to have uſed 'me in the ſame manner: but, upon 'the ſight of ſo many charms and graces 'in my face, they looked upon me as

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'their tutelar goddeſs; and were ſo far 'from ſelling me, that they would treat 'me as their queen while I continued 'among them, and would expoſe them-'ſelves to any danger for the preſerva-'tion of my life and honour.

'I was not a little pleaſed to know 'the kind intentions of theſe ſavages; 'I deſired them to perſiſt in their fa-'vourable ſentiments of me, and pro-'miſed to requite them with all the 'gratitude in my power. From that 'moment, I endeavoured to civilize 'them as much as I could, and to teach 'them my language. I inſtructed 'them in our Indian cuſtoms, and 'ſhewed them how to dreſs their pro-'viſions according to our faſhion; all 'which made theſe good people look 'upon me with admiration. When 'I found myſelf in the humour, I 'would ſometimes act by myſelf whole 'comedies before them, with which 'they were highly delighted. By theſe 'means I not only amuſed myſelf, but 'was continually increaſing their affec-'tion for me. In this manner I lived 'with them for a year, until, on a cer-'tain day, which they kept as a feſti-'val, their enemies made a deſcent 'upon the iſland, and took me away 'from them. I ſeem yet to behold the diſ-'traction of theſe poor ſavages! they raiſ-'ed the moſt terrible outcries; purſued 'their enemies with inconceivable fury; 'and ſacrificed to their rage every thing 'which oppoſed their valour! But all 'their efforts were in vain: I was put 'into a bark, and carried to an iſland 'not far diſtant from thence. But as 'ſoon as I was well got on ſhore, my 'little fleet of iſlanders came after me 'and landed. Never was there a battle 'fought with ſo much intrepidity as 'this! they made a terrible ſlaughter 'among my raviſhers; and, after they 'had ſet their habitations on fire, they 'carried me triumphantly to a bark, 'which they placed in the middle of 'their fleet; and rending the air with 'acclamations of joy, made the beſt 'of their way to their own iſland.

'I cannot, my dear Yvam,' continued the ſultana, 'repreſent to you the great 'ſatisfaction it gave me, to ſee the 'tender aſſiduities of theſe poor ſa-'vages; and I was returning them my 'thanks in the moſt affectionate terms, 'when a terrible ſtorm aroſe which diſ-'perſed all our fleet, and drove the veſ-'ſel I was in to ſea, notwithſtanding I 'had ten or twelve ſavages on board, 'who uſed all their ſkill and dexterity 'to make the land.

'The more the ſtorm increaſed, the 'farther we were driven from the iſland; 'and it laſted ſo long, and blew ſo hard, 'that in leſs than four days we were 'near five hundred leagues from home. 'At length we were thrown upon a 'rock not far diſtant from land, and 'there went aſhore; but we were all ſo 'weak with hunger and fatigue, we 'could hardly ſupport ourſelves. My 'iſlanders found ſome turtles, and eat 'them raw; but I was, for my own 'part, ſo afflicted with this freſh miſ-'fortune, that my thoughts ran upon 'nothing but dying. The poor ſa-'vages were greatly concerned to ſee 'me in ſuch dejection; they did all 'they could to comfort me, with the 'hopes of recovering their iſland again; 'and one of them brought me a large 'piece of honey-comb which he had 'found in the cliff of a rock, and in-'treated me to eat it. This nouriſhment 'recovered the ſtrength I had loſt; and 'being reſolved to advance with them 'into the country, we drew our bark 'aſhore, covered it among the weeds, 'and traverſed ſeveral parts of the coun-'try, without being able to diſcover 'whether it was inhabited. We came 'at laſt to a high point of ground, from 'whence we could diſcern ſome huts; 'and then returning the way we had 'come, we ran our bark out to ſea 'again, and coaſted along the ſhore till 'we came over-againſt them; but, juſt 'as we were going to land, we were 'ſurprized by three brigantines that lay 'hid behind a rock, and were then 'putting out to ſea. My ſavages, at 'firſt, were for preparing to defend 'themſelves; but I begged them not to 'venture their lives in ſuch an unequal 'fight, which they complied with; and 'ſo we went undiſmayed on board one 'of the brigantines. But how great was 'my grief, to ſee theſe poor creatures 'immediately loaded with chains! My 'cries were ſufficient to make the moſt 'inhuman heart relent; but I was got 'among a parcel of barbarians, who 'were more cruel than wild beaſts. 'I underſtood nothing of their lan-'guage; they diſregarded my tears;

'and, as my islanders could not help 'shewing, by their furious looks, some 'resentment of their breach of faith, 'the perfidious villains massacred them 'before my eyes; giving me to under-'stand, they would treat me in the 'same manner, unless I dried up my 'tears. I would gladly have thrown 'myself into the sea; but, to prevent 'this, they chained me down: and 'after a month's sail, wherein they 'threatened my honour, unless I would 'consent to receive nourishment, they 'sold me to a slave-merchant, who 'brought me over into China.

'I must own to you, my dear Yvam,' continued the sultana, 'that of all my 'misfortunes, nothing ever touched me 'so feelingly as the loss of my islanders: 'I fell into a great dejection of spirit, 'which alarmed the merchant; and, as 'my melancholy made great alteration 'in my beauty, he thought the only 'way to cure it, was to let me know he 'designed me for the King of China's 'seraglio; that honour, however, did 'not flatter my vanity, and I came to 'Cambalu *, just as a victim is brought 'to the altar.

'It is the custom, as you cannot but 'know, on a certain day appointed for 'that purpose, to have all the young 'women who are to be presented to that 'monarch, appear in a large outer room 'of the palace; but that there may be 'no art in the case, they are all dressed 'alike at the expence of the prime-'vizier. The Sultan of China, who 'you know is very old, and much more 'homely, had several times gone along 'the room disguised like a woman, to 'take a near view and examination of 'us; after which, putting on his robes 'all beset with the most refulgent pre-'cious stones, he seated himself upon 'his throne, and making us pass in re-'view before him, gave a sign to the 'vizier, when any one had the honour 'to please him, to put us within the 'rails of his throne. We were above 'a hundred and fifty in all, but the 'sultan took only three for himself, 'whereof I had the misfortune to be 'one. As to the others, he bought 'about sixty of them, which he present-'ed among his chief officers, and the 'rest he ordered to be sent away.

EVENING XVI.

THE FARTHER CONTINUATION OF THE ADVENTURES OF THE SULTANA ALISCHANK.

'THE extreme melancholy which 'appeared in my looks gave the 'sultan much uneasiness. "Dear A-"lischank," said he to me, squeezing 'me very gently; "the division of "such a heart as mine, I perceive, does "not please you, and the other two "sultanas I have chosen alarm you. "Well, then, to shew you how much "I love you, I will give them away "to my prime-vizier."—"Ah, Sir!" 'said I, throwing myself at his feet, "this sacrifice is such a proof of your "love as I shall always endeavour to "merit, by a strict performance of the "duty that I owe to so powerful a mo-"narch, whom I will continue to re-"spects along as I live."—"It is not "respect," says the sultan to me, taking 'me up in his arms, "but it is love "that I require of you. You do not "answer me, adorable light of my life! "are not you mistress of your own "heart? Ah! I would die with grief, "sooner than put any force upon your "inclinations!" I must confess I was 'sensibly touched with such tender and 'submissive language. "I have no "affection for any one," said I, "and "I wish still to continue the same in-"difference."—"Ah! my dear Alis-"chank," replied the amorous mo-'narch, "that assurance has restored "my life!" What shall I say, Yvam!' continued the sultana: 'after a great 'many respectful denials, I at last con-'sented to gratify the king's ardent de-'sires. As soon as he had received 'this agreeable intelligence, I was put 'into the hands of seven old slaves of 'the seraglio, who are appointed to at-'tend on his favourites. They first 'conducted me to a bath, and after-'wards to the King of China's apart-'ment, who waited for me with the 'greatest impatience; and as soon as I 'entered the chamber, he ran to me, 'and dismissing the slaves, helped to 'undress me himself, and intreated me 'to come to bed. I felt a chilling horror

* Cambalu and Pekin are both the same city, the capital of Cotay, which is in the north part of China.

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'thrill through my whole frame, and the 'night-habiliments wherein the ſultan 'lay, made him ſeem ſtill more ugly in 'my eyes: I was however obliged to 'obey, and he the next day proclaimed 'me Queen of China. So much good-'neſs, one would imagine, muſt have 'endeared him to me; but ſtill I can-'not endure his embraces, though I 'am not in a condition to refuſe them: 'I find, however, that my averſion to 'him every day increaſes, and am very 'ſenſible it proceeds in a great meaſure 'from the love which I have for my dear 'Yvam. Why is not he the Sultan of 'China? or why may not I live with 'him out of the ſeraglio, and be eaſed 'of all this grandeur, which is but a 'burden to me?'

This, Madam, (continued Fum-Hoam) is what I heard the beautiful Aliſchank relate, when I was in the form of an ape: I ſhall now proceed to inform your majeſty of the ſultana's farther adventures.

Love ever makes happy lovers blind, as Aliſchank and Yvam were but too ſad an inſtance. That beautiful perſon forgot all her melancholy in the arms of my maſter; but ſhe forgot, at the ſame time, the laws of honour, and her duty. Adored, as ſhe was, by one of the moſt powerful monarchs upon earth, ſhe could want nothing that tended to her ſatisfaction; but ſhe made an ill uſe of it. The immenſe riches ſhe had at her diſpoſal, the exceſſive honours perpetually paid her, and the tender love of her huſband, could not all make her enter into herſelf; ſhe had nothing in her thoughts but her dear Yvam, and how to devote thoſe nights to him which ſhe did not paſs with the ſultan. My maſter's chamber was at the entrance of the ſeraglio; and, to come at it, there were two large galleries, where a number of women and very wakeful eunuchs lay: but the madneſs of Aliſchank's paſſion had ſuch dominion over her, that ſhe prevailed with the eunuch who was to guard her lover, to put an infuſion of prepared laudanum into a ſort of ſherbet which they uſed to give the women and eunuchs every night; and taking the advantage of their ſleep, ſhe went to Yvam. This paſſed on for ſome time; but, as ill luck would have it, hitting her foot one night againſt a parcel of arms which ſtood againſt the chief eunuch's door, her fall made ſuch a noiſe, that it awoke him; he jumped out of bed, and ſeizing Aliſchank, who was wrapped in a great cloak, held a dagger to her throat, and ſo carried her into his own apartment: but was in the higheſt ſurprize, when by the light of his lamp he perceived it was the Queen of China. 'Gabao,' ſaid ſhe, 'my go-'ing out of the ſeraglio at this time of 'night, may give you room to ſuſpect 'ſome irregularity in my conduct, which 'is no ways blameable; for curioſity 'was my only fault: I requeſt it may 'be a ſecret, however, and you may 'depend upon it, you ſhall have no 'cauſe to repent this piece of ſervice.'

Gabao had time enough to recover his ſurprize; and ſeeing the queen in a diſguiſe ſo inconſiſtent with her honour, and wherein ſhe diſcovered ſo many charms, he could not forbear conceiving deſires, which (how inconſiſtent ſoever they were) entirely diſſipated the terror ſhe was in. The eunuch's raſh and indiſcreet diſcourſe, ſome actions in him a little too free, and to which ſhe herſelf perhaps gave occaſion, made her inſtantly take this expedient to get from him. Having repulſed him with the greateſt diſdain, ſhe ſeemed violently enraged at his inſolence, and treated him in ſhort with ſuch a haughty air, that he durſt no longer hold her in his profane arms: and ſhe, taking the opportunity of this mark of reſpect to diſintangle herſelf, ſlipped away nimbly, and recovered her chamber before he perceived ſhe was gone.

It is ſcarce to be conceived how exceedingly uneaſy this accident made Aliſchank; and how it raiſed her indignation, to think of having been expoſed to the inſolent embraces of this eunuch, which ſhe was reſolved to revenge by one of the boldeſt ſtrokes imaginable. The Sultan of China never failed to dine with her, and Gabao uſed always to be preſent. As the converſation naturally turned upon the blind obedience which his ſubjects paid him, ſhe told the king ſhe ſhould be well pleaſed to try the experiment with one of his eunuch's, upon a ſlight occaſion; but that ſhe deſired the eunuch, whoever he was, ſhould be entirely at her diſpoſal. 'You may eaſily ſatisfy 'yourſelf in that point, my dear queen,' anſwered

anſwered the good king: 'chuſe you 'any, even from Gabao to the loweſt 'ſlave I have; I make you a preſent of 'him, and from this moment you have 'an abſolute power over his life or 'death.'—'Since your majeſty has ſo 'much goodneſs,' replied Aliſchank, with an air full of joy, 'Gabao himſelf 'is the perſon I make choice of; and 'the matter of obedience I require of 'him is this—that from the preſent 'moment he begin to be voluntarily 'mute, inſomuch that on any account 'whatever, even though your auguſt 'majeſty ſhould aſk him a queſtion, or 'order him to ſpeak, he preſume not 'to anſwer, either by word of mouth, 'or by any ſign whatever, until I give 'him permiſſion; and that if he obey 'not this order with the moſt exact 'ſubmiſſion, he may aſſure himſelf I 'will have him thrown into the canal 'in the garden, with a ſtone about his 'neck.'

An order of ſo ſingular a nature made the ſultan laugh heartily; he confirmed to the queen the preſent he had made her of the chief of his eunuchs, and began to divert himſelf by aſking him a thouſand queſtions about the duties of his office, but could not draw ſo much as a ſingle word from him. At every queſtion the king aſked, the queen caſt a furious look upon Gabao, who was ſorely vexed at her reſolution, but for his heart he knew not what to do. If he opened his mouth to explain to the ſultan the laſt night's adventure, his death was ſure; if he held his tongue, and ſaid nothing of it, he ſaw he muſt fall into the power of an inexorable miſtreſs, who wanted but an opportunity to deſtroy one who was witneſs of the irregularity of her conduct, and could inform her huſband of it: he made choice, however, of the latter reſolution, in hopes to mollify the ſultana's heart by his ſubmiſſion; but in this he was miſtaken. As ſoon as Aliſchank retired from the ſultan's preſence, ſhe found all her hatred againſt Gabao awaken in her breaſt; while he lay proſtrate upon the ground, not daring to lift up his eyes towards her, with his blood chilled in his veins through fear. 'Riſe up,' ſaid ſhe, 'and follow me.' He readily obeyed her, and was two days together expoſed to all the queſtions of the ſultana's ſlaves without ſpeaking a word. On the third day, Aliſchank went into the garden, and ſtaid there till almoſt night, ſeemingly very eaſy and delighted with every thing, when on a ſudden ſhe deſired to bathe herſelf in the canal. The water was low; and as ſoon as a tent was erected by the ſide of the canal for the purpoſe, ſhe called Gabao in. 'Come, undreſs me,' ſaid ſhe. The poor man trembled exceedingly, not knowing where this ceremony would end; he, however, obeyed her commands, till at length, tranſported at the ſight of ſo many charms, as the ſultana maliciouſly diſcloſed, he forgot the ſevere order he had received, and in a kind of extaſy, which he could not refrain, cried out, 'Good God! how beau-'tiful ſhe is!'—'Seize him,' ſaid Aliſchank, 'immediately; tie a ſtone about 'his neck, and caſt him into the canal.' The people were not very ready to execute her orders, believing her only in jeſt; when putting herſelf into a violent paſſion, 'I will be obeyed!' ſaid ſhe. At which words the eunuchs fell upon Gabao, tied his hands behind his back, and a ſtone about his neck; but ſtill ſuppoſed the affair would end in ſome ſlight puniſhment, when ſhe commanded them peremptorily to throw the poor man into the canal; and though her orders were executed with ſome reluctance, yet Gabao was nevertheleſs drowned in a few moments, and the queen ſaw him die with a ſatisfaction ſo great, that it rendered her an object of deteſtation even to her ſlaves.

EVENING XVII.

THE CONTINUATION AND CONCLUSION OF THE ADVENTURES OF THE SULTANA ALISCHANK.

As ſoon as Gabao was dead, Aliſchank ſent the ſultan word of the diſobedience and puniſhment of his ſlave: he was much ſurprized and concerned at it, but ſhewed no ſigns of diſpleaſure to his wife; on the contrary, he had the goodneſs to approve of the chaſtiſement ſhe had inflicted on the chief of his eunuchs. But though the king ſeemed ſatisfied with this cruel action of the queen's, yet other people were not ſo: for Gabao was well beloved in the ſeraglio, and uſed his power with much lenity; ſo that the great ſeverity of his ſucceſſor ſerved to render his memo-

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ry ſtill more regretted. They endeavoured, therefore, to find out the reaſon of the queen's taking this vengeance, as ſhe was always before reckoned a ſweet-tempered lady; and a certain female ſlave, who was ſome relation to Gabao, having obſerved how remarkably ſound herſelf and companions ſlept every night, began to thing with herſelf that it muſt of neceſſity be the effect of ſome drug or other being mixed with the ſherbet. For ſeveral days, therefore, ſhe abſtained from drinking any, and by that means ſoon became acquainted with the queen's treaſon; and following her as far as Yvam's door, without making the leaſt noiſe, was preſently aſſured of Aliſchank's infidelity. Accordingly, ſhe acquainted the ſultan with the diſcovery ſhe had made, who could at firſt ſcarce believe a thing ſo incredible: but being at length convinced of his diſhonour, by his own eyes, he ordered Yvam to be burnt alive, and Aliſchank's head to be cut off.

While they were throwing Aliſchank's body into the flames which conſumed my poor maſter, I made my eſcape over the walls of the ſeraglio, got into the woods, and there continued for ſeven or eight months, in the deepeſt regret of my late delicious life; until I met with a company of comedians, and leaping upon the waggon that carried their baggage, was very well received by them. The truth is, I drew a great many people to them by my nimble and active tricks; nay, ſometimes I acted a dumb part, and made ſuch grimaces as they taught me, a little before the play began; and it was one of theſe unlucky parts which coſt me my life. One day, as I was in a ſoldier's dreſs, to act a ſort of bully, and ſtanding at the play-houſe door, a company of Indians began to quarrel with each other, and in a moment's time twelve or fifteen ſabres were drawn. I could not endure to be an idle ſpectator in this ſcene, but longed to be in the midſt of them: taking, therefore, my ſabre in my hand, I laid about me as others did. It was not in my power greatly to hurt thoſe I encountered, becauſe my ſabre was but of wood; however, one of theſe brutes, being violently enraged at a blow I had given him on the face, made no diſtinction whether I was a man or an ape, but with a ſingle back-ſtroke of his ſabre took off my head. My death occaſioned much grief among all the comedians, for I brought them in a great deal of money.

'Ah! what a pity was that!' cried the Queen of Gannan; 'deuce take that 'hot-headed fellow for his pains! The 'adventures, however, of the Ape, and 'the Sultana Aliſchank, have been very 'entertaining; nor ſhould I grudge to 'hear a farther account of the unlucky 'pranks of that animal!'—'They 'were innumerable, Madam,' anſwered the Mandarin Fum-Hoam; 'but ſuch 'frivolous ſtories would only weary 'your majeſty's patience; for which 'reaſon I have omitted a thouſand little 'tricks, ſuch as I, ſince the time I 'was an ape, have imitated, and which 'have nothing remarkable in them: 'with your permiſſion, then, I will paſs 'on to ſome new adventures.'—'With 'all my heart!' anſwered Gulchenraz; 'I take great pleaſure in hearing you 'relate them.'

THE HISTORY OF MAGMU, MIDWIFE OF ASTRACAN.

AS ſoon as I left the body of the ape Moroug, I found myſelf in a moment tranſported into Tartary, and animated the body of a midwife's daughter at Aſtracan *, who had not many ſcruples about her own conduct, and knew how to employ the firſt years of my youth much to her own humour and advantage; for which purpoſe ſhe inſtructed me perfectly in the art of pleaſing. They called me Magmu; and though I was naturally handſome enough, yet I had ſuch art in ſetting off my beauty, that when I undertook to make a conqueſt, it was impoſſible to eſcape me. Not a word proceeded out of my mouth that was not ſtudied, neither did I open or ſhut my lips but with deſign. To know perfectly well how to counterfeit a violent paſſion; to ſigh a-propos; to make an attractive geſture; to trifle agreeably, and collect

* A great city in the Aſiatick Tartary, towards the mouth of the Volga; it is the capital of a kingdom of that name.

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the various graces of dumb eloquence into one ſingle ſmile; were all arts in which I excelled. In ſhort, I had ſuch ambition to ſurpaſs all other young women of my age, that I was whole hours before the glaſs to examine what cloaths gave the greateſt luſtre to my beauty; what coloured ſtuffs beſt became me; which was the moſt graceful way of tying up my hair, and how a curl might hang looſe upon my neck to the greateſt advantage; how to open, ſhut, or move my lips with an air, to ſhew my teeth without affectation, to appear with a full or ſide-face, as beſt ſuited the occaſion, and to adjuſt my veil with a good grace: in ſhort, Madam, it ſeemed as if ſome inviſible being gave life to my geſtures and actions, and all the conſtituent parts appeared to have received a peculiar poliſh from the hand of that able maſter; and I changed myſelf into ſo many different forms, that I ſometimes looked upon myſelf with admiration, and (if I may ſo ſay) even adored my own hand, which knew ſo well how to infuſe the ſoul of every beauty into a body of itſelf ſufficiently defective. Theſe were the ſnares I ſpread with ſo much addreſs, and wherein I caught and retained my admirers. You would be almoſt aſtoniſhed, Madam, for inſtance, to ſee a lover I had juſt ſmiled on tenderly, go out of his ſenſes, and ſeem as much inchanted, as if he had got into ſome great magician's circle. I changed one into a lion by my diſdain; another into a dog, by his ready obedience to my leaſt motion; another into a hare, by his timidity and dread of diſpleaſing me, or the fear of being roughly handled by his rivals: and almoſt all, into ſuch unclean beaſts as only take pleaſure in mire and dirt.

If the love of a beautiful virtuous young lady elevates the hearts of her adorers, making heroes of them, and ſtriking, as it were, the ſparks of bravery and generoſity out of them; the paſſion which men entertain for a coquette, ſuch as I was, being widely diſtant from the path of honour, not only deſtroys the ſeeds of virtue, but carries prevailing vices to the greateſt height.

My houſe was the general rendezvous of all the vicious youth in Aſtracan. Gaming and aſſemblies every night, under the protection of a cady, furniſhed them with all ſorts of diverſions; and I was the only ſubject of the diſcourſes, the amorous looks and wanton thoughts, of all thoſe who frequented it.

This monſtrous courſe of life continued as long as I was young; but when my hair began to turn white, and wrinkles appeared in my face, all my lovers, one after another, quickly diſappeared; and with them fled the plenty that uſed to reign in my houſe. I now found, by experience, that at a certain age one may have new paſſions, but want new adorers. Far from having preſerved in my youth a ſtock ſufficient to maintain me in eaſe when advanced in years, I had been always too profuſe; and muſt have lived in the utmoſt poverty, if I had not in my latter years applied myſelf to the profeſſion of widwifery, which my mother taught me in my youth.

It would fill ſeveral volumes, to deſcribe all the adventures wherein I had a part, and how many young women, widows, and unknown perſons, applied themſelves to me; but I ſhall paſs by theſe incidents, and relate to you only that which put an end to my life. One very dark night, while I was faſt aſleep in my bed, two men came and knocked loudly at my door; and calling me by my name, ordered me, in the name of the governor of Aſtracan, to come quickly to help one of his wives who was then in labour. As my profeſſion obliged me to go out at all hours of the night, I came down in great haſte, to go along with the men: no ſooner had they turned the corner of our ſtreet, but they threatened to ſtab me, if I attempted to cry out; and covering my eyes with a handkerchief, they made me walk in this manner a full hour; and at length brought me into a neat apartment, where they unbound my eyes, and put me into the hands of a young man about twenty, whoſe face was covered with a double veil.

EVENING XVIII.

THE CONTINUATION AND CONCLUSION OF THE HISTORY OF MAGMU, MIDWIFE OF ASTRACAN.

I Seemed to be in no ſmall concern, when the man aſſured me I had nothing to apprehend. 'Be not afraid,' ſaid he; 'only make ready to deliver a 'woman in the chamber to which I 'ſhall

'shall conduct you.' This room had only one lamp in it, which gave a very faint light, and by it's glimmering infused a secret horror, which was still more augmented by the complaints and bitter cries which came from beneath a canopy of green cloth. I drew near towards it, and there saw a young person, whose eyes, though drowned in tears, seemed full of vivacity; and the moment I told her who I was, she redoubled her tears, and embracing me very tenderly, conjured me to prevail with her inhuman brother, to save at least the miserable fruit of her frailty: with these words her affliction was so great, that she fainted away; and some few moments after, by the help of a very strong pain, I assisted her to bring into the world a most beautiful boy. But no sooner was the little infant born, than the young woman's barbarous brother, looking stedfastly upon him, found all his rage return into his heart, and taking the child in one hand, and presenting the mother a poniard with the other, ordered her to plunge it instantly into the little innocent's breast. I yet, Madam, tremble with horror, at the recital of so much cruelty! The unhappy woman, not able to bear this horrid proposition, died away a second time; when the inhuman monster, putting the poniard into her hand, directed it to the infant's throat, and so took away his life: then taking the dead body of a young man about twenty years old, all bloody, out of a chest, he set it directly over-against his sister. As soon as this sad victim of enraged fury had recovered her spirits, and seen in what condition the dead body and her son were, she screamed out. 'Barbarous villain!' said she, 'finish thy 'crime upon me; for after thou hast 'deprived me of what is most dear to 'me in the world, without considering 'it is thy master's blood thou hast 'spilt, can'st thou be so cruel as to 'let me live? Ah, I will deprive thee of 'that pleasure! and since thou hast 'made me, against my will, the murderer of my son, I know how to revenge the crime upon myself; not 'doubting but that Heaven will punish 'thee for thy inhumanity!' And with these words she plunged the poniard into her heart, and vomited up her indignant soul in streams of blood. I shrieked violently at this last catastrophe; but the cruel villain, not willing to have any witness of his horrid crimes, struck off my head with one blow of his sabre.

'How do I pity the fate of this un-'happy person!' said the Queen of China; 'what baseness is there in the 'whole conduct of this barbarous bro-'ther! and how concerned am I, that 'you cannot relate me the particulars of 'her misfortune: whose body it was 'that was set before her, and the true 'motive of this monster's fury!'— 'Above thirty years after this adven-'ture,' replied the Mandarin, 'I was 'informed of the whole transaction, 'and will relate you the particulars in 'it's proper time; but to follow, Ma-'dam, the order of things, you must 'know, that after I ceased to animate 'the midwife, I went into the mogul's 'country, and entered into the body of 'the Sultan of Agra's only son.'

THE ADVENTURES OF MOGIREDDIN KING OF AGRA, AND OF ROUZ-BEHARI PRINCESS OF PEGU.

MY father Moaggem, Sultan of Agra*, had no other child but me; he called me Mogireddin, and when I was eighteen years of age, I had the misfortune to lose him. I succeeded him, however, in the throne, and after a short time spent in mourning, and the care of my kingdom, had some thoughts of chusing me a wife. I had heard vast commendations of the exceeding great beauty of Rouz-Behari†, the only daughter of the Sultan of Pegu, who at fifteen had eclipsed all the princesses of the East; but being resolved to judge for myself, I left the administration of my kingdom to three of my viziers, and after passing over the mo-

* Agra, is an opulent city upon the river of Gemini, built by Ekebar the great Mogul, and is the usual residence of that prince.

† This name signifies a Spring day.

gul's country, and the gulph of Bengal, I arrived in the city of Pegu *, accompanied only by three perſons, amongſt whom my governor was one. The princeſs frequently appeared in publick; and when at any time ſhe lifted up her veil, every one was inchanted with the charms which overſpread her face: ſhe played at the *mall*, the day I arrived in the city; and I muſt own to you, Madam, that from the firſt moment I beheld her, my liberty was loſt; nay, I became in a manner diſtracted, and when I came into the good woman's houſe, which my governor had hired for me, I threw myſelf upon a ſofa, and paſſed the reſt of the day, and all the preceeding night, in very great diſorder. When I had duly conſidered the matter, I perceived this manner of life could never advance my intereſt with the princeſs; and therefore determined to reſume my uſual temper, and eat that day with a good appetite.

The old woman with whom I lodged was of a very gay temper, and I took much pleaſure in talking with her. One day, as our diſcourſe turned upon Rouz-Behari, I was given to underſtand, to my great concern, that the princeſs was as whimſical as beautiful, and that the king her father ſeverely repented an oath he had made, to let her diſpoſe of herſelf in marriage, becauſe more than twenty princes had made their addreſſes to her, every one ſeeming handſomer than the reſt; and yet, upon ſome ſlight reaſon or other, ſhe had refuſed them all. The leaſt trifle ſerved for a pretence, and was with her a material blemiſh. One was too gay, another too melancholy; one had a jealous look, another was in love with himſelf; ſuch a prince had too ſmall eyes, ſuch a one too large ones; this man had either too flat or too high a noſe, and the next either too much or too little wit: in ſhort, Madam, whether it was merely her caprice, a peculiar averſion to marriage, or a natural love of liberty; ſo it was, that ſhe had never yet met with a man who entirely hit her taſte. As ſoon as I heard what diſpoſition ſhe was of, I was reſolved to take a method quite different from that which had been purſued by all thoſe princes who had failed in their endeavours to gain her affection: they had uniformly treated her with the moſt ſervile adoration, and were of courſe deſpiſed; for my part, I propoſed to affect the utmoſt indifference for the whole ſex, but more eſpecially for the princeſs. I went, therefore, to make my compliments to the King of Pegu, and gave him to underſtand that I was the Sultan of Agra. He preſſed me to lodge in a palace adjoining to his own, which was ſeparated only by a parterre of very choice flowers. I ſaw him ſeveral times ſucceſſively, without making the leaſt mention of Rouz-Behari; and being ſurprized at my little curioſity, in not appearing deſirous to ſee the princeſs, rallied me on the occaſion with a conſiderable deal of wit. 'Sir,' ſaid I, 'I am not come hither, 'as other princes do, to admire the 'charming Rouz-Behari; it was merely the pleaſure of travelling which occaſioned me to leave my kingdom. 'Thanks to our great prophet! the 'moſt celebrated beauties I have ſeen 'could never make any impreſſion on 'my heart. Beſides, I underſtand the 'princeſs has refuſed the addreſſes of 'the moſt accompliſhed princes of the 'Eaſt, finding ſome fault or other with 'every one of them: ſince, therefore, I 'who pretend to no beauty, and by 'hunting and travelling have been far 'from improving my complexion, (even 'though I were not indifferent to the 'ſex) cannot compare with the meaneſt 'of thoſe whom ſhe has rejected, I 'muſt even make the inſenſibility with 'which I am bleſſed, my preſervation 'againſt the like diſgrace.'—'We ſhall 'ſoon ſee whether you are able to keep 'your word!' ſaid the King of Pegu to me, ſmiling; 'to-morrow I invite you 'to dine with Rouz-Behari, and am 'extremely apprehenſive you will not 'find your reſolution capable of reſiſting my daughter's charms.'

EVENING XIX.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE ADVENTURES OF MOGIREDDIN KING

* The kingdom of Pegu is in India, beyond the Ganges, and between Tunquin and Arracan; the capital city bears the ſame name, and is built upon the river of Cryptone or Pegu.

OF AGRA, AND ROUZ-BEHARI PRINCESS OF PEGU.

THE leſs eagerneſs I diſcovered to ſee the princeſs, the more the king preſſed me to accept of his invitation; and though I had in reality the moſt eager deſire to behold her, yet I raiſed many difficulties; nor did I at laſt conſent till it ſeemed neceſſary, conſiſtent with good manners, not longer to refuſe: on the day following, however, I failed not to be at court by dinner-time.

I choſe to be dreſſed very plain; and though I was enraptured with the princeſs's charms, I was yet ſo far maſter of my actions, as not to diſcover the leaſt admiration of her. Rouz-Behari, who had been informed of my diſcourſe the night before, ſpared nothing to improve her natural beauty; ſhe had added every ornament that could increaſe the luſtre of her charms, and was ſo concerned to ſee the little notice I took of her, (not ſo much as ſaying one polite thing to flatter her vanity) that ſhe was ready to die with vexation. It was a great pleaſure to me to ſee the effect of my precaution: and, as I had a ſtrict watch over myſelf, I preſerved ſuch gaiety and freedom of ſpirit through the whole entertainment, that the princeſs was not able to ſit it out, but preſently withdrew, pretending a ſlight indiſpoſition. I too roſe from the table, apparently as unconcerned as when I came in; but, in reality, the moſt in love of any man living. This conduct I purſued for a whole month; that is, I all along affected the moſt perfect inſenſibility, and by this means brought the princeſs ſo effectually to change her manners, that ſhe gave me to underſtand, notwithſtanding all my indifference for her, I was the only prince who had ever yet occaſioned her a ſigh. It was with much apparent reluctance I was brought to comply; but at length I conſented to marry her, with her father's permiſſion, which ſhe readily obtained.

Great preparations were made for celebrating the nuptials, with all the magnificence befitting our condition, and the day drew near; when, one evening, as I was mentioning to the princeſs the great obligations I found myſelf under to her for preferring me before the fineſt princes of the Eaſt: 'I cannot well 'tell, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'by what fatality 'this came to paſs. I had vowed never 'to be in love, and ſlighted the offers 'of all the monarchs upon earth: their 'paſſion was only a fatigue to me; but 'your inſenſibility gave me an uneaſi-'neſs, which I did all in my power to 'diſſipate, not having any intention of 'engaging myſelf to you; but, in the 'preſent ſituation of our affairs, I ſhall 'not bluſh to own, that had you continued your indifference much longer, 'I ſhould have fallen into deſpair.'— 'Ah, beautiful princeſs!' ſaid I, 'I 'never was a moment without loving 'you; your firſt looks reached my 'heart, and I only affected an inſenſi-'bility to your whole ſex, in order to 'inflame you. I redoubled my indif-'ference, in proportion as I ſaw your 'love increaſe; and by this innocent 'artifice, have arrived at the height of 'my felicity, ſince in two days I ſhall 'poſſeſs the adorable Rouz-Behari!'

This declaration, which was a little too ingenuous, made the princeſs bluſh. She was ſecretly chagrined at having been ſo impoſed on, and fell into a ſudden gloom, which it was not in my power to diſſipate the whole day. On the morrow I found her ſomewhat eaſier, and flattered myſelf ſhe had forgiven the artifice I had made uſe of; but I ſoon diſcovered my miſtake, and how dangerous a thing it is to be too ſincere with women.

We were ſitting at dinner with the King of Pegu, and I was going to eat the wing of a pheaſant; when a bee chanced to ſting me on the cheek, which gave me ſuch exquiſite pain for a moment, that the wing fell out of my hand upon the princeſs's robe: ſhe inſtantly took occaſion to quarrel with me; ſeemed highly offended at the accident; pretended I did it on purpoſe to affront her; and, without regarding my excuſes, roſe haſtily from the table, and declared to her father ſhe would never be my wife.

You may imagine, Madam, my ſurprize, and the King of Pegu's anger. It was in vain for him to make uſe of his authority; ſhe regarded it not; and gave him to underſtand, that ſhe would ſtab herſelf to the heart rather than give me her hand. After I had in vain endeavoured for five or ſix days, by every poſſible method of ſubmiſſion, to appeaſe her anger, I fell into the utmoſt deſpair, and was for making ſome at-

tempts upon my life, and punishing one folly by another; when my governor, staying my arm, 'Sir,' said he, 'I will 'revenge you of this capricious prin-'cess, and in a short time make her re-'pent severely the treating you with so 'much cruelty. Let me have but this 'one night to consult a genius who 'never fails me, and I will engage for 'the success of this matter.'

Every thing which flattered my passion, abated my grief. I hearkened therefore to my governor, but had not much rest that night. In the morning he explained to me the reason of Rouz-Behari s unaccountable resentment.

'The motive,' said he to me, 'which 'occasions the princess to treat her 'lovers in so haughty a manner, is this: 'she keeps in her possession a little piece 'of gold, which a skilful fairy once 'presented to her mother, and while 'that continues in her custody, all the 'efforts of her lovers will be in vain; 'nor, indeed, can any one become her 'husband, without incurring the great-'est misfortunes, unless she either pre-'sents him with this piece of gold, or he 'gets it from her by some stratagem. 'It is constantly tied to her girdle with 'a gold chain, and she does not put it 'off the whole night long. The genius 'who has promised me his protection, 'has engaged to procure it me in a 'short time; but the better to deceive 'the princess, it will be proper to take 'leave of the king, and quit the city; 'in the mean while depend upon me for 'the execution of the project.' I followed my governor's advice implicitly; and shall now, Madam, relate to you the method which the genius pursued to revenge me.

Rouz-Behari was accustomed every evening to walk in the gardens belonging to the palace; and sitting one afternoon by the side of a bason, ruminating a little by herself, she saw, when she came to rise, a lizard running upon her. Having an extreme aversion to this sort of reptiles, she screamed out terribly, and tearing her robe in pieces, did her utmost to get rid of it, but all to no purpose. It got between her golden girdle and her stays, and there twisted itself in such a manner, that the princess could think of no other expedient to get quit of the creature, but loosening her girdle, and throwing it with the piece of gold into the bason near which she was sitting.

When the princess was somewhat recovered of her fright, she looked in the water for her piece of gold; but it was to no purpose, for the gold and the lizard had both disapppeared. Never was any person more grieved with an accident than the princess with this. She had the bason emptied to the very last drop, and the pipes which carried the water either in or out of it, broke into pieces; but all their searches proved ineffectual, and her concern for the loss of the piece of gold became so violent, that she retired to her own apartment, and would receive no consolation.

EVENING XX.

THE FARTHER CONTINUATION OF THE ADVENTURES OF MOGIRED-DIN KING OF AGRA, AND ROUZ-BEHARI PRINCESS OF PEGU.

MY governor did not deceive me: the genius, who had taken the shape of a lizard, brought him the piece of gold, which he put into my hands. I then washed my face with a certain water he gave me, which entirely changed my features; and presenting myself, as he advised me, to the king, who wanted a groom, in order to serve him in that capacity, was received into the stables. For eight or nine days and nights I performed the offices of my new vocation, during all which time the princess continued weeping, without once closing her eyes.

The King of Pegu was greatly afflicted at his daughter s situation; he proclaimed by sound of trumpet, that he would give a hundred thousand pieces of gold to any one who should bring the piece that was lost. The next day I presented myself before the king, as I was instructed, and shewed both him and the princess the chain which belonged to the piece; and in ten days promised to procure the piece itself, provided I might, for so many nights, be permitted to lie in the glass-closet at the end of one of the galleries of the palace, which was the only recompence I would desire. I was looked upon as a vain silly fellow, but my proposal was nevertheless accepted, and the princess was so

ſo charmed with the hope of again recovering the piece, that her joy nearly proved as fatal as her grief had threatened. The night came; I was conducted into the glaſs-cloſet, where they faſtened me in: nor could I well tell what I had to do there; when the genius appeared to me in the ſhape of a young child. 'I have juſt now,' ſaid he to me, 'caſt the princeſs and all her 'ſlaves into a deep ſleep; promiſe me 'that you will marry her, and I will 'conduct you into her apartment.'—'I ſwear to you,' ſaid I, 'by the 'gutter of gold*, and by the black 'ſtone, which is at Mecca †, that I will 'not only make her my ſpouſe, but 'likewiſe promiſe never to have any 'other wife as long as I live.'—'That 'is ſufficient,' ſaid the genius; 'as 'for the laſt article of your oath, that 'I will excuſe you.' He then puſhed back one of the glaſſes, which was a kind of private door into Rouz-Behari's apartment; where he made me firſt go into a bath which had been prepared for the princeſs, and then led me to her bed.

As ſoon as it was day, the genius awoke me, and carried me back to the cloſet; whence, in about an hour, the king's people came and let me out. For nine nights together I went on at this rate: at the expiration of which time, the genius tranſported me and my three officers into the city of Agra, without ſuffering me to perform my promiſe; but, on the contrary, deſired me to preſerve the piece of gold. I was not a little ſurprized to find myſelf in my own palace, at a time when I leaſt of all expected it, and could not forbear upbraiding the genius. 'Be not uneaſy about your 'miſtreſs,' ſaid he; 'ſhe has not yet 'been ſufficiently puniſhed for her ca'price; you ſhall ſee her again at a 'convenient time.'

While I waited with impatience the reſult of theſe promiſes, Rouz-Behari was plunged in the deepeſt ſorrow and deſpair, to find the groom was gone, without returning her the piece of gold; but how greatly was her anguiſh increaſed, when at the end of two months ſhe found herſelf with child, without being able to account in what manner it could poſſibly happen. As ſhe was in the glaſs-cloſet one day, muſing and conſidering with herſelf, ſhe accidentally puſhed ſlightly againſt one of the ſaſhes, which immediately flew open, and diſcovered the communication between that place and her apartment. How great was her confuſion upon the ſight of this! 'Heavens!' cried ſhe to herſelf; 'has a ſorry groom been able 'to obtain what I have denied to the 'Sultan of Agra? Ah, Mogireddin! 'you are ſufficiently revenged on my 'capricious humour, did you but know 'my preſent ſhame and diſhonour!'

At theſe words the princeſs melted into tears; and being for ſome time buried in thought, ſhe at length reſolved to leave the palace. For this purpoſe ſhe took with her a purſe full of gold; and putting on the habit of a ſlave, went out at one of the garden gates, and walked the whole day without taking any refreſhment. About the cloſe of the evening ſhe arrived at the entrance of a village, near a fountain at which an old woman was waſhing her linen, and deſired to have a lodging in her houſe that night; and to encourage her the more, preſented her with a piece of gold. The good old woman conducted her to her cottage, treated her with the utmoſt tenderneſs and aſſiduity, and having prepared a good homely ſupper, obliged her to make uſe of her own bed, while herſelf ſlept on the ſtraw.

Rouz-Behari was ſo fatigued with her journey, that ſhe grew exceedingly drowzy, and, when ſhe went to bed, immediately fell aſleep, and waked not till the next morning, when ſhe was diſturbed very early with the ſinging of birds. But how great was her ſurprize, when ſhe opened her eye-lids, to find, that, inſtead of being in the old woman's houſe, ſhe was lying on a bed of green turf, in a very agreeable country, and cloathed in a peaſant's habit, but without her purſe! what this extraordinary change meant, ſhe was at a loſs to imagine; and the more ſhe conſidered, the more her ſurprize and grief increaſed: but how mortifying was her

* The gutter of gold is on the top of the houſe which they pretend was built by Abraham at Mecca.

† This is meant in alluſion to the large loadſtone, by means of which Mahomet's ſteel coffin is ſuſpended in the air, in the temple at Mecca.

con-

condition, when she understood from a young man, a taylor, who was passing that way, that she was in the mogul's country, and just at the gates of Agra! This news, though it seemed incredible, made her ready to die with grief; she could not comprehend how it was possible to pass over such a vast track of land in a single night, and was so deeply affected with the thought, that she died away in the young man's arms, whose name was Sabour. But, notwithstanding all her melancholy, she was still exceeding beautiful; so that the affliction she was in raised compassion in the taylor's heart. 'Charming stranger!' said he to her, as soon as she was come to herself, 'your spirits seem 'to be cruelly agitated: come to my 'house, which is at the entrance of the 'suburbs of Agra, where you shall be 'treated with kindness, and my mo'ther and I will endeavour, by every 'assistance in our power, to dispel the 'black cloud of melancholy which sits 'upon your countenance.'

Rouz-Behari found herself in a condition too deplorable to refuse the taylor's offer. She followed him to a little plain house, but extremely neat, where his mother received her with all possible civility. If the sorrowful princess had not been with child, she might have thought herself happy in this quiet retreat: but this was a misfortune she knew not how to conceal; and Sabour having proposed to marry her, she listened to his offer, more to save her honour than from any inclination for him, and accordingly became his wife in eight days. From that time she began to appear a little more gay, especially in her husband's company: but when she was alone, and began to consider with herself, that after refusing to marry the Sultan of Agra, she had suffered the embraces of a filthy groom, and was now thrown into the arms of a poor taylor, she felt herself most severely humbled, and became very disconsolate. She had, however, all the reason in the world to be content, had she not been born a princess; for her husband was a young man of the foremost rank in his profession, and had a very good reputation in Agra. He constantly shewed an excessive love for her; let her want for nothing she could desire; and, except the time he went to work at his master's, would not be a moment out of her company: this behaviour, so uncommon in a person of his condition, gained upon the princess's heart to such a degree, that she soon lost the remembrance of her former quality, and came in time to love her husband with the greatest degree of tenderness.

EVENING XXI.

THE FARTHER CONTINUATION OF THE ADVENTURES OF MOGIRED-DIN KING OF AGRA, AND ROUZ-BEHARI PRINCESS OF PEGU.

IT was a little more than six months since Rouz-Behari, who now called herself Lama, had been married to the taylor: she lived very retired, and seemed to be with child much from that time; when talking with her husband one night, he reproached her with her want of curiosity, in not having ever expressed the least desire to see the Sultan of Agra. Rouz-Behari blushed at the reproof. 'What avails it,' said she, 'to see this monarch? an honest wife 'should have no eyes but for her hus'band.'—'I agree with you,' replied the taylor; 'but as you were not born 'for Mogireddin, you may safely see 'him without exciting my jealousy. 'To-day he goes a hunting, and will 'pass by your window; and I am de'sirous you should observe how well he 'sits a horse.'—'I will not do it,' replied she; 'for I hate the sultan, though 'I do not know for why.'—'You hate 'him!' answered the taylor: 'why, 'what has he ever done to you?'—'Nothing!' said the princess, rather briskly: 'but I have dreamed he was 'the cause of all my misfortunes; and 'I am one, you must know, who have 'great faith in dreams.'—'A good 'reason, indeed!' said he, 'Well, La'ma, my absolute will and pleasure is, 'that you stand at the window when 'he passes by; or, rather I beg you to 'give me this small token of your obe'dience: I shall myself be one of the 'retinue, and will notice whether you 'obey my orders.' Rouz-Behari at first answered her husband only with tears, which he affected not to perceive. 'You shall be obeyed,' said she; 'and 'since you require it, I will see the king 'pass by.'

The taylor went out; and, about an hour

hour after, the Princeſs of Pegu hearing a great noiſe in the ſtreet, went to the window, juſt as I was paſſing by the door. Surprized to ſee ſo beautiful a female in ſuch a place, I looked very earneſtly at her, and inquired who ſhe was, which threw her into the utmoſt confuſion. She retired from the window full of vexation, and I proceeded on my way. As ſoon as the firſt violence of her paſſion was over, ſhe could not forbear ſhedding a torrent of tears. 'O Heavens!' cried ſhe to herſelf, 'had it not been for my unpardonable 'caprice, I had now been the wife of 'that powerful monarch. Good God! 'what a difference! O Mogireddin, 'Mogireddin! I am juſtly puniſhed 'for my contempt of thee!' Theſe words made her tears flow afreſh, and ſhe continued weeping and lamenting till her huſband came from hunting. 'Well, Lama,' ſaid he to her, 'did 'you ſee the ſultan?'—'You would 'have it ſo,' replied ſhe, 'and I was 'obliged to obey your orders?'—'Did 'you not think he was richly dreſſed?' continued he. 'Yes, ſurely,' anſwered ſhe. 'Ah! but this is no-'thing,' ſaid he again; 'he is ſhortly 'to be married; and I intend to take 'you to court. There are ſplendid pre-'parations making for that joyful day, 'and my maſter and I are to fit on his 'wedding cloaths, while his wife and 'you dreſs the princeſs he has choſen, 'and who is to be here in a few days. 'The robes are now actually making 'for her.'

Though the princeſs trembled at this propoſition, and made many objections, there was no help for it, ſhe found herſelf conſtrained to obey. Nay, the taylor did more; he had the robes of the intended queen brought ſeveral times to his houſe, and aſſuring his wife ſhe was much of the ſame ſize with herſelf, put them always upon her, to ſee if any thing wanted amendment. How grieved ſoever Rouz-Behari might be to ſee herſelf dreſſed in ſuch magnificent robes, and ſo very unſuitable to her ſtation, ſhe could nevertheleſs ſcarce refrain from laughter, when ſhe ſaw how they ſhaped the queen's cloaths upon her. 'This 'princeſs, if ſhe be like what I am at 'preſent, is of a pretty jolly ſize!' ſaid ſhe to her huſband. 'She is very 'luſty,' ſaid Sabour to her again; 'the king loves to have them ſo.'

At length the evening preceding the day whereon the ſultan's marriage was to be celebrated arrived; and Sabour forgot not, at break of day, to awaken his wife; whom, notwithſtanding all her reluctance, he carried with him to court. He was received by an officer of his acquaintance; who conducted them into the apartments, and was every moment extolling the happineſs of the princeſs who was to be married to the ſultan, aſſuring them he was one of the beſt princes in the world. All this was as ſo many daggers to the breaſt of Rouz-Behari, nor could ſhe bear to ſee ſuch magnificence without many a bitter ſigh. She was now in the chamber where the new queen was to ſleep, when ſome meſſengers brought word the king was approaching, and within a few paces of the door. The poor princeſs, not being able to hear this without the moſt violent emotion, fell upon a ſofa. 'O Heavens!' ſaid ſhe, ſpeaking to her huſband, 'what an 'imprudent thing was it of you to bring 'a woman in my condition to ſuch a 'place as this! I find I ſhall this mo-'ment bring into the world the child 'with which I am pregnant; yeſterday 'I had a fall, but did not think it 'would have produced ſo grievous a 'conſequence.' The taylor ſeemed to be in great confuſion. 'Ah! my dear 'friend,' ſaid he to the officer who attended, 'what will become of us?'—'Why,' ſaid the man, 'you muſt e'en 'put a good face on it: ſet your wife 'upon this cuſhion; and I will go out 'of the chamber the way which I know 'the king comes, and will ſo hamper 'the lock, that it cannot be opened. I 'will then tell his majeſty the apart-'ment is not yet ſet in order, and af-'terwards run as faſt as poſſible for 'my wife to help to convey yours home, 'or give her all neceſſary aſſiſtance; 'and I hope we ſhall extricate ourſelves 'from this difficulty without the ſul-'tan's perceiving it.' Every thing was done as the officer promiſed. I went not into the apartment (continued Fum-Hoam;) the woman, who was to aſſiſt Rouz-Behari, came in a few minutes after; and, without having time to be removed, ſhe was delivered in the royal chamber of a moſt beautiful boy. The taylor was in tranſports of joy hardly to be expreſſed. 'Faith, my dear La-'ma,' ſaid he, 'ſince you are delivered

'in

'in the queen's apartment, the damage 'will not be much increaſed if we put 'you in her bed too.'—'The man is 'ſurely diſtracted,' anſwered Rouz-Behari, 'to think of ſuch an abſurdity.' 'Say what you will,' anſwered the taylor, 'the bed is made, and in it you 'ſhall lie!' The princeſs, notwithſtanding all ſhe could ſay to the contrary, was accordingly carried to the queen's bed; and though ſhe had a ſtrange perturbation and diſorder upon her ſpirits, for an hour or two, yet it was not long before ſhe fell into a ſound ſleep, which held her till pretty late the next morning.

EVENING XXII.

THE CONTINUATION AND CONCLUSION OF THE ADVENTURES OF MOGIREDDIN KING OF AGRA, AND ROUZ-BEHARI PRINCESS OF PEGU.

ROUZ-BEHARI no ſooner ſaw the light, than ſhe immediately opened her curtains, and was ſtrangely ſurprized to find twelve female ſlaves ſtanding round her bed in the moſt profound ſilence, frequently bowing their bodies very low, in token that they attended her commands. 'I fancy,' ſaid ſhe preſently, 'the women are mad; 'or, perhaps, my ſenſes are not yet 'recovered from the vapours of ſleep!' —'You are not aſleep, Madam,' ſaid the eldeſt of theſe women; 'the ſultan 'of Agra, your huſband, and to whom 'you gave a ſucceſſor yeſterday, waits 'till your apartment be open, that he 'may be permitted to wait on you. 'Shall I inform him you may now be 'ſeen?'

Rouz-Behari was ſo confounded at a requeſt apparently ſo extravagant, that ſhe made no reply; her ſilence was therefore interpreted favourably. The old woman ran to the door, and I made my entrance, all ſhining with precious ſtones, and ſat down on a ſofa by the Princeſs of Pegu's bed-ſide. 'My 'queen!' ſaid I, embracing her, 'it is 'high time now to put an end to your 'aſtoniſhment, and to reſtore you to 'your true huſband: ſince the groom 'of Pegu, the taylor in the ſuburbs of 'Agra, and the ſultan Mogireddin, 'are one and the ſame perſon; though 'a certain genius, who is my protector, had ſo diſguiſed them, that it 'was impoſſible for you to diſcern the 'impoſture. I have a thouſand times 'intreated him to put a period to your 'pain; and have repreſented to him, '(but in vain) that your puniſhment 'was too great for the uneaſineſs you 'gave me the evening before our intended marriage. "Pride and ſtatelineſs of temper," ſaid he to me, "doth well enough become a princeſs; "but then it ſhould be a noble pride, "directed by wiſdom, and not by caprice: nor ſhall the queen, your "ſpouſe, be reſtored to you, till ſelf-"conviction has made her fully ſenſible of the fault ſhe committed, in "rejecting the homage of ſo many "princes, and refuſing to marry you "on ſo trifling an occaſion: all that I "can do for you is to convey her "into your arms, without her know-"ing herſelf to be there; and I enjoin "you to compel her to come to your "palace, at the time when ſhe ſhall be "ready to be delivered."

'I was obliged to obey the ſovereign 'orders of a genius, who in one night 'tranſported you to the gates of Agra 'I aſſumed, therefore, (by virtue of 'certain water, with which I rub my 'face when I have occaſion) the figure of that young taylor whom you 'married: but now Rouz-Behari is to 'take her own name, and quit that of 'Lama, as I have relinquiſhed that of 'Sabour, to be for ever henceforward 'the Sultan Mogireddin only. You 'know the reſt: your puniſhment is 'now at an end; and I conjure you, 'my fair queen, to forget that I was 'the inſtrument of it!'

Rouz-Behari was ſo amazed at the account I gave her (continued the mandarin) that ſhe could not return my careſſes; ſhe looked on me with eyes bathed in tears, which joy and ſorrow equally occaſioned; and as ſoon as ſhe had recovered her ſpeech, 'My 'dear lord,' ſaid ſhe, 'what afflictions 'have I ſuffered ſince your departure 'from Pegu? what ſhame have I felt, 'to think myſelf diſhonoured by a 'groom! what cruel neceſſity was I 'under to marry a taylor, to ſecure my 'honour, and to reſcue me from the 'miſeries of want! and what uneaſineſs did not yourſelf occaſion me, '(while you was under that ſhape) by

'obliging

'obliging me to ſee you paſs before my 'window, to try on the queen's cloaths, 'and to come to this palace, where I 'had ſo terrible an apprehenſion of 'meeting you! Ah, Sir! I could not 'pardon you the many uneaſy hours 'you have coſt me, and which the ge-'nius has enabled me to ſuſtain, but 'that you aſſure me it was not in your 'power to make them expire when you 'pleaſed!'—'Forget all your trouble, 'thou deareſt eſſence of my life!' ſaid I, interrupting her; 'and think of no-'thing but the happineſs which we are 'in future to enjoy with undiſturbed 'tranquillity!'

Rouz-Behari, Madam, (continued Fum-Hoam) received my excuſes with great tenderneſs; we lived together in perfect union for almoſt twenty years; till, as I was one day hunting, I was drowned in attempting to ford a river, into which my horſe threw me.

'The hiſtory you have told me,' ſaid Gulchenraz, 'is full of marvellous in-'cidents; and I do not a little pity the 'fate of the unhappy princeſs of Pegu, 'till the moment in which Mogireddin 'aſſured her that he himſelf was the 'taylor. To ſpeak freely, I think your 'genius was a little too ſevere, and 'ſhould not have puniſhed the poor 'lady's caprice with quite ſo much ri-'gour. But, after you had loſt your 'life in the water, what became of 'you then?'

THE ADVENTURES OF THE PHYSICIAN BANOU-RASSID.

I Entered into the body of a young man, who was born at Aſtracan, the ſon of an Arabian phyſician then in the king's ſervice. My father performed ſuch wonderful cures, that they almoſt eſteemed him as a divinity; and as I had a great fancy for the profeſſion, he took care to inſtruct me in it. When I came to be about fifteen years of age, 'Banou-Raſſid,' ſaid he to me very often, 'there is no acquiring a thorough 'knowledge of the ſciences, without 'the watchfulneſs of a crow, the gree-'dineſs of a ſwine, the patience of a 'dog, and the fawnings of a cat. If 'you know theſe precepts perfectly, 'you will one day or other become a 'great man; but if you do not, you will 'be always grovelling and mean, nor 'ever diſtinguiſh yourſelf in any kind of 'life whatever.' Enamoured with theſe maxims, I applied myſelf entirely to my ſtudies, and in leſs than ten years made ſo great proficiency, that after my father's death I was appointed one of the King of Aſtracan's phyſicians. I was hardly eight and twenty years old, when I acquitted myſelf in that employ with infinite ſucceſs, and had got ſo far into the ſultan's good opinion, that I became his favourite. That monarch, indeed, ſo greatly eſteemed me, that he could not live without my company, and therefore allowed me the peculiar privilege of going into the inner apartments of the ſeraglio at any hour of the day. The chief reaſon why he permitted me to enter a place which was prohibited to every man beſides, was his knowledge of my ſtrong averſion to the ſex, and how I deteſted the horrid effects of love. I had, indeed, read ſo much of the diſaſters that uſually attend this ſtrange paſſion, that I guarded myſelf againſt it, and had taken a firm reſolution never to let my heart be ſurprized. When the ſultan uſed to rally me upon my inſenſibility that way, 'Sir,' ſaid I to him, 'I do not hate 'women, but I fear them. They may 'diſturb the quiet of my life, and it is 'for this reaſon I look upon them with 'ſuch indifference. God grant that I 'may perſevere in the deſign I have ta-'ken of preſerving my liberty!' This, Madam, in a great meaſure, is the ſubject of the converſation I often had with the ſultan; and one day, as we were talking together much to the ſame purpoſe, word was brought him that his Prime Vizier Houſſan-Ben-San was fallen into a kind of madneſs, which ſeveral times had ſeized him very violently; and having a tender eſteem for the vizier, he ordered me to haſten to his aſſiſtance. The information that was brought the ſultan was but too true; I found Houſſan-Ben-San ſo very delirious, that I was obliged to have him tied down. His madneſs increaſed every moment, and it was ſeven or eight hours, after I had let him blood in the foot, before he began to recover his ſenſes. 'Banou-Raſſid,' ſaid he to me, 'you ſee me juſt going to appear before 'the tribunal of Almighty God; I feel

'already the cold and freezing wind of 'death, which blows continually at the 'side of my bed, and all the art of 'phyſick is not able to ſave my life.'— 'Sir,' ſaid I, 'your diſtemper is not ſo 'incurable as you imagine; only en-'deavour to overcome this melancholy 'humour which gets the better of you. 'Is there any one in all Aſtracan, who 'has more reaſon to be happy than 'you?'—'Ah, my dear friend?' ſaid he, ſqueezing my hand; 'how deceitful 'are appearances! There is, it is true, 'no perſon who ought, in all human 'appearance, to be better ſatisfied with 'his fortune than myſelf. I have more 'riches than a man need deſire; my 'ſeraglio is full of the faireſt Circaſſian 'women; and my daughter (the only 'one I have) is a beauty not inferior 'to any of the houri. This is the 'bright outſide of my family! but a 'worm which has been gnawing me 'above theſe thirty years, brings per-'petually to my remembrance a chain 'of crimes that make me even abhor 'myſelf. Since that fatal day, I have 'never once taſted true repoſe; but have 'been conſtantly tormented with the 'cruel motions of the Suiderez: I ſee 'before my eyes the frightful ghoſts of 'a ſiſter and her ſon, whom I have moſt 'barbarouſly murdered. Their blood, 'and the blood of one of our ſultans, 'riſe up every moment againſt me. I 'tremble when I think, that within a 'few hours they will be upbraiding 'me with my inhumanity, before the 'tribunal of God. Ah, my dear Banou-'Raſſid! what anſwer ſhall I make to 'the Sovereign Judge of all our actions? 'Can I think (how great ſoever my 'contrition may be for my having 'committed the horrid crimes which 'yet lie heavy upon me) he will not 'liſten to the juſt complaints of theſe 'unhappy victims of my fury? But 'theſe things are ſo many enigmas to 'you, which it is neceſſary that I ſhould 'explain.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

CHINESE TALES;

OR, THE

WONDERFUL ADVENTURES

OF THE

MANDARIN FUM-HOAM.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

THE HISTORY OF THE VIZIER HOUSSAN-BEN-SAN.

'MY father, as you cannot 'but remember, my dear 'Banou-Raſſid,' ſaid the vizier, 'was the favourite 'of Facreddin, father to 'the Sultan Mouza-Ca-'zem, our preſent king; but perhaps 'you do not know that Facreddin had 'two ſons, Mouza-Cazem the younger, 'and Alacou the elder, of whom we have 'not heard any thing for more than 'thirty years paſt. The former loved 'me extremely; he raiſed me to the 'poſt which I have enjoyed ever ſince 'he came to the throne; and ſtill con-'tinues his affection. The latter, jea-'lous of the friendſhip his brother had 'for me, beheld with pain the little 'reſpect I paid him, notwithſtanding 'he was the elder. We are not maſters 'either of our ſympathies or antipa-'thies; and whatever efforts I made 'to conquer this averſion, I could never 'gain ſo much upon myſelf as to make 'my court to Alacou: what likewiſe 'increaſed my hatred to the prince, was 'his falling in love with a young wi-'dow, by which he became my rival, 'and was treated more favourably than 'myſelf.

EVENING XXIII.

THE CONTINUATION AND CONCLUSION OF THE HISTORY OF THE VIZIER HOUSSAN-BEN-SAN.

'I Carried my reſentment a little 'too high,' continued the vizier, 'not conſidering the diſtance which was 'between a prince and me; and Alacou 'having complained to Facreddin, I 'had orders to remove threeſcore leagues 'from Aſtracan, and not to appear at 'court for ſix months. This puniſh-'ment filled me with rage; I was in-'capable of hearkening either to reaſon 'or the remonſtrances of my father: I 'would not ſo much as make the leaſt 'excuſe to the prince, who required 'only my ſubmiſſion; and my father 'took my imprudent conduct ſo much 'to heart, that he fell ſick, and with a 'lingering fever at length gave up his 'ſoul to the angel of death*.

'The Prince Mouza-Cazem, in this 'ſad conjuncture, obtained leave of the

* It is a tradition amongſt the Jews and Mahometans, (ſome Chriſtians, too, believe it) that there is an angel who feeds upon dead bodies, and is therefore called the Angel of Death; the Hebrew name for him is Azarael, or Azarel.

'ſultan and his brother for my return to 'Aſtracan. I took poſſeſſion of all my 'father's effects; and, as he had left 'me a ſiſter of exquiſite beauty, I ar-'dently wiſhed that Mouza-Cazem 'might fall in love with her, and make 'her his wife. To bring this about, I 'feigned myſelf ſick: he had the good-'neſs to viſit me; and, as I was in-'formed of his intention, I ordered the 'amiable Pehrizad (for that was my 'ſiſter's name) to be at my bed-ſide, 'and without her veil, when the prince 'ſhould come into my chamber. I 'did not expect, my dear friend, that 'Alacou would accompany his bro-'ther. This prince, to convince me 'he had forgot my inſolent behaviour, 'was deſirous to give me this mark of 'his goodneſs. What averſion ſoever 'I had for him, I muſt do juſtice to 'truth, by acknowledging he was a 'perſon of uncommon merit. He was 'not very tall, but the beſt ſhaped per-'ſon in Aſtracan; and his face was ſo 'regularly beautiful, it was difficult 'to look upon him without admiring 'him. I was aſtoniſhed at this viſit; 'and if I had been but fore-warned of 'the honour he intended me, ſhould 'have taken particular care not to let 'him ſee Pehrizad: but the fault was 'committed, and I was under the ne-'ceſſity of putting a face upon it, though 'at the bottom of my ſoul I was ex-'ceedingly chagrined. My ſiſter's beau-'ty had an effect the direct contrary of 'my intentions: Mouza-Cazem be-'held her with indifference, and Ala-'cou with ſuch tranſports as pierced 'me to the heart. My grief, too, 'was the more ſenſible, as I thought I 'could perceive, in Pehrizad's eyes, 'that the prince's paſſion cauſed in her 'as much vanity as pleaſure. I knew, 'however, how to diſguiſe myſelf, and 'feigned not to ſee what had paſſed be-'tween theſe two lovers.

'Accordingly, I redoubled my dili-'gence in taking ſtrict care of my ſiſter; 'and entruſted the inſpection of her 'conduct to an old ſlave, whom I 'thought incorruptible: but what will 'not gold and preſents bring about? 'Alacou, under the pretence of paſſing 'whole weeks in hunting, kept him-'ſelf concealed in my ſiſter's apart-'ment: he had promiſed to marry her 'at his acceſſion to the throne; and 'Pehrizad, ſenſible of the ſincerity of 'ſo amiable a prince, could not refuſe 'ſatisfying his impatient deſires. What 'ſhall I ſay, my dear Banou-Raſſid? I 'was abſolutely ignorant of this ſecret 'converſation: but that black fury 'with which I was perpetually agi-'tated, and which every moment ex-'cited my reſentment againſt Alacou, 'gave riſe to a dream which was the 'occaſion of all my misfortunes. I 'thought that in travelling through a 'foreſt, I heard a terrible cry, and fan-'cied it was the ſound of my ſiſter's 'voice: I ran to her; and found her 'in the paws of a ravenous lion, and 'Prince Alacou, ſabre in hand, haſten-'ing to her aſſiſtance. This dream ſo 'diſturbed me, that I awoke in great 'agitation, and went to Pehrizad's 'apartment, without knowing why. 'But, O what a ſurprize was I in, 'when I ſaw her faſt aſleep in the 'prince's arms! I could not govern the 'violent emotions of my ſoul; but, 'filled with rage, ſtabbed the prince in 'a thouſand places with my poniard. 'I rewarded my ſlave in the ſame man-'ner; and then awaking my ſiſter, 'ſhewed her the dreadful effects of my 'vengeance. She fell into frightful 'ſhrieks at this ſpectacle; and as I was 'afraid ſhe would awake my ſlaves, 'I crammed a handkerchief into her 'mouth: and having locked her up in 'one great cheſt, and Alacou and the 'old woman in another, I ordered them 'to be conveyed in the night time, by 'four ſlaves, to a little houſe of mine at 'the gates of Aſtracan, without their 'knowing what they carried. I direct-'ed them, afterwards, to return to the 'city; and opening Pehrizad's cheſt, I 'was about to ſend her to keep her lover 'company; when, throwing herſelf at 'my feet, "Barbarian," ſaid ſhe to 'me, "before thou takeſt away my "life, ſuffer me at leaſt to bring into "the world the wretched infant I bear "in my womb; he may be, perhaps, "one day thy maſter, unleſs the effects "of thy cruelty obſtruct his paſſage. "Let me therefore have the comfort of "leaving, after my deceaſe, an heir to "my misfortunes! I need not recom-"mend to you the concealing his birth: "if thou haſt pity enough to let him "live, thy own intereſt will make thee "grant me this." I could not help 'being overcome by her tears; her de-'livery was haſtened by the violence of

'her

'her grief; and as I found ſhe ſtood in 'need of ſome aſſiſtance, I ordered two 'ſlaves, who always lived in that houſe, 'inſtantly to fetch a midwife, without 'letting her know whither ſhe was com-'ing. My orders were obeyed; the mid-'wife came in an hour's time; and my 'ſiſter, with her help, was delivered of 'a fine boy, being ſeven months gone, 'or ſomewhat more. My firſt inten-'tion was to have placed the child with 'the midwife, and to have given her 'a purſe of gold, which might be ſuffi-'cient for his education; but unfor-'tunately caſting my eyes upon him, 'I ſaw ſome features ſo much reſem-'bling thoſe of Alacou, that I found 'all my hate, which was not quite ex-'tinguiſhed, revive afreſh, and would 'have prevailed on his mother to have 'ſtabbed him. So great was her hor-'ror at this propoſal, that ſhe ſwooned 'away; upon which, O unparalleled 'barbarity! I put the poniard myſelf 'into her hand, and directed it to the 'throat of her little ſon! When ſhe 'came to herſelf, ſhe no ſooner per-'ceived the involuntary crime I had 'made her commit, than ſhe inſtantly 'took away her own life with the ſame 'weapon. The midwife thus aſtoniſh-'ed, would have ſhrieked out; but I 'made her head fly from her ſhoulders 'with my ſabre, and by the aſſiſtance of 'my two ſlaves, buried all their bodies 'in the garden belonging to this houſe. 'Afterwards, that there ſhould be no 'witneſs of ſo many crimes, I killed 'my two ſlaves, and interred them near 'the others.

'The next morning I returned to 'Aſtracan, and cauſed it to be rumour-'ed abroad that my ſiſter had been 'ſtolen away. The abſence of Prince 'Alacou occaſioned it to be concluded 'that it was he who had diſhonoured 'me. I complained to the ſultan; he 'was dreadfully enraged, and became 'the more incenſed, when Mouza-'Cazem aſſured him that his brother 'was paſſionately in love with Pehrizad. 'Several years had elapſed without 'hearing any news of theſe unfortu-'nate lovers, who were believed to be 'wandering about the world: and Fa-'creddin having paid the common tri-'bute to nature, Mouza-Cazem aſcend-'ed the throne, to which I had paved 'the way for him by the murder of his 'brother.

'This prince, who had always given 'me extraordinary teſtimonies of his 'goodneſs, made me immediately his 'prime-vizier. I have been poſſeſſed 'of this place, my dear friend, above 'twenty years; but I am far from be-'ing happy in it. I am inceſſantly tor-'mented with remorſe for my crimes, 'and have endeavoured, by all kinds 'of good works, to appeaſe the anger of 'our great prophet. I have founded 'two caravanſaries, hoſpitals for the 'pilgrims of Mecca; I have built three 'moſques, where forty poor people are 'daily fed; I have cauſed prayers to be 'ſaid, in my behalf, by all the imans of 'the kingdom; but nothing can drive 'away this black melancholy which de-'vours me; all my vows are rejected! 'At laſt, thus ſorely burdened with ſo 'many horrors, with which the ſecret 'part of my life is blackened, I begged 'it as a favour of the prophet, that he 'would take me out of the world. This 'is the only prayer he ſeems to have 'given any attention: he has ſent me a 'moſt violent fever; madneſs precedes 'the fits; and I am ſenſible I have but 'a few moments to live. You will find 'in this caſket of ſandal-wood, which 'I deſire you will put into the ſultan's 'hands, all my jewels, with my will: 'I have added to it a particular ac-'count of my horrid crimes. I aſk him 'a thouſand pardons! he will curſe my 'memory. Ah! I too much deſerve it. 'I regard myſelf as a monſter not fit 'to ſee the light: but, however, oblige 'me thus far, my dear Banou-Raſſid, 'not to carry the caſket to Mouza-'Cazem till after I am dead!'

I left this vizier, (continued the mandarin) after having taken charge of the caſket: but ſcarce had I ſet my foot out of the chamber, when falling into new fits of madneſs, he was attacked with ſuch violent convulſions, that in ſpite of my aſſiſtance he was ſuffocated in a few moments.

EVENING XXIV.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF THE PHYSICIAN BANOU-RASSID.

NEVER was ſurprize equal to that of the ſultan, upon reading the vizier's memorial, which I preſented him.

him. He wept exceedingly, and bewailed the unfortunate Alacou; and, having ſummoned his privy-council to communicate to them the news I had brought him, it was conſulted whether that memorial ſhould be made publick, and poſſeſſion taken of all the effects the vizier had bequeathed to Mouza-Cazem, for the care of an only daughter he had left behind him, whoſe name was Semache. As I was charged with this commiſſion, I cauſed to be brought into the ſeraglio all the rich furniture of the vizier, and conducted his daughter thither. She was ſcarce ſixteen; but, Madam, what charms were in her face, and how did her tears affect me! I then attributed that to compaſſion, which I ſoon found was the effect of a more violent affection; not imagining this beautiful young creature had made ſo ſtrong an impreſſion on my heart. Afterwards I preſented her to the Sultan Mouza-Cazem; and I did not well underſtand my true ſentiments, till I perceived with what ſurprize he looked at her, and heard him exclaim, that he had never beheld any thing in nature ſo perfect as Semache. I then diſcovered my unhappineſs; felt in my heart ſuch ſtruggles of jealouſy as made me deteſt the ſultan. In vain did I reſiſt, and uſe all endeavours to ſubdue the growing paſſion, which I perceived would be fatal to me. Love triumphed; and, in ſpite of all my reſolutions, I yielded; nor could I ſee Semache enter the ſeraglio without thinking I ſhould become the victim of my grief.

Mouza-Cazem was very handſome, but of an impetuous temper; he did not delay a moment to make known to Semache all the violence of his paſſion. Ambition, and perhaps love, dried her tears in a few days; and I ſoon found that ſhe was going to give herſelf up to the ſultan's pleaſure. I received this information with extraordinary tranſports of rage; and exhauſted myſelf in reproaches the moſt extravagant and outrageous againſt Mouza-Cazem, as if he had ſtolen away my miſtreſs. I treated Semache as if ſhe had engaged herſelf to me, and had afterwards proved perfidious and ungrateful: in ſhort, Madam, I ſo loſt my reaſon, that they were obliged to keep me confined. Mouza-Cazem, ſurprized at ſo ſudden and extraordinary a diſtemper, cauſed me to be brought before him, that he might be himſelf a witneſs of the condition I was in. Semache was with him when I entered his cloſet; her preſence recalled to my diſtracted mind a thouſand extravagant ideas; I caſt myſelf at her feet, I declared my paſſion, and very probably did it in terms ſo ſingular and pathetick, that they reached the very ſoul of the fair Semache. She comprehended in a moment the violence of my paſſion, and diſcovered that it was herſelf who had reduced me to that deplorable condition; and comparing it, no doubt, with that of the ſultan, who ſhewed to her nothing but an abſolute power, to which ſhe was on the point to ſubmit, gave herſelf up to ſuch a profound melancholy, as aſtoniſhed Mouza-Cazem: what endeavours ſoever he made uſe of to conſole her, he could never effect it. This beautiful creature was in a little time in the ſame condition with myſelf; ſhe talked of nothing but the tender Banou-Raſſid; and, in a word, became equally diſtracted.

This extraordinary ſituation, which the ſultan could not but notice, mortified him exceedingly. He was tenderly fond of the beautiful Semache; but he was at the ſame time exceedingly nice and delicate in affairs of love; and her condition would not permit him to make her a favourite ſultaneſs, though he had been leſs delicate than he was.

For ſeveral days, he cauſed all the ordinary remedies to be applied, and perceived that the whole art of phyſick was ineffectual to reſtore her; he therefore determined to apply a remedy which his phyſicians would never have preſcribed, and which, indeed, was wholly of his own invention. Accordingly, he ſent for a cady, and ordered us both to be brought into his preſence. 'Banou-Raſſid,' ſaid he to me, 'I am 'reſolved to make a great conqueſt of 'myſelf. I adore the charming Se'mache; but, as I am perſuaded you 'were born for each other, I give 'her to you: live happily together!' Upon this the cady made the contract, and we ſigned it without well knowing what we did. The ſultan then made us go home to my houſe, where we were ſerved up with a moſt magnificent entertainment, at which he did me the honour to be preſent, till the whole company retired, and left me in full poſſeſſion of the adorable Semache.

Our

Our ſpirits, Madam, were too much diſordered for me to explain, by what means they returned to their former ſituation; to which, it is highly probable, the felicity I experienced with my fair bride did not a little contribute. This only I know, that in proportion as my reaſon returned, my charming ſpouſe likewiſe recovered, and that the ſultan found himſelf infinitely pleaſed in having furniſhed ſo ſimple and natural a remedy as that which ſo effectually reſtored us.

Theſe great benefits, however, did not ſuffice the great heart of Mouza-Cazem; he reſtored her all her father's eſtate, and made me prime-vizier. I lived with my wife in perfect union, and had a great many children; and it was not before I was extremely old, that I left a much-decayed body, and paſſed into a new world, unknown to all mankind before.

'I own to you,' ſaid Gulchenraz, 'that I think the concluſion of your 'hiſtory is very pleaſant, particularly 'your cure; and has very well made 'me amends for the relation of the unfortunate Pehrizad, whoſe cataſtrophe 'was ſo tragical. All the phyſick in 'the world put together could never 'have formed a remedy like Mouza-'Cazem's; and I believe one may cure, 'in the beginning, all kinds of folly 'and madneſs, by remedies proportioned to the cauſes which produced 'them. But continue, I beſeech you, 'your adventures, and tell me what 'you were in that obſcure part of the 'world you mentioned.'

THE ADVENTURES OF KOLAO THE WILD MAN.

I Animated a young ſavage, named Kolao, who lived in the iſland Miſamichis *, ſo called from a certain river, to which ſome of my anceſtors gave that name; but I cannot tell you, Madam, in what part of the world it is ſituated; I have ſcarce an idea of the religion we profeſſed: I only know that we adored the ſun at his riſing, and that every morning, turning our faces to the eaſt, we ſaluted him three times, crying, as loud as we were able, 'Ho! Ho! Ho!' after which, making profound reverences, we prayed him to preſerve our wives and children; to give us ſtrength to conquer all our enemies; and to grant us fiſhing and hunting in abundance.

You may eaſily imagine, Madam, (continued Fum-Hoam) how the firſt years of a life ſo plain and ſimple paſſed away. I was taught to uſe the bow, and when I had attained eighteen years, I choſe me a wife. I loved her tenderly, and had by her ſix girls and boys. My daughters were no ſooner of age than they married; and my ſon, whoſe bravery was reſpected throughout the whole iſland, was alſo going to be married, when a violent diſtemper carried him off in four days. This loſs went ſo near my heart, that having committed ſeveral extravagances, I was going to plunge an arrow into my breaſt, when one of my companions arreſted my arm. 'Why 'will you die,' ſaid he to me, 'Kolao, 'ſince there is ſtill a remedy for your 'misfortunes? Only hear me with attention.

'I have often heard my father ſay, 'that one of the moſt conſiderable ancients of our nation was one day ſo 'dangerouſly ill, that he loſt the uſe of 'all his ſenſes, and fell into ſuch violent convulſions, that for a long time 'he was imagined to be dead: he came, 'however, to himſelf again; and being aſked by the people, who were in 'the hut with him, where he had been 'all the while he lay ſo ſenſeleſs, he 'told them he was juſt come from the '*country of ſouls*; that by an extraordinary favour, never indulged to any 'perſon but himſelf, the ſovereign of 'the kingdom, whoſe name was Pat-

* By this account of Kolao, it is very likely that he was born in Canada, towards the mouth of the River of St. Laurence: Father Chriſtian le Clerc, a recollect miſſioner, ſays, that in the neighbourhood of Quebec, is a country called Gaſpe, ſituated amongſt mountains, woods, and rocks, near the River Miſamichis, inhabited by ſavages, or wild people, called Porte-croix, or Cruſs-bearers, becauſe they were cured of a peſtilential diſtemper by their adoration of a croſs, which a man of excellent beauty ſhewed them in their ſleep; and who ordered them to wear this ſign of ſalvation in their hands, or upon their fleſh or cloaths.

'Koot-

'Koot-Parout, had permitted him to 'return to his own iſland, to bring 'back an account of a country, which 'till then had never been diſcovered; 'that the country, moreover, was not 'above a hundred leagues diſtant from 'them; that the ready way to it lay 'by the north ſide of the iſland; and 'that, after wading and ſwimming 'through a lake of about forty leagues 'breadth, which was full of ſea-weed, 'one might arrive at the kingdom of 'Pat-Koot-Parout; and that, if he 'would but agree what preſent to carry 'him, he might have leave not only 'to converſe with the ſouls of his old 'friends, but even to bring away ſuch 'as he pleaſed, provided their bodies 'were not yet corrupted.

EVENING XXV.

THE CONTINUATION AND CONCLUSION OF THE ADVENTURES OF KOLAO.

'THIS,' ſaid my comrade, 'is the 'account which our ancient re-'lated to thoſe who were about him in 'the hut; and he would have been 'more particular in it, and told them 'the converſations he had had with the 'ſouls of his friends, had not our moſt 'cruel enemy, Death, cloſed his eyes 'that very moment. The tyrant was, 'doubtleſs, jealous of Pat-Koot-Pa-'rout's favour to him, and feared that, 'at one time or other, he would un-'dertake to reſcue ſome of his relations; 'and therefore ſnatched him from a-'mong us ſo ſuddenly.

'Your ſon is but juſt dead. Do 'you think you have courage enough 'to undertake ſo difficult a journey as 'that to the country of ſouls? I will 'bear you company, and we will either 'bring back your ſon's ſoul, or die in 'the attempt.'

I accepted this propoſition very gladly; we were joined with three more of our comrades; and having made a great feaſt of all our friends, we took our bows and arrows, bracelets of coral, and ſome tobacco, to make a preſent of to Pat-Koot-Parout, and began our journey by break of day. We took our route by the north-ſide of the iſland, and came in a few days to the lake which our ancient had mentioned; where we cut ourſelves poles to ſound the ford, and ſo went into the water, and waded at a great rate, but with vaſt difficulty. When night came, we ſtruck our poles into the bottom of the water, and tied ſome cotton-filleting to the tops of them, in the nature of hammocks, and there ſlept till ſun-riſe. After two days travel in this manner, we at length got over the lake, landed in the country we ſo much wiſhed for, and at our arrival were very agreeably ſurprized with an infinite number of ſpirits of bows, arrows, and clubs, which flew about before our eyes like ſo many little clouds; and, by a certain unknown language, gave us to underſtand that they had formerly been in the ſervice of our fathers and companions. But not long after, we were almoſt terrified to death; for as we drew near a hut, much like theſe in our iſland, except that it was prodigiouſly lofty, we perceived a man, or rather a giant, armed with a bow and terrible club, who looking upon us with eyes ſparkling with rage, ſpoke to us in theſe words: 'Whoever you are, 'prepare yourſelves to die, for daring 'to paſs this river, and come into the 'realms of the dead! I am Pat-Koot-'Parout, the keeper, and maſter, and 'governor, of all the ſouls!'

The giant had already brandiſhed his club to deſtroy us, when throwing myſelf at his feet, I conjured him, both with tears and words, to excuſe the raſhneſs of an enterprize which juſtly merited his wrath. 'Empty your whole 'quiver of arrows upon us,' ſaid I, 'or cruſh us with one blow of your 'mighty club; our breaſts and our 'heads are bare to you, and you are 'the ſovereign arbiter of our life or 'death: but if you have any ſenſe of 'compaſſion in you, pardon our bold-'neſs, on the account of an unhappy 'father, who has only offended you, 'out of too great tenderneſs for an only 'ſon he has lately loſt; and vouchſafe 'to accept of the preſents we bring you 'from the country of the living, and 'to receive us among the number of 'your friends.'

Theſe humble and ſubmiſſive words touched the heart of Pat-Koot-Parout: he ſeemed ſenſible of my grief; received my preſents; bade me take courage; and, to compleat his favour, and my conſolation, aſſured me, that before my departure, he would give me my ſon's

ſoul

ſoul again. In the mean time, he was pleaſed to regale me and my companions with an excellent liquor he had in his hut, and we drank it with the greater pleaſure, becauſe in a moment it reſtored us to the full poſſeſſion of that ſtrength we had loſt in ſo laborious a journey.

While we were thus rejoicing, and refreſhing ourſelves with him, the ſoul of my ſon came: I knew the voice, and was ready to die with joy; but while I was requeſting the giant to give it me to carry back to his body, it grew in an inſtant as big as an apple. He then took it in his hands, and thruſting it into a little leather bag, which he tied with a packthread, he hung it about my neck, and gave us audience of leave; with a ſtrict injunction, as ſoon as we arrived in our iſland, to lay my ſon's body along in a quite new hut, and to open the little bag at his mouth, and ſo let in his ſoul; but to take particular care that the bag was not opened till then, leſt it ſhould ſlip out, and return to his kingdom again; which it did not leave, as he told us, without ſome reluctancy.

After I had received the bag, with all the tranſports of exceſſive joy, we were, by the order of Pat-Koot-Parout, ſhewn the dark and diſmal place where the ſouls of the wicked are confined. It was covered over with nothing but branches of dried box, irregularly placed; whereas, the huts of the virtuous were beautifully adorned with an infinite number of evergreens, both within and without, through which the ſun continually came to viſit them, and to refreſh the branches of box and cedar, whereon they repoſe themſelves. Around their huts we ſaw the ſpirits of the bows, arrows and clubs, wherewith they diverted themſelves in the ſame manner as when they were in the land of the living.

After we had conſidered theſe things with admiration, we drank each of us two cups more of the ſame liquor he had given us before, and ſo ſet forward on our journey. We entered the lake, fixed our poles, ſlung our hammocks, and ſlept very ſoundly: but whether it was the pleaſure of the great Pat-Koot-Parout to have it ſo, or ſome natural effect of the liquor we drank, but ſo it was, that when we awoke, we all found ourſelves in our own iſland, and within a hundred yards of my hut.

It is no difficult matter to conceive the joy of our comrades to ſee us get back, and to hear the ſtrange accounts we gave of our journey and return. They could not believe that I had really got my ſon's ſoul in the bag which hung about my neck, and were very impatient to ſee it enter into his body again, in order to convince them of the truth of what we related. For this purpoſe, we immediately built a new hut, and carried my ſon's corpſe into it, which his mother and three other women had kept freſh by driving away the flies with large feather-flaps; and I was preparing to execute the orders Pat-Koot-Parout had given me, when an unexpected accident plunged me into the moſt cruel grief.

While I was employed in making the new hut, I left my wife the bag, wherein my ſon's ſoul was incloſed: ſhe had been preſent at the relation of the hiſtory of our journey; but the prohibition not to open the bag raiſed her curioſity; and though I had given her a ſtrict and repeated charge not to meddle with it, yet ſhe would be untying the packthread: when out flew the ſoul of my ſon, to the country from whence we had brought it with ſo much difficulty, and I found the bag empty.

It is impoſſible to expreſs (continued the mandarin) the rage and fury I was in. In the firſt tranſport of my paſſion, I gave my wife ſuch a terrible blow on the head with my club, that I ſcattered her brains in the air: then taking my knife, the point and blade of which were of flint, out of a kind of ſheath, I plunged it into my own heart, and fell down dead on my ſon's body; leaving my comrades in great tribulation at ſo ſad a cataſtrophe, which had deprived them of the pleaſure of knowing, with more certainty, the news from the kingdom of ſouls, and the ſtate and condition of thoſe of their own kindred.

'In good truth, theſe poor unhappy 'creatures,' ſaid the Queen of China, 'had a great loſs; for that young man 'would doubtleſs have told them many 'a pleaſant ſtory. But, when you left 'that body, what afterwards became

'of you?'—'I paſſed into a ſlave,' replied the mandarin, 'named Iloul, who 'was ſold to the daughter of the Great 'Mogul's firſt phyſician, who dwelt at 'Agra. In this condition, there were 'no particular events that perſonally 'concerned me; my life was ſimple 'and uniform: but thoſe wherein my 'young miſtreſs had a part, and ſuch 'as I heard while I was in her ſervice, 'may poſſibly amuſe your majeſty for 'ſome moments.'—'You will do me, 'then,' replied Gulchenraz, 'a ſingu-'lar pleaſure in relating them.'—'If 'ſo, Madam,' continued the mandarin, 'I will endeavour to ſatisfy your cu-'rioſity.'

THE ADVENTURES OF DARDOK; TOLD BY HER SLAVE ILOUL.

MY young miſtreſs's name was Dardok: the fine and ſprightly air of her face pleaſed infinitely; and at fifteen, ſhe ſo far excelled all the young ladies of her age, both in the graces of her perſon, and vivacity of her wit, that ſhe became the admiration of all who beheld her.

Takfur, firſt phyſician to Prince Filu, ſultan of the Indies, had made ſeveral voyages to Agra, and contracted a firm friendſhip with my miſtreſs's father; and perſuading himſelf that he could not but be happy with a perſon of ſo much fine ſenſe and beauty, he deſired her in marriage, claimed her for his wife, and carried her to Mazulipatan*, where the ſultan his maſter had his uſual reſidence. Thus tenderly beloved by his new wife, and highly reſpected by the ſultan, who ſhewed him every mark of royal favour and confidence, he wanted nothing to complete his happineſs; when a certain fakir, named Barzalu, who through all degrees of fortune had raiſed himſelf to be prime-vizier, grew jealous of the kindneſs the ſultan had for him. The fakir, in every ſtep he had taken for his advancement to that high ſtation, had always diſtinguiſhed himſelf by ſome new artifice; and therefore you may well imagine, Madam, that it could not be long before he would contrive ſome plan for the removal of my maſter: (for I went with Dardok to the Indies.) But, to let your majeſty into the vizier's character, it will be neceſſary to trace him from his firſt original.

EVENING XXVI.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE ADVENTURES OF DARDOK.

BARZALU, was born in the territories of Cabul †, of a very mean extraction, and brought up a cook; but being weary of an employ ſo unſuitable to his genius, he quitted it, and turned fakir ‡. After he had the whole day long wandered about the ſtreets of Cabul, he uſed to retire, at night, to a little hut he had made himſelf in the ſuburbs, not far from a moſque. As Barzalu one day came into the place where Prince Meſdoüen reſided, who was then upon his travels in the Mogul's country, the prince had compaſſion on his poverty, and threw him ſome pieces of gold, ordering his ſlaves to keep him to dinner. The fakir, who had always a good appetite, went into the kitchen, where he found enough to ſatisfy his hunger; and then bethinking himſelf of his former trade, began to aſſiſt the prince's officers in dreſſing the dinner.

Meſdoüen, who loved good eating, and ſoon perceived that the ragouts, and eſpecially an excellent diſh of partridge with coleworts, was not after the manner of his cook's dreſſing, had him called up; and underſtanding that the fakir had dreſſed part of his dinner, he propoſed to take him into his ſervice. Barzalu, who was already weary of the profeſſion of a fakir, accepted the prince's offer; and as he wanted no wit, he ſoon inſinuated himſelf into his good graces, was made privy to his pleaſures,

* Mazulipatan, is a city in the kingdom of Golconda, in a peninſula of the Indies, on this ſide the Gulph of Bengal; whence veſſels ſet out for Pegu, Arracan, Bengal, Cochinchina, Mecca, and Ormus.

† A city and kingdom in the dominions of the Great Mogul, bordering upon Perſia, Zagathay, and the kingdom of Cachemire, on the Levant.

‡ A name uſually given to ſuch as profeſs poverty in the Mogul's country.

and

and ſometimes even admitted to ſit at his table. 'Sir,' ſaid he one day, 'I 'do not confine my talents to the kit-'chen only; I am capable of ſomething 'greater. This, if you pleaſe, is *A 'Treatiſe of Politicks*, wrote by me, 'which I would beg your highneſs to 'read, and then favour me with your 'opinion of it.' The prince had the complaiſance to read the fakir's manuſcript; he found all his maxim's very excellent, but oftentimes dangerous; and making every day farther trials of his capacity, (as ſoon as he arrived at Mazulipatan) he introduced him to the Sultan of the Indies, whoſe near relation he was, and recommended him as a man of very great merit. The ſultan was mightily pleaſed with him, found he poſſeſſed a ſuperior genius, raiſed him by degrees to be prime-vizier, and at length blindly committed to him the adminiſtration of the whole kingdom.

The more humble and abject Barzalu was before he was raiſed to this poſt, the more fierce and arrogant he became when he beheld himſelf ſole favourite to the Sultan of the Indies. He ſoon forgot his birth and firſt benefactor; who, to be revenged, failed not, on every occaſion, to remind him of the ſtory of the coleworts and partridges. Theſe reproaches mortified the inſolent vizier not a little; but he diſſembled his reſentment, and carried it ſo very ſubmiſſively, that to ſee him in the prince's houſe, one would have really thought him ſtill in his former condition of a fakir. Meſdoüen himſelf was deceived by him; and forgetting the maxims which Barzalu had laid down, was imprudent enough to truſt himſelf, without reſerve, in the power of this perfidious villain. They frequently joined together in their debauches; and one day, after an entertainment which had laſted ten or twelve hours, Meſdoüen was ſeized with a violent fit of the cholick; which the phyſicians treating as if it had been an indigeſtion, carried him off in two days, notwithſtanding all their endeavours to relieve him. Barzalu appeared in publick extremely afflicted for the death of this prince; but from this time became more powerful with the ſultan than ever, and got ſuch an entire poſſeſſion of that monarch, that without his aſſiſtance and introduction there was no approaching the ſultan.

In this diſpoſition of affairs, you may eaſily conceive, Madam, (continued Fum-Hoam) with what eye he looked upon the late favours conferred on Takfur: he was indeed reſolved, by all manner of means to ruin him, and was reſtrained only by the paſſion he had conceived for Dardok, whom he had often ſeen making her court to the ſultana. He knew not well, at firſt, how to begin a declaration of his love; he was ſatisfied ſhe was virtuous, and very much dreaded her wit, leſt ſhe ſhould turn his profeſſions into ridicule: he had therefore ſeveral private converſations with her, affected to impart to her what paſſed in the divan, and frequently conſulted her about matters of ſtate. He perceived that ſhe liſtened to him with pleaſure on theſe occaſions; but that alone did not anſwer his intended purpoſe: at length, therefore, he gave her to underſtand, that being abſolute maſter of the ſultan's will, he had nothing more to deſire in the world than the poſſeſſion of her heart; that he was in a condition to expect the favours of the moſt beautiful women in Mazulipatan, but was inſenſible to all their endearments; and that no perſon in all the Indies could have the honour of captivating him, except herſelf. My miſtreſs, who always put on her grave airs to Barzalu, could not avoid laughing aloud at the concluſion of this diſcourſe, and this piece of levity highly affronted that vain miniſter. 'You are not then 'in the humour, beautiful Dardok,' ſaid he, 'to receive the propoſals of one 'who means to adore you, even in the 'high ſtation wherein you ſee me!'— 'No, truly, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, with louder laughter than before: 'no one but my 'huſband has a right to my heart; it is 'all his own; and I know no perſon, 'how high ſoever his condition may be, 'who ſhall attempt my virtue with im-'punity! I will that moment be revenged 'of him!'—'And what will you do to 'him?' replied the vizier, with ſome warmth. 'Not only receive him very 'ſcornfully,' anſwered the other with great ſericuſneſs, 'but immediately 'publiſh his infamy throughout all 'Mazulipatan, and even demand juſtice 'of the ſultan himſelf for the inſult: 'and that virtuous monarch is too 'much an enemy to ſeduction and adul-'tery, to ſuffer the author of ſuch an

'outrageous attempt to go unpuniſh-
'ed.'

The blood flushed in Barzalu's face at theſe words; he bit his lips almoſt through, to prevent his ſpleen from riſing; and that grand politician, defeated by the briſk air and lofty repulſe of my young miſtreſs, pretending it was time to be at the divan, burſted from her preſence, mad with rage at a converſation from which he had expected ſuch very different ſucceſs. For ſome months, however, he diſſembled the concern this affront gave him; but the ſultan happening to be one day a little diſordered with ſome phyſick which Takfur had preſcribed him, this vile miniſter had the baſeneſs to inſinuate that his enemies might have corrupted the phyſician, and that a poſt, whereon his maſter's life depended, ought not to be entruſted with a ſtranger, (for Takfur, Madam, was born in the Mogul's country;) and then proceeded in his diſcourſe with ſo much malignity, that Filu, who put a blind confidence in him, ordered his phyſician to depart out of Mazulipatan in four and twenty hours, and entirely to quit his dominions within a month.

EVENING XXVII.

THE FARTHER CONTINUATION OF THE ADVENTURES OF DARDOK.

THE blow of a thunderbolt would have leſs ſurprized Takfur, than ſo poſitive an order; he was with Dardok, when a vizier of his acquaintance came to inform him of his diſgrace; and was at firſt overwhelmed with grief. 'What have I done,' cried he, 'to be 'treated with ſo much rigour? It was 'but yeſterday the ſultan gave me a 'thouſand tokens of his goodneſs; and 'under the ſhadow of his favour, have 'I lived honoured and reſpected in Ma-'zulipatan. Peace and plenty reigned 'in my houſe; but now he withdraws 'his munificent hand from underneath 'me, and leaves me, like a ſlender reed, 'which the leaſt blaſt of wind can eaſily 'bow to the ground.'

Dardok, who was preſent at theſe complaints, as ſoon as the ſultan's meſſenger was gone, embraced her huſband very tenderly. 'Light of my 'life!' ſaid ſhe to him, 'why do you 'afflict yourſelf for ſo light a matter? 'Know ye not that the favour of princes 'is as inconſtant as the ſea, and that 'courtiers have the ſame power over 'them, that boiſterous winds have upon 'that perfidious element? nor are the 'beſt-built veſſels ſecure from ſtorms? 'Believe me, my dear Takfur, inſtead 'of being concerned at your diſgrace, 'you ought rather to praiſe and mag-'nify the great prophet, who hath in-'ſpired your ſecret enemy to be content 'with our baniſhment; for I well know 'the hand from whence the impoiſoned 'arrow is lanced that now pierces your 'heart. The baſe Barzalu takes this 'method to revenge himſelf for the 'fruitleſs attempt he made upon your 'honour. But it will not be long be-'fore this outrage will draw upon him 'the indignation of the ſultan of the 'Indies. That monarch will in time 'open his eyes, and puniſh the miſerable 'fakir, who is the cauſe of our preſent 'woe.' Takfur liſtened to the conſolation of Dardok, and their minds were reſtored to their former tranquillity. 'Let us then be gone, ſoul of my life!' ſaid he; 'you are to me inſtead of every 'thing, and we have wealth enough in 'Agra to compenſate for the loſs of 'theſe honours and preferments, of 'which we are unjuſtly deprived. The 'ſultan will one day be made ſen-'ſible of my innocence, and perhaps be 'concerned for having treated me with 'ſo much ſeverity!'

After they had thus ended their complaints, Takfur and Dardok went into their palanquin, attended by their ſlaves, whereof I was one. We had ſome difficulty in paſſing over the high mountains which lie between Mazulipatan and Golconda, but we afterwards came into a beautiful vale, in the kingdom of Orixa*, where we beheld above a thouſand tents, placed in lines like ſo many ſtreets. One might eaſily perceive a vaſt buſtle in this little camp; and joy was painted upon the countenance of every common ſoldier. As we came to a large pavilion of blue velvet, fringed with gold, which was ſurrounded by fifty guards cloathed in blue ſattin embroider-

* The city of Orixa, ſituate on a mountain, is on this ſide the Ganges, and gives name to a kingdom of Golconda, which is likewiſe called the kingdom of Orixa.

ed

ad with gold, we alighted out of our palanquin, to take a nearer view of this gay ſight, when the perſon who ſeemed to have the command of the guards came up to us, and deſired Dardok and her huſband to come into a moſt elegant tent; where, having preſented them with all ſorts of refreſhments, he addreſſed himſelf to my miſtreſs in terms to this effect.

THE HISTORY OF CORCUD AND HIS FOUR SONS.

'YOU ſeem aſtoniſhed, Madam, 'at the magnificence you be-'hold in this country; and therefore 'you are to know, that the beautiful 'Mouarrakh, Princeſs of Orixa, and 'only daughter to the Sultan Mohæ-'din, is lately married to one of my 'ſons, whoſe name is Amrou; and it 'is to celebrate that illuſtrious day, de-'ſigned as a ſplendid feſtival, that theſe 'ſoldiers and people are aſſembled to-'gether. As for myſelf, my name is 'Corcud; and, by the grace of the 'holy prophet, fortune at length is 'grown weary of perſecuting me, and 'has lately declared in my favour, ſince 'I have the honour of entering into an 'alliance with the ſultan my maſter. 'Before this happy day, there was not 'an inhabitant in the whole kingdom 'ſo unfortunate as myſelf: if I had 'ſhares in ſeveral ſhips, they all pe-'riſhed at ſea; if I ventured to game, 'I was ſure to loſe my money; if I 'bought any merchandize, the goods 'decayed upon my hands for want of 'ſale, and I was obliged to throw them 'away; if I fell in love, my rivals, 'though inferior in merit, were either 'preferred before me, or I was jilted 'by my miſtreſſes; in ſhort, it was 'enough for me to undertake any thing, 'to make it unſucceſsful. "Under "what unlucky planet was I born," 'ſaid I to myſelf, "thus to be always "expoſed to the cruel ſhafts of For-"tune? or is it wrote upon the table of "light, that I ſhall never ſucceed in "any project I undertake?"

'Quite dejected with theſe melancholy 'reflections, I fell aſleep on a ſofa, and 'had a very remarkable dream. I 'thought there appeared to me a little 'old man, dreſſed wholly in white. "Corcud," ſaid he to me, "I have a "mind to put an end to your miſery: "take this baſket; go to the Mountain "of Gerahem*; ſtay one night in Eve's "Cave, and there you will find a re-"medy for all your misfortunes." I 'awaked full of this dream, and was 'aſtoniſhed to find, that there was in 'reality a baſket of a moderate ſize cloſe 'by my ſide. I obeyed the little old 'man in white; embarked on the In-'dian Ocean; and, having paſſed the 'ſtraits of Babel-Mandel, entered the 'Red Sea, and arrived at Mecca. I 'thence went to the Cave of Gerahem, 'where I obtained permiſſion to lie all 'night: but, as I was going to fall 'aſleep, the little old man appeared a 'ſecond time. "You complain of your "miſery," ſaid he to me; "but be-"hold, Corcud, where the wife of the "Sultan Adam dwelt, after ſhe had "diſobeyed God: is not your houſe "more pleaſant, and more commodious "than this cave of her's? and yet you "are not contented. It is the nature "of man to be diſſatisfied with his "condition: if it be poſſible, however, "I will alleviate your ſorrows; follow "me." I obeyed the old man; he 'carried me to a corner of the cave; 'and pulling out of his pocket a book, 'wherein he read ſome cabaliſtick 'prayers, I that moment ſaw a door 'open, and juſt at the entrance per-'ceived a black marble ſtair-caſe adorn-'ed with a balluſter of gold. A young 'infant, with a torch of aloes-wood in 'his hand, lighted us, while we went 'down above three hundred ſteps. We 'then came into a large room, all ſhin-'ing with rubies; and there found, 'upon a table of one entire piece of 'emerald, a little ſtatue of a woman 'holding a ring in her hand, which ſhe 'ſeemed to preſent to me. "Take "that ring, Corcud," ſaid the old man; "it is compoſed of ſix different metals, "and was made under ſuch favourable "conſtellations, that every thing ſuc-"ceeds well with him who is the poſ-"ſeſſor of it. While you have it on "your finger, misfortunes ſhall fly "from your houſe, and nobody ſhall be "able to hurt you. But it is on this one "condition, that all this good fortune "is annexed to it, that when you have

* This mountain lies within a league and a half of Mecca.

"choſe

" choſe you a wife, you have no know-
" ledge of any other woman as long
" as ſhe lives, unleſs you are willing
" that moment to loſe your ring. So
" that your good fortune now depends
" upon yourſelf: only take heed of
" this particular; and ſee that you
" plunge not yourſelf again, by your
" own fault, into the miſeries from
" which you are now reſcued!"

'I thanked the old man very heartily, took the ring, and put it on my finger, as he bade me; and after I had filled my baſket with pieces of gold, which he took out of a large veſſel of agate, and my pockets with ſeveral very beautiful diamonds, I was carried in an inſtant to Orixa, and ſet down at the door of my houſe.

'The day was far ſpent; I knocked hard at the door, and an old ſlave whom I had left in the houſe came and opened it to me. I went into a lower room, and while ſhe was getting me ſomething to eat, emptied my baſket, which was very heavy, and carefully locked up my new-gotten treaſures. The next day I got myſelf a ſuit of very good cloaths, ſold my diamonds, began to merchandize again, and in leſs than three years gained ſo conſiderably, that I hardly knew the end of my riches. The young ladies, who had deſpiſed me in my mean circumſtances, were now indefatigable in trying every allurement: but in my turn I ſlighted them all; and, having made choice of one about fifteen years old, whoſe name was Zobeyad, a mirror of beauty, and a pattern of goodneſs, I made her my wife.

'In all my acquaintance with other women, I never experienced half the charms that I found in my new wife. The enjoyment of my beautiful Zobeyad did but augment my love; and I paſſed nineteen years with her in ſuch perfect ſatisfaction, that the condition ſo much inſiſted on by the little old man, gave me no kind of uneaſineſs. I had four very beautiful ſons by her, and ſaw them brought up in my houſe like ſo many young cedars that carry their heads to the clouds. The eldeſt was called Mammoun, the ſecond Amrou; the third Carazuz, becauſe he had large black eyes; and the fourth Gedy*, becauſe he was very nimble.

'So happy an iſſue increaſed my fondneſs for my wife; and never did any of thoſe illuſtrious lovers, celebrated ſo much in Perſian romances for their fidelity and conſtancy, (ſuch as Megenoun and Leilah †, Khoſrou and Schirin, Gemil and Schamba) love with ſuch ardour, as Zobeyad and I felt for each other. Nothing, in ſhort, was ſo much talked of through the whole kingdom, as our perfect union; and I could have ſworn it would have laſted for ever: when my ill ſtars led me one day by the gates of the publick baths of Orixa.

EVENING XXVIII.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF CORCUD AND HIS FOUR SONS.

'ONE evening, as I was paſſing by the baths, without any idea of what was to befal me, I was ſtopped by an old woman, who had formerly been my nurſe, becauſe my mother was too weak a woman to ſuckle me herſelf. "Corcud no longer knows his beloved Mohiar," ſaid ſhe to me; "he walks by without "taking the leaſt notice of me."— "Ah, my dear Mohiar!" ſaid I, embracing her, "how glad am I to meet "you! I did not ſee you at firſt. But "why do you not come to my houſe; "for, you muſt know, I have been this "long while prodigiouſly rich."—"I "am perſuaded, my dear child," ſaid ſhe, "that you have ſtill the ſame "love for me; but I am now ſettled "in a way which I would on no ac-"count quit. It is I who have the care "of all the women, both young and "old, who come hither to bathe; "and ſince you know what a chearful "diſpoſition I poſſeſs, you cannot but "think I am now in my proper ſphere. "In ſhort, you do not imagine half "the fooleries which are committed

* Gedy, ſignifies a little kid.

† The hiſtory of theſe lovers is wrote in Perſian verſe; it informs us that they were Arabians, and lived under the reign of Abdalmaleck, caliph of the race of the Ommiades.

"in

" in this houſe; for here it is that the " moſt reſerved of the ſex put off, for " ſome hours, that auſtere modeſty they " ſeem ſo attached to at home, and enjoy " themſelves for moſt part of the time " at their huſband's expence; and then " amuſe them with ſome fine ſtory when " they come home. No, nothing can be " pleaſanter than theſe converſations!"

'This diſcourſe of Mohiar's raiſed 'my curioſity; I expreſſed an earneſt 'deſire to be a witneſs of theſe curious 'particulars; and, notwithſtanding the 'danger of a diſcovery, prevailed with 'the good woman ſo far, that ſhe pro-'miſed to carry me into the bath, if I 'would but diſguiſe myſelf like a Jew-'eſs, and bring a box full of toys, and 'ſuch curioſities as women uſually buy. 'I did as ſhe bade me; and the next 'day, in this diſguiſe, was admitted into 'the place where the women bathe.

'I found every thing Mohiar had 'told me to be true, and was never in 'my life ſo highly delighted: but my 'curioſity coſt me exceeding dear! The 'curſed old woman thought it not 'enough to give me this diverſion, but 'muſt needs be procuring me another, 'which was the ſource of all my mis-'fortunes. " Amine," ſaid ſhe, for 'that was the name I took upon me, " pray come and help me to attend this " young woman, who is juſt come out " of the bath." There was no refuſ-'ing her requeſt, ſo that I went into a 'little room, where ſhe ſhewed me one 'of the moſt charming creatures that 'ever eyes beheld. I ſwear, Madam,' continued Corcud, 'by the camel which 'carries the book of glory * to Mecca, 'that the daughters of the paradiſe of 'Eden † cannot be more beautiful than 'the adorable Barud. She was ſcarce 'ſixteen years old, and the ſight of ſo 'many charms intoxicated my ſenſes in 'ſuch a manner, that for ſome time I 'forgot my Zobeyad, and thought no 'more of the wholeſome advice which 'the old man in the cave of Gerahem 'had given me.

'As ſoon as I quitted the bath, I 'learned from Mohiar the condition of 'this young woman; that ſhe was a 'native of Cachemire, and belonged 'to a merchant who dealt in ſlaves. I 'therefore ran immediately to his houſe, 'and giving him his own price for Ba-'rud, immediately conveyed her to a 'ſmall houſe without the gates of O-'rixa, where my wife never came, and 'where I gratified my violent paſſion 'for this divine woman. But no ſoon-'er, Madam, had I trangreſſed the old 'man's injunction, but the ring fell off 'my finger and broke, and the pieces 'vaniſhed, ſo that with all my ſearch-'ing I could not find the leaſt bit of it.

'This unlucky accident gave me 'ſomelittle uneaſineſs at firſt; but be-'ing then intent on my pleaſures, I took 'no farther notice of it, and ſpent five 'entire months with Barud, drowned 'in pleaſures, without once perceiving 'the effects of the old man's threats.

'Nay, I even ſmiled in ſecret, at the 'ſtrong faith I once had in his predic-'tion; when my wife fell dangerouſly ill, 'and as I was expreſſing all the grief 'imaginable for her, ſpoke to me in 'theſe words. " You no longer love " me, my dear huſband! I have for " ſome time perceived your indifference, " and in vain endeavoured to diſcover " by what means I have had the miſ-" fortune to diſpleaſe you! Heaven is " my witneſs, there has not a minute " paſſed wherein you have not been " equally dear to me; and it is this " tenderneſs ill requited that now cauſes " my death. Azrael is at my bolſter; " I now hear him call. Adieu, my " deareſt love! I wiſh that Barud may " be happier than me, and leſs ſenſible " of your infidelity. You ſee I am not " unacquainted with your new amour, " but I never mentioned it, leſt it ſhould " interrupt your happineſs. You have " it certainly in your power to make " as many partners in your love as you " pleaſe: I have nothing to ſay againſt " the eſtabliſhed cuſtoms of the eaſt; " but my heart is too much in love to " bear ſuch a partnerſhip, and it is my " delicacy in this reſpect which now " coſts me my life!"

'Theſe, Madam, were the laſt ſen-'ſible words that Zobeyad ſpoke: ſhe 'grew ſoon after very delirious; and 'ſinking under the violence of her woes, 'expired in my arms.

'I had not, till this misfortune, 'made any ſerious reflection on my 'manner of living with Barud. " How

* The Alcoran.
† The Houri.

" weak

"weak a creature is man!" cried I, melting into tears. "O Heavens! "that ever my infidelity ſhould cauſe "the death of my dear Zobeyad! a "woman of ſuch uncommon merit de-"ſerved to be immortal. Unhappy "man! this is the beginning of the "afflictions that fortune is preparing "for you, and which you draw down "upon yourſelf by your own ill-con-"duct." To be brief, Madam, I did ſo many extravagant things, I was obliged to be tied down for four days. But how great was the increaſe of my ſorrow, when, upon the recovery of my ſenſes, I was informed that the ungrateful Barud, during my wife's ſickneſs, had got her another lover, and carried off a caſket of jewels of very conſiderable value! This news nearly coſt me my life; I became quite diſtracted; and had it not been for my friends, who never quitted me, ſhould have ſtabbed myſelf a thouſand times. From this period, Madam, I found myſelf hourly ſinking by a re-verſe of that fortune which before had been ſo propitious to me. My debtors became bankrupts; my veſſels were ſhipwrecked; my ſtores and dwelling-houſe took fire; and in leſs than a year, of all the riches I had obtained with ſo much eaſe, I had nothing left but the little houſe where I had kept Barud, and my four children, the eldeſt of which was not more than fourteen.

'My ſorrow had made ſo ſtrong an impreſſion upon me, that I was perpetually weeping; when, one day, my children employed their eldeſt brother to ſpeak to me in theſe words. "We are, Sir," ſaid he, "a very "great expence to you, who have ſcarce "enough to maintain yourſelf; let us "then go and ſeek our fortunes: we "will return in a year's time, from this "very day, and hope to make you the "partaker of our acquiſitions." I could not tell how to deny them what they requeſted; and embracing them, with tears in my eyes, "Go, my dear "children," ſaid I, "ſince you think "there is a neceſſity for our parting! "But whatever fortune betides you, "fail not to have the fear of God "continually before your eyes; let no-"thing alter your faith; and omit no "opportunity of relieving the diſtreſſed: "—*A good turn is never loſt.*"

'My ſons, Madam, departed; and every day, during their abſence, I intreated the holy prophet to favour their undertakings, and not impute my iniquities to them. At length the time of their return drew near, and I was ſadly tormented between hope and fear. "Ah!" ſaid I, ſeveral times, "I ſhall not be ſo happy as "to ſee my children again! they doubt-"leſs have periſhed through want, and "I have been the cauſe of all their ſuf-"ferings! O that I had followed the "counſel of the old man in the cave of "Gerahem!" While I was thus tormenting myſelf, the day appointed for my ſons return came; and as ſoon as the morning began to appear, I went into the ſtreet, ſat me down on a ſtone-bench at my gate, and ran to meet every ſoul I ſaw coming towards my houſe, in hopes it was ſome of my ſons. I waited all day to no purpoſe, until the time of evening-prayer. I then went into my houſe again, quite oppreſſed with grief, and was giving myſelf up to deſpair, when I heard ſomebody knock at my door. I ran with all haſte; and fancy to yourſelf, Madam, how great was my joy, when I beheld my four ſons perfectly well dreſſed, and in good health!

EVENING XXIX.

THE FARTHER CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF CORCUD AND HIS FOUR SONS.

'THE ſight of my children renewed my faith, which was pretty nigh exhauſted by the grief which their abſence had occaſioned; I hung for above an hour about their necks, without power to ſpeak a word, and ſeveral times fainted away. At length, when I aſked them if they had reaſon to be ſatisfied with their journey, Mammoun was the firſt who ſpoke, and he anſwered me thus.

"For ſix months together, Sir, I "rambled about, without much caring "which way I went; when one day, "on the bank of a river, I perceived a "ſoldier purſuing a ſerpent, which "ſeemed to implore my aſſiſtance. It "was to no purpoſe that I oppoſed the "man's intentions; he cut it in four

"pieces

" pieces with his ſabre, and threw one " of them into the river. But, remem- " bering your laſt words, *that a good* " *turn is never loſt*, " Let me ſee," ſaid " to myſelf, " whether in this inſtance " it will have it's reward." So laying " the three pieces of the ſerpent cloſe " to each other, I ſaw, with great plea- " ſure, how they joined together. I then " immediately undreſſed, and plunged " into the river; where, after many " times diving, I found the tail of the " animal, and joined it to the reſt of " it's body. The ſerpent, ſoon after " this, threw itſelf into the river, and " in a moment's time I ſaw a beautiful " woman riſe out of the water. " Mam- " moun," ſaid ſhe to me, " I owe my " life to you; for without your aſſiſt- " ance I ſhould have been expoſed to " death: I will therefore acknowledge " the ſervice, and demonſtrate to you, " *that a good turn is never loſt*. Juſt " as you ſaw me, when I was a ſer- " pent, join again without the leaſt ſign " of any diviſion in my body; ſo may " you, by only pronouncing my name, " join every thing in nature that is bro- " ken or divided. I am called the Fairy " Gialout; and whenever you want " my aſſiſtance, you ſhall always find " me ready to ſerve you." And in " truth, Sir, ever ſince that time, I " have had daily experience of Gia- " lout's goodneſs: all my deſires are " fulfilled, ſo long as they are but rea- " ſonable; and to convince you of this, " here is a purſe that every week ſup- " plies me with a hundred pieces of " gold."

' Mammoun had no ſooner finiſhed ' his ſtory, but Amrou ſpoke in his ' turn. He told me, that in croſſing a ' foreſt, he found a white bitch ready ' to die, with an arrow ſhot in her gul- ' let; that he pulled out the arrow, and ' bound up the wound with a piece of ' the linen of his turban, and then car- ' ried her, with much difficulty, into a ' thicket, where he laid her upon a bed ' of leaves, and laid down by her him- ' ſelf all night: but when he awaked, ' was not a little ſurprized to find by ' his ſide an old fairy of a majeſtick ' countenance; and who, in gratitude ' for his compaſſion to her, had given ' him the nimbleneſs of a deer, and the ' gift of divination beſides. So that, ' with theſe talents, wherever he came, ' he had got whatever he pleaſed, and ' had turned his money into diamonds. ' With theſe words he pulled out of his ' boſom a little leather bag, and ſhew- ' ed us a parcel of jewels, worth above ' twenty thouſand pieces of gold.

' I was tranſported with joy at this ' ſtrange relation, when Caraguz in- ' formed us, that one night, as he was ' going to lie in an old ruious houſe, in ' an open field, he was ſurprized and ' affrighted with very doleful cries; ' and that as ſoon as it was day, he ' perceived thy came from an owl, which ' had been caught in a ſnare: that hav- ' ing compaſſion on the creature, he ' ſet it at liberty; but no ſooner was the ' owl let looſe, than it called him by ' his name, and bade him go down in- ' to a vault; that he did as he was or- ' dered, and there found a trap, which ' he took away; that the owl and he ' went afterwards down into a grot, ' covered all over with gold; in the ' midſt of which there ſtood a baſon full ' of roſe-water, into which the bird ' threw itſelf, and immediately there roſe ' up a venerable old man, who called ' himſelf Morg; that this old man, by ' pronouncing certain cabaliſtical words, ' infuſed into his eyes ſuch a brightneſs ' in the night-time, as would diſperſe ' all darkneſs for half a league round ' him, wherever he was; and that over ' and above this, he had given him ' power to diſcover all hidden treaſures, ' that he was capable of enriching the ' moſt powerful monarchs upon earth.

' Gedy heard his brothers with great ' admiration. " I am not ſo powerful," ' ſaid he, " as you are; but as you " will probably not let me want for " any thing, I content myſelf with one " only talent which I have acquired in " my journey. As I was returning " home, much diſſatisfied with my for- " tune, and without meeting with any " remarkable adventure, I went one " day into a poor peaſant's houſe to " beg a little water; which he not only " gave me, but bade me go into his " garden, and eat ſome excellent figs. " I did as he told me, and was taking " my leave of him, when obſerving in " the kitchen a trap ſtand, wherein " there was a vaſt great rat, I aſked him " what he intended to do with it?"— " I was juſt going to burn it alive," " ſaid he, " when you came in; this " deviliſh creature has, for theſe eight " days, made ſuch havock among my

" figs, that this is the leaſt puniſhment " I can inflict on it."—" Let me beg " of you, my good friend," ſaid I, " to " give me this rat."—" Why, what " will you do with it?" ſaid he.— " I will ſpare it's life," anſwered I; " *for a good turn is never loſt*; and " will take care to carry it ſo far off, " that it ſhall never do you any more " damage."—" I will not deny you ſo " ſmall a matter," ſaid he: " take the " rat, and the rat-trap too; but releaſe " it not until you are got far enough " from this place." I did as the peaſant deſired me, carried the rat-trap " a day and a half, and then ſet the " rat at liberty, and went on my journey. The night came upon me in " the fields, and I was going to lie " down at the root of a tree, when I " perceived a light in a great houſe " not above a hundred yards from me. " I went and knocked at the door, " which was preſently opened; and I " was conducted into a ſpacious hall, " where ſupper was brought in. A " young man remarkably beautiful then " drew near, and addreſſed me thus. " Gedy," ſaid he to me, " *A good turn* " *is never loſt*. I am the ſage Zulzul, whoſe life you ſaved under the " figure of a rat, when the countryfellow would have taken it from me. " Here are two poniards, which I preſent you with, by the help of which " there is neither tree ſo high, nor tower ſo ſteep, but what you may eaſily " climb; I give you, moreover, the " power of being invulnerable for any " two hours of the day you ſhall chuſe."

'I could hardly believe, Madam, theſe ſtrange ſtories that my children told me; only the purſe and the diamonds were a plain demonſtration that they had met with ſome extraordinary adventure. I took therefore three pieces of gold, in order to make them a great entertainment; and after we had ſpent good part of the night at table, and the converſation came to turn upon their ſeveral talents, I ſeemed to be a little doubtful of what they had told me, unleſs I were convinced by my own eyes. " To prove, Sir," ſaid Amrou, " that I have advanced " nothing but what is true, I propheſy " that a magpy, which has built it's " neſt upon the great tree at the bottom of our garden, has this morning laid an egg which ſhe does not " actually ſit upon!"—" Well, then," ſaid Gedy, " if my brother Caraguz " will but lend me the light, which he " tells us proceeds from his eyes, I " will this moment climb the tree, and " bring you down the magpy's egg."

'I took them at their words: we went into the garden, which Caraguz enlightened very wonderfully; and Gedy, by the help of his two poniards, climbed up the tree like a rat, to the very top of it, which was above a hundred feet high. He took the egg, and was bringing it down, when unluckily treading upon a branch that was rotten, he fell to the ground with ſuch violence, that I thought he was dead. I gave a terrible ſhriek at his fall, and ſwooned away; but as he was invulnerable, he immediately jumped upon his feet, and ſhewed me he had got no harm, which rejoiced me exceedingly. As for the egg, it was broke into more than twenty pieces; but as ſoon as Mammoun pronounced the name of Gialout, the pieces of the egg came together again. It was filled and joined without the leaſt appearance of a crack; and Gedy putting it into the neſt again, at the end of the appointed time it was hatched.

'I muſt own, Madam, I was not a little rejoiced at the ſight of ſo many miracles: plenty was reſtored to my houſe again, and I no longer felt the misfortunes which had hitherto perſecuted me. In this manner my ſons and I lived for above a year together, in all tranquillity, when there happened a moſt ſurprizing accident at the court of Orixa.

'Our Sultan Mohædin was one day a hunting, with his beautiful daughter Mouarrakh, and it was as fine weather as could be wiſhed, when all on a ſudden the air was darkened, and a frightful hurricane aroſe. The lightning dazzled all the huntſmen, and the thunder roared with ſuch fury, that the princeſs was ſadly terrified; and alighting from her horſe, in hopes of being ſafer near the ſultan, went to throw herſelf into her father's arms, (for the violence of the ſtorm had diſperſed all her attendants) when ſhe perceived with the utmoſt horror and ſurprize, that ſhe was in the arms of a little old man, almoſt naked, and as hairy as a bear, who carried her

through

'through the air, in ſpite of her cries 'and her father's menaces, who in the 'ſame moment found himſelf bound 'faſt to a tree with his hands tied be- 'hind him.

'The huntſmen, whom the ſtorm 'had diſperſed, returned at the voice of 'their ſovereign: they found him in 'great tribulation, untied him, and 'carried him home in a condition ſuffi- 'ciently diſtreſsful to raiſe compaſſion 'in the moſt obdurate heart.

EVENING XXX.

THE CONTINUATION AND CONCLUSION OF THE HISTORY OF CORCUD AND HIS FOUR SONS.

'THE Sultan Mohædin gave him- 'ſelf up to black deſpair, when 'his prime-vizier adviſed him to make 'proclamation through the kingdom of 'Orixa, and in the Indies, of the loſs 'of his daughter, and to promiſe her in 'marriage to any one who could reſcue 'her out of the hands of a horrible ma- 'gician, who had carried her away; 'and, in caſe the princeſs could not fulfil 'this promiſe, that he would give him 'half his kingdom.

'As ſoon as my ſon Amrou heard of 'this news,' continued Corcud, 'he 'was not a little rejoiced. "Father," 'ſaid he, "I know where the princeſs "is; and, if my brothers will but aſſiſt "me, I will reſtore her to her father "again." Gedy, Mammoun, and Ca- 'raguz, all promiſed never to forſake 'him. Being introduced to the ſultan, 'Amrou told him, that Mouarrakh was 'in the power of a magician, called 'Marzouk; that for a whole year he 'could make no attempt upon her ho- 'nour; but that ſhe was to ſubmit to 'his infamous deſires, if ſhe were not 'taken out of his hands before the ex- 'piration of that time. He then aſſured 'the king, that he knew where the 'princeſs his daughter was confined, 'and that he would bring her back in 'leſs than ſix months.

'Mohædin, tranſported with joy at 'theſe tidings, embraced Amrou and 'his brothers, and furniſhed them with 'every thing they required. After they 'had travelled a hundred and fifty 'leagues, they came to the Gulph of 'Cambay, where they embarked in a 'veſſel the ſultan had ordered to be pre- 'pared for them. The pilot, obſerving 'Amrou's directions, coaſted along the 'Gulph of Indus; and ſailing by Or- 'mus, entered the Sea of Balſora, and 'came to an anchor behind ſome fright- 'ful rocks that ſurrounded a little 'iſland, called the Blue Iſland. It was 'not far from this iſland that the magi- 'cian Marzouk had, by the force of his 'art, built a tower of ſteel, two hun- 'dred feet high, which had neither 'door nor window in it, except in the 'dungeon, which ſtood towards the ſea. 'There it was that he had ſhut up 'Mouarrakh; and this fair princeſs 'ſpent her days and nights in perpe- 'tual weeping, when my ſon's veſſel 'drew towards the ſhore.

'They held a conſultation for ſome 'time; and being informed by Amrou, 'that Marzouk had not power to be in 'the tower at night, they reſolved upon 'that time for the execution of their de- 'ſign. Accordingly, they came to the 'priſon where Mouarrakh lay, in the 'dead of the night, and while it was 'very dark, without making any noiſe. 'Caraguz let Gedy have as much light 'as was neceſſary for him to climb up 'to the top of the tower; and he, by 'the help of his two poniards, having 'got to the dungeon, without any noiſe, 'ſurprized a dragon (which Amrou 'had told him was aſleep) ſet to guard 'the princeſs, and gave him ſuch a ter- 'rible blow on the head with his ſabre, 'that he laid him flat on the ground. 'But as ſoon as the dragon was dead, 'it looked as if the deſtruction of the 'whole world depended upon it's life. 'The heavens were all on fire; the 'flaſhes of lightning ſeemed as if they 'would ſet the univerſe in a flame; 'and a furious clap of thunder ſplit 'the ſhip, wherein were my ſons, into 'a thouſand pieces! but without hurt- 'ing any who were in it. It was now 'Mammoun's ſecret ſtood them in great 'ſtead; for he only pronounced the 'name of the fairy Gialout, and all the 'pieces of the ſhip came and joined 'themſelves together again, without 'the leaſt fracture to be ſeen. The ma- 'riners found themſelves at their re- 'ſpective poſts; and my children, with 'infinite pleaſure, ſaw the thunder and 'lightning end in a very ſtill night. 'Gedy took this opportunity to go into 'the dungeon, where the princeſs was

'inclosed; informed her, in a few 'words, of the execution of his de-'signs; and having drawn a rope and 'pulley from the ship, (by a cord, the 'end of which he carried in his hand to 'the top of the tower) let her down 'therewith, in a rush basket, into the 'ship, where she was received with ex-'ceeding great joy. But while others 'were paying the princess the honours 'that were due to her, Gedy was ran-'sacking the apartments of the tower; 'and having found a little plate of gold, 'whereon were several unknown cha-'racters engraved, fixed up in the dun-'geon, supposing it to be the talisman 'by virtue of which the tower was built, 'he came down in all haste into the 'ship; but being told by Amrou that 'the life of the infamous Marzouk de-'pended upon that plate of gold, he 'ascended the tower again, and hav-'ing taken down the talisman, waited 'for the break of day, and until the 'ship was got behind the rocks, where 'it might come to an anchor.

'The morning had scarce begun to 'appear, when the magician went into 'the dungeon; but my son, who had 'hid himself without the door, had no 'sooner pushed it to, broke the talis-'man, and thrown it into the sea, than 'the whole steel-tower, and the magi-'cian in it, sunk down at once; and 'Gedy, when he saw it was level with 'the water, threw himself in, and swam 'till he was taken up by the ship; 'which immediately set sail for Cam-'bay, and from thence returned with 'the princess to Orixa, without any 'manner of danger.

'You cannot conceive, Madam, how 'joyful the Sultan Mohædin was to see 'the beloved Mouarrakh again. Am-'rou, who is a very handsome man, 'had informed the princess of the offer 'the king her father had made, and as 'she seemed not averse to marry one she 'had so many obligations to, our il-'lustrious sultan has just performed his 'promise to my son; and it is in this 'place that his subjects are met to cele-'brate their joy, by a thousand feats of 'gallantry, for his daughter's return 'and marriage. Judge you then, whe-'ther I have not abundant reason to be 'highly pleased with my good fortune. 'Amrou is designed for the throne; 'the sultan has given me the post of the 'prime-vizier, who died about eight 'days ago; and my three sons have 'the chief employments in the govern-'ment.'

Corcud had but just ended the adven-tures of his sons, when we heard the shrill sound of trumpets declaring the arrival of the Sultan Mohædin, and the new-married couple; all the soldiers put themselves under arms, whilst they passed through the camp, amidst the loud acclamations of the people of Orixa, who were come together to view this sight. Nothing was heard but expres-sions of gladness on every side, and the air rung with the names of the sultan, of Amrou, and of Mouarrakh, on whom the people bestowed a thousand bene-dictions. The bride and bridegroom were conducted to a pavilion of blue velvet, where the sultan himself placed them on a throne of massy gold: there they received the compliments of the chief nobility and officers of state, and afterwards passed into another contigu-ous tent, where they were served with a very sumptuous entertainment.

Corcud had recommended us to an officer of the sultan's, to take care of us, and we were situated in a very com-modious place to see the ceremony. As soon as the entertainment was over, the sultan's subjects began to shew their address and activity in a thousand dif-ferent races, both on foot and horse-back; and at last, this remarkable day ended in a play, which pleased the sul-tan and the princess wonderfully, as it represented to the life the adventures of the beautiful Mouarrakh with the magi-cian Marzouk, and the manner of her deliverance by Corcud's sons.

After we had spent great part of the night in all these diversions, Takfur and Dardek retired to a tent, which Corcud had ordered to be prepared for them. We stayed eight days to see all the magnificence of Amrou and Mouar-rakh's nuptials; and then proceeded in our way to Agra, where we arrived, after a long and tedious journey. Not far from this city, Takfur had a very stately house, where he usually resided; and at this happy place he enjoyed such tranquillity of mind, in the sprightly conversation of his beloved Dardek, as he had never known at Mazulipatan. I, too, found my servitude so very easy

with

with them, that I was ſcarce ſenſible of it. The truth is, I was not willing to leave them till death; which happened to me about five or ſix years after we came into the Mogul's country.

'I muſt own, illuſtrious Fum-Hoam,' ſaid Gulchenraz, 'theſe adventures are 'very entertaining; nor am I in the 'leaſt fatigued with hearing you.'— 'If not, Madam,' replied the mandarin, 'I will go on, and relate to your 'majeſty what became of me afterwards.'

THE ADVENTURES OF ALA-BEDIN.

AFTER I left the body of the ſlave, I paſſed into one of the honeſteſt men in all Armenia. I was born at Erzerum *, and ſon to a cady of that city; my name was Ala-Bedin. I had no great dependance on my father's high ſtation, and therefore made it my endeavour, by bravery and great exploits, to advance my fortune; and was ſo ſucceſsful therein, that I became a favourite to the Sultan Uram, who then reigned in Armenia. But before I had the honour to be known to that monarch, I uſed to ſpend ſome idle hours in hearing my father try cauſes.

One day there came an old woman who ſold figs, holding a young man faſt by the hand, all trembling; he ſeemed not above ſixteen, but was extremely beautiful. 'Sir,' ſaid ſhe to my father, 'I demand juſtice of you againſt 'this impudent young raſcal; and judge 'if I have not ſufficient reaſon. This 'morning he came to me, to know how 'much money I would take for as 'many figs as he could eat. I began 'to make my computation: "Perhaps," ſaid I to myſelf, "he may "be able to eat a hundred," or a hun"dred and fifty at moſt."—"Well, "my pretty youth," ſaid I, "you "ſhall give me a ſilver ſultanin." We ſtruck the bargain; and he began, and 'ſwallowed in a trice fifty before my 'eyes. I trembled to ſee him: but, 'what was more ſurprizing, about two 'hours after, he came again, and eat 'up a hundred of the fineſt I had. This 'made me almoſt mad; but thinking 'it would be his laſt time, I was ſitting 'quietly in my ſhop, when he came the 'third time, and gobbled up all I had 'in my pannier, ordering me to get him 'more, for that he would be there again 'in half an hour. I was ſo amazed, 'that I could make him no anſwer, 'and had hardly recovered my ſurprize, when behold my gentleman 'comes again, and inſiſts poſitively that 'I ſhall ſupply him with more figs.'

EVENING XXXI.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE ADVENTURES OF ALA-BEDIN.

THE cady could hardly forbear laughing at the old woman's ſtory. 'Why would you,' ſaid he to the young man, 'cheat this good woman? is it 'not enough that you have emptied her 'whole pannier, without deſiring her 'to find you more? There is no juſtice 'in this procedure.' The young man made no anſwer, but ſtood mute, like a criminal going to puniſhment; on which my father aſſumed a more lofty tone. 'I ſee,' ſaid he, 'by your not making 'any reply, that you are one of thoſe 'vagabonds who go ſharping about, and 'diſturb the publick peace. To teach 'you to live honeſtly for the future, I 'order you to have fifty baſtinadoes 'upon the ſoles of your feet.'—'Ah, 'Sir!' cried the young man, hearing him pronounce this ſentence, 'I am 'not what you take me for; ſuſpend, 'I beſeech you, the execution of your 'orders, and permit me the favour to 'ſpeak with you in private, and I am 'perſuaded you will revoke this ſevere 'ſentence.'

My father, who only intended to frighten the youth, carried him into his cloſet, and took me along with him; but we were both in the utmoſt ſurprize, to find, in man's clothes, one of the moſt beautiful young ladies in all Erzerum, and whoſe father was a vizier. 'Sir,' ſaid ſhe to the cady, 'I am 'rightly ſerved for my curioſity; I have 'two brothers, who are twins, exactly 'like one another; and, though we 'were not all born at a birth, people 'tell me I have all their features. Now

* The capital city of Armenia.

'one

'one of theſe, for a little paſtime, and 'to teaze this old woman, made a bar-'gain, as ſhe has told you; and con-'triving to relieve each other in eating 'the figs, they thus alternately emptied 'her baſket. I too had a mind to ſee 'the farce, and therefore deſired one of 'my brothers to lend me his cloaths, 'which he did; and I, coming to the 'fig-woman's ſhop, who took me for 'him, teazed her ſo long, and carried 'the jeſt ſo far, that at length ſhe raiſed 'a mob, and has brought me to you, 'Sir, to have ſatisfaction for the cheat 'ſhe imagines I have put upon her. 'I hope therefore, Sir, you will not 'make me ſuffer the puniſhment you 'have impoſed; but muſt intreat you 'to let me go home as ſoon as poſſible, 'leſt my abſence ſhould be known in 'the family.'

'Fair young lady,' ſaid my father to her, 'I will not be ſo ſevere upon you; 'but let not your curioſity again put 'you on ſuch raſh adventures, which you 'may not always ſo eaſily get rid of as 'at preſent. Do you not know it was 'this curſed curioſity which ruined our 'mother Eve? Go home! and, for 'fear of any accident, my ſon ſhall at-'tend you.'

You cannot imagine, Madam, (continued the mandarin) what a joyful matter this adventure was to me. The lady was ſo beautiful, ſo charming a creature, that ſhe captivated me in a moment; but as her ſituation in life was far ſuperior to mine, I thought it improper for the preſent to diſcover my love to her, any otherwiſe than by my looks and reſpectful carriage. In proceſs of time, the beautiful Zaleg (for that was her name) was not indifferent to my paſſion; but uſed ſometimes to heave ſuch ſighs, as convinced me of the ſenſibility of her heart. This gave me courage to declare my paſſion; and I had the pleaſure to find ſhe did not diſapprove of my love, but gave me leave to employ all my intereſt in obtaining her father's conſent, who was then gone with a friend a ſmall journey of about thirty or forty leagues. But how great was my grief to find, at his return, that he had diſpoſed of his daughter to his friend's ſon! Zaleg, notwithſtanding the averſion ſhe had to the perſon who was to be her huſband, was obliged to obey, and my loſs of her made me ſo uneaſy that I was reſolved to leave Erzerum. The Sultan of Armenia happened then to be at war with a very powerful neighbouring prince. I went, therefore, and aſked an employment of him; which he had the goodneſs to give me: and, in a ſhort time, my ſuperior officers reported ſo many advantageous things in my favour, that in two years he raiſed me to the dignity of a vizier, and I had every reaſon to be contented with my fortune. But all this while I had not forgot Zaleg, and was perpetually ſighing to think ſhe was in another man's arms. Having imparted my grief to a brave young Armenian in the army, who was one of my aid-de-camps. 'Sir,' ſaid he, 'ſince Zaleg 'cannot be yours, you muſt endeavour 'to forget her. I have a ſiſter at Er-'zerum, not above ſeventeen years old, 'who is a perfect beauty; and if you 'will do me the honour to be my re-'lation, there is no doubt but my fa-'ther will be very glad to conſent.' The young man told me ſo many advantageous things of his ſiſter, that he raiſed my curioſity; and as ſoon as the campaign was over, (which ended to our ſultan's honour) I returned to Erzerum, and went directly with my aid-de-camp to his father's houſe; but was informed, to my great ſorrow, that about eight days before he had married his daughter to an old infirm man, but ſo very amorous, that he had always three lawful wives and ſeveral concubines in his houſe.

EVENING XXXII.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE ADVENTURES OF ALA-EDDIN.

I Was ſo diſcouraged at being thus diſappointed of two of the moſt beautiful women in Armenia, that I reſolved never to marry. Zeinabi (for ſo was my aid-de-camp's ſiſter called) underſtood, with true concern, the occaſion of my journey. She doubtleſs would have thought herſelf much happier with me, than with her aged huſband; and as, by her brother's means, ſhe had frequent opportunities of ſeeing me, ſhe felt ariſing in her heart that ſweet ſympathy, which grows up into love from the firſt ſight. Her huſband, who was very much in years, ſhe foreſaw could not live long. The exceſſes

where-

whereinto the old dotard plunged himſelf every day, ſoon made good her expectations; and the moment ſhe was a widow, her brother haſted to tell me the news.

Notwithſtanding the reſolutions I had made never to engage myſelf in marriage, I could not refuſe to pay Zeinabi one viſit; and I found her then ſo very beautiful, that all my proteſtations vaniſhed. I would have married her that very moment, for fear of being diſappointed by ſome happy rival; but the cuſtom of widowhood, which is limited to four months and ten days, made me wait with no ſmall impatience till that term was expired. But this was not the only obſtacle to my marriage. Zeinabi ſet before me ſome other difficulties, which had almoſt diſcouraged me. 'My 'ſpouſe,' ſaid ſhe to me, 'I left three 'young widows of us, who have no 'inclination to part; and as you are 'both rich and handſome, you muſt 'marry us all three. One of them I 'love, becauſe ſhe comforted me in the 'ſorrows of matrimony; and the other 'I hate, becauſe ſhe ſometimes exaſperated my old huſband againſt me. I 'ſhould be glad, therefore, to have the 'pleaſure of living with her I love, and 'of revenging myſelf on her I hate; 'who will have no objection to con'tinue with me, becauſe I have hitherto 'concealed my averſion.'

The propoſition of three wives at once almoſt turned my brain. Proteſt what I would to Zeinabi, that ſhe was the moſt beautiful woman in the world in my eyes, and that, had I ten wives, I would ſacrifice them all to her, it availed nothing, ſhe grew obſtinate in her reſolution. 'I will confound,' ſaid ſhe, 'the haughtineſs of my rival! One 'day ſhe had the aſſurance to tell me, 'every man living would leave me for 'her; and I am very contemptible in'deed, if you do not think me deſerv'ing of a thouſand tokens of your love, 'even in her preſence, purpoſely to up'braid her!' Her charms prevailed with me to comply with her deſire: and I prepared myſelf to play the cruel part with this unknown widow, whom I did not deſire to ſee, any more than the other, before I came to marry them. The day came at laſt; and I was never more ſurprized in my life, than to find that the object of Zeinabi's hatred was the charming Zaleg; who being left a widow by her former huſband, had been married again to Zeinabi's old one. This incident was matter both of great pleaſure and delight to me; our former love was renewed with more eagerneſs than ever, and my firſt thoughts were how to avoid the deſigns of my aid-de-camp's vindictive ſiſter. I took care, however, not to let Zaleg know the ſnare her companion had laid for her; and praiſed our great prophet, both for defeating her malicious intentions, and making her the inſtrument of putting into my hands ſo much good fortune at one time: for the third widow was likewiſe a very beautiful woman.

I propoſed, at firſt, to have lodged them in three different apartments in my ſeraglio; (for ſince I was become vizier and favourite, I lived in great ſtate:) but the unjuſt Zeinabi would not let me remove Zaleg out of her ſight, that ſhe might have the pleaſure of being an eye-witneſs of the ſlights I was to put upon her. I was, however, too ſenſible of my former love, and too fond of my own eaſe, to let Zaleg perceive the leaſt coldneſs towards her, nor had ſhe any cauſe to complain on that account. My whole ſtudy and dexterity was, indeed, pretty well employed, to make my wives live peaceably together; and I was one day almoſt at a loſs to accommodate a ſmall difference which happened between them. Zaleg was always very curious in her dreſs: it was her paſſion to be fine; and accordingly ſhe had made herſelf a ſuit of brocade, ſo very rich and ſplendid, that all Erzerum could not produce the like. This I eaſily foreſaw would give the jealous Zeinabi no ſmall uneaſineſs: ſhe always affected to be diſtinguiſhed from her two companions; would bear no equality; but in every thing expected the preference; and therefore when ſhe ſaw her rival dreſſed ſo ſplendidly, it vexed her to the heart, and ſhe gave me ſome ſevere reproaches on the ſubject. It was in vain to tell her, that Zaleg's mother had ſent her the cloaths for a preſent; I was therefore obliged to have recourſe to another expedient. Accordingly, I took Zaleg aſide, and ſpoke to her in this manner. 'You cannot conceive the joy I feel, to 'ſee the uneaſineſs your cloaths have 'given Zeinabi; I am diſpleaſed with her 'haughty behaviour, and if you purſue 'my advice, there are ways enough to

'mortify

'mortify her pride. If by a malicious 'generoſity you wiſh to triumph ſtill 'more over her, make her a preſent of 'thoſe cloaths ſhe ſo much envies you, 'and ſee whether ſhe has the meanneſs to 'wear your caſt-offs. In the mean 'time, for your own honour and her 'diſgrace, perſuade yourſelf they are old 'things which you have no farther occa- 'ſion for, and therefore give them to 'her as a proof of the contemptuous 'light in which you behold her.

Zaleg was quite delighted to hear me thus flatter her vanity, and offered the cloaths with pleaſure. After I had thus ſecured her, I went to Zeinabi. 'I 'cannot bear, my dear ſultana,' ſaid I, 'that ſo ſplendid a dreſs ſhould increaſe 'the pride and haughtineſs of your 'rival. It ſhews, however, that ſhe has 'nothing very agreeable in herſelf, but 'borrows the little beauty ſhe appears 'to have merely from the richneſs of her 'dreſs; and as I am reſolved her fine 'cloaths ſhall in future be yours, when 'ſhe comes to ſee the admirable effect 'they have upon you, ſhe will be ready 'to die with vexation.' Zeinabi was pleaſed with this diſcourſe, and believed I acted agreeably to the proteſtations I made of deſpiſing Zaleg for the love of her. Another, perhaps, in her place, would have been nicer about the matter; but, in ſhort, though Zaleg ſent the cloaths that very evening, as the deſpicable refuſe of her wardrobe, Zeinabi received them with an air of the greateſt triumph.

I ſhould tire your patience, Madam, (continued the mandarin) were I to relate the various ſchemes I was obliged to make uſe of, in order to preſerve any tolerable peace and civility between theſe fierce rivals. I found out the ſecret, however, of making them live quietly together, and continued this conduct between them, till about ſeven or eight years after, when I was killed at the head of the king of Armenia's army.

'It required no ſmall ſkill and ad- 'dreſs,' ſaid the Queen of China, 'to 'maintain ſo long an union between 'two rivals in the ſame houſe.'—'I 'did it, however,' replied Fum-Hoam; 'and was as much lamented by my 'three wives, as if each of them had 'loſt a particular huſband.'

EVENING XXXIII.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE DERVISE ASSIRKAN.

AFTER I had left the vizier, I entered into the body of a young man whoſe name was Aſſirkan. Having ſpent my early years in a licentious courſe of life, I threw myſelf at laſt into a convent of derviſes at Candahar. I had a hard time enough while I was a novice, but ſoon took care to make myſelf ample amends when I arrived to the dignity of the order. I applied myſelf inceſſantly to ſtudy, and attained a knowledge that diſtinguiſhed me from the reſt of my companions, and raiſed me to the honour of being ſuperior of the convent; inſomuch that nothing was done therein without my orders, which were looked upon with as much reſpect as if they had been the decrees of Heaven.

One day, as I was walking before the gate of the convent, there came a young man of a very good appearance, who addreſſed himſelf to me thus. 'Holy derviſe,' ſaid he, (with a very agreeable air) 'how happy and con- 'tented you appear!'—'And ſo I am,' replied I; 'being free from thoſe cares 'which attend the men of this world. 'Here we live in a ſtate of tranquillity, 'undiſturbed by tumultuous paſſions. 'We never go to court, have no law- 'ſuits in our houſe, no women come 'near our convent, and we content our- 'ſelves with a little: what is there, 'then, that can poſſibly annoy our 'quiet? for theſe, if I miſtake not, 'are the rocks whereon the generality 'of mankind ſuffer ſhipwreck.'—'Ah! 'how happy are you!' ſaid the young man to me, with a ſigh. 'And are 'all derviſes ſo?'—'I believe they are,' replied I; 'at leaſt, I have not per- 'ceived, for theſe fifteen years which I 'have had the honour to preſide over 'them, that any one has repented his 'embracing this holy condition of life.' —'Ah! that I had been one of them!' cried the ſtranger; 'my life had not 'then been daſhed with all that bitter- 'neſs, which has ſo frequently inter- 'rupted my repoſe.'—'It is not yet too 'late,' replied I; 'come, and bury all 'your ſorrows in this houſe; they dare 'not abide under the habit of our order.' —'Alas!

'Alas!' ſaid he, with tears in his eyes, 'a man ſhould have his heart free 'to engage therein;' whereas mine has 'been pierced with many a cruel dart, 'for the ſpace of thirty years, in which 'I have been wandering about the 'world!'—'How! thirty years!' ſaid I, ſmiling; 'you ſeem not to exceed 'five and twenty at moſt.'—'My 'looks deceive you then,' anſwered the ſtranger: 'how young ſoever I ap-'pear, I can aſſure you I have lived 'above an age. But you will perhaps 'ceaſe to be ſurprized, when I inform 'you farther who I am.'—'Ah!' replied I, 'do not then keep me long in 'ſuſpenſe; you raiſe my curioſity to 'ſuch a degree, that I would give the 'world to have it gratified. If you will 'pleaſe to go with me into the convent, 'we can be more at eaſe in my chamber; 'and I ſwear, by the holy prophet, that 'I will keep every ſecret inviolate, with 'which you may be pleaſed to entruſt 'me.' The ſtranger then looked ſted-faſtly upon me. 'Whatever danger,' ſaid he, 'may acrue to me by impart-'ing to you the adventures of my life, 'yet will I venture, holy derviſe, on the 'confidence of your oath, to ſatisfy your 'curioſity.' He then went with me into the convent, and from thence into my chamber, where ſeating himſelf on a cane ſofa, he began, as near as I can remember, in theſe words.

THE ADVENTURES OF AB-DAL-MOAL.

'IT is ſomething more than an age 'ſince I was born a ſubject of the 'King of Ormuz, and was an officer 'to his body-guard, when there came 'to his court a philoſopher, who had 'not only the ſecret of tranſmuting me-'tals into gold, but had likewiſe an 'elixir which contained in it an uni-'verſal medicine, and had the ſame 'power and property with the water of 'the fountain of Elias *. This philoſo-'pher's name was as much a myſtery as 'his elixir; he called himſelf an inha-'bitant of the whole earth, travelled 'every where without an interpreter, 'and was as learned as the great Sultan 'Solomon in the knowledge of nature. 'With ſuch talents as theſe, this great 'man had little occaſion to make his 'court to kings; he was, indeed, ſupe-'rior to them: and led by his deſtiny 'to Ormuz, he ſo filled the town with 'his fame and wonderful cures, that 'the ſultan ſent for him. Upon this 'he went to court; and having had the 'honour of being with the king for 'two hours, he ſo pleaſed him with the 'charms of his converſation, and the 'marvellous things he did in his pre-'ſence, that he preſented him with a 'diamond of ineſtimable value.

EVENING XXXIV.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE ADVENTURES OF AB-DAL-MOAL.

'AS courts are uſually the reſidence 'of envy, the prime-vizier could 'not behold his maſter's liberality to 'this philoſopher without jealouſy. "Sir," ſaid he, when he had an oppor-'tunity of ſpeaking to him in private, "do not confide too much in this myſ-"terious man; there is not ſo much "of capacity as impoſture, I am in-"clined to believe, in what he does. "Such men as him are commonly great "cheats, and the more your majeſty "confides in him, the more you expoſe "yourſelf to dangers of the moſt a-"larming conſequence: for who can "aſſure you, Sir that this pretended "philoſopher is not an emiſſary from "ſome of your enemies, and waits only "a favourable opportunity to poiſon "or ſtab you? Ah, Sir! let not a per-"ſon of whom you know ſo little, dare "to approach your majeſty! for what "would become of our wives and chil-"dren, if by any ſuch horrid attempt "(the very idea of which makes me "tremble!) we ſhould have the misfor-"tune to loſe you?"

'The King of Ormuz was moved 'with the diſcourſe of this perfidious 'vizier, aided by the deceitful tears 'which he perceived running down his 'cheeks. "You are in the right," 'ſaid he: "make therefore ſome en-"quiry into this man's proceedings; "and if you find in them any ſhadow "of ſuſpicion, let him that moment be

* The fountain of immortality, or youth, ſo famous in Eaſtern romances, and placed by them in the region of darkneſs.

" ſent to the tower where priſoners of " ſtate are confined." This was juſt ' what the vizier wanted; and in a few ' days he made the philoſopher's con- ' duct appear ſo very odious, that I re- ' ceived an order from the king's own ' mouth to go and ſeize him. I exe- ' cuted his commands very punctually; ' but never was man more enraged than ' my priſoner, when I told him whither ' I was to carry him. He imagined ' the king had cauſed him to be ſhut up ' on purpoſe to make him work at the ' grand ſecret; and was much ſur- ' prized when the vizier came, and ' threatened him with the moſt ſevere ' puniſhments, unleſs he would com- ' municate to him the art of making ' gold. But his moſt cruel threats and ' torments did not ſhake the philoſopher, ' who continued intrepid amidſt ſuch ' tortures as I could not bear to look ' upon without trembling. As I was ' appointed to be his guard,' continued Ab-Dal-Moal, ' I endeavoured, by ' every conſolation in my power, to al- ' leviate his ſufferings; and for the moſt ' part did indeed but badly execute the ' cruel vizier's orders, who had enjoin- ' ed me not to let him have a moment's ' reſt. " Ab-Dal-Moal," ſaid the ' philoſopher to me one day, " I ſee " that you compaſſionate my condi- " tion: my body is indeed but one " wound, and my limbs are all diſ- " jointed. Perhaps it may be by the " king's order, that I am treated with " this cruelty; but, ah! my dear friend, " I rather impute my misfortunes to the " vizier's inſatiable avarice. It is in " vain, however, for him to apply vio- " lence and torments; and I would " rather cut my tongue out of my " mouth, than diſcover the leaſt ſecret " to that monſter!"—" Sir," ſaid I ' to him immediately, " though it is " as much as my life is worth to ſpeak " to you in the manner I am now go- " ing to do, yet I am too ſenſible of " your ſufferings, not to relieve them " if I could; tell me only what I can " do, and I am ready to execute it."— " Ab-Dal-Moal," ſaid the philoſo- ' pher, " ſet me at liberty; it is in " your power, and you may reſt aſſured " that I ſhall not prove ungrateful."— " But how will you get away?" re- ' plied I: " you are not able to ſtand " upon your legs."—" No matter for " that," replied he; " I will find " means to follow you." In ſhort, ' after we had concerted meaſures to- ' gether, I made uſe of this expedient ' to ſet the philoſopher at liberty. I had ' a ſlave much about his ſize, who was ' fallen very dangerouſly ill; and when ' he came to die, mangled his body till ' it appeared like the philoſopher's. I ' then made the guards drunk; and ' taking advantage of their ſituation, ' carried, in the night, my ſlave's body ' into the priſon; then dreſſing it in the ' philoſopher's cloaths, took him on ' my ſhoulders, and carried him to my ' own houſe, without any one's per- ' ceiving the exchange I had made. As ' the guards had been in general intoxi- ' cated, I was preſumed to have made ' one among them, and it was pretty ' late next morning before we went in- ' to the dungeon. When we entered, ' I feigned to believe he was aſleep, and ' gave him a ſevere kick with my foot, ' as if to awake him; but ſeemed not ' a little ſurprized to find him dead. ' Immediately, I ſent to inform the vi- ' zier, who came that moment to the ' priſon: and after he had beheld the ' body miſerably diſfigured, and all ' over wounds, which he took for the ' philoſopher, he was not a little morti- ' fied to find he had loſt by his cruelty ' the poſſibility of ever knowing the ' priſoner's ſecrets; but, as there was ' now no remedy, he treated it as light- ' ly as he could, and haſted to the king ' with an account of his death, giving ' him to underſtand, that he had ſplit his ' ſkull againſt the priſon walls, in order ' to avoid the puniſhment of his crimes.

' While the vizier was regretting the ' loſs of the philoſopher, I concealed ' him in a ſecret apartment of my ' houſe, where he ceaſed not to thank ' me for having ſaved his life. At the ' end of eight or ten days, when he had ' a little recovered his ſtrength, " Ab- " Dal-Moal," ſaid he to me, embracing ' me very tenderly, " what I would " never have granted to the vizier, in " the moſt cruel tortures, I am will- " ing to give you in return for your " kindneſs. In a ſhort time you ſhall " be among the number of the *adepts*; " but take warning by the fault I have " committed, in ſhewing myſelf too " openly at the court of Ormuz: and " as neither of us ſhall be long ſafe in " this place, buy a camel, on which " you may carry me in a covered cradle,

" ſuch

" ſuch as women have when they tra-
" vel; I will put on their dreſs, and you
" may pretend that we are both going
" together on a pilgrimage to Mecca."

EVENING XXXV.

THE FARTHER CONTINUATION OF THE ADVENTURES OF AB-DAL-MOAL.

'I Did as the philoſopher deſired me. 'At the end of eight days all things 'were ready; and after I had obtained 'the king's leave to go and viſit the 'tomb of the holy prophet, it was not 'long before we departed. We had 'ſcarce got out of the kingdom of Ormuz 'before the philoſopher began to teach 'me his ſecret; he ordered me to bring 'him all the drugs he wanted for the 'preparation of what was his chief 'maſter-piece; and after he had wrought 'ſeveral days in my preſence on the '*real matter*, which ſo few people un-'derſtand, he convinced me at laſt, that 'in the mercury of the philoſophers are 'incloſed all the four elements, though 'itſelf be no element; that it is a ſpirit, 'but inveſted nevertheleſs with a body; 'that it is a male, and yet does the 'office of a female; that it is an infant, 'and yet has the arms of a man; that 'it is the moſt ſubtle poiſon, and yet 'cures the moſt ſtubborn leproſy; that 'it is life, and yet kills every thing; 'that it is a king, though another poſ-'ſeſſes it's kingdom; ſhuns fire, though 'fire be drawn from it; is water, but 'water that wets not; and, in ſhort, 'is air, but nevertheleſs lives upon 'water *.

'This,' continued Ab Dal-Moal, 'was what the philoſopher ſo plainly 'demonſtrated, that in a few hours I 'comprehended the whole ſecret of the '*grand work*; and did ſuch miracu-'lous things, as I myſelf could hardly 'credit. The tranſmutation of metals 'was the leaſt of my wonderful per-'formances; the univerſal medicine, 'and the elixir of life, (that is, the 'water of youth) whoſe compoſition he 'taught me, was of a much greater 'value. To be ſhort, my good der-'viſe, I never left this great man ſo 'long as he lived. For though the 'elixir of health had reſtored him to 'the bloom and vigour of a young 'man, yet he was ſo crippled in all his 'limbs, by the cruel tortures which 'the vizier had inflicted upon him, that 'he was ſoon weary of the uncom-'fortable life he led; and taking no 'more of the ſalutary balſams, in about 'ten or twelve years he ceaſed to live, 'becauſe he was determined not to live 'any longer, and left me overwhelmed 'in the utmoſt ſorrow.'

Notwithſtanding the natural manner, and the air of truth and ſincerity with which Ab-Dal-Moal recounted to me this part of his adventures, (continued the Mandarin Fum-Hoam) I had ſome difficulty in believing him. 'Although 'it be poſſible,' ſaid I, 'that by the 'help of your elixir, you may have 'lived a whole age; yet, I own, I 'ſhould like to ſee the experiment tried.' 'It is eaſy to do that,' anſwered Ab-Dal-Moal, 'if you have any creature 'in the convent worn out with old 'age.'—'We have,' continued I, 'an 'aſs, which can hardly ſtand upon it's 'legs; and which, for theſe two years, 'we have kept without labour, merely 'from a principle of charity, becauſe 'it has belonged to the houſe more than 'twenty years; if you will pleaſe to 'make this wonderful experiment up-'on it.'—'With all my heart!' re-plied he. Whereupon we went down into the ſtable, where he made the aſs ſwallow ten or twelve drops of his elixir in a glaſs of water. I locked the door cloſe, took the key with me, and we returned to my chamber; where, after a light collation, I deſired Ab-Dal-Moal to continue the relation of his ad-ventures, which he did in the follow-ing manner.

'After I had loſt my dear philoſo-'pher, I ſpent a great many days in 'ſorrow, and then propoſed to travel; 'having firſt made myſelf a ſufficient 'quantity of gold to defray my ex-'pences. I went through ſeveral coun-'tries, till at length I came to Da-'maſcus †; where I found the people

* This myſterious and unintelligible jargon is moſt commonly in the mouths of ſuch as pretend to have the ſecret of the philoſopher's ſtone.

† A large city well ſituated, not far from Mount Libanus; whoſe inhabitants drive a great trade in raiſins, prunes, perfumed waters, and ſteel; in which laſt article they work to a very great perfection.

'in the utmoſt conſternation. The ſultan was juſt dead, without iſſue, of a 'malignant fever; and his ſpouſe, the 'queen, to whom the throne belonged, 'was at the point of death by the ſame 'diſtemper. The phyſicians had ap'plied all their remedies in vain, and 'the angel of death was making his 'advances to ſeize upon her ſoul, when 'I deſired permiſſion to ſee her majeſty. 'It was the general opinion, that there 'were no farther hopes of her life; and 'therefore they made no ſcruple to in'troduce me into her apartment. Hav'ing obtained leave to give her ſome 'drops of my elixir, it had ſo quick an 'effect, that the queen, who was before 'ſurrounded with the horrors of death, 'ſaw in a moment the miſt which had 'hung over her diſperſe; her looks, 'which were wild before, became com'poſed; ſhe began to know her women 'and phyſicians; and having been in'formed that I was the perſon, to 'whom ſhe was indebted for her life, 'ſhe gave me her hand to kiſs: a favour 'never heard of before, and which 'gave ſome room to think ſhe would 'not ſtop there with her acknowledg'ments. In an hour after, I gave her 'a ſecond doſe of my remedy; and it 'was with extreme joy, I ſoon found 'that it quite expelled the malignity of 'the fever; her pulſe came to be re'gular again; and in four days ſhe was 'reſtored to perfect health.

EVENING XXXVI.

THE FARTHER CONTINUATION OF THE ADVENTURES OF AB-DALMOAL.

'I Was looked upon with admiration 'in the City of Damaſcus, and 'the queen having engaged me with the 'moſt endearing kindneſſes, to tell her 'who I was, and the nature of my re'medy, I could not refuſe to ſatisfy 'her curioſity; though I had always 'before my eyes the adventure of the 'philoſopher. But very fortunately for 'me, the thing happened quite other'wiſe, for as ſoon as ſhe was informed 'of my wondrous talents, ſhe reſolved 'not to loſe the opportunity of making 'her kingdom one of the moſt flouriſh'ing in all Syria. She was young, and 'perfectly beautiful; and therefore 'doubted not but ſhe could ſecure my 'affection at her pleaſure; and in truth, 'I was ſo overcome with her goodneſs, 'and her charms had made ſuch an im'preſſion on my ſoul, that it was not 'long before ſhe perceived my ſituation. 'To be ſhort with you, then, my good 'derviſe, ſhe made me King of Damaſ'cus; and notwithſtanding the ma'levolence of ſome of the grandees of her 'kingdom, I knew how to maintain 'myſelf on the throne, and to gain the 'love of my ſubjects. As I was maſter 'of all the treaſures in the world, (for 'gold grew under my hands, and I 'could make as much of it as I pleaſed 'every day, without fear of any law to 'puniſh me) I preſently eaſed my peo'ple of their taxes, heaped preſents 'upon the nobility, enriched the poor, 'adorned the city with edifices and 'ſtately moſques; and became as for'midable to the enemies of the ſtate, 'as I was beloved by my own people, 'who had never experienced ſo much 'happineſs as under my reign.

'I lived with the queen in a ſtate of 'the moſt perfect felicity, without ei'ther of us growing older, by means of 'my elixir, and ſaw all the ſubjects of 'my kingdom continue young, without 'any apprehenſion from old age, or 'from ſickneſs. The queen was ex'tremely beautiful, and for above four'ſcore years I loved her, without hav'ing been once guilty of infidelity to 'her bed: when loſing my way, one 'day, as I was hunting ſome leagues 'from Damaſcus, I found myſelf alone 'at the foot of the Mountain Libanus, 'and almoſt choaked with thirſt. I 'perceived, not far off, a little neat 'houſe, whither I haſtened, and alight'ing from my horſe, tied it to the gate, 'which I puſhed open, and ſaw the 'maſter of the houſe, with his wife and 'three children, ſitting under the ſhadow 'of a large tree in the court-yard. The 'two ſons were about twenty years old, 'and the daughter near fifteen. As 'ſoon as they ſaw me, the mother and 'daughter ran and hid themſelves in the 'private apartments of the houſe; and 'while I was aſking for a little freſh 'water to quench my violent thirſt, one 'of the young men, looking ſtedfaſtly 'on me, fell with his face to the ground, 'and kiſſing it with much reverence, "God is great!" cried he: "we are "now under the ſhadow of the king

"of

" of kings. Let us humble ourſelves " before the Sultan of Damaſcus, who " honours us with his preſence!"

' At the name of ſultan, the father, ' who was a man of quick parts, im- ' mediately conceived great hopes for ' the advancement of his fortune.— " The ſultan here!" cries he; " thanks " be then to our prophet! We ſhall " ſoon know whether it be in reality " our illuſtrious monarch, ſince he will " not, I am perſuaded, refuſe my " daughter his pardon."—" What " crime, then, has your daughter com- " mitted?" ſaid I, in ſome aſtoniſh- ' ment. " She has been audacious " enough," replied the father, " to love " the auguſt ſultan, whom God pre- " ſerve! and yet ſhe has now power to " fly from his preſence. Some few " days ſince, ſhe beheld, in theſe plains, " the ſupporter of the world; and the " heart of this young aſpiring creature " had boldneſs enough to raiſe itſelf to " the majeſty of the king of kings."

' I had in my diſpoſition a great deal ' of clemency for crimes of this nature,' continued Ab-Dal-Moal, ' and could ' not therefore forbear ſmiling. I or- ' dered him, however, to call his wife ' and daughter; and, as they approach- ' ed, was dazzled with the charms of ' the beautiful Doulzagar, (for that ' was the name of this young peaſant.) " Happy ſlaves!" cried the father; " now is your poor cottage become the " magnificent pavilion of the king of " nations. Here is he, who is as high " as heaven; and this poor cottage now " equals the proudeſt and moſt ſtately " palace. Let Doulzagar ſhew the moſt " private apartments of the houſe to the " ſupport of monarchs*." The mother ' and daughter ſtood trembling, and ' out of veneration and modeſty hung ' down their heads. The charming ' Doulzagar, in particular, ſeemed to be ' filled with the great ideas her father ' had given her, and was in the utmoſt ' confuſion to find herſelf in my pre- ' ſence. It appeared as if ſhe were aſk- ' ing herſelf, " What is become of that " auſtere virtue of the Eaſtern damſels, " who always ſecluded from the com- " merce of men, cannot forbear tremb- " ling when any one approaches them?"

' She ſtood immoveable, without once ' thinking to withdraw her fair hand ' from mine: and, my thirſt ſtill con- ' tinuing, I went with her into the ' cherry-orchard, and there refreſhed ' myſelf very agreeably with the fruit ' which offered, while the reſt of the ' family remained in the court.

EVENING XXXVII.

THE FARTHER CONTINUATION OF THE ADVENTURES OF AB-DAL-MOAL.

' THE branches of the trees hung ' down ſo exceeding low, that ' we wanted nobody to help us gather ' the fruit. In this delicious place I ' ſatisfied the old man's intentions; ' and if I quenched my thirſt by eating ' the cherries, I kindled, on the other ' hand, ſo ſtrong a flame in my heart ' for the fair Doulzagar, that I had not ' power to leave her, though I had al- ' ready ſpent more than two hours in her ' company alone.

' In the mean time, night came on; ' and hearing the noiſe of ſome of the ' huntſmen, who were in queſt of me, ' I called two of my moſt favourite ' eunuchs, and gave them charge of ' this charming creature. I then pre- ' ſented her mother with a large purſe ' of gold, which I uſually carried in my ' ſaddle-bow, and wrote an order to my ' grand treaſurer, to tell out for her fa- ' ther a hundred thouſand pieces of gold, ' which I put into his hands.

' The old man, tranſported with joy, ' threw himſelf that moment at my feet. " This day," ſaid he, " is doubtleſs " our jubilee! ſince my king, whom " Heaven preſerve in health, and make " victorious over his enemies, the in- " vincible Sultan of Damaſcus, un- " doubtedly leaves me a grandſon, who " will one day become the felicity of " the nation of the prophet: may the " Lord of the Alcoran confirm and " give a bleſſing to my hopes!" I em- ' braced him with a ſmile, and having ' charged him, as well as the reſt of ' the family, to keep this adventure ſe- ' cret, I ordered the two eunuchs, who

* What, according to our cuſtom would appear a very infamous thing, is in the Eaſt looked upon in a quite different ſenſe; for there the people think it an honour to ſupply their ſultans with women.

' had

'had the ſole cuſtody of Doulzagar, 'to change her lodgings every day, that 'the queen might not diſcover my new 'amour.

'Sometimes this beautiful creature 'was, by my order, kept in a peaſant's 'cottage; at other times in a grove, 'whoſe ſhade defended us from the heat 'of the ſun; but moſt commonly, in 'ſome cave or other, at the bottom of 'Mount Libanus; and this intrigue 'was carried on for above three months, 'without the queen's having the leaſt 'ſuſpicion. I knew the delicate ſen-'ſibility of her heart, which had never 'been accuſtomed to any diviſion of 'my love, and that a diſcovery of this 'kind would kill her with grief; the 'rather as we never had any children. 'My going ſo frequently a hunting, 'gave her, however, ſome uneaſy ap-'prehenſions, which made her place 'ſpies in the country; by which means 'ſhe obtained the knowledge of my ſe-'crets, and wounded herſelf with a moſt 'tormenting jealouſy. I ſaw in her 'countenance all the anguiſh of her 'heart, without ſeeming to perceive it; 'and as I was going one day to careſs 'her, in order to diſſipate the gloomy 'thoughts which continued to prey up-'on her mind, ſhe puſhed me from her 'with ſome diſdain. "You miſtake "yourſelf, Sir," ſaid ſhe; "you cer-"tainly imagine yourſelf with your "new miſtreſs! She has now the en-"tire poſſeſſion of your thoughts: and "that you may know I am not un-"acquainted with your amours, to-"morrow you will meet her in the "ſuburbs of Damaſcus. Perhaps there "are few women in my ſituation who "would not have kept this to them-"ſelves, that they might have ſurprized "you together; but as ſuch a diſcovery "would pain me too much, I chuſe "rather to acquaint the king with my "own lips, that I am not ignorant "of the meaſures he purſues for the "deſtruction of my peace, thereby "hoping to prevail on his prudence to "forſake them in time, and ſpare me "by that means the anguiſh which I "muſt experience from a fuller con-"viction of his infidelity." Then, 'lifting up her eyes to heaven, "O "holy prophet," continued ſhe, "great "Ambaſſador of God! preſerve my ho-"noured ſultan from the malice of "men! Perhaps, it is not his own in-"clination which leads him to violate "the faith he once gave me, for he is "of the number of the juſt; but ſome "baſe ſlave has wrought upon his "heart, and excited his reſentment "againſt me. If then there be any "ſuch traitor, O make thou their bed "in hell, and let the fire thereof be their "covering!"

'I was ſenſibly affected with theſe 'remonſtrances,' continued Ab-Dal-Moal; 'and had it been in my power 'to relinquiſh Doulzagar, and make the 'queen eaſy, I certainly ſhould then 'have done it; but this amour had got 'too much dominion over my ſoul. I 'did, however, all I could to ſoothe 'her; and changing the place of meet-'ing, ordered Azouf, one of the eu-'nuchs who attended my miſtreſs, to 'bring her the third day after this con-'verſation to a very hollow cave, in 'the Foreſt of Cedars. I had myſelf 'arrived at the place appointed, and 'impatiently waited for Doulzagar; 'when the queen, changing her reſolu-'tion of going elſewhere, and perhaps 'inſtructed by her ſpies, came with a 'deſign to ſurprize me. She was fol-'lowed by her eunuchs, and made to-'wards the place which I had appoint-'ed for the rendezvous of the huntſmen 'and dogs; but when ſhe was got about 'half way, the ſky grew prodigiouſly 'dark, and the thunder and lightning 'raiſed ſuch a tempeſt as had not been 'ſeen for a long time: this obliged the 'eunuchs to carry the litter juſt under 'the broad trees that grew at the en-'trance of the cave, where I was wait-'ing for Doulzagar; and where, being 'fatigued with hunting, I had fallen 'aſleep upon a kind of ſeat that nature 'had formed in the rock, and which 'one of my eunuchs, who attended 'me, had covered with herbs and green 'leaves.

'When the queen was informed by 'ſome of her eunuchs, ſent out for that 'purpoſe, that I could not be found, 'her grief was redoubled. "Where "can the ſultan be?" ſaid ſhe to one 'of her women: "alas! if the bare "pleaſure of hunting is enough to make "him deſpiſe the badneſs of the wea-"ther, the raptures he promiſes him-"ſelf with my rival will make him, "no doubt, venture his life, without "once conſidering how dear that life "is to me." But, alas! while I am

"thus

" thus idly complaining, he is perhaps " rioting in the arms of his beloved " miſtreſs! The day, however, will " probably arrive, when I ſhall there " ſurprize him: that happy day, alas! " which ſeems at preſent ſo remote, " when, O when will it arrive!"

EVENING XXXVIII.

THE FARTHER CONTINUATION OF THE ADVENTURES OF AB-DALMOAL.

'WHILE the queen was thus ' lamenting, the faithful A-' zouf, both to ſave Doulzagar from the ' ſtorm, and relieve my impatience, ' brought her behind him on horſe-' back, and made the beſt of his way ' to the cave; but, his horſe chanc-' ing to be unſhod, it ſtumbled and ' fell lame, when he perceived a com-' pany of the queen's eunuchs about ' five hundred paces from the cave, be-' fore he could reach it. In theſe ſad ' circumſtances, nothing could be more ' unlucky, than to be found in ſuch a ' place as this, with a ſtrange young ' woman ſo beautiful as Doulzagar. ' He therefore adviſed her to conceal ' herſelf beneath a thicket of buſhes; ' and giving her a leſſon, in caſe ſhe ' ſhould fall into the queen's hands, he ' made off from the place; when my ' miſtreſs was unfortunately diſcovered ' by the eunuchs, who carried her im-' mediately to the queen.

' The queen, who was ſurprized at ' Doulzagar's extraordinary beauty, and ' the extreme neatneſs of her dreſs, and ' who was not a little uneaſy to find her ' in ſuch a ſuſpicious place, began to ' have a thouſand jealous thoughts; and ' haughtily aſked her who ſhe was, and ' what ſhe did there alone. " Alas, " Madam!" ſaid ſhe, pretending not ' to know her, " I was going to Da-" maſcus, to implore the queen's pro-" tection againſt certain Guebres *, " who ſhelter themſelves in theſe moun-" tains, and among whom I was brought " up, though I am by extraction a Ma-" hometan. They carried me away " when I was about ſix years old, into " a little village about three leagues off, " and I could never yet find my pa-" rents, having forgotten their names: " but ſhocked at their religion, I have " now made my eſcape from theſe ido-" laters, to return to the law of our " holy prophet, well knowing there is " but one God. Save me, therefore, " Madam, from theſe worſhippers of " fire, who will doubtleſs ſacrifice me to " their idol, if I ſhould have the miſ-" fortune to fall into their hands. " Grant me therefore your protection " and favour with the queen, that I " may be again reckoned among the " number of thoſe who ſeek for the true " light. A ſecret voice has reached my " heart; it tells me, that the ſultana is " the ſupporter of religion, that ſhe will " deliver me from the perſecution of " my raviſhers, and reſtore a pure and " innocent ſoul to the ways of heaven!"

' The queen, though ſhe piqued her-' ſelf on her piety, and was thus artfully ' attacked on her weak ſide, did not ' yet baniſh all her ſuſpicion. She was ' grieved that the intereſt of religion ' thwarted and controuled her jealouſy, ' and had determined nothing, either ' for or againſt Doulzagar; when A-' zouf, who had, at a diſtance, beheld ' the queen's eunuchs carrying off that ' amiable perſon, and for my intereſt or ' my miſtreſs's ſafety, was reſolved to ' run all hazards, came up, and called ' to them, either to retire, or put them-' ſelves in a poſture of reverence, for ' that the invincible Sultan of Damaſ-' cus was coming. The queen, at theſe ' words, fearing to let me ſee this new ' proſelyte, ordered one of her moſt ' faithful ſlaves to take her up behind ' him, and carry her to the old ſeraglio ' of Damaſcus, while ſhe advanced to ' meet me.

' This order Doulzagar had reaſon ' to dread was upon the point of being ' executed; when, as they were paſſing ' by the cave, where ſhe knew I was, ' ſhe let herſelf ſlide from the horſe, and ' pretending to have hurt her leg, cried ' out with ſo much vehemence, and in ' a voice ſo pitiable, that I ordered the ' eunuch, who attended me, immediate-' ly to run out. But how great was his ' aſtoniſhment, on ſeeing the beautiful ' Doulzagar in the hands of one of the ' queen's ſlaves, and unaccompanied by ' Azouf! Without the leaſt heſitation, ' however, he drew his ſabre, and threa-' tened to take off the ſlave's head, if ' he made the leaſt oppoſition: telling

* The Guebres are thoſe ancient Perſians who worſhip the ſun.

' him

'him that I was in the cave; that what 'he did was by my direction; and that 'the leaſt reſiſtance would coſt him his 'life.

'The queen's eunuch obeyed; and 'after they had brought me my dear 'miſtreſs, they both retired, with the 'horſe in their hand, to a corner of the 'cave, and left me to my liberty. Ra-'viſhed with the enjoyment of my 'adorable Doulzagar, I gave myſelf no 'concern about any other perſon, and 'was reflecting how I ſhould exert my 'authority over the queen, in caſe ſhe 'attempted to diſturb my pleaſures: 'but, alas! how ſhort was their dura-'tion!'

Ab-Dal-Moal, (continued the mandarin) could not reſtrain his tears; but, after a ſhort pauſe, he went on again with his adventures in this manner.

'The queen was not a little pleaſed 'with her good fortune in having the 'fair Doulzagar in her power; but 'while Azouf conducted her away from 'the cave, under pretence of meeting 'me, another violent ſtorm, burſting 'juſt over her head, ſhe was obliged to 'return to the ſhelter of thoſe trees ſhe 'had juſt before quitted; and as the 'thunder was very dreadful, ſhe was 'going to ſtep into the cave, when one 'of her women pulling her by the robe, 'repreſented the danger ſhe might ex-'poſe herſelf to, in a place that might 'be a retreat for wild beaſts; and ad-'viſed her, at leaſt, to ſend ſome of her 'ſlaves to viſit the cave, before ſhe ven-'tured in. "You are in the right," 'ſaid the queen; "but, without giv-"ing themſelves that trouble, they need "only diſcharge their arrows in every "part of the cave." This order was 'no ſooner given than executed; above 'ſixty ſlaves let fly all at once, on every 'ſide, and I was in the utmoſt ſurprize 'to find myſelf wounded with three 'arrows, and to hear Doulzagar cry 'out, embracing me, "Ah! my dear "prince, I am murdered!"

EVENING XXXIX.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE ADVENTURES OF AB-DAL-MOAL.

'THE cries of this beautiful dying 'perſon and myſelf,' continued Ab-Dal-Moal, 'made the queen order 'her people to retire; and her ſlave and 'mine, who were both likewiſe wound-'ed calling out to tell them, that the 'Sultan of Damaſcus was in the cave, 'a dead coldneſs ſeized her, and ſhe fell 'down in a ſwoon, while ſhe was or-'dering ſomebody to run immediately 'to my ſuccour. They found me, 'alas! holy derviſe, all weltering in my 'blood! but would to Heaven, that 'Doulzagar's wounds had been no more 'dangerous than my own! That ador-'able creature had received one arrow, 'among many others, that pierced her 'heart! and the condition wherein I ſaw 'her almoſt diſtracted me. Wound-'ed as I was, I drew my ſabre, and 'made a horrible ſlaughter among 'thoſe unhappy ſlaves, who were no 'otherwiſe culpable, than by executing 'the queen's commands; and in the 'firſt tranſports of my paſſion, was 'about to cut off her head, and after-'wards to ſtab myſelf. But I had not 'ſtrength to execute this cruel deſign; 'inſtead of which I fell down with 'weakneſs, and my eunuchs put me 'in the queen's litter, and carried me 'back to Damaſcus. My ſurgeons 'drew the arrows out of my body, and 'the wounds were not mortal: I per-'mitted them, however, to dreſs them 'juſt as they thought fit, not thinking 'it worth while to make uſe of any of 'my infallible remedies; ſo much was 'my life become a burden to me.

'The queen durſt not appear in my 'ſight for ſome time; but when ſhe had 'allowed my grief as much time as ſhe 'thought was proper, at the end of fif-'teen days ſhe came to my bed-ſide. 'I could not bear her looks without 'trembling. "Ah! Madam," ſaid I, "this is what your deſtructive jealouſy "has expoſed me to; but I wiſh to "God I had ſhared the ſame fate "with Doulzagar; I ſhould then have "thought myſelf much happier than at "preſent! You have raiſed me to a "throne, indeed; but I have put your "kingdom in ſuch a flouriſhing condi-"tion, as acquits me, in a great mea-"ſure, of the obligation I have to you "upon that account. You had it not, "I ſuppoſe, in your intention to de-"ſtroy your rival, but ſhe is not the "leſs dead; nor can I impute the loſs "of her to any thing but your jea-"louſy?"—"It is true, Sir," replied 'the queen, melting into tears, "I de-

"ſerve

" ſerve theſe juſt reproaches; but, be-
" ing accuſtomed for ſo many years to
" poſſeſs your heart alone, I could not
" bring myſelf to ſhare it with another.
" But why did you not exert your au-
" thority? why did you not plainly tell
" me your intentions? I ſhould then
" have ſighed in private, but ſubmitted
" to your will, and Doulzagar might
" have ſtill been alive. Forget, my
" lord, that I am the cauſe of her death,
" being innocent; and pardon an in-
" voluntary crime, which I would wil-
" lingly expiate with my own blood, if
" I could thereby reſtore the perſon who
" was ſo extremely dear to you. Look
" no longer on me with thoſe angry
" eyes, which embitter all the pleaſure
" of my life!" I made the queen no
' anſwer,' continued Ab-Dal-Moal,
' but by the tears I ſhed in memory of
' my miſtreſs, for whom I erected a
' moſt ſtately monument: poor relief of
' my laſting ſorrow, and what will ne-
' ver be able to diminiſh it! From that
' time I have been the prey of the black-
' eſt melancholy, and can find pleaſure
' in nothing. The queen too was ſo
' grieved to ſee my indifference to her,
' that, without ſuffering her life to be
' prolonged, ſhe ſunk under her afflic-
' tion.

' After all theſe loſſes, my life, in
' the poſſeſſion of a throne, became a
' burden to me. I envied a thouſand
' times the condition of every private
' perſon; and after I had taken a firm
' reſolution, I aſſembled the grandees
' of Damaſcus, abdicated the throne in
' their preſence, and deſired them to
' chuſe for themſelves a monarch wor-
' thier of them. But they would not
' readily conſent. " You!" ſaid they,
' burſting into tears, " are our com-
" mon father; why will you forſake
" us?" I would not, however, ſuffer
' myſelf to be ſhaken by their prayers
' and tears, though I was ſenſibly af-
' fected with them. At length I agreed
' to nominate a viceroy for ſix years,
' who ſhould then become their lawful
' monarch, if in the mean time they
' heard nothing of me. It is now, alas!
' above ſeven and twenty years ſince I
' left them; during which time I have
' been wandering about the world with-
' out any fixed place of reſidence; and
' though I have learned, by a kind of
' philoſophy, which enables me to bear
' all the bitter afflictions of life, to deſpiſe
' the grandeur of a throne, yet I have
' nevertheleſs but too much weakneſs at
' the bottom of my heart. And thus,
' holy derviſe, I think I have reaſon to
' ſay, that your quiet life is preferable
' to what I have hitherto led; and that
' I find I have not virtue enough to em-
' brace it, ſince above thirty years have
' not been able to wear off the loſs of
' my dear Doulzagar, whom I ſhall al-
' ways lament to the hour of my death.'

THE CONTINUATION OF THE ADVENTURES OF THE DERVISE ASSIRKAN.

SCARCE had Ab-Dal-Moal finiſhed the hiſtory of his adventures (continued the Mandarin Fum-Hoam) when we heard my aſs bray in ſuch a manner, as gave me reaſon to believe the elixir had performed it's operation. We went, therefore, inſtantly into the ſtable, and I was in the moſt aſtoniſhing ſurprize to ſee the creature ſo much changed, that I could not have known him again. For, whereas his ſkin was before as bare as a drum-head, it was now covered with hair as fine as ſilk; and his eyes, which but ſome hours before ſeemed almoſt extinct, had now a ſurprizing vivacity. In ſhort, there was no room to doubt but that the aſs was in reality made young again. ' Well,
' then,' ſaid Ab-Dal-Moal to me, ' is
' this enough to ſatisfy your incredu-
' lity?'—' Ah! Sir,' replied I, ' I am
' ſufficiently convinced of the efficacy
' of your ſecret; nor was there any
' need for this trial to confirm my faith,
' the bare recital of your adventures,
' which are as affecting as they are ſin-
' gular, was ſufficient.'—' That is too
' complaiſant,' replied Ab-Dal-Moal;
' but I knew from your looks that you
' was a perſon whoſe ſecreſy might be
' relied on; and, indeed, you are the
' only one, except the Queen of Da-
' maſcus, in whom I have had this
' confidence, the example of the philo-
' ſopher having taught me not to put
' myſelf inconſiderately in the power of
' men: but that you may be ſtill bet-
' ter aſſured of the facts I have related
' to you, take this paper, wherein is a
' powder to make gold, and theſe two
' phials; this phial reſtores health to
' ſick perſons who are deemed incur-
' able, and the other may properly be

'called the elixir of immortality; since, 'by a prudent management of it, you 'may live more than an age, provided 'you be not surprized by any of those 'unforeseen accidents, against which 'there is no remedy.'

EVENING XL.

THE FARTHER CONTINUATION OF THE ADVENTURES OF THE DERVISE ASSIRKAN.

AFTER Ab-Dal-Moal had made me these valuable presents, notwithstanding all the persuasion I could use, I could keep him no longer; and therefore having conducted him to the gate of the convent, I saw him mix among a crowd of people, which was pretty common before our house, and so lost sight of him for ever.

The paper and two bottles that Ab-Dal-Moal left me, made me think myself richer than the King of Candahar. To make an experiment of his elixir of immortality, I took a few drops of it going to bed; and rising at break of day, next morning, found myself as young as a person of twenty, though I was near fifty years old. But if I was pleased with this change, I was, on the other hand, under some apprehensions that my youthful appearance might be noticed and disapproved by our dervises, who would thereupon deprive me of my superiority in the convent, and make known the circumstance to the king himself. 'Perhaps I shall have 'the same fate with Ab-Dal-Moal's 'master,' said I; 'and therefore let me 'depart from hence!' As soon as I had taken this resolution, I put up some pieces of the convent's plate, and going into the stable, mounted my ass, who was in full vigour, and with the keys, which were every night brought up to my chamber, I got out of the convent, and travelled almost all day, very little concerned about what they would think of my departure. I put up at the first inn I came to, and there bought provisions for myself and my ass. I passed the night very quietly, and the next day, having quitted the habit of a dervise, pursued my journey.

It is to no purpose, Madam, (continued the mandarin) to enter upon a detail of my journey; I will only relate to you the principal passages thereof. One day, among others, then, as I came to a pleasure house, belonging to the King of Zamorin *, and was going to take up my lodging in one of the outer galleries, the king returned from hunting; and seeing with what tranquillity I was settling my abode for that night, in a place which was not designed for publick reception, was somewhat surprized, and ordered me to be brought before him. 'How comes it that you 'have so little discernment,' said he to me, 'as not to distinguish such a pa-'lace as mine from a common inn?' 'Sir,' replied I, 'will your majesty 'vouchsafe to permit that I ask you 'one question? Who lodged first in 'this house, after it was finished?'—'Some of my ancestors,' answered the king. 'After them, who inhabited it?'—'It was my father.'—'And after 'your father,' said I, 'who was the 'possessor of it?'—'Myself!' replied the king; 'and after my decease, I 'hope it will descend to my posterity?'—'Ah! Sir,' cried I, 'a house that 'changes so often it's inhabitants, is 'certainly an inn, and no palace! And 'it is for this reason, that the Persians 'have no term to shew the difference; 'intimating thereby, that men are tra-'vellers upon earth, and that they all 'arrive, some sooner, and some later, 'at the same common end, which is 'death.'

The king, with whom I had this discourse, was satisfied with the truth of it. 'You are in the right,' said he to me; 'and it is with very great justice 'that one of our poets has elegantly 'compared all kind of men to the pieces 'wherewith we play at chess: some act 'the kings, the queens, the knights, 'the fools, and simple pawns. There 'is a vast difference between them, 'while they are in motion; but when 'once the game is over, and the chess-'board shut, they are all thrown pro-'miscuously together into the same box, 'without any sort of distinction. Death 'does the very same thing: kings, em-'perors, merchants, slaves, warriors, 'men of the robe, and of the revenue,

* This kingdom lies in the peninsula of the Indies, towards the point, and extends along the mountains as far as Goa.

'all

'all then become equal; and there is 'nothing but our good works, and cha-'rity towards our neighbours, that will 'give us the ſuperiority. Let us, there-'fore, always be doing commendable 'actions; for they bring with them an 'inward ſatisfaction, which the wicked 'never enjoy.'

The king, with theſe words, return-ed into his palace, and ordering me to ſtay where I was, ſent me likewiſe a plentiful repaſt, and cloaths convenient to cover me during the night. Next morning I went to thank him for his kindneſs, and departed. After ſeveral days journey upon my aſs, I came one night to Negapatan *, where I went to lodge with a good old woman. I took care of my aſs, and put him in the ſta-ble; and as there was ſtill ſome hours to night, I purpoſed to take a turn about the city. However, my roving thoughts carried me into the ſuburbs, and thence I wandered ſo far, that night came up-on me while I was yet in the country. There was no doubt but that the city gates were ſhut; I therefore endeavour-ed to find ſome place where I might re-treat with ſecurity; and after ſearching for ſome time, came at length to the bottom of a hill, where I found a kind of cave, and by the light of the moon perceived at the entrance of it a ſort of niche, into which I got, and was ſet-tling myſelf to paſs the night quietly therein; when I ſaw a young damſel of exquiſite beauty entering the place, ſeemingly with the utmoſt dread. Be-hind her came an old woman, bending under the weight of years, who took her by the hand, and encouraged her to advance farther.

EVENING XLI.

THE FARTHER CONTINUATION OF THE ADVENTURES OF THE DER-VISE ASSIRKAN.

AS ſoon as the old woman, who had in her hand a kind of dark lant-horn, was got about the middle of the cave, ſhe took out of her boſom a little horn, which ſhe blew; and immediately there ſpread, towards the mouth of the cave, ſuch a ſmoke, or rather ſuch a thick cloud, as quite intercepted all hu-man ſight; nay, as even hindered the light of the moon, which then ſhone very bright, from entering therein. At this inſtant, a horrid dread ſeized all my ſenſes; and the young woman who accompanied her was ſo terrified, that ſhe could ſcarce keep her feet. 'What 'are you afraid of?' ſaid the old wo-man: 'ſince I have been overcome by 'your perſuaſions, to endeavour to grant 'that to you, which I have refuſed to 'ſo many others, ought you to be thus 'terrified? Be as courageous now, '(ſince this is only done to obtain what 'you deſire) as you were before to re-'queſt it of me. In a ſhort time, that 'ungrateful man, who now deſpiſes 'you, ſhall be in this place, and you 'ſhall ſoon ſee him at your feet, beg-'ing you to grant him but one favour-'able look to eaſe his aching heart.' After theſe agreeable promiſes, the young woman ſeemed in ſome meaſure to recover her ſpirits. 'But, good mo-'ther,' ſaid ſhe, 'can nobody know 'what paſſes here?'—'Do not you ſee,' ſaid the old woman, 'the bar I have 'put upon the door? The earth ſhall 'ſooner open before us, and ſhew us 'the bottom of it's abyſs, than any 'perſon enter here againſt my will.' After this, ſhe bound her temples with vervain and rue; and ſtooping down to the ground, wrote thereon certain cha-racters with the point of a poniard; then ſhe bound the young woman's thumb with a red thread, and pricked it with the point of a needle till it bled; and at laſt, pronouncing aloud certain imprecations, which made me tremble, ordered her correſpondent to come and ſpeak to her.

I expected no other, (continued the mandarin) than to ſee ſome frightful ſpirit appear; and my fear redoubled, with every freſh conjuration the old wo-man made; when I beheld coming out of the earth a monſter much like a bear, who at firſt fell to licking his miſtreſs's feet with great ſubmiſſion, and then rear-ing himſelf on his hinder paws, mut-tered ſome ill-articulated words in her ear, and ſo vaniſhed ſuddenly away in ſmoke, as did alſo the vapour which fill-ed the cave's mouth. 'Ah! I am be-'trayed!' cries the old woman; 'there 'is ſomebody hid in this place: but it 'ſhall not be long before he ſhall bear

* A city in the province of Coromandel, upon the Gulph of Bengal.

the puniſhment of his curioſity!' Then coming ſtraight towards me, ſhe touched me with a hazel wand, which ſhe had in her hand, and I was that moment tranſformed into an ape. But how much was I aſtoniſhed at this extraordinary change! I threw myſelf at her feet, and embraced them with reſpect; ſhewing by my geſtures that my fault was involuntary: but when I found nothing would avail me, I fell into ſuch a violent fury, that without conſidering what ſhe might farther add to my puniſhment, I flew in her face, tore out both her eyes, and then made my eſcape into the country.

In the firſt tranſports of my grief, I fell into the utmoſt deſpair, and was a thouſand times going to beat out my brains againſt a ſtone; but, at length, putting my hopes in our holy prophet, I made to a tree, which ſtood neareſt the city, and hid myſelf under it's branches till break of day. As ſoon as the morning began to appear, I clambered over the walls of Negapatan; and without being noticed by any one, came to the old woman's houſe, where I had left my aſs, and a pair of little bags, containing the valuable preſents which Ab Dal-Moal had given me. I then found means, from the top of the houſe, to get into the chamber which was deſigned for me, and throwing myſelf on the bed, waited till the people were got up.

Some hours after, the woman who was to have lodged me, came into the chamber, and was not a little ſurprized to ſee a fine ape ſleeping very quietly. She made much of me, and I, returning her kindneſs in the beſt manner I could, took up my bags before her, and carried them to a little preſs, where I locked them up; and giving her the key, intimated, by my geſtures, that ſhe was to take great care of it. Her ſurprize every moment increaſed; and, as I afterwards carried her to the ſtable, to let her know that I recommended the care of my aſs to her likewiſe, ſhe began to be afraid, and imagine that I was ſome wizard; but obſerving the tears guſh from my eyes, ſhe doubted whether I might not be her gueſt, who was ſome way tranſformed by witchcraft, and thereupon teſtified all poſſible concern for the lamentable condition in which ſhe beheld me.

EVENING XLII.

THE FARTHER CONTINUATION OF THE ADVENTURES OF THE DERVISE ASSIRKAN.

THIS good woman had but one daughter, who was a widow, about thirty-five years old, and dwelt in a houſe next adjoining. Her huſband had left her with many young children; and among the reſt, ſhe had a daughter of uncommon beauty, hardly fifteen, to whom my landlady carried me, and gave me for a preſent; hoping, by this means, to diſſipate the extreme melancholy I was in. But for the firſt days of my metamorphoſis, I was ſo little ſenſible of the care that good woman took of me, that I ſcarce made any return to the fondneſſes which the amiable Gehun (for that was the name of her grand-daughter) ſhewed me. Beſides, I was uneaſy about my bags; and therefore in a few days went back again to the old woman's houſe, and gave her to underſtand, that ſhe would do me a ſingular pleaſure in returning them, and might ſell my aſs if ſhe pleaſed. My bags I took with me to my new habitation, and having locked them up in a garret where no one came, was reſolved to bear my misfortune with patience, and to wait till Providence ſhould think fit to deliver me out of my wretched ſtate. I have already told you, Madam, (continued the mandarin) that Gehun was a perfect beauty. As ſhe was every moment giving me a thouſand innocent careſſes, it would have been difficult for me not to have conceived an extreme tenderneſs for her. In this manner I paſſed away a whole year; nor did I perceive the violence of my love, until I was on the point of loſing this beautiful creature for ever, by a moſt dangerous fit of ſickneſs. I was ſo ſenſibly afflicted to ſee her become a prey to ſuch acute pain, that I diſſolved into tears at her bed-ſide, and was perpetually feeling her pulſe, as if I had been an able phyſician. But perceiving, that in ſpite of all the remedies they gave her, ſhe ſtill grew worſe and worſe, I bethought myſelf, at laſt, of my elixir; whereupon I ran up into the garret, and ſoon returning to my amiable miſtreſs, took a cup full of water, poured ſome drops of the elixir therein,

therein, and preſented it to her, who made no ſcruple to receive it at my hands. Gehun ſoon felt the effects of this wonderful remedy, which reduced the humours to a juſt equilibrium, and diffuſed through her whole maſs of blood ſuch a balſamick unction, that at the end of three days ſhe found herſelf perfectly recovered, and looked more beautiful and healthy than before her illneſs.

Never was greater ſurprize, than what the mother and grandmother of my charming miſtreſs experienced; ſhe, too, every moment, gave me freſh proofs of her acknowledgments, though ſometimes ſhe could not but wonder with herſelf, how ſhe came to feel ſuch a tender eſteem for an ape, without being able to underſtand the cauſe and original of it. One day, however, as ſhe was looking very ſtedfaſtly at my nails, ſhe obſerved they were covered with a thin ſkin, which was unuſual in creatures of my ſpecies: whereupon ſhe acquainted her mother with this diſcovery, and (my old hoſteſs having never diſcloſed the ſuſpicions ſhe had of my metamorphoſis) her mother told it, next market-day, together with the wonderful cure I had done upon her daughter, to an old negro-woman, who expreſſed, upon this occaſion, an earneſt deſire to ſee me. She had no ſooner examined me thoroughly, but ſhe confirmed Gehun and her mother in their idea of my being a man, whom ſhe ſuppoſed had felt the diſpleaſure of ſome great magician; and promiſed to reſtore me to my former ſhape. 'The day after to-morrow,' ſaid ſhe, 'is the new moon; be ſure then that 'you provide, againſt that time, a large 'tub full of black goat's milk, and 'leave the reſt to me: I'll anſwer for 'our ſucceſs in this affair.'

I thanked her in the beſt manner I could, (continued the mandarin) and made ſigns that I would requite her pains: and Gehun and I both waited with the utmoſt impatience for the appearance of the new moon. The negro-woman's orders were punctually executed: the tub and black goat's milk were ready at the appointed hour; and after the woman had put into the bath ſuch herbs and powders as we knew not, and plunged me thrice over head in it, pronouncing over me certain barbarous words, I that moment reſumed my former appearance.

Gehun's modeſty would not permit her to be preſent at this operation; but ſhe was in the mean time making ready her father's cloaths for me. When I came out of the bath, I threw myſelf at the negro-woman's feet, deſiring her to come again in three days, and promiſed her a reward anſwerable to the ſervice ſhe had done me.

Gehun came in as ſoon as decency would permit; and what joy did I ſee ſparkle in her eyes, when ſhe perceived that I ſeemed not above twenty, and tolerably handſome too! 'Beautiful Ge-'hun,' ſaid I to her, in the preſence of her mother and grandmother, 'will you 'now refuſe the offer of a heart that 'adores you? You, who have had ſome 'eſteem for me, while I was under the 'form of an ape, will you not confirm 'it now I am in a condition to anſwer 'you? I reſtored you to life by a won-'derful liquor, which few people poſ-'ſeſs, and have riches enough to con-'tent the moſt ambitious minds; but 'I ſhould be ſtill much concerned to 'owe your heart to gratitude or intereſt, 'I would only be indebted to love for 'that valuable poſſeſſion.'—'Sir,' ſaid Gehun's mother, embracing me, 'have 'compaſſion on my daughter's modeſty; 'the declaration you deſire would coſt a 'young perſon too much. The gene-'rous bluſh, which at preſent over-'ſpreads her face, is a ſufficient indi-'cation of the love ſhe feels for you, 'and her ſilence is the beſt proof that 'ſhe accepts your propoſals of marriage; 'but, not longer to delay two lovers 'whoſe union is ſo dear, I will myſelf 'run to the cady's-houſe, and bid him 'get ready the contract; and within an 'hour at fartheſt, will be here with an 'iman, who ſhall join your hands.'

EVENING XLIII.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE ADVENTURES OF THE DERVISE ASSIRKAN.

I Could not well tell how to expreſs my joy and gratitude to the mother of my dear Gehun: ſhe left us, and at the appointed time returned with the cady. We ſigned the contract, and ſoon after the iman came and performed his office; ſo that after a great repaſt, they left me alone with my new ſpouſe,

in

in whoſe arms I met with more pleaſures than ever I had known while a derviſe. The next morning I purchaſed thirty pounds weight of lead, which I immediately changed into gold. I made a preſent of an ingot of gold, that weighed three pounds, to the negro-woman who reſtored me to my true ſhape; the reſt I ſold to the Jews, and put my beloved Gehun in a condition to vie with the richeſt women in Negapatan, where I lived with her many happy days, without any thing to diſturb our ſerenity. We had a numerous family, which I intended to have eſtabliſhed by the means of my elixir: but it was written in the Book of Fate, that we ſhould both die on one day; for there happened at Negapatan a terrible earthquake, when we leaſt of all expected it, which buried us both in the ruins of a magnificent moſque which joined to our houſe.

'Theſe, certainly,' ſaid the queen of China, 'are very odd and whimſical adventures; they have, however, given me extreme ſatisfaction. But what became of you afterwards?'

THE HISTORY OF PRINCE KADER-BILAH.

I Went, Madam, (anſwer'd Fum-Hoam) into the body of a young child, in the kingdom of Delli *; and though I was born in the poor cottage of a labourer, yet I was nevertheleſs deſcended of illuſtrious blood; for my father, who was reduced to this deplorable condition, was the ſon of the deceaſed King of Tigris †. But to make this hiſtory intelligible to you, we muſt trace it a little higher.

My grandfather, who was called the Sultan Alfumi-Garbachi, died ſuddenly, about ſixty years old, without naming his ſucceſſor, as uſual. My father, who was called Abadaraman, was the eldeſt of forty-ſix ſons and twelve daughters, which he had by different women, and was alſo the beſt-beloved: but as he was abroad in the wars againſt our enemies when the king died, four of his brothers confederated together. They ſeized on the throne; filled the kingdom with blood and ſlaughter; maſſacred all the reſt of their brothers; and, after many battles with my father, reduced him to the neceſſity of avoiding by flight a ſimilar fate.

My father had only with him the wife he had moſt affection for, and with her he retired into the kingdom of Delli; where, as he was reſolved to live a private and retired life, he bought a ſmall piece of ground, which by the help of ſlaves, whom he likewiſe purchaſed, might ſerve to maintain his family.

I was in this place born to that prince, who named me Kader-Bilah; and by the time I was ten years old, I began to take a prodigious delight in hunting; and this violent exercite rendered my body ſo ſtrong, and ſo well inured to fatigue, that at eighteen years of age I was able to encounter lions, bears, tygers, or any other wild beaſts.

One night, as I ſat dozing by the fireſide, I heard my father and mother, who imagined me aſleep, diſcourſing of their misfortunes. It was then I firſt underſtood, with no ſmall ſurprize, that my blood was anſwerable to the greatneſs of my ſpirit, and that my uncle's cruelty had made my father leave his country. This was ſufficient to make me determine to take my way towards the kingdom of Tigris: I departed, therefore, without ſaying any thing to my father; and after I had paſſed the ſea, and undergone a thouſand perils in my journey, I arrived at laſt at the court of the King of Dafila, who (as I underſtood) was at war with Abgarou, the only ſurviving uncle of the four, and who then reigned, having poiſoned the other three that he might have no competitors.

On a certain day, when there was to be an engagement, I entered myſelf a volunteer in the Sultan of Dafila's troops; and performed ſuch gallant actions, that the king diſtinguiſhed me among thoſe brave men, who had contributed to gain him the victory, and ſoon after gave me the command of a body of troops. I formed them all, by my example, to be ſo many heroes; and became the terror of my enemies, for the whole three years during which the war continued; and wherever I fought, was ſure to draw victory after me. Nay, I did more, for I killed Prince Abgarou with my own

* Delli is a great city upon the River Gemini, in the Indies.

† The chief kingdom of the Abyſſinians, ſituate near the Red Sea, is ſo called.

hand;

hand; and having thus put an end to the war, which had laſted a long while between him and the Sultan of Daſila, I thought it then a proper juncture to declare myſelf. In ſhort, I had no ſooner cauſed the chief lords of Tigris to be aſſembled, and notified to them that I was the ſon of Prince Abadaraman, than they immediately proclaimed me king. Not at all exalted with this title, however, which was no more than my due, I went immediately to wait on the Sultan of Daſila; and having acquainted him with my origin, he not only approved of my aſcending the throne of my anceſtors, but offered me likewiſe his only daughter in marriage: and as I had heard great encomiums both of the beauty and merit of that princeſs, I gladly accepted his offer, and married her at the head of the camp, with a magnificence proportioned to our condition. Having thus eſtabliſhed myſelf in the empire, I deputed two of my principal officers of ſtate to my father, with a letter, wherein I informed him of all my adventures; the news of which was the more agreeable to him, as my abſence had cauſed him much grief of heart, and given him reaſon to believe that I had been devoured by wild beaſts. Upon his return to his kingdom, I obliged him to aſſume the throne, notwithſtanding his reſiſtance, and became myſelf his firſt ſubject.

While the Sultan Abadaraman, my father, who was the model of an accompliſhed monarch, expended all his time and pains in the government of his kingdom, I went with my ſpouſe through the principal cities of Abyſſinia, to reſtore that juſtice which had been baniſhed by Abgarou and his three brothers; and one day, as I was in a caſtle, not many leagues from Tigris, I went into a cloſet, wherein were ſome books, and having opened one, I found it to contain a very remarkable paſſage.

EVENING XLIV.

CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF PRINCE KADER-BILAH.

I read in this book, that near Iſpahan there was a building, (according to the tradition of the country) called the Tower of the Forty Virgins *, becauſe it is haunted with ſpirits reſembling young girls, and is therefore uninhabited. I could not forbear ſmiling at ſo ridiculous a fancy; but reading farther in the ſame book, I found that for above a hundred and fifty years, ſeveral gallant Perſians who went to ſtay all night in the place, were never after heard of. And the origin of this tradition, whether true or falſe, is thus related, viz.

'About two hundred years ago, the people of Iſpahan were ſadly tormented with a prodigious quantity of rats, inſomuch that they had not a grain of corn but what was damaged by them. And when ſeveral people were endeavouring to find out an expedient to deliver themſelves from this ſcourge, there appeared, all on a ſudden, a little dwarf not above two feet high, and frightfully deformed; who, on the payment of a large ſum of money, which he contracted for, undertook to drive away all theſe vermin in an hour's time. No ſooner had Giouf, (for ſo the dwarf was called) made the agreement, than he took out of his budget a tabor and pipe, and by whiſtling and drumming about the ſtreets of Iſpahan, there was not a rat or mouſe in the town, which did not come out of it's hole and follow him as far as the river Zenderou; where they all went into the water, and were drowned. As Giouf diſappeared with the rats, they imagined they ſhould hear no more of him; but the next day he came again to demand the money he had agreed for. They paid him indeed the ſum; but the people were ſo baſe and covetous, as to give him ſeveral pieces deficient in weight; this he ſoon diſcovered, and upbraiding them with ingratitude, threatened to be revenged of them if they did not perform their bargain. They, however, treated his threats with diſdain; but next morning the whole city was in a terrible conſternation, to find, on a ſudden, an old black woman, above fifty feet high, ſtanding in the market-place, with a whip in her hand. "Ungrateful people of Iſpahan," ſaid ſhe, "know that I am the genius Mergian

* Sir John Chardin, in the eighth volume of his Travels into Perſia, p. 148. tells us, that he ſaw ſome remains of this tower, and that it was called the Tower of the Forty Virgins for the reaſons here given.

"Banou

'Banou*! You have falſified your 'word to my ſon, and I am come to "puniſh you, and to convince you of my "power: obſerve, therefore, what I am "about to do." No ſooner had the genius cracked her whip, than the thunder began to roar, enough to terrify the moſt undaunted; the air grew black, and a thick darkneſs overſpread the city for ſix hours; at the end of which time, and when ſcarce any one was recovered from his fright, Mergian Banou appeared in the ſame place again. "People of Iſpahan," ſaid ſhe, with a very terrible voice, "if you "wiſh to appeaſe my wrath, bring me "hither forty of your moſt beautiful "daughters, under fifteen; otherwiſe "they ſhall die this night." Though the prodigies which this genius and her ſon had performed were enough to have taught theſe ungrateful people more wiſdom, yet they made no haſte to obey her; but, on the next morning, how great was the grief of the principal men of the city, to find their daughters ſtrangled! Nothing was heard among them but ſighs and bitter groans. Mergian Banou, however, not in the leaſt moved to pity them, for four days ſucceſſively made the ſame demand, and four times puniſhed them for their diſobedience. At length, on the fifth day, they were reſolved to reſiſt her will no longer; but brought out all the young women in Iſpahan, that were under fifteen; and when ſhe had choſe out forty of them, theſe unhappy victims of their father's perfidy, at the ſound of a large leather trumpet, which ſhe began to blow, were obliged to follow the genius as far as this tower, which no one had ever perceived before, and which was apparently raiſed that moment by art magick. Thither they all went in with her, and were never ſeen any more; only every night there was a frightful noiſe heard in the tower.'

Though this hiſtory ſeemed ſomewhat ſingular to me at that time, yet I paid no farther attention to it; and ſeveral years paſſed without my once thinking on the book. But when the Princeſs of Daſila, my wife, by an unavoidable fatality died in child-bed, without leaving me any iſſue, I was ſo full of grief on the occaſion, that for ſix weeks together I ſhut myſelf up in the palace without ſeeing any perſon whatſoever. After which time, in ſome meaſure to diſſipate my ſorrow, I retired into the caſtle where I had read the hiſtory of the Tower of the Forty Virgins; and calling for the book, found the circumſtances of this ſtrange ſtory atteſted by ſo many contemporary authors, of undoubted authority, that I began to be a little leſs incredulous of the facts contained in it. I read it over again, therefore, with attention, and having found, at the end of the book, a prophecy, which people aſſured me was legible not above twenty years before on a plate of gold faſtened to the bottom of the tower, and which had a good deal of reference to me, I was reſolved to make a journey into Perſia, and go in ſearch of this adventure, at the riſque of my life, as many a brave Perſian had done before me.

The words, Madam, (continued the mandarin) that were upon the golden plate, were theſe.

'The ſun, under whoſe ſhade and 'influence all nature moves, is but a 'faint ray of the brightneſs of the 'girdle of the maſter of this place. 'If Cordat † keeps in the bowels of the 'earth, forty virgins, more beautiful 'than the houri, Iſfendier ‡ ſhall preſerve their chaſtity, until a prince deſcended from the blood of Melilek ‖ 'arrives, and to whom the words which 'one of our poets puts in the mouth of 'a diſcontented father cannot be applied:

'My tender heart's upon my ſon,
'But my ſon's heart is on a ſtone.

* Theſe words, in the Perſian language, ſignify a female genius.

† The angel of the earth.

‡ The guardian angel of chaſtity.

‖ This Melilek, from whom are deſcended the Kings of Ethiopia, (according to the tradition of the country) was the ſon of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba; whom ſome call Balkis, and others Macheda, or Nicania. They tell us, that this Princeſs, charmed with the renown of Solomon, went from Sheba to Meſva, a port in the Red Sea, and thence paſſed to Mount Sion, and afterwards, in eight days, arrived in Jeruſalem; that ſhe there had a ſon by him, who was called Melilek, and that from him ſprung all the kings who afterwards reigned in Ethiopia and Abyſſinia.

'Prince,

'Prince, whoever thou art, who haſt 'the great Solomon for the head of thy 'family, enter this tower without fear, 'where thou wilt find a charming ob-'ject, who ſhall replace in thy heart 'the princeſs whom thou lamenteſt.

'He that would fiſh for pearls, muſt 'throw himſelf into the ſea.'

This prophecy ſurprized me the more, becauſe it ſeemed addreſſed to me alone; for I was deſcended from the Sultan Solomon and the Queen of Sheba: I had lately placed my father on the throne, and was ſadly afflicted for the loſs of the Princeſs of Daſila. All which reaſons confirmed my reſolution of going to try the adventure of the Tower of the Forty Virgins. Accordingly, I acquainted the king my father with it; and, notwithſtanding his remonſtrances to the contrary, ſet forward on my journey, and arrived in Perſia without the leaſt accident befalling me.

EVENING XLV.

THE FARTHER CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF PRINCE KADER-BILAH.

WHEN I had reſted myſelf ſome days at Iſpahan, after the fatigue of my journey, I left my officers in a houſe which I had engaged for my uſe, and went alone to the bottom of the tower; where I read on the golden plate the ſame words as I had found in the book. Without the leaſt heſitation, I went directly into a porch, which had no light but from one ſky-light; and where I could ſee a little door that ſeemed to lead into ſome ſubterraneous place, whoſe darkneſs ſtartled me not a little; and juſt as I was about to enter, caſting my eye upon the porch-wall, I perceived in a niche, a ſword and buckler, to which was hung a roll of parchment, wherein were theſe words. 'The place 'where thou art going to deſcend is ſo 'dangerous, that it would frighten a 'lion into a lioneſs; but this ſword and 'buckler of Gian-Ben-Gian *, which 'have paſſed through the hands of my 'anceſtors, will enable thee to do ex-'ploits equally marvellous with theirs, 'who have gained themſelves renown 'over the whole earth. Go down, 'therefore, without fear, into theſe dark 'and gloomy receſſes, putting thy whole 'confidence in him, who only with 'theſe words, *there is no other God but 'God*, overthrew Lat and Holizy†.'

This was encouragement enough for me to purſue my deſign: I therefore took down the ſword and inchanted buckler, which as ſoon as I had put on my arm, and was entering upon the ſtairs that were to lead me to the deliverance of the forty virgins, I found that it gave a bright and ſhining light, ſufficient to diſpel all the darkneſs of the place. After I had gone down a thouſand ſteps, I came into a large marble hall, the roof and ſides of which were all beſet with diamonds of a prodigious ſize. The chief door of this hall opened into a delicious garden; but the only way into it was over a foot-bridge, where a monſtrous giant held two crocodiles in a leaſh, to hinder any one from paſſing; ſo that I ſaw it was time for me to prepare myſelf for the combat. I advanced, therefore, with all imaginable intrepidity; but had I not received on my buckler a blow which the giant made at me with his club, I muſt have certainly been cruſhed into a thouſand pieces. Having happily, however, evaded it, I gave him ſuch a terrible back-blow with my inchanted ſword, that I cut off both his legs; and his body, in falling into the water that ran under the bridge, dragged one of the crocodiles along with it. All that I had then to do was to encounter the other, which I attacked with great courage; but as it's ſkin was harder than any diamond, I was obliged to make ſeveral ſtrokes at it before I could ſend it after it's companion. As ſoon as I ſaw the paſſage clear, I went immediately into the

* The buckler of Gian-Ben-Gian is very famous among the people of the Eaſt. It was (according to their tradition) in the poſſeſſion of three Solomons ſucceſſively, who were accounted by them the univerſal monarchs, not only of the whole earth, but even of the genii. It was a very myſterious piece of armour, and made by the taliſmanick art; ſo that it diſſolved all the charms and inchantments that either dæmons or elementary ſpirits could produce.

† Mahomet overthrew two idols thus called, which before his miſſion were adored at Mecca

garden, and walked along a parterre adorned with white marble ſtatues, fixed upon pedeſtals; only I took notice of a pedeſtal without one. After I had ranged over the garden almoſt twelve hours, fighting and conquering new monſters, and deſtroying all inchantments that I met with, I came at laſt to a little moſque, into which I entered, and was ſtruck with the moſt profound veneration at the ſight of a Perſian, who was reading aloud in the Alcoran; and after he had ſhut the book, cried out, 'O great prophet! Friend of God, the 'commendation of thy glory is perfect, 'in the verſe Toulak, and of thy great 'goodneſs, in the chapters Faha and 'Jeſim*.—Prince, dearly beloved by 'Mahomet,' ſaid the venerable perſon, turning towards me, 'praiſe the Sove'reign Creator of the world, becauſe 'it is he alone who has opened to thee 'a way unknown to all mankind be'ſides. You ſee in me Mahomet 'Mehdi †, the twelfth and laſt iman 'of the great prophet, though my ene'mies falſely report me to be dead; be'cauſe, in the battle which I fought 'with the Caliph of Babylon, for the 'ſupport of the true religion, God was 'pleaſed to take me from the midſt of 'it, and to tranſlate me to this inchant'ed place, where I am to continue until 'the time appointed for my return upon 'earth; not only to reſtore the race of 'imans to the imperial throne, but like'wiſe to kill Dejal, who by his impoſ'tures would deſtroy the wiſe precepts 'of the book which God, by an angel, 'dictated to his ambaſſador.'—'Is it 'poſſible,' cried I, in a tranſport of joy, 'that I ſhould live to behold the 'ornament of the ſervants of God? 'that great iman who, to the end of the 'world, is to illuſtrate thoſe truths 'which his cruel enemies in vain en'deavour to obſcure?'—'Yes, without 'doubt,' anſwered the iman, 'it is I 'who am reſerved for theſe wonders; 'and, after ſeveral ages, expect the great 'day, in which God is to be glori'fied by my means.'—'But when will 'that day arrive,' ſaid I to the iman; 'that day of conſolation to true Muſ'ſulmen, and of confuſion to their ene'mies?'—'I am going to ſhew you,' anſwered he, 'how far diſtant we are 'from it.' Then taking me by the hand, he carried me to the top of a quadrangular tower, from whence he ſhewed me a city, that he told me was twelve thouſand parazanges‡ in circumference, in which were twelve thouſand gates, over which were as many granaries full of muſtard-ſeed for the ſuſtenance of one ſingle bird, which was to eat no more than one grain a day ‖. 'The world will not end, my dear 'child,' ſaid he, 'until this ſeed be en'tirely conſumed; but when that day 'will be, no one knoweth but God.'—'And how do you call that fine city?' ſaid I. 'It is called Giauher-Abad §,' replied he, 'and very juſtly, becauſe it

* In the verſe Toulak, and in the chapter Faha and Jeſim, God is introduced praiſing Mahomet.

† The e is a tradition among the Perſians, that this iman will appear again towards the end of the world, at Meſſala in Arabia, whence they believe that he was taken away; and for this purpoſe they keep, day and night, in a conſecrated ſtable, certain camels, which are never rode; one of which is always ſaddled and bridled, with arms affixed to the ſaddle, and led out on Fridays and great feſtivals. The ſame is practiſed at Iſpahan, in one of the ſultan's ſtables, which is called Taville Saheb el Zaman; (that is, the ſtable of the king of time;) to denote that this iman is not dead, but will come to fight the Dejal, or Daggeal; that is, the impoſtor, or Anti-Mahomet. It is very probable, that the Perſians have invented this fable from the prediction of an Anti-Chriſt, and the tranſlation of Elias.——There are different accounts, however, in Perſia about this iman. Some ſay, that when he was nine years old, his mother ſhut him up in a cave, and there keeps him with great care until the end of the world: others ſay, that he ſtayed there only till he was ſixty-four years old, and then was tranſlated in the battle he had with the Caliph of Babylon, and is not to appear again till the time that God has appointed for his manifeſtation.

‡ A parazange, contains four thouſand geometrical feet.

‖ This is a tradition which Vaheb-Ben-Monnabeth ſays he received from Mahomet himſelf.

§ That is, the city of precious ſtones. This fabulous city is celebrated in the Perſian romances, and made to be the capital of Schadoukadier, which carries ſome appearances, by their relations, of being what we have imagined in our country of Cocagnia.

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Plate II.

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'has immenſe treaſures in it: all Per-
'ſian hiſtorians ſpeak in it's praiſe; but
'few people have the honour to ſee it,
'even at a diſtance, as you do; and
'none ever entered into it without paſ-
'ſing the Poul-Serrha*, and giving an
'account of their good actions.

EVENING THE LAST.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE HISTORY OF PRINCE KADER-BILAH.

'IT is in this ſtately city,' continued Mahomet-Mehdi, 'that true Muſ-
'ſulmen, after their death, go and chuſe
'for themſelves the women who are for
'ever to continue virgins†, which Ma-
'homet promiſes them; and carry them
'thence into the Garden of Eden ‡.—
'When a perſon is once convinced of
'this truth, can he give himſelf up to
'the world? Conſider what the world
'is, O man! and you will find it to
'be nothing but a phantom, and a
'dream; and ſince it is only able to
'yield you ſorrow and affliction, why
'are you ſo earneſt after goods that
'periſh, and ſo very negligent of what
'are immortal! How deplorable is
'your condition, when you forſake the
'voice of juſtice, and the laws of our
'holy prophet! "Make not yourſelf,"
'ſaid he, "tents upon earth, that can
"only be fixed for a while; and in-
"cumber not yourſelf, to no purpoſe,
"with baggage that muſt always be
"packed up and ready for a march."

I was extremely raviſhed (continued the mandarin) to hear this ſublime diſcourſe of the iman, 'when we heard the moſt delightful muſick at the bottom of the tower. 'Prepare yourſelf,' ſaid he, 'for the laſt combat you are to en-
'gage in. This is the Genii Mergian
'Banou, the old woman who, to plea-
'ſure her ſon, brought into the gardens
'belonging to this place forty of the
'chief lords daughters of Iſpahan, and
'there turned them into ſtone.'—'Oh,
'Heavens!' cried I, 'are the figures,
'which I took to be marble, as I paſſed
'by them, the beautiful virgins of Iſpa-
'han?'—'Yes,' ſaid Mahomet-Mehdi,
'and thoſe which repreſent the men,
'are ſo many gallant Perſians, who
'have attempted to reſcue them out of
'the tower.'—'But why is there one
'pedeſtal,' cried I, 'which has no ſta-
'tue upon it?'—'That is deſigned for
'you,' ſaid he, 'if you ſuffer yourſelf
'(as other heroes have done before you)
'to be ſeduced by the artful impoſ-
'tures of the genius; for then both you,
'and thoſe you attempt to deliver, ſhall
'continue in this ſtate of inſenſibility
'until the end of the world. Nor
'muſt you think that you can attain
'your end without Gian-Ben-Gian's
'puiſſant buckler; which will ſhew you
'the genius ſuch as ſhe really is; that
'is to ſay, very ugly, and in the ſame
'figure wherein ſhe appeared at Iſpa-
'han; whereas your inchanted ſenſes
'will repreſent her as the model of all
'perfection. Be ſure you fall upon
'her, then, with your ſword and buck-
'ler; purſue her to the bottomleſs pit;
'and when ſhe and Giouf, and all her
'retinue, retreat thither, cover the top
'of it with the wonderful buckler the
'prophet has ſent you, and leave it
'there, as a trophy of your victory;
'which all the elementary powers will
'never be able to remove, without the
'permiſſion of him, who with one breath
'created the world, and can with the
'ſame diſſolve it into nothing.

I did very readily what the iman ordered me, (continued the mandarin;) I went down to the bottom of the tower, where I beheld one of the moſt beautiful perſons I had ever ſeen. But when I was a little more than ten paces from her, and held up my buckler againſt

* Poul-Serrha ſignifies the half-way bridge. For, according to the Mahometan tradition, when the day of judgment ſhall come, after a ſtrict examination of their deeds, men's bodies are to paſs over a bridge, under which is the everlaſting fire deſigned for the wicked, and here it is that there will be a ſeparation between the good and evil. The Perſians, more eſpecially, ſo firmly believe in this bridge, called Poul-Serrha, that when any one ſuffers an injury, and can have no redreſs, he comforts himſelf with ſaying, 'Well,
'by the living God, you ſhall pay me double at the laſt day, as you are going over Poul-
'Serrha; unleſs you make me recompence, I will ſtick to your ſkirts, and trip up your
'heels!'

† The Houri.

‡ Mahomet's paradiſe.

After the first transports of joy were over, and the two monarchs were at liberty, they embraced the mandarin a thousand times. 'Is all this that we 'see real?' said Malekalfalem to him: 'Is it possible that we can be at Teflis? 'Is it not rather an illusion, and the 'result of a dream which my daughter 'and me both had last night?'—'No, 'Sir,' replied Fum-Hoam; 'you are 'really in Georgia. The genii, who 'are under my direction, have executed 'their orders punctually: they carried 'us into this country in less than three 'hours; and you are not, I hope, fatigued with the expedition.'—'No, 'indeed,' said Gulchenraz, 'I never 'slept better in my life; and had such 'pleasant dreams, that I was not desirous to awake.'—'You have not told 'the king your husband all, then,' added the mandarin. 'That is true,' continued the queen, with a blush; 'but 'since you can enter into the bottom of 'my thoughts, I will tell him. 'I fancied, Sir,' said she to the Sultan of China, 'that I was with child, and 'delivered of a most beautiful prince. 'As soon as he was born, your majesty was for having him carried to 'the pagode royal, to return thanks to 'the gods for giving you a successor. 'I was sadly concerned to see that you 'refused, even though I requested it 'with tears, to have him brought up 'in the religion of our holy prophet, 'when, some-how or other, the mandarin Fum-Hoam was in my chamber. "Mighty monarch," said he 'to you, "our gods are nothing but "monsters, to which the fear and cre-"dulity of the Chinese have built tem-"ples. There is but one God in the "universe; he is the first mover of all "things, and his great prophet is Ma-"homet." Whereupon you looked upon the mandarin in the strangest confusion, and said, "What! is it you "who talk at this rate to me? You, "who have always been the support of "the religion of your fathers; you, "whom our gods account one of their "chief sacrificers; you, in short, who "have promised to engage my wife to "live with me in the same faith!"— "I once made you that promise," answered Fum-Hoam; "but I must now "discover to you my real sentiments, "and cast off the mask which conceals "a true friend of the great prophet." 'After that, by a train of extravagant 'imaginations, such as sleep usually 'produces, this illustrious philosopher 'seemed in a moment stripped of his 'old skin; the wrinkles which were 'indented on his face, and made it so 'venerable, were all smoothed; and instead of him, I thought I beheld a 'young man, much about two and 'twenty years old, dressed in a Persian 'habit. I embraced him with much 'tenderness, nor could I tell why; only 'my father, and you, Sir, did the same. "It is time to depart to Teflis," said 'he to us: and then giving us his girdle to take hold on, we flew through 'the air with incredible swiftness, and 'arrived at this palace.

'This, Sir, was my dream; and 'Fum-Hoam must give us the explication of it.'—'That, Madam, I will 'gladly do,' said the mandarin, 'and I 'hope that you will all be soon satisfied: 'but I must first of all ask pardon of 'Disalem for the imposture I have put 'upon him. I never really was, nor 'am I at present, the mandarin Fum-'Hoam; he is actually at Gannan, and 'I only assumed his shape as often as I 'had occasion for it.'—'Not Fum-'Hoam!' cried the King of China: 'who are you, then?'—'I am a Persian, Sir: I was born at Teflis; and 'in this palace, even in this very chamber, first saw the light.'—'In this 'chamber!' replied Malekalfalem; 'ah! 'how is that possible?'—'It is easy to 'conceive, Sir; since I am Prince Alroamat, your son, who at two years 'old was taken away by the corsairs: 'but, to convince you of this, I will 'presently appear to you in my own 'natural form.' Upon this, some part of Gulchenraz's dream being accomplished, the old man disappeared, and in his place came a person like him she had seen in her dream; and now they beheld a beautiful young Persian, who had in his face all the lines and features of the King of Georgia.

This surprizing adventure put the two kings and Gulchenraz into an inexpressible astonishment. 'What!' cried out Malekalfalem, embracing the young Persian, 'do I see again my dear Al-'roamat, that beloved son, whose loss 'cost me so many tears? Is it him 'who has restored me to my throne? 'Is it him whose life has been such a 'chain of wonders?—Ah, Sir!' continued

tinued he, addreſſing himſelf to Diſalem, 'it is Alroamat! I am convinced 'by the emotions of nature, my heart 'tells me it is him; and his extreme 'likeneſs to my daughter, is a certain confirmation of the voice of nature. He was taken from me on 'the coaſt of Guriel; I made every poſſible inquiry after him; but in vain; 'I could hear no tidings of him; and, 'alas! believed he was buried in the 'ſea; but now I have met with him 'again, inveſted with more power than 'all the kings upon earth put together. 'What conſolation is this to my old 'age! what extravagance of joy!' The good father then renewed his embraces; Diſalem and his ſpouſe almoſt ſmothered him with their careſſes; which, after he had returned, with a great deal of tenderneſs, 'I will now,' ſaid he, 'acquaint you with my adventures, without any manner of diſguiſe.

THE HISTORY OF ALROAMAT, AND THE CONCLUSION OF THE HISTORY OF TONGLUCK, AND OF GULCHENRAZ GUNDOGDI.

'I Was brought up in a caſtle by the 'ſea-ſide, not far from Guriel, 'where the ſultan, my father, at that 'time reſided; when a fancy took my 'nurſe one day, that ſhe would go out a 'walking; and, as the weather was 'fine, ſhe had ſtrayed half a league from 'home, without ever minding where ſhe 'was: in her return, however, ſhe was 'intercepted by ſix corſairs. Her cries 'made the ſlaves who followed us come 'up; but as none of them were armed, 'they ſoon ran away, and the corſairs 'carried me and Sady (for that was 'my nurſe's name) into a ſmall boat, 'that ſoon ran us aboard a veſſel, which 'immediately put to ſea. The wind, 'which was favourable at firſt, preſently 'changed, and there aroſe ſo furious a 'tempeſt, that we thought a thouſand 'times we ſhould have been loſt. However, after we had borne the violence 'of the ſea, and been toſſed about for 'ſome time, the ſtorm at laſt ceaſed, 'and we arrived at Kafa*, the place 'where the corſairs who took me 'away uſually live. They ſold me, 'as they did the others they had taken; 'and I fell to a rich jeweller, named 'Naddhan †, who deſigned me for a 'companion to his only ſon, much 'about my age. As the richneſs of 'my cloaths gave him reaſon to believe 'I was a perſon of no mean condition, 'which my nurſe confirmed, without 'diſcovering what blood I was deſcended from) he took all imaginable care 'of me; and little Alazizi, his ſon, 'was not treated with more tenderneſs 'than myſelf. Sady was in the utmoſt 'grief, at not having an opportunity 'to acquaint the ſultan, my father, 'where I was, and thereupon ſhe fell into ſo deep a melancholy, that at the 'end of ſix months ſhe died, and left 'me alone, abandoned and ignorant of 'my parentage.

'Alazizi and myſelf began ſoon to 'have the uſe of our reaſon, and the 'young man was ſo charmingly good-'humoured, that I loved him with the 'utmoſt tenderneſs, which he was not 'backward in returning. This friendſhip increaſed with our years, and 'we were become inſeparable; when 'Alazizi unfortunately conceived a paſſion for a jeweller's daughter of Kafa, 'named Zehir, whom, to his great ſorrow, he ſoon underſtood was promiſed 'to a cady's ſon, for whom ſhe had an invincible averſion. Okilan ‡, the cady's 'ſon, was not only very ugly and inſolent, but a mere brute in his temper; and ſo confident of the agreement he had made with her father, 'that he gave himſelf no trouble to gain 'the young lady's conſent. Alazizi 'was informed of Zehir's ſentiments, 'and having found means to bribe one 'of her ſlaves, was introduced into the 'houſe, and declared his paſſion to her 'in ſuch affectionate terms, that ſhe was 'charmed with his merit; and even intreated him to reſcue her from Okilan's 'tyranny, and prevail with her father 'to break off the match. Alazizi made 'me the confident of his love; and we 'imparted it to his father Naddhan. 'The honeſt jeweller, who loved his 'ſon very tenderly, went immediately

* A peninſula of the Black Sea, belonging to the Sultan of Azak, who is the King of Little Tartary.

† This word ſignifies a ſtring of pearls.

‡ The word Okilan, ſignifies a flying ſerpent, or ſcorpion.

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" to confer with the father of Zehir. " My dear friend," ſaid he, " I underſtand that you deſign your daughter for the cady's ſon; but have you thoroughly conſidered the matter? for, to ſay nothing of the young man's ill qualities, reflect a little on the engagement into which you are about to enter. The cady will deſpiſe you; his ſon, who is a mere debauchee, will ſoon be weary of Zehir, and return her on your hands again to your great diſconſolation. Now, I have one expedient to avoid all theſe inconveniences; you know Alazizi, nor is it proper for me to remind you of his merit: he adores your daughter; I have no other child but him; I have above fifty thouſand pieces of gold, and as much or more in jewels; my houſe is my own, and few people have a greater number of valuable ſlaves than myſelf: all this I offer you, if you will break off your engagement with the cady. Conſider, therefore, of my propoſal."

'Zehir's father was a little ſtartled at this propoſition, but as he could not promiſe himſelf near the advantage in matching his daughter to Okilan, he readily accepted Naddhan's offer; deſiring, however, that the engagement might be ſecret, until he ſhould find an opportunity to get quit of the cady's ſon, which was no very difficult matter to accompliſh; for he ſcarce ever opened his mouth without uttering ſome rudeneſs or other: nay, that very night he made uſe of ſeveral, which Zehir, in purſuance of her father's order, ſharply reſented; ſo that the quarrel grew high, and the jeweller coming in, took his daughter's part with ſome warmth, and deſired Okilan to go home about his buſineſs. The young brute, who valued himſelf on his quality, took this affront in very great diſdain, and went out in a violent rage.

'The jeweller went immediately to Naddhan, and after they had agreed together, they determined to have Alazizi and Zehir married the day following. When Olikan underſtood this, he was in a great fury, and vowed to revenge himſelf: and it was not long before he put his deſign in execution. As Alazizi and myſelf were one evening coming from his miſtreſs's houſe, we were attacked by the cady's ſon at the head of eight ruffians. We had happily time to put ourſelves on our defence, and had killed three of them before we received the leaſt wound; but as my young maſter was no very expert ſwordſman, he received from Okilan a blow with his ſabre, which cleft his head aſunder. I was now left alone againſt the ſix aſſaſſins, and growing mad and furious at the ſight of Alazizi's death, reſolved to periſh, or revenge his fall. I forced my way through the villains who kept me from Okilan, and at length ſtabbed him to the heart with a poniard which I held in my left-hand, while I defended my life with my ſabre in the right. After this I fought only to ſecure my retreat: for I was wounded in five or ſix places, and it was with much difficulty that I reached Naddhan's houſe. His grief for the murder of his ſon was inexpreſſible; and the ſurgeon, whom he inſtanly ſent for, was about to dreſs my wounds, when about forty officers, with the cady at the head of them, broke open the door, and tore me from the arms of that unhappy father. They then beat me moſt unmercifully, and carried me to a frightful dungeon, where they threatened me with the moſt infamous puniſhment. It was to no purpoſe for me to proteſt my innocence, or remonſtrate againſt the cady, who ought not to be both judge and party. I had certainly been condemned to the moſt cruel death, if Naddhan, notwithſtanding the weight of his affliction, had not inſtantly applied to the governor of Kafa, and related to him, with floods of tears, the murder of his ſon, and the revenge I had taken of the murderer. But all the natural eloquence, which ſorrow dictates, availed nothing. It was not in the power of words to move the heart of that governor: his greedy eyes were fixed on a very fine diamond which the jeweller had on his finger; and Naddhan perceiving the object which engroſſed all his attention, offered to give it him, provided he would ſave my life.

" I accept of your preſent," ſaid he, " for the love I bear you: for, you " know, I have always eſteemed you, " though it is not in my power to determine this affair. Your beſt way " will be, to preſent your petition to

" me,

" me, wherein you appeal to the Sultan " of Azak*. I will then order your " ſlave to be removed into ſome of the " priſons of this caſtle; but I cannot " diſpenſe with his being in a dungeon. " I will be reſponſible, however, for " his life, till your return from Azak, " whither I would adviſe you imme- " diately to haſten, if you would de- " feat the cady's violence. This, my " dear friend, is all that I can do for " you."

'Naddhan did as the governor adviſ- 'ed him. I was removed by virtue of 'his petition; he went over to Azak, 'and at length obtained (but not with- 'out warm ſolicitations, and a preſent 'of two thouſand pieces of gold to the 'prime-vizier) my liberty, and the ca- 'dy's recal. After about four months 'abſence, during all which time I was 'languiſhing in priſon, Naddhan return- 'ed from Kaſa, with a new cady, who 'had the ſultan's orders executed re- 'lating to me. I was therefore releaſ- 'ed out of priſon; but O in what a 'ſad condition did my maſter find me! 'So little care had been taken of my 'wounds, that ſome of the wounded 'ſinews were quite ſhrunk; my face 'was bent down to the ground, and 'the dampneſs of the dungeon had given 'me the rheumatiſm all over my body. 'In this deplorable condition, I was 'carried to my maſter's houſe, who 'could not forbear weeping at the ſight 'of me. The ableſt phyſicians, with 'all their medicines, were unable to 'reſtore me; and thus I continued till 'my maſter's death, which happened 'about three years after, when he be- 'queathed me his whole eſtate. The 'firſt thing I did, was to give freedom 'to all the ſlaves who had ſerved along 'with me, and to purchaſe others; 'and as my life, conſidering the la- 'mentable condition I was in, was ve- 'ry irkſome to me, I paſſed my time in 'reading good books: and meeting 'with one among the reſt, which treat- 'ed of the great Solomon's excellence, 'by means of a ring that enabled him 'to do every thing, I read with great 'eagerneſs the principles of that noble 'ſcience, which, by a way unknown 'to the vulgar, conveys us to the know- 'ledge of the moſt ſublime truths.

'I was grievouſly vexed that I could 'not readily enter into the ſenſe of this 'ſcience, which ſeemed to be concealed 'under a too myſterious cover. I ſaw 'with admiration, that, by pronounc- 'ing certain words, after a peculiar 'manner, one might remove the hea- 'vens and the earth as eaſily as one's 'lips; that, at the pronunciation of 'theſe words, the genii, both good and 'evil, ſtood aghaſt, and enquired of 'one another, why the world was in 'ſuch diſorder; that other words made 'them come round the perſon who pro- 'nounced them, juſt like ſoldiers about 'their general; and that, by the force 'and combination of particular letters, 'all the powers of the air and earth 'might be bound up, in the ſame man- 'ner as they were once ſubjected to the 'will of that ſage, who was ſuch a fa- 'vourite with Heaven as to attain this 'profound knowledge.

'The more I peruſed this book, the 'more I loſt myſelf in deep medita- 'tions: and one day, as I was muſing 'on theſe things, and pronouncing, all 'manner of ways, the different words 'which the Sultan Solomon made uſe 'of to command the genii, I was not a 'little ſurprized to ſee before me, on a 'ſudden, a young man, who ſeemed 'not more than fifteen, and of a more 'than mortal beauty. "A part of " thy vows is heard," ſaid he; "I am " one of the genii of the air, whom " thou haſt invoked in terms, of which " thou doſt not, as yet, thoroughly " comprehend the force; but as thou " poſſeſſeſt the qualities requiſite to be " initiated into myſteries which are " above the comprehenſion of the vul- " gar, ſee that thou go (how great " ſoever the expence may be) into the " province of Kiſtag †, to a little vil- " lage called Sargultzar, becauſe of the " great plenty of roſes which grow " there: thou wilt there find a famous " phyſician, named Koda-Bendé ‡, " whom thou muſt addreſs in the words " which make all the wicked intelli-

* The capital city of Little Tartary, the frontier of Circaſſia, and the reſidence of the ſultan.

† Kiſtag, is a province ſituate in the north part of the Indies, which the Sultan Magmoud Sabekteghin conquered, as he did all the other countries of the Indies.

‡ The ſervant of the Lord.

' gences tremble in their profound ca-
" verns, Alla-Illa Eha, Akebar-Alla*,
' (for this is the manner of ſalutation
' among the ſages;) and tell him,
" that Aralim deſires him to fill thy
" brain with the dew of a roſe that is
" white, and as clear as chryſtal."
' And no ſooner had Aralim uttered
' theſe few words, than he immediately
' diſappeared.

' You cannot imagine, my dear
' ſiſter,' continued Alroamat, turning to the Queen of China, ' what ſatisfac-
' tion I felt at the apparition of this
' genius. I loſt not one of his words,
' but wrote them down for fear of for-
' getting them; and ſo preparing for my
' departure, cauſed a palanquin to be
' made, and bought me two camels to
' carry me to Sargultzar, where I ar-
' rived after a very tedious journey.
' My firſt care was to inform myſelf
' where Koda-Bendé lived; and they
' told me, not far from a fountain, that
' wrought every day the moſt extraor-
' dinary cures. In ſhort, I was in-
' formed, that people from all parts of
' the world came thither for their health;
' that the paralytick recovered the uſe
' of their limbs, and thoſe of a bad di-
' geſtion, ſtomachick heat enough to con-
' coct their food; that old people ſeem-
' ed there to grow young again, and wo-
' men to add new charms to their beau-
' ty and comelineſs; in a word, there
' was no malady ſo old and obſtinate,
' but it might be waſhed away in this
' fountain; and that Koda Bendé, who
' had the direction of the waters, order-
' ed them to be taken different ways,
' according to the age and conſtitution
' of the patient.

' As ſoon as I had reſted myſelf a
' little, I was carried to this famous
' phyſician's houſe: I ſaluted him as
' the genius commanded me; and no
' ſooner had he heard theſe divine words,
' than repeating them with a marvellous
' tranſport, "Praiſe and magnify God,"
' ſaid he, "young man, for vouchſaf-
" ing to make choice of you to be in-
" ſtructed in ſo ſublime a ſcience as
" that of which the great Solomon was
" maſter; and to deliver you from the
" miſery which man is ordinarily ſub-
" ject to, by giving you the the com-
" mand over all intelligences. For,
" indeed, what is man? and how does
" he enter upon this ſcene of life? May
" not one properly enough ſay, that he
" is a poor mariner, whom the ſea has
" caſt aſhore, after it has made him
" the ſport of it's waves and fury? Na-
" ture, when ſhe looſes him from the
" bands of his mother's womb, only
" expoſes him upon the earth, deſtitute
" of thoſe ſuccours which ſhe uſually
" affords to other creatures. He can-
" not ſuſtain himſelf; he is born naked,
" and fills the place of his nativity with
" his cries: which, indeed, are the moſt
" juſt and natural of all his actions;
" for how can he too much bewail that
" almoſt unavoidable train of infelicity
" which ſeldom fails to attend him.

" This is the condition of a common
" man; but the true philoſopher, and
" the ſage, is of a quite different nature.
" His knowledge raiſes him as much
" above the ordinary level of mankind,
" as the heavens are above the earth.
" He ſuffers not his paſſions to govern
" him; he is greater than kings and
" princes; he commands the elements;
" all nature is ſubject to him; the genii
" obey him; and nothing but what is
" unjuſt, is too difficult for him to ac-
" compliſh. This is what you are
" about to become: your patience un-
" der your afflictions, your continual
" application to the ſtudy of virtue,
" and your conſtant inclination to that
" which is good, has obtained you that
" favour which is granted but to few;
" take then eſpecial care, that the many
" benefits which the goodneſs of Hea-
" ven beſtows, make you not proud;
" and be ſure to conceal all the know-
" ledge I am going to communicate,
" under a plain and modeſt appearance,
" and ſuch as may not draw upon you
" the envy of the wicked: this is the
" method which I take to be perfectly
" happy. There are few ſick people
" who come here, that do not return in
" health; but think you it is the wa-
" ter which they drink, or bathe in,
" that has this operation upon them?
" No, no, my dear friend; I have a ſo-
" vereign remedy of a very different
" kind for all their maladies: and, to
" convince you of this, ſmell only to the
" elixir incloſed in this ſmall phial."
' I opened it, [illegible] Alroamat,
' and put it to my [illegible] but no ſooner
' had I ſmel[illegible]r that iſſued

* God is great, God is [illegible]

' from

'from it, than I felt a ſtrange diſorder 'in every part of my body; and, inſtead of being crooked, as I was before, raiſed myſelf as upright as it 'was poſſible to be. "This," ſaid 'Koda-Bendé, "is what I could "eaſily do to all who come to Sargultzar; but then theſe miracles would "ſoon draw upon me the envy of the "phyſicians. I chuſe therefore to "heal my patients gradually, and to "make them believe they owe their reſpective cures to the water of this "fountain. Nay, I muſt even deſire "you not to ſeem as if you were healed till ſome few days are paſt, during "which time I will thoroughly inſtruct "you in our myſteries. Aſſume, therefore, the poſture you juſt now uſed, "and call in your ſlaves, and deſire "them to go to the place where you "firſt alighted, and there wait till they "are ſent for." I did as Koda-Bendé 'deſired me, and in the five days time, 'wherein I pretended to be drinking 'the waters of Sargultzar, that famous 'philoſopher diſcloſed to me all the ſecrets of nature; ſo that I became as 'able a proficient as himſelf in a ſcience 'which may be juſtly eſteemed divine. 'At the expiration of that time I left 'Koda-Bendé, and my ſlaves were aſtoniſhed to ſee me as ſtraight and upright 'as if I had never been otherwiſe; and 'at my return to Kafa, every one looked upon my cure as a miracle.

'As ſoon as I got home, I ordered 'the genius Aralim to attend me; and, 'according to Koda-Bendé's inſtructions, conſulted him about my birth. 'He ſurprized me very agreeably, by 'informing me that I was the ſon of 'Malekalſalem, and that my name was 'Alroamat. He informed me likewiſe 'of the manner in which I was ſtolen 'away by the pirates, and of the death 'of my nurſe. It was with the moſt 'inconceiveable grief I learned that the 'Sultan of Georgia was baniſhed from 'his kingdom by the uſurper Dilſenghin; and after having, for a conſiderable time, wandered about the Eaſt, 'was at length obliged to ſeek for protection under one of the King of China's ſubjects.

'On receiving this information, I 'immediately paſſed over into the dominions of Tongluck, where I ſaw 'Malekalſalem and Gulchenraz, without being in the leaſt known by them. 'I then took upon me the form of Fum-Hoam, whom I conveyed to my houſe 'in Kafa, where I cauſed him to remain in a deep ſleep, while I perſonated his appearance. With the reſt, 'Sir, you are perfectly acquainted. It 'was by my means Diſalem was informed that Holonja had in his houſe 'a lady of Georgia, who excelled the 'very houri in beauty; that this monarch reſolved to ſee her under an aſſumed name; that he fell in love with 'her; that he cut off the traitor Dilſenghin's head; and, in ſhort, that 'he was joined to my dear ſiſter by 'bands, which will continue ſacred and 'inviolable as long as they both ſhall 'live.—Only, Sir,' continued Alroamat, addreſſing his diſcourſe to the Sultan of China, 'if I have pretended to 'be a zealous follower of the religion 'of your anceſtors, it has been to engage you, by an irrevocable oath, to 'live with the queen your ſpouſe in 'the religion ſhe profeſſes; and a little 'reflection, I hope, will eaſily determine you. For, in truth, is there any 'thing more contrary to good ſenſe, 'than the tranſmigration of the ſoul 'from one body to another? To accommodate myſelf, in ſome meaſure, 'to the extravagant accounts of your 'mandarins of the law, I have told you 'ſome hiſtories much to the taſte of 'what they are every moment relating, 'and ſome of which have really happened in the world; but not to me, 'who never was any other than what I 'am now; except when I thought proper to make myſelf appear to your 'eyes under another figure, by virtue 'of ſome cabaliſtick words with which 'I am acquainted. How can they, according to their own principles, remember in one body, what was tranſacted in another? But ſuppoſe they 'could, upon the ſuppoſition of the 'ſoul's paſſing from body to body; how 'miſerable muſt it needs be, to be always ſubject to the prevailing inclinations of the form it inhabits? For, 'in ſhort, all wild beaſts have a ſad 'and cruel tincture of their own ſpecies: fraud and malice are hereditary 'to the fox and monkey; flight and 'timidity belong to does and hares; 'and it is greatly, indeed, vilifying 'the ſoul, to imagine it has not ſufficient power to alter the habitude of 'any body in which it reſides. Ac-

'cording to the accounts propagated by 'some of your mandarins, men are 'often irrational, while the moſt ſavage 'and ferocious animals are frequently 'endowed with the moſt exalted un-'derſtandings. Ah, my dear lord! you 'have ſurely too much good ſenſe, to 'be the dupe of ſuch ridiculous fables; 'but ſeduced by the prejudices of edu-'cation, have never once reaſoned about 'the religion of your forefathers. Is it 'poſſible, that you can perſuade your-'ſelf, (as the vulgar believe) that the 'immortal nature of our ſouls is ſub-'ject to a body, which is only the nou-'riſhment of worms; and that among 'an innumerable multitude of ſouls, 'there ſhould be ſo fierce an emulation 'who ſhould firſt enter into the body 'that is lately formed, and not rather 'agree among themſelves, that the firſt 'comer be the firſt received into the 'body which wants it? According to 'this way of reaſoning, Death will be 'nothing more than a frightful name, 'all it's methods of approaches will be 'indifferent to us, and it will be the 'ſame thing, whether we do good or 'evil actions, which is a poſition ab-'horrent to nature. You will tell me, 'perhaps, according to the ſyſtem of your 'mandarins and the Indian brachmans, 'that in proportion to their merit or 'demerit ſouls paſs into baſer or no-'bler bodies: but what ſort of bodies 'do your doctors and the brachmans ac-'count ſuperior to the reſt? A cow, 'they ſay, is a ſuperior animal, be-'cauſe this creature has ſomething di-'vine in it; the ſoul which reſides in 'that creature, hopes ſhortly to be pu-'rified of all the ſins wherewith it was 'polluted in the world, by being pre-'ſented to their gods: and what are 'theſe gods themſelves, but monſters, 'or imaginary beings, invented by the 'knavery of your firſt ſacrificers, and 'ſupported by the licentiouſneſs and in-'dependence of thoſe who have ſucceed-'ed to their places? a cow; one of the 'cleanſieſt animals, next to a hog, which 'you make your fineſt diſhes of, and 'which we hold in abomination! And 'do you really believe ſuch idle ſtories? 'No, Sir! no; I am perſuaded to the 'contrary, and that my ſiſter has al-'ready ſhewn you the difference be-'tween ſo ridiculous a religion, and 'that of Mahomet; whoſe great truths, 'as they are contained in the Alcoran, 'deſerve admiration. This venerable 'work, extracted out of the great book 'of the divine decrees, was ſet aſide at 'the creation of the world, to be de-'poſited in one of the ſeven heavens 'under the firmament, and was thence 'brought, verſe by verſe, to our ſove-'reign prophet, by an angel * of the 'firſt hierarchy, in the ſpace of three 'and twenty years, according to the 'exigencies of mankind. So that none 'but perſons of the pureſt hearts dare 'touch this book; which was ſent him 'from the King of all Ages! that God, 'who with the breath of his mouth 'made the heavens and earth, and every 'living creature! And of this truth, 'both wiſe men and angels are fully 'perſuaded, viz. that there is no other 'God but him, and that Mahomet is 'his ambaſſador. This precious book 'contains the hiſtory of all that is paſt, 'infallible predictions of what is to 'come, and juſt and righteous laws for 'the time preſent. It enjoins us to do 'good actions, not to fail repeating 'five prayers every day, and to make 'the legal ablutions regularly. What 'can be more beautiful, than this verſe 'in the chapter of Araf? "Be ready "to forgive," ſays he; "do good to "all men, and have no conteſt with "the ignorant." What can be more 'eloquent, than what is couched in the 'chapter Houd; where, to aſſuage the 'deluge, God is brought in, ſaying 'theſe ſublime words: "Earth, drink "up thy waters; and, heaven, draw "thou up thoſe which thou haſt pour-"ed out?" whereupon the water im-'mediately retired, the rainbow reſted 'upon the mountain, and theſe words 'were heard, "Woe to the wicked!"

'This, Sir, is the religion which we 'profeſs; theſe are the laws which it 'impoſes: it conſiſts not (like yours) 'in the adoration of monſters, and rebel 'angels; we worſhip God only, whoſe 'power is infinite, and who (as our 'prophet teaches us) needs but a few 'grains of duſt to overthrow his adver-'ſaries, and puniſh the wicked in a ter-'rible manner. For was it not him 'who, to chaſtiſe the pride of Caica-

* Mahomet pretends that it was the Angel Gabriel who brought him his Alcoran, and that the original of it was written upon a table which is kept in heaven.

'ous,

ous *, ſent a gnat to penetrate his very brain, and to give him ſuch exquiſite torments, that he was obliged to be deſtroyed! Was it not him, who made the body of Ferraoun † float upon the ſea, with his iron breaſt-plate on; to let his people ſee how he had delivered them from ſo formidable an enemy, with whoſe death they were unacquainted? Was it not in favour of Mahomet, and to preſerve him from the fury of the Goraiſchites, that while he was repoſing himſelf in a cave on the mountain Thour, an Acacia tree grew in one night at the mouth of the grot, wherein a pair of wild pigeons built their neſt, and the reſt of the entrance was covered over with a ſpider's web, which made his purſuers believe that no perſon had lately entered there? Does he not tell you farther, in the Chapter of Elephants, that God ſent againſt his enemies flying ſquadrons, who pelted them with ſtones that were marked with every man's name, and ſcattered them like corn in the field, which the birds eat up‡? Do not pretend then, Sir, to compare your religion with ours. You have promiſed Gulchenraz, that if I prevail not with her to embrace the worſhip of your gods, you would trample under foot the idols you have now the weakneſs to adore. That time is happily come; and I have an incredible ſatisfaction, to perceive that my diſcourſe has made ſome impreſſion upon you. Yes, Sir, you are already a Muſſulman in your heart, and by your example your whole people will embrace the religion of Mahomet, and not eat of the fruit of the tree Zacon §, which only grows in hell. You and your poſterity ſhall in that great day, which will make the ſtouteſt tremble, hold the book, containing an account of your actions in your right-hand, be placed in a new-planted apple-orchard, refreſh yourſelves with the fruit of the tree of Muze ‖, and our prophet's virgins of paradiſe will all ſtrive who ſhall pleaſe you the moſt.'

'Yes, my dear Alroamat,' ſaid the Sultan of China, 'this inſtant I am a Muſſulman, nor can I too ſoon perform the exerciſes of that religion: I ſhall therefore have an infinite obligation to you, if you will acquaint my ſubjects with my reſolution.'—'I will engage for ſucceſs in this affair,' anſwered Alroamat, 'and for the bleſſings which our prophet will beſtow upon the worthy infant which Gulchenraz now bears in her womb. He ſhall, in his generation, be as illuſtrious in the cabaliſtick ſciences, as the moſt renowned philoſophers; and, to the end of your days, be a conſolation to you both.'

Diſalem kept his word with Alroamat. He abjured his errors, and became a good Muſſulman; and, by the marvellous aſſiſtance of Alroamat, returned with Gulchenraz into China; where, under the figure of Fum-Hoam, Alroamat deſtroyed the various idols, and eſtabliſhed the religion of Mahomet; and the queen was ſoon after delivered of a ſon, who fulfilled all his uncle's predictions, and became his worthy ſucceſſor. As for Alroamat, after his father's deceaſe, he reigned in Georgia with ſo much wiſdom, that his memory is, to this day, held in equal reſpect with that of the firſt heroes of Perſia; and performed things in general ſo far above the ordinary courſe of nature, as will for ever be thought incredible by all thoſe who are not inſtructed in the *profound myſteries* of the CABALA.

* According to the oriental hiſtory, this perſon was Nimrod.

† According to the ſame tradition, this was Pharoah. The people of the Eaſt have diſfigured all the Old Teſtament both in it's names and facts.

‡ The Alcoran is full of ſuch miracles, which Muſſulmen, believe very ſubmiſſively.

§ According to the fabulous tradition of the Muſſulmen, the fruit of this tree will be dragons heads. But there is likewiſe a real tree of that name, bearing a very bitter fruit, which gave riſe to the fable.

‖ The tree of life. See the chapter of the Alcoran, entitled the Judgment.

FINIS.

THE

SISTERS;

OR, THE

HISTORY

OF

LUCY AND CAROLINE SANSON,

ENTRUSTED TO

A FALSE FRIEND.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY THE REV. DR. DODD.

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M DCC LXXXI.

PREFACE,

BY THE EDITOR.

TO recommend virtue, and decry one ſpecies of vice, ſo univerſally predominant in our country, ſeems to be the Author's ſingle intention in this work. Though formed upon the plan and manner of our modern hiſtorical romances, it will be found, in it's whole conduct and mode of writing, perfectly different from them: and will neceſſarily afford every reader more ſatisfaction, as it is founded on real facts, and characters that once exiſted. The Author, retired far from the buſy world, and eſcaped from the tumultuous ſea of pleaſure and libertiniſm, determined to hang up this votive tablet to Neptune *, and to erect a light-houſe for the benefit of future mariners. His deſires are only, that it may be attended to; and he aſſures, by me, the female reader more particularly, that if ſhe ſteers by it's light, ſhe may avoid many ſhelves and quickſands in that dangerous ocean wherein ſhe is embarked.

Fallen as we are, among evil times and evil men, it requires no ſmall caution to guide ourſelves aright, and to paſs through life, our virtue unſhaken, and our principles uncorrupted. We cannot peep out, and receive no damage: we find ſo little to ſtrengthen us in goodneſs, ſo much to eſtabliſh us in evil, that the beſt heart, the more it is converſant with the world, by degrees diſſolves into luke-warmneſs, and at length totally relaxes the reins to the furious drive of paſſion and pleaſure. Theſe are maladies which corrupt the very root, and which muſt indiſputably level the proud oak with the ground, unleſs immediate remedies be applied, the cauſes of the diſorder removed, and proper refreſhments given to the languid and decaying tree.

Amongſt the many other vices, which, like a torrent, overwhelm and bear down all before them, reigns *adultery*, notoriouſly prevalent, and triumphant in it's power: which, as being the violation of every ſacred and human tie, muſt of conſequence bring along with it a train of evils, deſperate and deſtructive. Injury and injuſtice, cruelty and diſhoneſty, are it's conſtant attendants; every noble and virtuous, every pure and religious ſentiment muſt vaniſh, utterly vaniſh, from the boſom where it is found; the names of huſband, father, friend, brother, and every dear and ſocial relation, be given up, and relinquiſhed: luſt, mighty luſt, only, is father, huſband, friend and brother, every thing dear, and every thing ſacred, to the heart of the adulterer!

* This alludes to the following paſſage in Horace—

——Me tabulâ ſacer
Votivâ paries indicat uvida
Suſpendiſſe potenti
Veſtimenta maris Deo. Ode v. B. 1.

Tragical enough are it's conſequences; too tragical, indeed, one would conceive, for a little momentary pleaſure to out-weigh and overbalance, (which, as the poet obſerves,

The beaſts enjoy ſo very much above us;)

yet the tears of innocence, and the heart-rending agonies of the parent, the miſeries of the unfortunate and ruined virgin, the horrors and lamentations of the wife, and the ſufferings of every friend, are weak, too weak, to reſtrain the man of pleaſure, and to hold him from the arms of a deluſive and deceitful miſtreſs! How inconſiſtent is man! pride and vanity conſtitute his very nature: yet ſo abject is he, that a vile and ſhameleſs proſtitute cauſes him to give up both! ſo very mean, that unbridled paſſion renders him a dupe to a wanton harlot, whoſe fondneſs is all diſſimulation, and who rejoices ſolely in the power and art of cajoling him! Son of Reaſon, exert thyſelf, and be wiſe! reflect, and be abaſhed! ſcorn her wiles; break from her chains; forſake the falſely-ſmiling miſtreſs; and be bleſſed, truly bleſſed, in the boſom of a virtuous wife!

But, I fear, in thus ſpeaking, the bounds of my office are exceeded, and I preſume too far upon the province of the author; who hath indeed ſo ſtrongly repreſented to us the miſeries attendant upon this crime, that we muſt either have utterly diveſted ourſelves of humanity, or be ſenſibly affected by it. The colouring is lively and ſtrong, the deſcription is tender and pathetick; and there runs through the whole ſo noble and elegant a ſtrain of morality, as muſt indiſputably recommend the work to every ſerious reader; for whom it is no leſs calculated than for the young and ſprightly: nay, the moſt religious may find ſomething to admire and approve; leſſons worthy to be treaſured up, truths meriting a place in the heart and memory. I cannot help urging all parents to a ſober and careful peruſal of this little hiſtory: it's deſign ſeems to be particularly for their emolument and advantage; and I am perſuaded it will prove greatly ſo, if they give it that attention which it deſerves, and attend to that counſel which it ſo generally and carefully inculcates. But, above all, I would recommend it to the men of pleaſure, by whatever other name or title dignified or diſtinguiſhed; I would by all means entreat them to read it again and again, carefully and conſcientiouſly applying thoſe parts which affect them to their own breaſts, and in ſincerity aſking their own hearts, whether theſe things ought thus to be, and whether they would wiſh to be the authors of ſuch conſummate miſery. 'Surely, no!' one and all will reply: and if they are ſincere in this declaration, they will not fail to recollect, that every unlawful amour, every criminal indulgence in this ſhameleſs vice, may be, and probaby is, attended with a train of conſequences, equally affecting and horrid with thoſe related in this hiſtory; and poſſibly much worſe, and more fearful, may ſometimes enſue. The conſideration, indeed, of a future reckoning, and dreadful account to be hereafter given, is ſo antiquated and out of faſhion, that I fear little ſtreſs can be laid upon it: our divines muſt be left to preſs home that important doctrine; but I ſhould conceive, however we may endeavour to think freely on the point, and to perſuade ourſelves of the *notbingneſs* of eternity, that at leaſt the *very certain* and *clear* proofs, which we have even to *mathematical demonſtration*, of our departure from this ſcene of *happineſs* and *pleaſure*, would arouſe us to ſome thought, and make us willing

willing to procure in this unknown hereafter, as good an intereſt as poſſible: for the old argument is ſtill as forcible as ever; if we are miſtaken in our notions of a future ſtate, and find, contrary to our belief, that there really is an avenging God, who will diſtribute to every one according to his works, the infidel and impious will be moſt ſhamefully and ſorrowfully diſappointed; the good and virtuous will then be envied by them, and their happineſs no ſmall aggravation of the other's miſery; but if it proves, as the infidel hopes, and *would fain believe*, he is ſtill no gainer, more than the virtuous man, each ſink alike into ſilent non-entity. But whatever the ſcorner of religion may in his gayer hours pretend, the truth, in the dark moments of thought, cuts deep, and he is fearfully and terribly afraid.

Let us hear, then, no more of their proud boaſting; away with their inſulting madneſs! tell them only of their ſtill and private hours; appeal to their hearts, when darkneſs, danger, or death, approaches; and the lion will ſoon be ſhaken off, diſplaying the coward aſs, the mean, the daſtard, trembling infidel!

It is not to be admired, that ſuch perſons abound in theſe times; nor is there any hope that the general malady ſhould be remedied by any ſuch accidental applications as theſe: it is poſſible a work like this may ſtrike a heart or two, and drive them to reflection; and he who once ſeriouſly reflects, cannot be far from amendment. The Author's only view in it, is, if poſſible, to do good to ſome: he earneſtly deſires it, and the work appears to me calculated well for that end. The beſt preface to any work is it's own native excellence: if it be really good, it wants none; if it be bad, no preface can poſſibly recommend or eſtabliſh it's character. I ſhall therefore urge no more in it's behalf, than that it is highly pleaſing, affecting, and inſtructive: and he who hath gained theſe three things in ſuch a work, hath gained it's eminence.

I would only farther obſerve, that what the Author ſo frequently and earneſtly preſſes upon parents, is the only means ever to revive true virtue in this land: that is, an early care of the minds of youth, and a diligent training them up in the paths of religion; a duty greatly neglected even by parents themſelves, far more unhappily omitted in moſt of our ſchools and places of inſtruction; where, I am ſorry to declare it, trifles, and inſignificant learning, ſo much employ the minds of the young gentlemen, that nobler and more important things are wholly paſſed by; and the precepts of religion eſteemed unneceſſary to be taught, and too *well-known*, or at leaſt too impolite to be inculcated. This is a notorious truth; it is within the obſervation of us all, and requires the utmoſt attention of our governors to remedy. I heartily wiſh they may by ſome means or other be awakened to a due conſideration of this matter, and a ſerious application to the proper relief and care of it. In the mean time, I ſhall conclude this little, and I fear fruitleſs effort, with a few lines on this ſubject, from the manuſcript poem of an ingenious friend of mine, who is well known to the great world, and who hath ſhone there with no ſmall luſtre.

From education all our ills ariſe,
Quick from the cradle the babe grows in vice.
The fooliſh parent, when his darling ſon
Can hammer Greek, thinks all his buſineſs done:
So the fond mother ſpreads her daughter's fame;
Her dancing, muſick, wit, and work, her theme!

But neither aſk, how far they're in the road
To virtue, truth, humility, and God.
Theſe, by ſome inſtinct, in their breaſts may ſpring;
If not——' Religion's no ſuch mighty thing!'
Fools! yet with care, yon flower-bed they tend,
Pluck up each weed, and warping tulips bend;
With ſtudious zeal the welcome ſtream ſupply,
Shield from the ſummer's ſun, and winter's ſky;
And when the big carnations lively blow,
Boaſt their own care, and triumph in the ſhew!
Why ſhould the father wonder to behold,
In every vice, the ſon that hates him, bold?
Why the fond mother tenderly complain,
Her beſt lov'd daughter kept in Drury Lane?
With bleeding hearts, ah! why the crime purſue?
Unhappy parents, all proceeds from you!
Why then, ah! why, the forming ſoul forſake;
The wax of youth will each impreſſion take!
From firſt ideas all our tempers ſpring;
Theſe form the clown, the courtier, and the king;
Join'd as the objects by our minds are ſeen,
And buſy thought aſſociates the train.
Her early votaries Virtue kindly guards;
Obtain'd, forſakes not; and ſincere, rewards;
Peace, honour, wealth to each poſſeſſor brings,
And pleaſures—found not in the breaſts of kings!

THE

THE SISTERS.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

THE FOLLY, DANGER, AND MISFORTUNES OF FAMILY-PRIDE. MR. SANSON'S FAMILY; THEIR GREAT EXPECTATIONS AND DIFFICULTIES.

IN the north of England lived Mr. Sanſon, a gentleman of good character, ſmall fortune, and large family; he had many virtues, which procured him the eſteem of his neighbourhood, but was unhappy in one great foible, which the wiſe obſerved with pity, and the judicious foreſaw might probably be the occaſion of many misfortunes to his children: it was family-pride; a foible as common as abſurd; for what, vain man! are the virtues or greatneſs of thy anceſtors to thee? what merit or what glory can their good deeds reflect on thee, their deſcendant, unleſs thou treadeſt in the ſame ſteps, and, like them, wilt nobly toil up the ſteep of virtue; which alone can ennoble, and which alone makes a man truly great, and truly illuſtrious?

'For who will call thoſe *noble*, who deface,
'By meaner acts, the glories of their race;
'Whoſe only title to their father's fame,
'Is couch'd in the dead letters of their name?
'Long galleries of anceſtors, and all
'The follies which ill grace a country-hall,
'Challenge no wonder, or eſteem from me;
"Virtue, alone, is true nobility *."

The thoughts of his family's great ſplendor and magnificence for many generations, ſo totally engroſſed Mr. Sanſon's heart, that though he ſaw his finances very ſmall, and his children yearly encreaſing, he could not bear the reflection of placing a ſon to a mechanick trade, or giving a daughter any notion of thoſe branches of buſineſs, by which an induſtrious young woman may ſupport herſelf with credit. His wife, a good and amiable woman, was alſo born of parents equally renowned for pedigree; yet her education had been ſo excellent before ſhe married, that ſhe never once had heard of families and deſcent; though by long converſing with her huſband, whom ſhe tenderly loved, ſhe, as uſual, imbibed all his notions, and became as great a bigot to the grandeur of her forefathers as he; and would entertain you many days with the glory of her great grandfather, the fame of her great uncle, the illuſtrious feats and celebrated proweſs of her third couſin's, firſt couſin's uncle's ſon-in-law, and trace her lineage, through lords, knights, champions, and ſquires, down from William the Conqueror to the preſent generation. No wonder, when ſhe found herſelf the mother of four fine young ladies, ſoon as they were able to diſtinguiſh, ſhe informed them of their rank, place, and pre-eminence; inſtructed them in every branch of female eminence and polite behaviour, and inſtilled into their minds chimerical notions of grandeur, and coaches, titles, honour, diamonds, and brocades: 'For 'theſe, ladies,' would ſhe often ſay,

* Juvenal, Sat. viii.

'were

'were what your mother ſhould have 'enjoyed, and which no doubt will ſoon 'be in your poſſeſſion, particularly as 'Heaven has bleſſed you all with ſo many 'beauties, and ſo many graces.'—And to ſay truth, Britain could ſcarcely paragon the two eldeſt, Lucy and Caroline; they were of a moſt delicate frame, formed for love, and what the moſt perverſe old maid, grinning horribly a ghaſtly ſmile of applauſe, would have acknowledged compleat beauties. It is no wonder, when ſuch tales were perpetually ſounded in their ears, that the young girls grew vain, fooliſh, and affected; Caſſandra, Cleopatra, Heywood's novels, and above all, the works of the inimitable Fielding, with a thouſand more romantick books of the ſame kind, (wherewith the preſent age ſo happily abounds) were the conſtant employment of their days: pleaſed with the wondrous relations, and magick ſcenes of joy, ſucceſs, and tranſports, found in theſe charming entertainers, each began to deſpiſe the addreſſes of rude villagers, and to ſigh for enchanted raptures and delightful ſcenes, with which they had heard the great metropolis ſo nobly abounded. But inſurmountable difficulties roſe to their view; mountains on mountains; Oſſa on Pelion, and Pelion on Oſſa: money they had none; and what can be atchieved without all-powerful money? Friends likewiſe they knew not of, none at leaſt from whence they could expect any particular favour. However, at length, one of them bethought her of a diſtant relation living in town: ſoon as the remembrance ſhot into her mind, ſhe communicated it to the family, and prevailed on her father to write: the old man feared a denial, having no reaſonable ground to expect ſo mighty a boon; which, as he obſerved, might be the making of Lucy, and of conſequence, the whole family; nevertheleſs, he wrote in as complaiſant terms as conceivable, and Lucy with her own fingers, while the little tyrant in her boſom panted midſt hopes and fears, committed the dear important letter to the poſt.

CHAP. II.

THE MISERIES OF SUSPENSE. THE SEEMING FELICITY OF MR. SANSON'S FAMILY. THE MISCHIEFS OF HIGH EXPECTATIONS.

OF all the ſtates upon earth, none is ſo diſtracting as that of ſuſpenſe; how dreadful are the long, long hours of expectation; how tedious, how heavily the moments drag along, till the wiſhed-for time approaches?—Every thing then is diſguſting, every pulſe beating the alarm, and the blood flowing with wild agitation through the veins, and firing every part with reſtleſs anxiety and pungent impatience.

In the utmoſt miſery of this moſt uneaſy ſtate, lived, or rather breathed, Mr. Sanſon's whole family, from almoſt the very moment the letter was delivered, to the hour an anſwer arrived; and that anſwer was a full fortnight before it came to hand: every night they watched the poſt, and every night, alas! diſappointed, went with eyes over-loaded with tears to bed: ſo blind are we to futurity, ſo little knowing of what here will tend to our ſorrow or ſucceſs!

O learn hence, ye ſons and daughters of perſeverance, never to be ſolicitous for the future; reſt contented in the hands of an ever-wiſe and watchful Providence: ſo ſhall ye inhabit the delightful vales of ſerenity, and dwell at eaſe amidſt the fertile plains of peace and ſafety!

At length, the letter came; Lucy received it, the mother caught it, the father ſnatched it from her; and the whole ſouls of each of them were tiptoe on the keen point of expectation. Mixed with tears, the poor old man preſently burſt out; 'Well, my Lucy, 'Heaven begins to be kind to us—and 'thou art going, I truſt, to where fortune and felicity await thee!—Oh, 'good, good man—hear his letter. I 'remember when he and I—' 'For 'Heaven's ſake, dear Sir,' ſaid Lucy, eagerly, 'no remembering now; pray 'read.'—'Oh, pray, my dear,' cries the mother—'don't keep us any longer in 'ſuſpenſe.'—'Dear papa!' ſays this—'Good Sir!' the other; and all with one united voice, ſtopped the progreſs of the old man's tale, and obliged him to read the long-expected epiſtle.

'DEAR SIR,

'I Should be glad, by any means in 'my power, to add to the happi-'neſs of your family more eſpecially, 'though

'though I have not a greater ſatisfac-
'tion, than the doing good to any of
'my fellow-creatures. I ſpoke to my
'friend the Earl of ——, and he has
'promiſed me to receive my Couſin
'Lucy into his family, as a companion
'to his eldeſt daughter; and if you
'pleaſe to ſend up Miſs Caroline, I will
'take ſuch care of her, as reſpect to
'your family deſerves I ſhould, till I can
'get ſomething reputable and proper
'for her. I hope ſoon to ſee the young
'ladies; and am, with all eſteem and
'due reſpects to your family, dear
'couſin, yours moſt ſincerely,

'JOSEPH DOOKALB.'

'There is a ſincere friend now!' ſaid the fond father: 'oh, good man, how 'ſhall I repay him!' And all with him grew very loud in the praiſes of their Couſin Dookalb; Lucy congratulated Caroline, and Caroline Lucy. 'And 'who knows, my dear,' cried the mother, 'but my lord's eldeſt ſon may take 'a liking to you, and marry you, and 'then you will be a counteſs; and ſo 'Caroline being with her ſiſter, and 'getting into good company, I dare ſay, 'will marry a nobleman too; and then 'we will come to town in one of your 'coaches and ſix; and you ſhall pro-'vide for us and for your brothers and 'ſiſters, and then how great and happy 'ſhall we be! how much like ourſelves! '—And indeed, my dear,' ſaid ſhe, to her huſband, 'no lord need be aſhamed 'of marrying from ſuch ancient and 'honourable families as ours.'—'Sure 'not,' replied the old man; 'I believe 'there are few of our nobility, my chil-'dren, better deſcended than you, as 'you may have often heard me ſay—'Let me ſee—William the Conqueror's 'daughter's huſband's nephew—ſtay—'fetch me the pedigree, Lucy.'—'Oh, 'no papa,' quoth ſhe, '-no pedigree 'now—we'll ſend for it when we are 'married; and our names, the *counteſs* 'of ſuch a place, and my *lady* ſuch a 'one, will add no ſmall luſtre to it.'—'What if they were to take it to town, 'my dear,' ſaid the father?'—'I think 'it might be very proper,' replies mamma.—'Yes,' ſays Lucy, 'to be ſure it 'will—but how will the little envious 'folks here ſtare and gape at us, when 'we come down with our chariots and 'our footmen—and all our grandeur—'and how ſhall we then be able to ſhew 'Mrs. Gibſon a proper contempt for 'her pride and affronts to us?—Oh, 'the pleaſure!—well—ſure never were 'people ſo lucky!' Such were the fond reveries of this deluded family: all were equally buoyed up; all of the ſame opinion with mamma, and none of the girls had a thought of obtaining leſs than a lord or duke, as the boys too of marrying ladies, counteſſes, and ſo on.

Who would ever give a looſe to the wild follies of luxurious fancy, and the extravagance of pride and ſelf-opinion? Heaven fills the fond brain with ſuch chimeras, ſuch air-built notions, only to bring us to a better knowledge of ourſeves; but when our imaginations have been ſtrongly heated with the ſight of viſionary bleſſings, the loſs of them is ſcarce leſs afflicting than the loſs of real ones: a reflection that ought to inſpire us with true humility, the beſt and moſt chriſtian-like virtue, and which is of all the moſt probable to make us happy; by which never mortal yet knew ruin, and by which many have roſe to the nobleſt pitch and trueſt excellencies of earthly glory.

CHAP. III.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE WORTHY AND AMIABLE PERSONAGE MENTIONED IN THE LAST CHAPTER.

BEFORE we enter any farther on our little hiſtory, it will be requiſite to inform the courteous reader, who and what this ſo friendly man, this good Couſin Mr. Dookalb, was; for ſure a character ſo amiable as this appears to be, cannot but engroſs every attention, and engage every heart. But, alas! appearances are too often deceitful; and actions which ſeem truly generous in themſelves, ſpring from motives the moſt mean, villainous, and intereſted. Such was the caſe with this perſon.

He was born of poor parents in Scotland, who brought him up hardily amidſt the bleak mountains, making the ſnow his pillow, and the ſtar-beſpangled ſky his canopy. The laird of his clan obſerving the boy of an active, acute diſpoſition, took him into his family; where he lived a year or two, till the wickedneſs of his temper, and his prone-

neſs

nefs to miſchief, ſo notoriouſly indicated itſelf, that he was obliged to fly; and having procured a ſmall ſum of money, with another of the ſame ſtamp with himſelf, he made the beſt of his way to England, of which he had heard much from a ſervant in his laird's family, who had lived in London; a place he more than commonly longed to arrive at, as there, he was aſſured, his countrymen ſeldom failed of good encouragement. Accordingly, amidſt various adventures, too numerous and too unworthy to detain us here, by begging, ſtealing, and the like, they arrived at the great city; but when there, they knew not how to gain ſubſiſtence. At length, Dookalb hearing of a Scotch nobleman, determined to apply to him; and making himſelf as ſmart as he poſſibly could, and being in reality a very well-made perſonable young fellow, he waited on Lord ****, and pretending a recommendation from the laird he had left, by his good appearance, nice hypocriſy, and well-managed fraud, he ſo far gained my lord's affection, as to be put by him into a place in his own family, and ſoon after to be made his valet de chambre. His unhappy companion not meeting with ſo good ſucceſs, and being entirely neglected by his falſe and ungrateful friend, was forced to ſteal for ſuſtenance, and in a ſeſſions or two was condemned to the gallows.

Dookalb now became a perfect valet, remarkable for his vanity, impudence, and impertinence; amidſt all which, he ſtill retained the moſt ſupple method of engaging eſteem; and having a good deal of the gentleman in his outward appearance, by that and an abundant ſtock of flattery and diſſimulation, he conſtantly inſinuated himſelf into the good graces of his maſter and his friends, and was as much eſteemed by them as he was deteſted by the ſervants beneath him. His lordſhip was a man of great gallantry, and beſides two miſtreſſes which he kept unknown to his wife, very frequently took up with the very refuſe of the fleſh-boxes; a term which perhaps may want explaining to ſome, but which for the credit of our nation, and the honour of our law-givers, we think much more prudent to paſs over than dwell upon; particularly, as, agreeable to the uſual vanity of authors, we expect this our performance will live to the very end of time, a monument, like the vain old Roman's *ære perennius*, (that is, for the ſake of the Engliſh reader, 'more dur-'rable than braſs;') and therefore, we are not willing to perpetuate, but deſirous rather to draw a veil over, any matter that might chance to obumbrate the bright glory of our country. Here we are greatly inclined to ſhew our *learning*, as well as our *patriotiſm*; but knowing, how ſeverely ſome eminent authors are cenſured for their digreſſions, we judge it more expedient to go on with the hiſtory.

Dookalb was the prime confident in all his maſter's amours, and the principal means of carrying on the ſecret of his miſtreſſes; he it was who attended, ſerved and aſſiſted them, and by a duteous and obſequious behaviour to them, as much acquired their eaſy eſteem as he had done his lord's. No wonder if, for ſuch ſervices, he grew every day more and more in favour; and, after being promoted to the high honour of his lordſhip's gentleman, was at length placed in a noble houſe, not far from his lordſhip's, by whoſe intereſt he procured a conſiderable place, and by whoſe recommendation he ſet up as connoiſſeur in fine girls, and proveditor-general to great part of the nobility. He had by ſome means acquired, or pretended to have acquired, a taſte in paintings; and as the great men looked upon him as a true judge, they gave any money for pictures bought by him. Pieces frequently which coſt him five or ten guineas, he with the utmoſt reluctance, and as the greateſt favour done to the purchaſer, would modeſtly and generouſly ſell for four or five hundred. By means like theſe, one would have thought he ſhould have acquired money enough to reſt eaſy, and more particularly, as the expences of near twenty kept ladies paſſed through his hands; but though thus in a capacity of procuring an immenſe fortune, he ſtill continued indigent. At laſt, after he had long ſought for one, a widow lady of very large poſſeſſions fell in his way: he viſited, woed, and won her. But, alas! her poſſeſſions were for life only; and as ſhe ſoon after died, he was compelled again to take up his old way of living. His marriage gave him a farther capacity of extending his trade, as his wife, a woman of rank, had introduced him to many families of the firſt diſtinction. To him every nobleman who wants a miſtreſs applies,

and

and he kindly procures them of what ſort, ſize, or complexion ſoever, the inamorato chuſes; and makes the poſſeſſor pay according to the merits of his fair-one. By an amazing aſſurance, he creeps even into the affections and eſteem of thoſe very ladies whoſe huſbands he procures for, and has *now* ſome places under ſeveral, who, if they knew how *black* a fellow they employed, would deteſt themſelves for ever having had him near them, and tremble when they behold that man who has the office oppoſite to St. Peter—

And keeps the gates of hell. OTHELLO.

CHAP. IV.

PREPARATION FOR THE YOUNG LADIES DEPARTURE.—THE LITTLE FAMILY'S SOLICITUDE.—A CAUTION AGAINST PRECIPITATION.

SUCH was the man into whoſe hands theſe unhappy girls were deſtined to fall. Such was the man who made no conſcience of ruining the good and virtuous, and ſpreading confuſion and horror, deſpair and agony, amongſt miſerable and worthy families. My tears almoſt prevent my purſuing the fatal ſtory; yet as truths horrid and ſhocking as theſe, may warn the inexperienced, and teach the unwary how cautious they ought to be, I ſhall with ſome degree of pleaſure make my own heart bleed; nay, I ſhall do it with tranſport, if thereby I may be ſo happy as to ſave even one young helpleſs creature from miſery and deſtruction.

The poor fond mother had now ſcraped together for her beloved daughters, all the little trinkets, caps, laces, and finery, ſhe had long been in careful poſſeſſion of, and ſedulouſly ſought for every little piece of gaiety which ſhe thought might adorn the two charmers of her fond boſom; and the careful good father ſtripped himſelf of all the money he had, and left pinching poverty at home, to give his lovely ones, his dear departing children, all he could, which at beſt was but a ſcanty pittance: each little brother, with tears in his half-rejoicing eyes, gave his dear ſiſters the fine money he had received as gifts from his kind godfathers or relations; and the liſping ſiſters brought in their mite of glittering ribbands and ſplendid bugles. All deprived themſelves of what they before wholly rejoiced and were happy in, and all, with one conſent, were glad to give their ſiſters what they could; for they were to be great, and to make them ſo. Unhappy parents! miſerable children! you are binding wreaths of flowrets, you are decking with triumphant garlands, and with all the pomp of ſacrifice, harmleſs lambs, deſtined ſpeedily to fall victims, deſtined ſpeedily to be led through the temples of ruin, and to bleed on the altars of iniquity.

Plead ſoftly for them, ye whoſe hearts overflow with tenderneſs, and whoſe gentle boſoms are the ſeats of pity and compaſſion; ſoftly entreat the muſe or genius, which ever it be, that preſides over tales like theſe, to ſpare and protect them, to preſerve the wretched parents from ſorrow and ſighing, and the hapleſs little family from deep woe and lamentation! But, alas! what have muſes to do with tales like theſe? Truth lights up her ſplendid torch, the cruel force of facts demands us cloſely to follow, and fable and fiction can have no place in the melancholy ſtory.

The day fixed for their journey was come; and they ſlept not the night before the appointed morning, leſt they ſhould be ſo unhappy as to loſe their places in the coach: however, they, with all the family, were at the inn two hours before the coach ſet out; which they entered with all the life conceivable, and with as much tranſport, as if hurrying to ſcenes of the moſt certain felicity. On the other ſide, the ſcene was affecting; ſoon as the coach moved out of the yard, the poor old father's heart miſgave him, and he burſt into tears; the mother wept too, and began to regret the loſs of her daughters: ſoon after the dangers of the town recurred to her ſickening fancy, and the face of pleaſure never more appeared in that unfortunate family. Neceſſity ſat on their brows, and poverty preſſed cloſe at the door; the little children as they heard their parents lament, ſat weeping around them, and every hour and every moment was uneaſily diſtracted by fears, and the dire terrors of uneaſy fancy.

And ſuch always muſt be their fate, who are precipitately hurried on an undertaking without duly weighing the advantages with the dangers, and who vainly enough delude themſelves with

looking at any ſcheme propoſed only in a favourable and pleaſing point of view. Who would be happy, ſhould be cautious—

Wiſely and ſlow; they ſtumble that run faſt.

CHAP. V.

A DESCRIPTION OF LONDON, BY A MOROSE OLD MAID. THE FATAL CONSEQUENCES OF MASQUERADES.

IT would be tedious and diſguſting to our readers, to give a particular and minute account of the little accidents and trifling circumſtances which befel our heroines on their journey; however, we cannot help relating the converſation that paſſed between them and a lady they took up the laſt day at Stevenage, as it ſeemed to have much effect on the mind of Caroline particularly. From her admiſſion into the coach, and firſt appearance, they conceived no very favourable opinion of her; and could not help tittering a little at the quaintneſs and peculiarity of her manner; which the old gentlewoman perceiving, gave no ſmall ſigns of diſapprobation, by the over-clouding her face, already ſufficiently gloomy. She ſeemed of the old-maid kind, from a certain ſtern and diſſatisfactory moroſeneſs ſcowling on her brow; naturally not formed to pleaſe, never the ſeat of roſy love and dimpled ſmiles: her forehead was exceeding low, and deep furrowed with ten thouſand wrinkles; her hair was grey, but covered over with black curls, which being by ſome accident diſplaced, ſerved only to increaſe the horror of the ſcene beneath, where the grey briſtles, like ſtiff ſtubble, cut to make way for the youthful lock, ſtood ſtaring and frightfully an-end; her noſe was not of the *aquiline ſort*, but to ſay the truth, rather inclined to flatneſs, inſomuch that two fierce glaſs-coloured eyes ſeemed to peer over it, as if to flaſh furious and blaſting glances at each other; two large black teeth, dreadful to behold, ſeated themſelves in warlike array, in each ſcurvy-eaten gum; and a briſtly beard, like that of the witches in Macbeth, nipped in the bud all deſire of gentle kiſſing on the lips of thoſe who beheld her. Such was her countenance; her dreſs was equally ſtriking, whimſical, antiquated, and unbecoming; ſo that one would naturally imagine, no beholder could entertain any great prejudices in her favour at firſt ſight. When ſhe was ſeated, ſhe gave the fulleſt idea of *Spencer's Envy*, whom he repreſents as *gnawing* her *malign and cankered gall*; for the old lady, darting keen looks around her, mumbled, and muttered, and murmured to herſelf. At length ſhe thus began, after a long interval of ſilence, addreſſing herſelf to the fair ſiſters—'So, you 'are going to London to ſell your beau-'ty I warrant! theſe are fine times; it 'was very wiſe of your parents, if you 'have any, to permit you I think! but 'parents are no parents now-a-days: 'my papa and mamma would never let 'me go to ſuch dangerous places with-'out them; and perhaps I had as 'much prudence, and as much beauty 'too, as other folks.'—'There is no-'body here, Madam, I dare ſay, that 'diſputes your prudence, much leſs 'your beauty,' replied Lucy; 'and as 'to ourſelves, we are ſo unhappy as to 'be obliged to come without our pa-'rents, though not without the protec-'tion of a near relation.'—'So much 'the better, Miſs,' rejoined the old lady, ſomewhat ſoftened by the genteel compliment paid her; which ſeemed to have the ſame effect on her, that the ſop thrown by Æneas, the pious Prince of Troy, had on Cerberus, the wicked dog-porter of the infernal regions. Accordingly, in a more inviting manner, ſhe enquired into their place of abode, their relations, name, and reſidence, and their buſineſs in town; in all which circumſtances having her curioſity ſatisfied, ſhe went on thus: 'Well, I wiſh you 'good ſucceſs; but, believe me, you 'are going to a place, where you will 'certainly be ſurrounded with innu-'merable dangers; a place full of 'houſes, and full of people; where 'there is every thing to charm and 'captivate the heart, and at the ſame 'time to deceive and enſnare it: think 'every woman you ſee fatter than or-'dinary, whether in coach or on foot, 'a bawd ready to entrap and betray 'you; think every young female you 'ſet your eyes on, a trader, a wretch 'that lives by her iniquity; either the 'property of ſome married wicked man, 'ſome cruel deviliſh bawd, or elſe caſt 'out on herſelf, with diſeaſes loath-

'ſome

'some and infectious. Be sure, every 'man you behold in lace or embroidery, 'is a debauched rake, without humanity or one good principle; be certain, if he fixes his eyes on you, he already in his heart has committed fornication with you, and would run through every subtle artifice to accomplish his hellish purposes: look upon none of them; they are all deceivers, wretches, and debauchees. Judge no person of any sex or age, great or wealthy from their appearantes; the good and worthy you will meet generally in a plain, or perhaps a tattered garment, while the gilt chariot and Flanders mares draw usurers, extortioners, spendthrifts, whores, bullies, and infidels. Fear every body; but more especially those who speak you fairest: they are hypocrites; wolves in sheep's cloathing. Never speak freely to any man: above all things, never go to plays, much less to masquerades; at both the devil reigns high emperor.' At these last words, a lady who sat very silent, and seemingly much afflicted, in a corner of the coach, burst into tears; and all being anxious to know the reason, interrupted by deep sighs, she said—'The mention of masquerades has renewed all my anguish; I am a most unhappy mother, ruined by them in the destruction of the loveliest and most dutiful daughter. Oh! young ladies, all who saw her, were big with my Emily's praises, and esteemed me most blessed in a child so good, so kind, and virtuous. In an unhappy hour, I consented to her seeing London with a female relation, with whom she got acquainted with a man of the town; with him she was persuaded to see a masquerade; he, wretch as he was, took the fatal opportunity, carried her to a bagnio, and forced my poor, poor helpless child. Oh! how can I go on? pity my sorrows; how can I see her? how can I live?. The anguish of her soul was so great, that she lost her senses; and, miserable mother that I am, I am now going to visit a daughter, the joy of my heart, and flower of all my hopes, debauched and ruined, robbed of her virtue! and, oh, the dreadful consequence, robbed too of her senses, and now in a mad-house!' A violent fit of tears succeeded her truly piteous story, and there was not a dry eye in the coach; which gave the old maid, after some time for recollection, no small matter for triumph, as she observed this story proved the veracity of her description of London; which, indeed, the young ladies began now to give more regard to, having before looked upon it only as the effect of malice and disappointment, the odious representation of an old maid, devoured with spleen, discontent, and dissatisfaction.

CHAP. VI.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE YOUNG LADIES IN TOWN. SOME NEW CHARACTERS INTRODUCED ON THE STAGE. THE MEANNESS OF BETRAYING A YOUNG PERSON. AN ASSIGNATION.

THEIR thoughts chiefly engaged on this melancholy story, they arrived in town, the wonders of which soon totally engrossed the young ladies fancies as they passed along; till arriving at their inn, they found their cousin Dookalb waiting for them, who received them with all the complaisance and affability imaginable, and straightway ordering a coach, took them to his house in Henrietta Street. Though they were a good deal fatigued with their journey, yet the agreeable company they found at Mr. Dookalb's raised their spirits to the utmost flow, and gave every thing around them an air of enchantment and supernatural delight. Their company consisted of two ladies, and with them three gentlemen; the first was the blythe Mrs. Searchwell, a laughter-loving, merry-hearted dame, whose engaging politeness soon won over unwary maidens, little dreaming of the destruction that basked in her smiles, and the miseries that waited on her friendship. The other female was Miss Charlotte Repook, a young girl of fine features, delicate frame, and amorous complexion. She passed at present for Mrs. Searchwell's niece, but was in reality mistress to one of the worthy gentlemen here present, who for sundry reasons and causes assumed the name of Mr. Wilson. The other two were men dignified with titles: the first father of several children, and husband to a most worthy lady, once the triumph of his adoration, now the disregarded ob-

ject of diſguſted indifference. The two fair ſiſters were deſtined to the arms of theſe gentlemen, if their perſons ſhould chance to hit their fancy, and the ſum agreed upon for their poſſeſſion was already depoſited in the hands of Dookalb. The names they choſe to be known by on ſuch occaſions, were Captain Smith and Captain Thomas. Such was the jovial band the gladſome ſiſters now ſat laughing with. At firſt their native modeſty covered them with bluſhes whenever they ſpoke, and rarely it was they ventured to ſpeak; but when the glaſs was briſkly put round, and the god of wine began to hail the god of love, when the mother's tongue entered into the realms of luſcious talking, and wanton Charlotte threw her ſnowy arms around the neck of her fond lover, imprinting kiſſes warm with tranſport, then it was the two young inexperienced laſſes gave a looſe to love themſelves, and were pleaſed to find the young noblemen preſſing their heaving breaſts with glowing hands, and ſucking from their unpolluted roſeate mouths ten thouſand and ten thouſand ſweets, and ſwearing, amidſt the warmth of furious paſſions—

That the air paſſing through the Arabian groves,
Yields not ſo ſweet an odour as their breath.

In ſhort, they had no remembrance of the old lady's deſcription and advice, or of the ſtory that lately ſo much affected them; and there ſeemed to want but little inducements, even then, to pluck the roſe, and break the virgin knot; for, oh! what maiden can withſtand the torrent of impetuous deſires! or how, when ſtrong paſſion ſo preſſingly pleads, can feeble woman reſiſt, if man dare ſeize the golden opportunity, be villain enough to triumph over human weakneſs, and ruin the love-ſick maid, becauſe he finds he may? Yet what numbers are there who daily act ſo inhumanly? who ſoothe the tender believing fair to love and ſoftneſs; and when opportunity, long and ſtudiouſly ſought after, preſents it's inviting hand, deſtroy all thoſe hopes of innocent pleaſures a young creature had indulged in, and perhaps plunge her, and a family that placed their chief comfort in their promiſing little charmer, in anguiſh inexpreſſible, and everlaſting perdition?

But though honeſt Dookalb was fully fixed this ſhould be the caſe with theſe two deluded ſiſters, and was rejoiced to ſee the poiſon work as he could wiſh, he was determined to delay their deſtruction one day longer; and now aſſuming an air of modeſty, and ſeeming much diſpleaſed with the too great familiarity which the captains took with his couſins, he obſerved to them, it was not ſo well; that the ladies were fatigued, and that it was two o'clock. Upon which, chairs were ordered, and the pair of turtles with the old mother withdrew. The young noblemen waſted half an hour more in gentle dalliance, ſwore and promiſed an endleſs tranſport and perpetual conſtancy, and appointed to-morrow for another meeting, happy as the preſent; and each claſping his beloved fair-one's warm and yielding hand, thus parted, with Shakeſpeare's famed aſſignation—

I ſwear to thee, by Cupid's ſtrongeſt bow,
By his beſt arrow with the golden head,
By the ſimplicity of Venus' doves,
By that which knitteth ſouls and proſpers loves;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever woman ſpoke;
In that ſame place thou haſt appointed me,
To-morrow, truly, will I meet with thee.

CHAP. VII.

SERIOUS REFLECTIONS ON MARRIAGE, ACCORDING TO THE POLITE TASTE; OR, A SILENT APOLOGY FOR KEEPING.

WHEN the company was gone, Mr. Dookalb, in ſhort, ſet forth the merits of each, and obſerved to the ladies, if they were kind enough, they need not doubt of taking in theſe gentlemen. 'Men, I aſſure you,' continued he, 'of very great worth, and as great 'fortunes, whom you may eaſily win 'over by a condeſcending behaviour, 'and ſubmitting to what their love de'ſires; for the world, couſins, is great'ly miſtaken in it's notions of things; 'and indeed, to ſay the truth, the mul'titude, for the moſt part, judges wrong: 'young ladies are apt to imagine a pru'diſh reſerved behaviour the likelieſt 'method to obtain a fortune; and hav'ing heard from antiquated aunts and 'mothers, I know not what fooliſh

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'tales of virtue, coyneſs, and ſtuff of 'that ſort, reſiſt the addreſſes of men of 'quality, who, diſguſted with their ſhy-'neſs, immediately relinquiſh them, and 'leave them to low-life and poverty; 'whereas freedom and good-nature, 'which coſts nothing, engages all hearts, 'and makes every one's fortune who 'properly manages it. For, ſuppoſe a 'young girl of no fortune admits a man 'of quality to her bed, and binds him 'thereby in the ſtrongeſt cords of af-'fection, everlaſting love and happi-'neſs is the conſequence, and riches 'flow into her lap like full rivers. 'Prieſts and blockheads, for their own 'advantage, and to ſwell their own 'coffers, have invented an idle cere-'mony, which ignorant people look 'upon, through long cuſtom, to be of 'wonderous effect; as if, couſins, a 'fellow in a black gown, mumbling 'over a few words, could have any 'ſort of influence over the heart, where '*love* muſt be rooted, and which, to 'be ſure, is the only juſt tye in the 'ſight of Heaven. Marriage has ſome 'ſhew of advantage, but if a man and 'woman of honour mutually pledge 'their troth to each other, and live to-'gether faithfully, where is the dif-'ference in the ſight of God? Are 'they not as much and truly huſband 'and wife, as if a muſty parſon had pre-'tended to join their hands in inſepa-'rable union?—But I beg pardon for 'keeping you up; I am always ſo 'moved by this ſubject, I can ſcarce 'know where to end: the maid waits 'to attend you in the next room.'

This curious ſpeech concluded, the good man withdrew, as did the ladies, immenſely delighted with their ſituation. 'And, O what a charming man is Cap-'tain Smith!' ſays this; 'And what a 'ſweet creature is Captain Thomas!' ſays the other, 'and how merry Mrs. 'Searchwell! and how agreeable Miſs 'Charlotte! and what a ſenſible man 'is our couſin! for my part, I ſhall 'doat on him ſo long as I live, and I 'am ſure will follow his advice in every 'thing; for he talks the moſt wiſely, 'and the beſt, I ever heard a man in my 'life.'—'And yet,' ſaid Caroline, 'there 'is ſomething in his laſt diſcourſe to us, 'which I muſt own did not give me ſo 'much pleaſure. He ſeemed to hint, did 'he not, ſiſter, as if matrimony was a 'matter of little conſequence, and to be 'diſregarded, if two people mutually 'ſhould conſent to live together? I think 'ſomething particular appears in that, 'and not quite agreeable to my way of 'thinking!'——'Poo!' replied Lucy: 'what he ſaid, to be ſure, was all very 'true; but as for your part, you are 'continually raiſing doubts and ſcru-'ples, and full of fooliſh fancies about 'whims and chimeras, that exiſt no 'where but in your own brain! And 'pray, is it not moſt certain, that love 'alone can make marriage firm and ac-'ceptable in the ſight of God? Pray 'what good can a prieſt's words do? 'It is only cuſtom, as Mr. Dookalb 'obſerved.'—'Well, well, ſiſter,' re-joined Caroline, 'I would not, to be 'made a queen, be married, as you may 'call it, without that cuſtom, idle as it 'may ſeem; and believe me, I can never 'think ſo many good people would ſub-'mit to ſuch a cuſtom, if there were no 'tye farther in it. Marriage, doubt-'leſs, was ordained of God, and who-'ever lives with another without this 'bond commits the greateſt ſin!'—— 'Pr'ythee, Caroline, no more of your 'ſinning! I dare ſay thoſe ſweet gen-'tlemen we have juſt parted from, 'would not be ſo mean as to do any 'thing wrong or ſinful; and I am ſure 'I have conceived ſo great and good 'an opinion of them, that I could ſafe-'ly truſt myſelf to their care and ho-'nour: for did you ever ſee men ſo 'genteel and charming! ſuch perſons! 'Then their dreſs, how gay and becom-'ing! Lord, what a ſtriking difference 'is there between them and thoſe poor 'creatures we have left at Winſtrop! 'Well, God be praiſed, that we are 'thus happily delivered, and thus like-'ly to be made what we at firſt ſcarce 'dared to dream of.'—'Indeed, my 'dear,' quoth Caroline, 'one muſt be a 'ſtock or a ſtone not to be ſenſible of 'theſe gentlemen's perſonal as well as 'other merits; and in our circum-'ſtances eſpecially, ſince my couſin 'Dookalb aſſures us they are men of 'worth and fortune, we ſhould be mad, 'not to ſhew all becoming freedom, if 'we may be ſo lucky as to gain them 'by it; but, to be ſure, we can't be too 'cautious!'—'Oh, never fear that!' replied Lucy; 'you know, ſiſter, the 'power of beauty, and you know too 'who are in poſſeſſion of that beauty—'I ſay no more; and ſo, recommend-

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'ing pleaſant thoughts and dreams to 'you, I wiſh you a good night.' Having thus mutually eaſed their minds, and charmed with the promiſed Elyſium now before them, they dropped into the arms of gentle ſlumber.

CHAP. VIII.

A SUMMARY OF THE LIFE OF MISS CHARLOTTE REPOOK.

AS the reader of a hiſtory can neither ſufficiently enter into the ſpirit thereof, nor underſtand the ſeveral events therein recorded, which often depend on the niceſt accidents, and the minuteſt part of a character, unleſs he is firſt acquainted with the ſeveral perſons who are actors in it, we judge it not improper to ſet before thoſe, who will condeſcend to handle theſe humble volumes, a ſhort account of the young lady who appeared a jovial gueſt at the late banquet. As to the merry-hearted Mrs. Searchwell, we ſhall a while omit ſaying any thing concerning her, ſeeing thoſe whom we moſt would chuſe to pleaſe, the gay and young, will not be over anxious after her, having been once informed ſhe was fat and old, and becauſe we ſhall have future occaſion, more than once, perhaps, to pay our compliments to her at her own houſe; but Charlotte being young, gay, ſprightly, and charming, no wonder the heart burns to know more of her, and the boſom pants for a nearer acquaintance.

Charlotte was the daughter of a humble baſket-maker; or, as ſome hold, a bottomer of chairs; at one of thoſe places of reſort, where the polite, like birds of paſſage, fly in gilt chariots to trifle away the ſummer, as they have lately trifled away the winter ſeaſon. It was her buſineſs, when in her infant years, to attend on the company, and receive their generous contributions, which were greatly excited by the pleaſing appearance of the child, it's ſportive vivacity, and diverting ſprightlineſs. The ladies univerſally commended the beautiful red and white of it's innocent cheeks, the graceſulneſs of it's auburn and naturally-curling hair, it's eyes black and lively, the ſnowy pureneſs of it's ſkin, and the fine turn of it's little tender limbs; and the gentlemen ſmilingly obſerved, Charlotte would make a moſt delicate creature by and by; deſtining her, even in her infancy, to their ſhocking purpoſes, and looking on her ſpotleſs purity with the eyes of cruelty and deſire; to which, in ſhort, ſhe ſpeedily fell a prey: for, before ſhe was fifteen, horrid gold, the ſpring and fountain of all evils, tempted her miſerable parents to yield her up a prey to the arms of a man, who now has the high rapture to boaſt, 'I have introduced 'Charlotte to ſin, ſorrow, ſhame, and 'eternal miſery.' Hear that, and tremble, reflect and gnaſh thy teeth, ſon of perdition! Thou haſt deflowered a virgin, and ſpread a blighting mildew over the fair flouriſhing gardens of innocence!

Thus entered into the court of ſhame, and enrolled in the long liſt of the undone, ſhe abandoned all remorſe; and having no advantage of knowledge from her education, felt no pungency from her preſent circumſtances. She rejoiced to be clad in ſilk and gold, to ride in a chariot with her beloved, and to be gazed at and admired (fooliſh vanity!) wherever ſhe appeared. No wonder ſhe grew doubly proud, and doubly vain, on hearing the ſighing adulations of every man that approached her, and on finding herſelf the triumphant miſtreſs of every heart. No wonder preſents or caprice would entice her to favour others with the ſame freedoms her lover enjoyed; no wonder ſhe preferred others, or at leaſt variety, and by this means diſguſted him, quarrelled, parted, and became the miſtreſs of, and a trader for, herſelf. She had been the admiration of every eye, at play-houſes and gardens, operas and balls. Nay, ſo amazing was her influence, or rather tyranny, that the ladies of reputation, hearing continually her praiſes from the gentlemen, were anxious to appear like Charlotte; and therefore, in whatever dreſs ſhe adorned herſelf, however peculiar, the virtuous followed, as deſirous alſo to pleaſe; and ſhe became, nay, and, wonderous! ſtill is, the grand leader of female faſhions.

It was not long before ſhe again entered into keeping, in full luſtre, and in full poſſeſſion of every extravagance her heart could wiſh for; but even this did not long continue: in a furious paſſion one morning with her lover, (like the gentle fair-one whom the humorous ſon of fancy and ſatire * hath ſo ele-

* Hogarth.

gantly

gantly diſplayed) ſhe kicked down, with her angry foot, the whole tea-table; d——d the mean raſcal with whom ſhe had to do, and threw at his head the paltry ſettlement he had made her; called a chair; and, full of indignation, withdrew. Speedily, however, ſhe again enliſted herſelf in the ſervice of a cavalier, who knew no happineſs equal to the boaſt of having this pride of beauty, this flower of excellence, in his poſſeſſion. She was no ſtranger to her aſcendancy over him, and therefore reigned wholly deſpotick. Had ſhe an inclination to ſhew her power, ſhe perhaps would drop a ring, or ſome other female trinket, in the largeſt of his ponds, and immediately order the waters to be drained off, and the mud to be cleared through the fingers of a thouſand workmen, to find the loſt and darling relick. Had ſhe a deſire to ſhew her ſuperior ſoul, and greater influence than the boaſted Queen of Egypt, ſhe would encloſe bank-notes * of conſiderable value between ſlices of her bread and butter, and tell to her admiring ſlaves how many hundreds ſhe had ſwallowed at a breakfaſt. She wiſhed only to poſſeſs jewels like Cleopatra's, to ſhew how much more profuſely than the Queen of Egypt ſhe could ſquander them away in expreſſing her unbounded affection to her admirers. So notorious were her extravagances, and ſtill ſo prevailing her charms, that though every man condemned the fooliſh poſſeſſor of this powerful lady for his abſurd condeſcenſion, yet every man wiſhed and wanted to be him.

So, to compare ſmall things with great, when the ſooty god of fire had trepanned the god of war and queen of beauty, and entangled them in his ſubtle and well-deviſed net, the whole inhabitants of heaven came down to gaze on their ſhame, and to be witneſſes of their guilt; and though every power put on the ſeverity of virtuous reſentment, Mercury, the ſovereign diſpoſer of wit, was bold enough to ſpeak their ſentiments, in honeſtly proclaiming his own.

Thus ſerious they. But he who gilds the ſkies,
The gay Apollo, thus to Hermes cries:

'Would'ſt thou enchain'd, like Mars, oh!
'Hermes, lie!
'And bear the ſhame, like Mars, to ſhare
'the joy?'—
'Oh, envy'd ſhame!' the ſmiling youth
rejoin'd.
'Add thrice the chains, and thrice more
'firmly bind;
'Gaze, all ye gods, and ev'ry goddeſs
'gaze;
'Yet eager would I bleſs the ſweet diſ-
'grace*."

Charlotte was one night at a maſquerade, and as her heart was very ſuſceptible of love, whenever an agreeable object preſented, ſhe was particularly ſtruck with the figure and fine appearance of the gentleman in whoſe poſſeſſion our hiſtory found her. He was ever remarkable for the peculiarity and elegance of his dreſs on theſe occaſions, but on this happy night was adorned with uncommon *charms*, inſomuch that the fair *incog.* uſing the liberty allowed in theſe bleſſed ſcenes of freedom and unreſerve, joined herſelf to his ſide, and made a way into his heart. They parted not any more that evening: why ſhould I add the reſt? they were miſſed from the company; and, we preſume, retired to ſome dear retreat, formed for love and rapture; where, indulging together, they ſo mutually pleaſed, that each determined never more to part with the other; but, like fond turtles, not only in life, but even in death, to be united. Her former, and now deſerted, lord and maſter grieved, as is eaſy to imagine, deeply for her loſs; but time and abſence, thoſe fatal murderers of love, at length eaſed his ſwelling heart, and his paſſion now began *to melt* into *a tender* and *endearing remembrance* of his charmer.

CHAP. IX.

THE LOVERS IMPATIENCE. A HINT TO GUARD AGAINST THE FIRST APPROACHES TO VICE. LUCY'S REMOVAL AND ENTRANCE INTO A NEW SITUATION.

THUS have we filled up the interval, while our young ladies were locked in ſoft repoſe, with a few hints that may explain any future

* We would not have the reader imagine this circumſtance true of Charlotte only, ſince we could now produce four, at leaſt, who have excelled and gloried in the very ſame notable feaſt.

† Pope's Homer's Odyſſey, Book viii. ver. 372.

appear-

appearances in this fair excellency's conduct; chiefly, that if hereafter any chronologiſt ſhould be deſirous to ſettle preciſely and exactly the time or æras of this our hiſtory, he may not be at a loſs, even from any the leaſt interval, nor to be left (as is too uſual with many cruel hiſtorians) to torture himſelf for conjectures, and to perplex his ſubject with hard gueſſes and dry probabilities. We might, by ſimile (the beſt way of illuſtrating) more fully explain our meaning; but out of mere humanity refuſe to do ſo, leſt, by giving inſtances, thoſe worthy gentlemen, who pay ſo deep for copies, ſhould be hindered in the ſale of much valued authors; leſt the whole band of bookſellers, armed with folios, ſhould riſe up againſt, and deſtroy us. *Peace*, therefore, *to all ſuch!* ſay we, with the late excellent Mr. Pope; and intreating the farther influence of the muſe, who hath thus far led and inſpired us, we proceed in our ſtory.

Early in the morning, before either the ladies or their kind couſin were up, he was rouzed by an epiſtle from the paſſionate lover to whoſe arms Lucy was deſtined, in the warmeſt raptures expreſſing his approbation of her perſon, and ardent deſire to poſſeſs the dear angel; earneſtly wiſhing and entreating that Mr. Dookalb, if poſſible, even that night, would bleſs him; and, as a farther incitement thereto, promiſing to give him a *cool hundred* more than they had agreed for; vehemently and ſtrongly proteſting, his very ſoul was on the points of ten thouſand ſpikes, his heart burnt with more flames than hell could hold, and every pulſe now ready to burſt through his glowing ſkin in eager expectation of claſping the panting, ſtruggling, dying charmer, and rioting in the rich ſpoils of her virginity. Dookalb, as he knew they were now in his power, ſtood not greatly in his own mind upon niceties; and therefore reſolved to obtain the other hundred, and to grant the fiery lover's requeſt: accordingly, after ordering the ſervant to wait on the young ladies, he himſelf ſoon attended to drink chocolate by their bed-ſide. With much raillery, he enquired into their dreams; prettily touched upon their longing looks; and merrily hinted at the mighty pleaſures each might expect, ſo young, ſo blooming, in the arms of a fine ſprightly lover: for it is ever the art of deluders to uſher the mind gradually into an approbation of the wickedneſs they are about to recommend. None can be too careful of the firſt approaches of vice; looſe converſation, or at leaſt innocently gay, as it is falſely called, accuſtoms us to hear of things, which at firſt, or in their native colours, would appear highly ſhocking: the ear being uſed to hear without diſlike, too ſoon begins to hear with pleaſure! Guard well, therefore, O reader! thy mind while pure; carefully ſtruggle againſt the firſt, however ſlight advances to guilt; nor dare to hear, much leſs to ſpeak, but with horror and indignation, the corrupt deluſions of the vicious and deceitful!

When they had drank their chocolate, he told them to prepare themſelves for the gentleman, whom he ſoon expected, and particularly his Couſin Lucy, whom, he ſaid, he that day intended to ſhew the ſituation ſhe was going to be happily placed in. Their little hearts beat high, and they were ſoon plumed out with all the elegance of female vanity, and deſcended to breakfaſt. Every moment ſeemed tedious till the lovers arrived; but dinner came, and ſtill no lovers: how then began their hopes to ſink, and their frighted fancies to form imaginary diſtreſſes. The night began to come on, and ſtill their fears increaſed: at length Mr. Dookalb, who well enough knew no lovers would really be there, told them he would wait no longer, but begged Caroline would amuſe herſelf as well as ſhe could with his books, while he and her ſiſter went to her new place of abode: 'where, my 'dear,' ſays he, 'very ſoon you may 'viſit her; but at preſent, you know, it 'would be improper.' Caroline readily acquieſced, particularly as ſhe ſtill hoped the dear captain might be with her, and a coach was at the door to take Miſs Lucy and her couſin, who very ſoon arrived at the place appointed. A footman in elegant livery opened the door, and two maids ſtood at the ſtairs waiting. When they entered, 'Well, John,' ſaid Dookalb, 'here is your new miſ-'treſs. Madam, I wiſh you joy of 'your houſe; for this, and all you ſee, 'calls you the lady and poſſeſſor.' Lucy did not at all underſtand this language, but being conducted up ſtairs, ſhe found an elegant entertainment preparing. And Mr. Dookalb, ſeating himſelf

himſelf by her, informed her of her abundant happineſs, as follows.

CHAP. X.

DOOKALB'S SINGULAR FRIENDSHIP TO MISS LUCY. HER RUIN, AND INTRODUCTION TO HER FUTURE MISERIES.

'THE great affection I have for 'your good family in the coun-'try, induced me to attempt any dif-'ficulty that might be ſubſervient to 'your happineſs; and believe me, dear 'Miſs Lucy, I have run through much 'fatigue to procure this deſirable ſitua-'tion for you. When your father firſt 'wrote to me concerning you, I imme-'diately thought Captain Smith, the 'gentleman you ſaw laſt night, a per-'ſon formed to pleaſe you, and never 'ceaſed, when in his company, com-'mending your beauty, and extolling 'your charms; this ſo far excited his 'curioſity, that at length he deſired to 'be known to you, which I promiſed 'he ſhould, on condition he would fix 'you in this houſe, which you muſt 'know was his. After much perſua-'ſion he conſented, and being highly 'pleaſed with you laſt night, ſent me 'orders to convey you hither, and put 'you in poſſeſſion of all that here be-'longs to him. There is every thing 'you can wiſh or deſire, and you are to 'be his wife *in private*, to enjoy all 'bleſſings this earth can afford, and 'only for a little time to ſubmit to ſe-'creſy. You may to-morrow look 'over your furniture; to-night will be 'better employed; for I expect the cap-'tain every moment, who pants to fly 'into your embraces.' Lucy was like ſomething enchanted, and loſt in an amazing dream; ſhe knew not how to believe herſelf miſtreſs of ſo elegant a place; ſhe knew not what to think of being ſo *ſoon* made a wife; and had ſome odd ſcruples about going to bed without any of the *ſanctimonious ceremonies*. However Dookalb ſuffered no doubts to ariſe in her mind, ſtill plying her with freſh arguments of her felicity, as well as every now and then with ſome of the moſt intoxicating li-quor which deſigning luſt could pro-cure. But he had not long time to keep her in this airy viſion before the captain arrived, who flew to her arms with more than common rapture, and met from her panting boſom equal tranſ-port, which heaved up and down with wild and wiſhing throbs, tears of plea-ſure meanwhile overflowing her artleſs eyes. He, though with new delight, told her again the ſyren tale which Dookalb had before ſung in her ears, and to crown all, threw a large purſe of gold into her lap to provide her proper neceſſaries, enough of which he promiſ-ed ſhe ſhould never want, if ſhe could love, and live, and doat on him. They ſcarce permitted the ſupper to come and go, (ſo eager were both for a more de-licate repaſt) before the maid was or-dered to help her miſtreſs to undreſs; and ſhe, covered over with bluſhes, re-tired into the next room, deſtined for love, and her undoing. The captain could ſcarce ſtay a few ſhort minutes before he flew to her, and finding her half undreſſed, her charms half conceal-ed and half diſplayed, the moſt inviting and delicious ſituation! with his own glowing fingers he freed her from her other incumbrances, and locking the doors, put a ſtop to all her virgin fears; and, in a luckleſs hour, for a momen-tary pleaſure, gave up the thoughtleſs and deluded girl to eternal horror!—Dreadful introduction to ſin and ſor-row! fatal beginning of miſery and deſtruction!—Thus fell the unhappy daughter of an unhappy father, from her ſtate of innocence and joy; like our firſt mother, ſeduced and betrayed, who fatally *plucked* and *eat*,

——Her raſh hand in evil hour
Forth reaching to the fruit!
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her ſeat,
Sighing, thro' all her works gave ſigns of woe,
That all was loſt.

The guilty pair lay bathed in wanton ſhameful luxury, till late the next day; when fully ſated with the luſcious ban-quet, the captain aroſe, haſtily took leave,

——And left the nymph
To think of what was paſt, and ſigh alone.

The high-raiſed extaſy in her lover's arms had been ſo great, even yet Lucy

was a ſtranger to reflection on any thing but delight; ſhe lay after his departure to indulge her glowing fancy: but when the tide of paſſion began to ebb, dreadful thought aſſumed it's empire, and wild remorſe began to dart her ſerpents through her boſom. Determined, however, to give no harbour to tortures of this kind, ſhe rung for her maid; and chatting with her, and looking over her fine furniture, well enough beguiled the painful time till the agreeable Miſs Charlotte Repook came to viſit her. She entered with all the air of ſocial familiarity. And, 'So, my dear,' ſhe began, 'I give you joy! Very 'pretty apartments, truly! Well, I 'heartily congratulate you on being 'one of us! for I ſuppoſe you are now 'enrolled in our ſplendid liſt.'

Lucy, amazed at her diſcourſe, aſked what ſhe meant. 'Ha, Miſs,' replied Charlotte, 'why ſo ſtrange? What do 'I mean? why, pr'ythee now, are you 'not entered into keeping with Captain 'Smith, as they call him?'—'Keeping!' returned Lucy, angrily; 'no, 'be aſſured, Ma'am, I'd never conſent 'to that! I am his wife.'—'Wife, in-'indeed! O fine!' cried Charlotte, laughing: 'would you now, be that 'dull houſhold thing? Go, you little 'fool! there is ten thouſand times the 'pleaſure and profit in being a miſtreſs: 'for here we are paid for what pleaſes 'us; and when our keeper is away, 'can bilk him, and indulge our genius, 'child, with any favourite young gal-'lant we will. O, there is ſomething 'ſo delicious in bilking a fooliſh keeper! 'Lord bleſs me! I'll put you into a 'way, never fear. Who would think 'of being a wife? Beſides, let me tell 'you, though the law allows concu-'bines, it does not allow two wives; 'and your owner is already tagged to 'one plague for life, who has brought 'him five or ſix little brats into the 'world, and he hates her worſe than a 'toad—and ſo, faith, I believe all men 'do their wives. And I'll tell you 'another ſecret by the bye; his real 'name is not Captain Smith, but Lord '——, eldeſt ſon to the —— of ——, 'and heir to an immenſe eſtate; ſo 'that you have a man with money 'enough, and you are to blame, my 'girl, if you don't fleece him well, 'and make him pay dearly for the uſe 'of your houſhold; ha, Lucy!'

CHAP. XI.

THE DISTRESS OF LUCY. MISS CHARLOTTE'S AND DOOKALB'S CONSOLATION. THE FORCE OF VIRTUE. A GENERAL ADMONITION TO THE READER.

MISS Charlotte's ſpeech had by no means the deſired effect; for ſhe had ſcarce finiſhed before Lucy's colour faded, her eyes cloſed, and life ſeemed fluttering at her lips; for though ſhe had a large ſhare of vanity, yet virtue was not altogether ſo obſcured and diſſipated by it, as to let her look on vice with an indifferent eye. Charlotte, but little moved, (for her heart, habituated to ſights like theſe, was no more affected by them than the hardeſt rocks of adamant by the dew-drops diſtilling adown their rugged ſides) called the maid for hartſhorn, by the aſſiſtance of which ſhe ſoon brought the young lady to herſelf, who, opening her languid eyes, burſt into tears, and exclaimed, in words which would have moved a ſtone, that ſhe was loſt, undone, and ruined for ever. 'Oh! miſerable daughter,' ſhe cried, 'of the moſt miſerable parents! 'Dear, fond, wretched mother, where 'art thou?—Oh! my father, muſt I 'ſee thee no more?—Thy once loved, 'once—Oh! dreadful remembrance!—'What am I now? let me die!—My 'ſiſter, my ſiſter! how ſhall I tell thee 'of mine, and how ſave thee from the 'ſame undoing! Poor deluded parents! 'vain, fooliſh child! dreamt we not of 'every bleſſing, and behold every hor-'ror is fallen to my lot!' Though thus pathetically breathing forth her complaints, Charlotte little regarded her, but ſmiling obſerved, theſe were only the firſt qualms of conſcience, which as commonly ſeized people firſt entering on her ſtate of life, as ſickneſs thoſe who firſt go to ſea. 'But never fear, child,' ſays ſhe; 'have a good heart, and all 'will go well! Lord bleſs thee, my 'poor, dear, fooliſh girl! I made juſt 'as much *puling* and *mewling* as you 'do; but it was ſoon over—and when 'I thought on t'other affair—you know 'what, my dear—I laughed on one 'ſide my mouth, and cried on the 'other; exactly like the ſhowers in 'ſun-ſhine, when the good honeſt folks, 'called cuckolds, are hoiſting by baſ-

'kets

'lets full to heaven!' She was going on; when, in a lucky minute, approached our good Couſin Dookalb—whom Lucy permitted not to ſpeak, but immediately upon his entrance interrupted with ſobs and tears, crying out, 'Dear couſin, did you not tell me, I ſhould be 'Captain Smith's wife: that I was ſo 'in reality, but muſt ſubmit for a little 'time to keep it ſecret?' Dookalb, a little ſtartled at ſuch a queſtion, particularly as Charlotte was there, heſitated—'Wife, child!—aye, child—but 'what of that?—What's the matter, 'pray? what occaſions all this?—Wife! 'aye, to be ſure!'—'My fears aroſe,' replied ſhe, 'from Miſs Charlotte, who 'has informed me of ſtrange things; 'and that I am not really his wife, but 'his miſtreſs.'—'Well, my dear,' ſaid Dookalb, 'and where's the difference, 'I pray you? wife and miſtreſs are but 'two names for the ſame thing; only 'miſtreſs is preferable to wife, as you 'enjoy all the bleſſings without the 'torments of an eternal confinement. 'Don't you remember, couſin, an argument we once had, wherein I proved 'to you, that marriage was but a thing 'deviſed by prieſts to keep fools in awe? 'that there was no ſuch thing in former ages, when the world was leſs 'mercenary, and far leſs wicked than 'now? Marriage conſiſteth only in the 'will. Have you not read your Bible, 'couſin? don't you remember that 'thoſe people, who were God's peculiar favourites, were by him permitted 'to have concubines, which are no 'other than what we call miſtreſſes 'now; concubine and miſtreſs is the 'ſame. Don't you remember Rebecca's 'permitting her huſband to lie with his 'concubines? and likewiſe the account 'we have of David and Solomon, men 'moſt approved by Heaven, how they 'kept great numbers of miſtreſſes? Indeed, my dear, it is all nonſenſe to be 'uneaſy at any fooliſh ſcruples: you are 'to all intents and purpoſes Captain 'Smith's wife, and he will give you all 'this world can afford to make you 'happy: riches, pleaſures, and delights 'in abundance; inſomuch that you 'ought to thank God for being thus 'kind to you.' Theſe arguments to a weak female mind carried full conviction, and ſhe began to feel comfort returning; yet a certain heavineſs hung over her thoughts, and many things ſhe had heard of kept-miſtreſſes recurred to her mind, which would have pinched, had ſhe been left to reflection. But Charlotte and her couſin ſo plied her with agreeable chat, deviſed pleaſures and ſchemes, and formed various parties, that her fancy now again began to be afloat, and ſhe ſeemed to ſail with fortunate breezes moſt joyouſly along the ſilver ſea of proſperity. Dookalb having thus far ſet things right, whiſpered in her ear, ſhe might expect the captain at ſix, and withdrew. Charlotte then reminded her of various things ſhe wanted, and accordingly two chairs were called, and they travelled from ſhop to ſhop till three, and returned loaden with abundance of trinkets, the food of female vanity. An elegant dinner was ready for them, of which Lucy eat ſparingly, having her mind ſolely fixed on the fine things in which ſhe deſigned to appear before her lover. She was ſcarcely trimmed out, before he came and met his beloved fair-one flushed with vanity, and glowing with fond expectation. The reader may imagine it was not long before they hurried to their guilty pleaſures: where, when a dull pauſe ſucceeded, Lucy leaning on her elbow, ſighed out, 'Alas, Sir! I find 'you have deceived me, and are not to 'be my huſband, having already a lady; 'how could you be ſo cruel?' Startled at this, the captain began: 'What! 'perdition ſeize the raſcal! did Dookalb tell you ſo?'—'No,' ſaid ſhe, 'it was Miſs Charlotte.'—'Mind not 'that, my angel, my deareſt girl!' replied he; 'I have a wife, 'tis true, but 'ſhe hates me, is falſe to my bed, and 'diſagreeable to me as death and hell: 'you I love; I doat, I die for you! 'and will make you in every ſenſe my 'wife, and give you all things to conſummate your happineſs. But why 'this fooliſh chiding? Loveliеſt creature, let me kiſs thoſe lips, ſweeter 'and more red than cherries; and indulge on this ſoft boſom, whiter than 'ſnow, and ſmooth as monumental 'alabaſter——Oh! my life; my beſt-'loved, my delicious Lucy!' When could not adulation and blandiſhment ſoothe a female mind, warm with rapture, and but now taſting of the ſweet forbidden fruit; youthful blood ſwelling in every turgid vein, and ſcenes of delight hovering every where around? The fair-one forgot her fears; the love-

that honour he had long ſince pawned; and Cupid and pleaſure reigned lords of the banquet. Thus was the unhappy young girl fully initiated into the ſchool of wickedneſs, and properly entered into the faſhionable myſtery of keeping. Already had virtue took her wing, and left her a prey to imprudence and deſire, whoſe attendants are miſery, remorſe, and deſpair. Pleaſure got faſt hold of her heart; and pleaſure once rooted there never loſes her hold, till ſpread all over the body, it introduces inſenſibility, and yields the ſway to ſleepy and inactive ſtupidity. Then even deſire itſelf dies and is no more; every faculty is loſt, and every power of the ſoul drowned and ſunk:

Till even inſenſibility gives way,
And yields to tortures and diſeaſe the prey:
For tortures and diſeaſes ever gain
Whole power, where wild deſire and lawleſs pleaſure reign.

When her lover was gone, Lucy, though better reconciled to her new ſituation, yet could not help feeling ſome certain informations from within, which whiſpered to her, that it was not quite good and unexceptionable: and though ſhe repreſented it to herſelf in the moſt favourable light poſſible, as knowing, having thus far advanced, ſhe could not well retreat: like thoſe illuſtrious ſons of Mars, (if I may dare to liken a weak female to ſuch thunderbolts of war) who being now about to face the fiery-mouthed engines of the enemy, know not of any methods of retreat, yet ſecretly wiſh to be walking free from danger in the pleaſing Mall, or to be ſeated with locks well-powdered in the gay ſide-box, while the inimitable Garrick thunders through the crouded theatre—Though, like them, Lucy could not at preſent greatly approve her circumſtances; and, like them, tacitly wiſhed for her former ſituation, her loſt innocence, and wonted ſerenity; yet, finding no poſſibility to emerge, ſhe was determined, if Heaven would permit, to deliver her ſiſter at leaſt from the ſame ſorrow, and the like fatal neceſſity. Accordingly ſhe wrote, informing her of her preſent ſituation, and what, alas! ſhe was become; and adviſing her, (though ſhe feared her advice would be of little avail) to take the utmoſt care of herſelf, and to avoid the miſery into which her poor undone ſiſter had been fatally ſeduced: greatly by her own imprudence, vanity, and folly; more by her unwarineſs; and moſt of all, by her abſolute confidence on her couſin Dookalb. As the deeply-affected ſiſter wrote, the remembrance of her parents and her family recurred to her ſad thoughts, and heavy drops of tears fell plentifully from her eyes: ſo ſtrong is the force of virtue; ſo irreſiſtible, ſpite of all art, the power of truth!

Gentle reader, whoſoever thou art, ſtop here a while with me, and let us ſeriouſly commune together! Think not theſe pages, how inconſiderable ſoever they may appear in thine eye, are written ſolely to amuſe and divert thee. I would labour to attain a nobler end; and, as my heart burns with love to thee, —treat me as a friend, and anſwer me as ſuch; for with the voice of friendſhip only do I call upon thee. Art thou a parent, bleſſed with a riſing and a beautiful family? and haſt thou never fed thy fond heart with airy hopes and vain imaginations—deluſive as theſe which thou haſt already condemned in the parents of theſe unhappy daughters? Conſider well, fond father, that on thy children's virtue depends their felicity.—Vain mother! reflect, religion and goodneſs are the only beauty. Carefully then watch the firſt dawnings of their infant years; water them well with inſtruction: ſo ſhalt thou behold them daily expand, like the gayeſt flowers, their full colours to the ſun; open at length with the freſheſt bloom; and diſpenſe around their chearing odours to you, and to all who delight in virtue.

Young man—believe me, thy ſituation is dangerous! Vice in every alluring form beſets thee—thy friends and thy companions entice thee with them; and thou muſt either be contemned of them or of thyſelf! Try, then, for a while, their ridicule. To-day it will be painful; to-morrow it will be leſs ſo; the next it will ſit more eaſily on thee; and, in fine, give thee no uneaſineſs at all! but if thou art to-day contemptible to thyſelf, every hour will increaſe it; and to avoid recollection, thou wilt fly ſtill to that falſe friend, Vice, to ſcreen thee; ſtill becoming more deſpicable at home, till either total inſenſibility or deſpair ſeize thee! Think then of eternity; for which alone thou waſt born! think, and dare for once to be *one* of a million!

And

And thou, bright daughter of innocence, ſtill ſpotleſs, and ſtill happy, walk as if adders lurked in every foot-fall: be wary, be wiſe, be circumſpect! Haſt thou not heard of Ulyſſes; how he ſtopped his companions ears, and cauſed himſelf to be confined, while paſſing the ſyrens; whoſe voice none could hear, and not be perſuaded; whoſe perſuaſions none could obey, and not be undone? Alas! ſuch too frequently is the voice of love; which is, for the moſt part, the voice of adulation—ſuch ever is the voice of vanity; thou can'ſt not liſten, and be ſafe. Learn, therefore, the graces of Humility, and let her attend thee as thy counſellor: for ſhe is fair and lovely; her ways are ways of pleaſantneſs, and her paths ever lead to the dwellings of peace. Let no falſe ſhews—no gilded promiſes—no air-built hopes—delude thee: guided by humility, make the invincible power of virtue thy firmeſt friend; walk hand in hand with modeſty and ſerioufneſs. So ſhall impudence and levity fly from thy preſence; ſo ſhalt thou at length be happy in the huſband of thy wiſhes, the ſon of truth and tenderneſs; ſo ſhall thy days be crowned with ſerenity, and thy life be calm and chearful, as the ſummer heavens, brightened by the glorious ſun, and cleared from every cloud!

Hark, mortals!—Vanity from yonder dome,
In ſounds of ſweet perſuaſion bids you come!
She calls, and ſhews ten thouſand joys at hand:
But, mark! her houſe is founded on the ſand.
Soon as the ſtorms ſhall beat, and rains ſhall fall,
One general ruin muſt invelope all!
Built then on rocks, that nobles fane ſurvey,
Where beams immortal Virtue's living rays
Tho' ſtorms and time, and every foe aſſail,
No power ſhall ſhake it, and no force prevail.
Haſte thither—haſte—and bow before the ſhrine
Of Virtue—ſo eternity is thine!

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE

THE SISTERS.

BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

CAROLINE'S SITUATION. THE FORCE OF HYPOCRISY. A DESCRIPTION OF AN UNSUCCESSFUL GAMESTER.

WE left Caroline at home, in expectation of her beloved captain, in a ſituation as likely to fall as Lucy; and indeed it was as much deſigned ſhe ſhould do ſo by her kind couſin: his intentions to her were no leſs friendly than to her ſiſter, and his reſolution no leſs amiable. The captain came not that night; and the lady, a good deal chagrined, went to bed. The next morning her couſin told her much of her ſiſter's delectable ſituation, harangued on his old argument, the folly of matrimony, and dropped ſome obſcure hints to Caroline, that, if ſhe would yield, ſhe might be made for ever. Though theſe unhappy ſiſters had abundance of female vanity, and through a miſtaken turn in their education, had imbibed many ſtrange and airy notions, yet they had ever been accuſtomed to hear the dictates, and liſten to the lore of virtue. Their mother was a thorough good and faithful wife, and from her example they had ſeen nothing to encourage wantonneſs and guilt; but, on the contrary, every thing to recommend ſobriety and chaſtity. And the judicious reader, doubtleſs, muſt have obſerved, that Caroline was of a much leſs precipitate temper than her ſiſter; far more cautious and wary, greatly more ſuſceptible of fears and dangers; and though perhaps equally vain, yet firmly reſolved never to gratify her vanity at the expence of her innocence. Hence it happened, that when Mr. Dookalb talked of yielding, Caroline, dreading ſhe too nearly gueſſed at what he meant, deſired him to explain to her, by what method it was ſhe could *be made*: 'for ſo much indebted as I and all our 'family are to you,' ſaid ſhe, 'dear 'couſin, there is nothing conſiſtent with 'virtue and honour I would not gladly 'embrace, to make you amends for 'your kind offices to me, and to re'ward the tenderneſs and care of the 'beſt of parents.'—'You ſpeak like a 'ſenſible young woman, Couſin Caro'line,' replied he, 'and I doubt not 'but that your goodneſs will be ſuffi'ciently rewarded; for the Scripture 'promiſes temporal rewards to nothing 'more certainly than obedience to pa'rents. It promiſes length of days and 'happineſs; and ſurely it is the firſt 'law of nature: doubtleſs, then, it is 'and ought to be the chief concern of 'every good child, to endeavour, by 'all means in their power, to do what 'may advantage themſelves, and con'ſequently bleſs their parents; for your 'happineſs is theirs, and to ſee you or 'any of their children in felicity, would 'be equally the ſame to your father 'and mother as to be ſo themſelves.'—'Without doubt,' rejoined ſhe; 'and

'Heaven

'Heaven is my witneſs, there is no-
'thing I would not attempt, however
'difficult or dangerous, if ſo be it were
'honourable, to make them happy.
'Your advice can and will direct me,
'I am ſure; and a perſon, led by ſuch
'goodneſs as yours, can never err.'
Such and ſo great is the power of hypocriſy: this poor girl was deluded into a belief of her couſin's really being one of the very beſt of men, by his appearance of being ſo; and his ſeeming goodneſs wrought a firm aſſurance in her that there was no deceit in him, but that his purpoſes were all juſt, friendly, and pure. And no wonder that he, whoſe hypocriſy paſſed undiſcovered by many far wiſer, could conceal his ſoul from a poor weak woman:

For neither man nor angel can diſcern
Hypocriſy, the only evil that walks
Inviſible, except to God alone,
By his permiſſive will, thro'heav'n and earth:
And oft, tho' wiſdom wakes, ſuſpicion ſleeps
At wiſdom's gate, and to ſimplicity
Reſigns her charge, while goodneſs thinks no ill,
Where no ill ſeems.'

And it is the very perfection of falſity, and a practice too common, to introduce a bad cauſe with a good argument, that the appearance of truth and probity may ſet a gloſs on the ſubſequent guilty purpoſe.

'Mark you this, Baſſanio,' [ſays Shakeſpeare]
'The devil can cite Scripture for his purpoſe:
'An evil ſoul, producing holy witneſs,
'Is like a villain with a ſmiling cheek;
'A goodly apple, rotten at the heart.'

Alarmed by a loud thundering at the door, their converſation was interrupted, and Dookalb's preſence deſired by a gentleman in another room; where, as ſoon as he entered, a figure well known to him, and no other than the very worthy Captain Thomas, to whoſe arms Caroline was deſtined, preſented itſelf to view. His face was ghaſtly, pale and horrid; his eyes ſunk in his head, and ſtaring from their fiery hollowneſs with wild confuſion; his hair, of late ſo elegantly criſped, trimmed and powdered, hanging over his forehead, and beſide his cheeks, lank and uncurled, ſqualid and frightful; his ruffles were half torn off, his waiſtcoat wholly unbuttoned, his ſword turned before, his ſtockings unrolled, and his whole frame and œconomy in diſorder. 'Oh, Dookalb!' he began, 'help me to curſe to 'the loweſt pit of hell, all gaming and 'gameſters, all fools and madmen, my-'ſelf, my ſoul and body! Perdition, 'damnation, and ruin, to the whole uni-'verſe!'—'Good, my lord!' rejoined Dookalb, calmly, 'why this ſudden 'ſtart of paſſion? I hope nothing amiſs 'has happened: pray be cool.'—'Talk 'of coolneſs to me!' replied the captain, (ſtalking around the room, and ſtamping with all the frantick fury of madneſs;) 'bid the fire, that roaring in 'it's rage, conſumes all before it, ſtop 'at thy command!—Bid the devil!—'Why do I talk of bidding? I am ruin-'ed—my whole eſtate is gone, and I 'want nothing now, but thee, to be 'friendly enough at once to free me, 'and drive me headlong into eternity! 'I have all this night been engaged 'with ſharpers and villains; and buoy-'ed up by a run of luck, ventured my 'all, and have loſt it. You had five 'hundred pounds of me the other day 'for a d——d w——e, whom now I 'ſhall never have. Return me the mo-'ney inſtantly, that I may never ſee 'the face of family or friend, but fly 'to the utmoſt part of the globe, and 'die like a dog as I am, unknown and 'unnoticed!'—'You are far too pre-'cipitate, Sir!' quoth Dookalb: 'I am 'apt to imagine your brain is ſome-'what intoxicated with wine; perhaps 'things may be better than you repre-'ſent them. Let me adviſe you to re-'tire home and ſleep, and in a little 'time I'll wait upon you: you are not 'cool enough to talk or reaſon. Be-'lieve me, Sir, I have no five hundred 'pounds now: but we'll talk of that 'hereafter.'—'Nay, but, good Doo-'kalb,' replied he, 'doſt thou think I 'am only drunk and mad? Do you 'really believe I have not loſt my all? 'I ſhall be mightily obliged to you, if 'you can ſo perſuade me. Let me go 'to bed here—pr'ythee now do—and 'when I awaken, perhaps I ſhall re-'member better; and, as ſome encou-'ragement, let me have the girl we a-'greed upon. Ha, ha! what is ruin 'to love?

'Claſp'd

'Claſp'd in the folds of love I'd meet my
'doom;
'And act my joys, tho' thunder ſhook the
'room!'

Dookalb, as we may imagine, was not willing thus to reſign the golden prize; for, as he very prudently recollected, 'if ſuch ſhould be the caſe with 'this very worthy and good friend of 'mine, as is not at all improbable, I 'may keep his five hundred pounds, 'and poſſibly acquire as much more on 'the ſame conditions:' therefore he kindly and preſſingly adviſed him to return home, and promiſed to viſit him as ſoon as would be convenient. Perſuaded by his friendly ſolicitations, the gentleman withdrew; and Dookalb, a good deal ſatisfied with the appearance, began to revolve in his mind who would be moſt likely to pay the higheſt for the couſin now under his protection; and how he might render moſt happy the daughter of that father for whoſe family he had ſo great an eſteem.

CHAP. II.

A VISIT TO MRS. SEARCHWELL FROM MISS CAROLINE AND MR. DOOKALB. THEIR RECEPTION.

ACCORDINGLY, as ſoon as the worthy perſonage before mentioned withdrew, Mr. Dookalb returned to his couſin, and after having made many apologies for his long abſence, and the like, propoſed, if it were agreeable to Miſs Caroline, to make a ſhort excurſion, to ſee what was doing abroad, and to try if they could meet with any thing that might divert them. Caroline readily conſented; and after having looked in at ſeveral auctions, and two or three milliner's ſhops, where, the more to engage the young lady's eſteem, he made her ſome pretty and polite preſents, they paid Mrs. Searchwell a morning viſit. At their approach, they were conducted by a fellow, whoſe leer beſpoke him a deſcendant of Pandarus, into a room furniſhed with all the elegance and grandeur conceivable; but were greatly ſurprized at their continuing there near a quarter of an hour before any perſon made their approach: at laſt a loud volley of oaths thundered in their ears, the door opened with great violence, and Mrs. Searchwell preſented herſelf to view. Her cap was pinned aloft upon her head, her face glowed with the deep red of the ruby, her eyes flaſhed with fury and indignation, and into the room ſhe waddled, grumbling and frowning, uttering imprecations and curſes, and darting looks terrible as thoſe of the baſiliſk. In one hand ſhe held a glaſs, in the other a bottle; a long brocaded ſack was tied over her flabby dewlaps, which ſunk below her waiſt without the ſupport of ſtays; a pair of long ruffles dangled dirtily down to her fingers; and on each ſide hung a large bunch of keys, not unlike thoſe which grace the venerable turnkey of Newgate. Without preface or compliment, ſuch as Caroline vainly imagined her preſence in ſome meaſure required, ſhe began with a horrid oath, 'I aſſure you, Couſin 'Dookalb, there is no buſineſs upon 'earth ſo fatiguing as ours; for what 'with the ſqueamiſh ſtomachs of ſome 'b—s, and the plaguy impudence of 'others, the profit they bring in ſcarce 'pays for the trouble they give. But 'come, here's my ſervice to you; no'thing like this to drown care.' Upon which ſhe ſwallowed down a doſe of her cinnamon; and, ſmacking her lips, aſſured the young lady it was as good as ever was *tipped over tongue*. She then preſented it to Caroline, who refuſed it, obſerving ſhe never drank in a morning. 'Well, well, as to that,' ſays ſhe, 'I 'never force ladies—but ſhe'll be wiſer, 'Couſin Dookalb, by and bye; ha! 'Here's to you then.' Dookalb knew it was not for his purpoſe to let Caroline ſee this, ſo that he ſat, perhaps, as much on thorns as ever he did in his life; however he was obliged not to appear over nice, and to pledge the mother, who went on with a voice enough to make the hearer tremble; 'Would 'you believe it, couſin, I have ſpent 'fifty guineas on a country wench, re'mitted to me by a friend of ours ſome 'time ſince, to improve her, and make 'her fit for a man of quality; and when 'I told her laſt night that ſhe muſt con'ſent to *ſee company*, the ungrateful vixen 'refuſed me the profits of her maiden'head, and pretended to fall into fits, 'and I don't know what nonſenſe and 'folly? however, fits or not fits, I had 'her conveyed to bed, and put her para'mour to her, a good friend of yours 'and mine; and a fine girl ſhe is, and 'worthy of him, plump, round, moiſt,

'and

'and juicy, and will curl, I warrant 'her, by and bye, like a vine round her 'man. Well, this morning all the 'houſe was alarmed with news that 'Madam was dead, in good truth. Up 'I got, and there was ſhe at her old 'trade, in her fits. I called my nieces 'about me, and gave her all the drams 'I could think of; and no ſooner did 'we recover her, than ſhe fell to her 'uſual exclamations againſt me, that I 'had ruined and undone her, and ſuch 'ſtuff, as you know I have heard ſo often as to take no notice of at all; then 'into fits again; and I am almoſt afraid 'that ſhe will never turn out a trader, 'and that I ſhall be all my money out 'of pocket by the obſtinate young devil!' She was going on with this fine tale, when one of her nieces entered with a face wonderouſly ſedate, and aſſured her, with a very compoſed countenance, that Sally was dead now. Up ſtarted the old beldame in a furious paſſion, and curſing and ſwearing, made the beſt of her way out; when Caroline, half fainting and dead with fright, begged her couſin to depart inſtantly from this fearful place; to which he ſeemed readily and gladly to conſent, and full of pious obſervations, and piteous remarks, conveyed home his almoſt lifeleſs couſin.

CHAP. III.

THE DELUSION OF COUNTRY GIRLS. A WORD TO PROFESSED RAKES. THE CONSEQUENCE OF THE VISIT TO MRS. SEARCHWELL.

NOTHING could have been more unlucky for Dookalb, or more croſs to his purpoſes, than this interview with Mrs. Searchwell; for there wanted no ſagacity to inform any perſon that had been preſent, what and who ſhe was: no wonder, then, that Caroline was abundantly ſhocked and aſtoniſhed; and, at her return, was in nearly the ſame condition with the unhappy girl mentioned above; who was the only daughter of an honeſt country farmer, and had been enticed to London by the offers of a fine place, and preferment, which ſhe was vain enough to think reſerved for her, as ſome gypſies had promiſed extraordinary good luck to her, and had told her ſhe ſhould ride in her coach, and wear ſilks and ſattins before ſhe died; a practice very common with an idle ſet of vagrant wretches, who haunt the country, and infuſe notions into the heads of credulous girls, eaſily impoſed on, and glad to believe what they eſteem fortunate, which are often the means of their ruin, and the firſt ſteps to their deſtruction. At her coming to town ſhe fell into Mrs. Searchwell's hands, who had now employed ſome time and expence in fitting her for her deviliſh purpoſes, and had contracted, for a large ſum, with a certain lord, for the firſt enjoyment and the ruining of her! Unthinking men! can paſſion ſo much blind their reaſon, can luſt ſo much deſtroy humanity, as never to indulge them one reflection on the horrid miſeries they occaſion a wretched woman to undergo, and the unknown ſorrows their guilty pleaſures introduce? What man, if he would ſeriouſly conſider, would have the curſes of a tortured woman, miſerable beyond expreſſion, perpetually thundering round him, as the execrable cauſe of her ſufferings, the deteſted beginner of her woes! Who is ſo much hardened in guilt as to ſtand the ſhock of ſelf-accuſing reflections, when he beholds the woman whom he firſt ruined, and embraced in all the gaiety of wanton joy, after ſome time, and a ſeries of guilt into which neceſſity plunges her, half naked, and loſt to ſhame, in the ſtreets! thoſe fine features he once was pleaſed with, now deformed, disfigured, and diſcoloured, the objects of his hate and diſguſt; her tongue, that once charmed with ſoft murmurs of love, roughly growling out oaths and impudence; and every vice, diſeaſe, and horror, in poſſeſſion of that metamorphoſed wretch, whom his conſcience terribly aſſures him he firſt introduced to ſo ſhocking an acquaintance! Sure a man muſt tremble at thoughts like theſe! Sure thoughts like theſe, if duly weighed, ſhould deter any man from running into the ſame evils, and ſharing the ſame poignant and ſelf-tormenting accuſations here; and, alas! he knows not how much worſe hereafter.

But, to return. Nothing perhaps on earth could equal the anxiety and agitation of mind which Caroline felt at this juncture; every ſuſpicious word and dark hint of Dookalb's, before little regarded, returned to her affrighted

thoughts with uncommon horror, and her imagination gave reality to every dreadful conjecture: her ſiſter then became the object of her dread; ſhe feared ſhe knew not what, and trembled through the terror of that which yet ſhe ſcarely dared to think of. Dookalb endeavoured to ſoothe her, and ſaid a thouſand plauſible things, but in vain: he appeared no longer in his former friendly character. She ſuſpected his intentions, and conceived a double meaning in all his words and fair ſpeeches: in ſhort, a dreadful fever ſeized her, the violence of which threw her into a delirium, which laſted nearly to the time that her ſiſter's letter came to hand; the contents of which, we may eaſily conceive, could not contribute to the alleviating her diſtemper; they added freſh fuel to it, and augmented her already well-nigh inſupportable agonies. The interval of the fever ſuffered her to feel all the pungent reflections with which the ſenſe of her undone ſiſter's condition pierced her, together with the fearful apprehenſions of what muſt befal her miſerable parents on hearing the woeful tale. Every thing that can be imagined a tender and loving ſiſter, a compaſſionate and dutiful daughter, muſt ſuffer on ſuch an occaſion, ſhe ſuffered; and it may well be ſaid the madneſs of the fever, which took away all ſenſation of herſelf from her, did her the kindeſt office: ſo great was the burden of woe that over-preſt her heart; ſo deep the torrent of anguiſh that overflowed her breaſt. And great, indeed, muſt be their ſorrows who wiſh for madneſs as a relief, who think it well and happy to be loſt to themſelves, and a bleſſing to be diſtracted!

Such was the ſituation of Caroline after the ſight of Mrs. Searchwell, and the receipt of her ſiſter's letter. The fever held her long, and her life was for ſome time deſpaired of. However, by the ſtrength of a good conſtitution ſhe again recovered her health: but, as there was very little happened during her illneſs to amuſe or entertain the reader, fears and plaints being the general companions of her mournful hours, and her whole deſire to ſee, and hear from her ſiſter's mouth an account of her undoing, let us return to Lucy, and obſerve how ſhe ſpent her time, and became better reconciled to her ſituation during the interval of Caroline's illneſs, and to the time of their once more meeting; their meeting—*no longer like the former*: unhappy ſiſters! no more meeting in love and innocence, in ſpotleſs purity, and ſpotleſs affection!

CHAP. IV.

MISS LUCY PAYS THE PARK A MORNING VISIT. IS INTRODUCED TO THE ACQUAINTANCE OF THE CELEBRATED BEAU LEICART. THE CONSEQUENCES THEREOF.

LUCY had ſcarcely finiſhed the letter we left her writing to her ſiſter, ere Miſs Charlotte, with two other young ladies of faſhion came to viſit her, and deſired her company into the Park; where they no ſooner arrived, than four or five gentlemen thronged to our bright groupe of fair-ones, and whiſpered very anxious enquiries after their companion, whom they immediately perceived to be a freſh face; for the gentlemen of the town in an inſtant diſtinguiſh a new *bona roba*, as they make it their perpetual buſineſs to know all in the liſt of good-natured ones, and haunt (or, I may rather ſay, *infeſt*) publick places, ſolely to pick out and remark unhappy women, deſtined to ſatiate their vile luſts and unruly paſſions. Amongſt the reſt of the gentlemen that joined theſe well-known ladies, eminently diſtinguiſhed by their careleſs air and dreſs, their long, white, pearly ear-rings, and quaintly-cocked (or, as they have been perhaps not improperly called, Fanny-Murray'd) hats, was the celebrated Beau Leicart; a man not leſs remarkable for the goodneſs of his perſon than the badneſs of his manners; whoſe outſide is no leſs glittering and gay, than his inſide is dull, dark, and dreary; fond of idly ſauntering in every place of reſort, and as fond of ruining any woman that ſhall fall in his way; little regarding the ties of honour and virtue, and eſteeming them, like many more of his fraternity, as a mere dead letter, idle names, and empty ſounds.

He was no ſooner informed by Miſs Charlotte who our heroine was, than he made his whole court to her, offered her his ſnuff-box, talked of the fineneſs of the day and place, obſerved there was a good deal of company there, that the town was very full, that the Mall was a fine morning's amuſement, that Garrick

rick was a good player, Woodward an excellent harlequin; but Queen Mab, upon the whole, a very *la, la,* entertainment, a mere bagatelle. Charlotte obſerved to Mr. Leicart, theſe were ſubjects to which Miſs Lucy was yet an utter ſtranger, having never ſeen Mr. Garrick, or either of the play-houſes. At which, expreſſing the utmoſt aſtoniſhment and pity, he begged ſhe would no longer deprive herſelf of one of the moſt noble amuſements, the greateſt pleaſures poſſible; but give him leave to have the honour that very evening of introducing her to an acquaintance with that ſoul of fire, that wonder of wonders, that child and ape * of nature, the inimitable Garrick! 'Let us ſee, 'to night,' continued he. 'Oh, how exceſſive fortunate!—D—me, Madam, 'if he does not play Romeo!—Miſs 'Charlotte, intercede for me with this 'charming and moſt agreeable friend 'of yours, that I may have the high 'honour of attending her to Drury 'Lane.' Charlotte kindly enough complied with his requeſt; and, at her deſire, Lucy as kindly conſented to partake with them the diverſion of the evening; eſpecially as Mr. Leicart ſo preſſingly entreated her, who in his perſon and manners appeared to her amazingly charming, and in his every accompliſhment ſuperior to all the men ſhe had ever before ſeen.

The more polite company now retiring from the Park, our party, no leſs polite than the beſt, thought fit to do ſo too; but being mutually pleaſed with each other, they were unwilling to part for even the ſhort interval to the time of the play, and therefore the ladies accepted an offer made by the gentlemen of dining with them at the Bedford-Arms tavern; and each taking a chair, haſtened home to dreſs, again to meet their companions, and to burſt on their ſight with new charms and double ſplendor. Lucy's heart fluttered as ſhe dreſſed, with the gladſome thought of having made a conqueſt of ſo fine a gentleman as Mr. Leicart; ſhe uſed all her little endeavours, and exerted her utmoſt ſedulity and niceneſs to appear as beautiful and enticing as poſſible, the more to attract his eyes, and through them convey to the ſeat of fondneſs the delicious poiſon of love. And wonder not, my fair reader, that with ſo large a ſtock of vanity ſhe was fond of flattery and conqueſt, and very proud to think ſhe had power to win ſo pretty a fellow, and to hold in her chains ſo gaudy a captive. I ſay, wonder not; but rather aſk your own heart, whether at ſome time it may not have indulged the ſame vanity, the ſame ſecret, flattering, and pernicious pleaſure. If it has, remember it's folly, reflect upon it's mortification, conſider it's fatal conſequences; then correct the growing weakneſs, and learn with all your ſtudy to be humble and lowly in your own eyes!

The hour appointed for dinner elapſed before ſhe was dreſſed; impatience fluſhed her cheeks, and gave them a new glow of uncommon elegance: in ſhort, dreſſed as ſhe was, and ſo ſweetly adorned, ſhe looked another Venus, and appeared like beauty itſelf. Thus attired, ſhe haſtened to the delicious place, where ſhe found all the company waiting, and all plumed in their fineſt feathers, to attract each other's eyes and admiration; for (ſhame to our ſex!) theſe men abounded with as much, and with the ſame kind of vanity as the women. The beaux, ſoon as they beheld the maid advance, 'with all her bravery on, and 'tackle trim,' ruſhed with uncommon ardour to her arms, and each imprinted a thouſand and a thouſand kiſſes, ſwearing with oaths, as terrible as common, and denouncing all death and damnation on their own ſouls, (a horrid practice, too notorious!) if ſhe was not the fineſt girl eyes ever beheld on the face of the whole earth. Such encomiums, not at all unpleaſing to Lucy, elevated her to an uncommon pitch of mirth, and every thing was joy, rapture and enchantment. The repaſt over, the table was covered with a rich collation of fruits, and with wines of every ſort; the glaſs was briſkly put round, the ladies became alive and jocund, their eyes languiſhed, their boſoms heaved, their lips grew dry and athirſt for kiſſes, and love moſt importunately craved for admittance. Though the other gentlemen much deſired, and much envied his

* We thought it neceſſary to adverti ſe the leſs learned reader, that Mr. Leicart meant this as the higheſt compliment poſſible to Mr. Garrick; and that he ſeems to have aimed at Mr. Pope's celebrated eulogium of the no leſs celebrated Sir Iſaac Newton.

ſituation, yet Leicart ſtuck cloſe to Miſs Lucy, and ventured at length (what will not vice and impudence venture!) to thruſt his glowing hands into her ſnowy panting boſom; which freedom ſhe neither did nor could deny, as ſhe perceived Miſs Charlotte and all the other ladies indulged the ſame to their lovers; nay, and many more, which thoſe who have been preſent on ſuch occaſions will very eaſily recollect; but which we ſhall ſmother in ſilence, and only, with a dull moral, obſerve how great the force of example is, and how pernicious the converſation of the bad, the loſt, the depraved, and abandoned.

What could a perſon of leſs warmth and caution than Lucy have done in ſuch a ſituation and in ſuch ſociety? What would they not have done, if, as was the caſe with her, the freedoms proved not diſpleaſing? For being yet but a novice in love, and highly tranſported with what ſhe had felt of it's raptures, every touch thrilled through her veins, and inſpired her with the moſt killing delight. She was exalted too with more wine than perhaps ſhe had ever drank; and, above all, mightily fond of the dear ſweet man who took theſe charming and alluring liberties with her! Why ſhould we add the reſt? The experienced will ſoon read the conſequences; from the raw and ignorant it may, not improperly, be concealed: ſuffice it therefore to add, they entered not into the play-houſe till Juliet was preparing to drink the fatal draught, and ſilence ſat cloſely attentive to the plaintive voice of piteous Bellamy.

CHAP. V.

A HINT TO KEEPERS. WHAT HAPPENED AT THE PLAY. LUCY'S DISSATISFACTION IN HER PRESENT STATE.

MARK, reader! and more eſpecially if thou ſhalt happen to be one of the faſhionable followers of the vices of the age, how uncertain a thing the favour of a miſtreſs is, and how little aſſurance the fooliſh keeper has of ever retaining the woman, whom he ſo dearly hires for his luſtful purpoſes, to himſelf! A reflection, one ſhould imagine, that would make men of ſenſe abhor the practice, and ſcorn to be the dupes of a poor wretch, unſecured by the leaſt principle, for a moment of unlawful tranſitory pleaſure, when they might enjoy all ſatisfaction in the arms of a woman, the object of a prudent choice; whoſe love, ſenſe, and duty, would encreaſe, and reaſon, religion, and honour, join to ſtrengthen and improve. For let the libertine boaſt how much ſoever he will of the joys of a debauch, the tranſports of variety, and the rapture felt in the embraces of a miſtreſs, every man, the leaſt experienced, muſt and does know, that this is all but boaſting; and the banquet ſo much talked of, always palling to the appetite, for the moſt part nauſeous and diſtaſteful: whereas the full poſſeſſion of a good and virtuous woman has every true bliſs in it, and the endearments of a nuptial-bed are to be paralleled by no other earthly felicity; every pleaſure attends the embrace, every tranſport ſmiles round and augments the joy, and every bleſſing ſheds it's benign influence on the tender, fond, and love-united pair.

Some ſuch reflections as theſe, perhaps, aroſe in the mind of Captain Smith, when he beheld from a ſide-box, where he ſat with his lady, Mr. Leicart, that formidable rival, handing into one of the fleſh-boxes his beloved, his laſt-found, his dear, delicious Lucy! But what were her reflections we ſhall not preſume to gueſs, when the very firſt object which preſented itſelf to view was Captain Smith! Conſcience accuſed her; and ſpite of all her fondneſs for her new admirer, ſpite of his kind endeavours to point out all the beauties and elegancies of the place, the performance and the ſpectators, ſhe could not find any ſatisfaction, but ſat in great anxiety, as dreading the diſpleaſure of him, on whom at leaſt her maintenance depended. Her blood too began to run a little cooler in her veins, the fever of paſſion no longer reigned, and ſhe could not help reflecting on herſelf; which, for a moment, drew a ſilent tear from her eyes, and a ſecret ſigh from her boſom, expreſſive of her guilt and wretchedneſs. During this ſtruggle, a billet was preſented her by the hands of one of the orange girls, the contents of which was,

'I ſhall be with you ſoon as the play 'is over. Be at home.

'SMITH.'

There

There appeared much anger in this, which ſtill encreaſed her uneaſineſs; and when the play was done, communicating it to Leicart, a new ſcene of diſquietude ſucceeded. What pain, alas! it was to part. So lately bleſſed—ſo ſoon to be divided—ſo quickly from each other to be torn—unhappy pair—oh, cruel deſtiny!—'Rather,' ſaid Leicart, fondly claſping her, 'rather tear my 'fluttering heart from out my boſom—'rather tear each throbbing pulſe from 'out it's warm abode—rather—in ſhort, 'rather tear my expiring ſoul from my 'body, than tear thy dear ſelf from 'me; my better ſoul; my better ſelf—'my heart, my life, my love, my every 'thing!' But, alas! to what purpoſe were theſe warm exclamations? Part they muſt, and part they did, with the firm and often repeated aſſurance of quickly, very quickly, meeting again—of ſoon, very ſoon, enjoying conſummate raptures, perfect happineſs, in each other's arms!

It is no wonder, that when Captain Smith came, he expreſſed great reſentment at ſeeing Miſs Lucy in ſuch a place, and with ſuch company: but ſhe excuſed all with many tears, and many proteſtations of innocence; laid the whole blame on Miſs Charlotte, at whoſe ſolicitations and earneſt deſire, though an utter ſtranger to the reſt of the company, ſhe had conſented to ſee a play; and mixing much endearing blandiſhments, and many very alleviating circumſtances, (as, when did woman in ſuch a caſe want an advocate?) the fond captain was ſoon ſoftened, and won over, like our firſt father:

Againſt his better knowledge; not deceiv'd,
But fondly overcome with female charm.

And as he too, on Eve—

Began to caſt laſcivious eyes, ſhe him
As wantonly repaid; in luſt they burn.

So was it with our no leſs fallen, loſt, and miſerable couple: they burnt with luſt; their eyes darted contagious fire, and their wanton purpoſes were not long unexecuted—

They their fill of love, and love's diſport
Took largely; of their mutual guilt the ſeal,
The ſolace of their ſin; till dewy ſleep
Oppreſs'd them, wearied with their amo-
'rous play *.'

It would be needleſs and unentertaining to inform the reader of the many little artifices, and numberleſs ſtratagems, Lucy after this was forced for ſome time to employ, that ſhe might continue to herſelf the poſſeſſion of her beloved Leicart, and ſtill retain her preſent maintenance. It will be enough to ſay, Captain Smith became not only diſagreeable, but odious and diſguſting to her; and indeed ſhe was ſo wholly captivated by her other adorer, that ſhe found no happineſs when abſent from him; eſpecially as ſhe began to conceive, what ſhe did not at firſt in the leaſt ſuſpect, that none of the ladies in the neighbourhood ever viſited or came near her, but ſeemed to fly and avoid her houſe, as if ſome peſt or infectious diſeaſe reigned there; an obſervation which created her great uneaſineſs, as it could not but cauſe her to deſcend very ſeverely into her preſent dreadful ſtate, and was highly mortifying to her pride, as well as contrary to her inclination, to be wholly cut off from, and deprived of, the company and acquaintance of the virtuous of her own ſex. For ſome time ſhe lived in this uneaſy round of bilking the captain, and ſubmitting, through hard neceſſity, to his deſires and commands whenever he thought proper to ſee her; obliged to counterfeit and diſſemble pleaſures which ſhe never felt, and to feign ſtrong raptures which ſhe never experienced; for many wearieſome hours left to her lonely, deſart, and uncomfortable ſelf; and for the remainder compelled to the ſlavery of luſt and unbounded appetites, till the following accident happened—which, as it occaſioned no ſmall diſturbance, ſo it ſeemed to threaten ſome change in her ſituation.

CHAP. VI.

CAPTAIN SMITH'S JEALOUSY, AND IT'S GROUNDS. THE REVENGEFUL SPITE OF LUCY'S MAID.

* The reader, to enter the more fully into this paſſage, will do well to conſult Milton's 9th book of Paradiſe Loſt, ver. 999.

IT'S

IT'S CONSEQUENCES, AND MR. LEICART'S SUFFERINGS.

A Variety of circumſtances had coincided to raiſe the jealouſy of Captain Smith, and to convince him that he ſtood not ſo high in Lucy's favour, as the envied object of her own free choice. Though he had frequently forbidden it, he had frequently ſeen them together in private parts of the play-houſe; he had likewiſe ſeen them dance together at the maſquerade, and at no great diſtance from each other in a morning at Ranelagh: but an unlucky miſtake of the lady's in the direction of a couple of letters, the one for Mr. Leicart, the other for the captain, above all things augmented his ſuſpicion, and blew up the coals of jealouſy into a raging flame. Mr. Dookaib was employed as the meſſenger of his wrath, to inform her of the captain's high diſpleaſure, and his fixed reſolution to caſt her off, unleſs ſhe immediately abjured all correſpondence or acquaintance with Mr. Leicart. Lucy, by no means moved by his threats, boldly and hardily enough aſſerted her innocence, fidelity, and conſtancy; inſiſted on the pureneſs of her intention in this ſo blameable a letter, which ſhe proteſted was only (nay ſhe appealed to it with the utmoſt fervour) a genteel reply to a gentleman's friendly enquiry after her health, as he had ſeen her not very well the foregoing evening; and all this the letter well enough countenanced, as it was couched in the coldeſt terms, and luckily contained nothing which could juſtify any malicious inſinuations. To crown the whole, ſhe burſt into a flood of tears, proclaimed aloud to her dear couſin, much more than her innocence, her unbounded love for Captain Smith, and on her knees, begged of him, her only friend, protector, and guide, to make up the affair, and clear her to her dear, dear captain, or ſhe could not live another day. Dookalb himſelf was deceived; as poiſon conquers poiſon, ſo art was victorious over art; and accordingly he promiſed to ſoothe the captain, and aſſured her that his violent warmth proceeded from nothing but his moſt violent affection for her, which was ſo unbounded, that he could not bear to think of having a corner in the thing he loved. All thus far paſſed very well, but an unlucky quarrel with her maid plunged Lucy again into a ſea of troubles; for Dookalb was not long gone before Leicart came at the appointed hour, and after having toyed away the time till the uſual ſeaſon of Captain Smith's viſits was elapſed, according to cuſtom, *they ſought ſoft tranſport in a bed of down.* Her maid, who was reſolved to be revenged for ſome great affront ſhe had received from her miſtreſs, and thinking herſelf full as good, full as handſome, and full as fit for her ſtation, thought this as convenient a ſeaſon as could offer for wreaking her revenge, for driving Lucy from her maſter's arms, and jumping into them herſelf. Full of this glorious ſcheme, ſhe ſent the following billet by a truſty inſtrument of her's to the captain, directing the perſon to the places where he was moſt likely to be found.

'ONURRD SURRE,

'OU is bagd too cum too Mrs 'Sanesones has ſoone has tymees 'will paremet ou has is erminsale daſuud 'for oure proffat bye oure dewtful Sar-'vante

'01 Cloke nite MARY STEELE.'

'Prae onurrd Surre ſai has I no noethen 'of hit.'

Amidſt a ſet of jovial companions, at the King's Arms in Pall Mall, this elegant billet recommended itſelf to the hands of the captain: to which he ſent no anſwer, but that it was very well; though reſolved in his mind to obey the ſummons. After having briſkly, for ſome time longer, put about the glaſs, and being *hot with the Tuſcan grape*, and very high in blood, he ſtaggered into a chair, and gave the requiſite orders. When arrived at the appointed door, the chairman gave the neceſſary alarm, and the watchful Mrs. Steele, who, to prevent any ſuſpicion, went to bed, heard it with all imaginable joy, and aroſe to ſee whether it was him whom her heart deſired. But what tongue can expreſs, or pen deſcribe, the mutual agitation and ſurprize of the awakened lovers, who lay happily locked in each other's arms; who, folded in each other's embraces, were peaceably reſigned to downy reſt! When they heard the loud thundering at the door from the brazen, hated, and ſonorous rapper, each ſtarted, each trembled, each aſked the other what was to be done; and in the mean time a louder and

and a louder ſummons ſtill, cut off all time for deliberation, and compelled poor Leicart to ſecure his cloaths, and creep, as the beſt retreat, beneath that bed whereon, alas! he had but even now been ſo happy!—There awhile ſolace thyſelf, O lover! and recollect that the mighty Agamemnon offers it to the father of his beloved miſtreſs, as no ſmall token of his eſteem for his daughter, and reſpect to the father, that ſhe ſhould be permitted to deck and adorn that bed which ſhe once enjoyed.

Mine ſhe ſhall be———
Till time ſhall riſle every youthful grace,
And age diſmiſs her from my cold embrace:
In daily labours of the loom employ'd,
Or *giv'n* * to deck the bed ſhe once enjoy'd.
HOMER's Iliad, B. 1.

Soon as Mrs. Steele was aſſured all was right, and that in very deed Captain Smith was at the door, ſhe deſcended to her lady's chamber with all imaginable precipitation, and adviſed her for God's ſake and her own to get up. 'Lord, Lord, Madam!' ſaid ſhe, 'here's the captain! who would have 'thought it! But ſure, if you have any 'body with you, we are all ruined and 'undone. For my part, I dare not ſtay 'any longer.—Take care of yourſelf!—'Oh! what ſhall we do?—Take care of 'yourſelf! I muſt go down and let him 'in.' On which ſhe haſtened to the door; and meanwhile Lucy endeavoured to adjuſt her head-cloaths, the bedding, and all other matters, and the priſoner beneath lay, as we may well imagine, in no leſs uneaſineſs of body than mind. Soon as the door was opened to him, ſupported by his friends the chairmen, in entered the reeling hero. 'And 'where the devil's your miſtreſs—you, 'Madam—' quoth he—'Why—hold, 'I can walk well enough—wh—— 'where is ſhe—ha? Where's Lucy?' Being informed ſhe was up ſtairs in bed, he required the good men's aſſiſtance a little farther, and at length gained the lady's chamber; where he no ſooner beheld her, than he grew wonderous fond, and uttered all the ſweet things which love and drunkenneſs could inſpire, greatly to the diſſatisfaction of Mrs. Mary, who began to fear mightily for herſelf, and to dread that in this fit of violent affection he would diſcover all. And, indeed, her fears were not ill founded; for ſoon as, by the help of Lucy and her maid, he was hoiſted into bed, 'My deareſt, dear angel!' ſaid he, 'I '—I am greatly obliged to your maid 'for this night's happineſs!—I am 'greatly obliged to your maid, my 'dear!—indeed, my love, Lucy, ſweet 'Lucy—tell me, arn't we both greatly 'obliged to your maid?'—'In what, 'my deareſt!' replied ſhe; 'pray tell 'me, that I may join with you to thank 'her?'—'Indeed, my love, Lucy, upon my word, we are greatly obliged to 'poor Mary: I'll remember poor Mary 'Steele—Yes, yes—I ſhould not have 'lain in theſe precious arms to-night, 'if it had not been for your maid!—'Upon my word, it was very kind!'—'What, then, ſhe ſent for you, my ſweet 'captain, did ſhe? Oh, kind creature! '—She was unwilling, I ſuppoſe, her 'poor miſtreſs ſhould lie one night 'alone—and ſo ſent for thee, my dear—'Oh, good-natured girl!'—'Yes, yes, 'to be ſure, it was very kind: I'll ſhew 'you her letter to me, my deareſt—'feel in that pocket. I ſhall ever love 'her for it, my Lucy.' According to his directions, Lucy found the letter, and read it. (Cavil not, reader, ſaying it was night; the experienced know at ſuch times a candle is always burning, ſince to ſee the beautiful object enjoying, doubly augments the rapture of enjoyment.) She read the note; and reading it, the whole wickedneſs was too plain. However, at preſent ſoothing the captain in his own way, ſhe endeavoured to lull him to ſleep; which taking effect, the dreadful ſituation of her dear Mr. Leicart recurred to her thoughts; and ſhe ſtole ſoftly from bed, opened the door, gave a ſignificant hem, and laid herſelf down to ſlumber. He was not ſuch a novice in theſe things as to miſunderſtand her deſign, and accordingly gathering himſelf and his cloaths together as well as he could, he crept ſoftly from beneath the bed, and ſorely ſighing, left the room, and his beloved Lucy, to the arms of a drunkard. Dreadfully ſhocked with this reflection, and wholly meditating thereon, the diſappointed gallant ac-

* *Giv'n* ſuits us better than *doom'd*; the original word will bear either. *Tanaquill. Faber. F. S. T.*

coutred

coutred himſelf, and execrating the ſwiniſh captain, unbarred the door, and departed undiſcovered from the houſe. But Lucy did not eſcape ſo eaſily; the lover was quickly aroused from his dozing, by the ſtrongly operating power of the wine: miſerable was his ſickneſs; and Lucy, unacquainted with ſuch matters, was incapable of relieving him. Mary, good Mary Steele, was ſummoned to attend and aſſiſt, but all in vain; the poor man was peeviſh, fretful, and wretchedly torn; Lucy, in every reſpect, ſhocked, diſſatisfied, and diſguſted; and the whole night, a night of filth, uneaſineſs, and perplexity. How then began ſhe to deteſt her horrid ſituation, how to curſe the hour that ever ſhe was thus wretchedly enſlaved, and to caſt on herſelf every ſtinging and opprobrious reflection! It was not very early in the morning that he was able to depart; and no ſooner was he departed, than ſhe threw herſelf on the floor, agitated with ten thouſand various and ſtruggling paſſions; meditating revenge on her maid, on herſelf, on her brutiſh keeper—full of ſorrow, ſhame, conſcious guilt, and boiling indignation.

CHAP. VII.

THE MEETING OF THE TWO SISTERS.

ON, this very morning it was that Caroline came to viſit her ſiſter, and in this very ſituation it was that ſhe found her. Imagine, reader, if thou canſt, the pungent ſorrow each felt at the dreadful interview! 'Well, Caroline,' Lucy began, (haſtily ariſing from the ground where ſhe lay, her hair diſhevelled, her eyes ſwoln with tears, her lips pale, and trembling with the ſore afflicting ſenſe of her ſhame) 'you are come, 'I ſuppoſe, to triumph over me in my 'melancholy undoing, and to ſting me 'with the ſevere upbraidings of a ſiſter. 'Begin, then: let me hear all—all the 'ſevereſt things you can ſay—for my 'mind is in the right diſpoſition to hear 'them.' 'Caroline, far from replying, burſt into a flood of anguiſh, fell on her ſiſter's neck, who again cloſely embraced her, and not a word, for ſeveral minutes, paſſed between them, but—'Alas! my ſiſter! my ſiſter.' At length, interrupted by deep ſobs, the tender-hearted Caroline began. 'Oh! 'think not, dear Lucy, I am come with 'any other purpoſe than the kindeſt intentions of the fondeſt of ſiſters, to ſee 'and know the worſt, to join my tears 'with thine, and to conſult, if poſſible, 'for means to reſcue you, and deliver 'me from the hands of that moſt barbarous man, into which we have been 'ſo fatally drawn and deluded; that at 'leaſt our poor parents—' 'Oh, Caroline!' ſaid Lucy, 'mention not parents to me: I have no parents—I am 'no child.—Oh! ſpeak not of them to 'me—ſay not I have a father—tell me 'not of the fondeſt, beſt of mothers. 'Oh! hide them, thyſelf, and my own 'wretched ſelf from me—and I will 'then thank and acknowledge thee for 'the kindeſt of ſiſters. Thou ſeeſt—'thou knoweſt the worſt—I am loſt, 'undone, and abandoned. Seek to know 'no more; but leave me, leave me, and 'forget me——Farewel, farewel, dear 'Caroline—never let me ſee thee again.' —'Think, O my ſiſter!' replied Caroline, 'think how we have grown up 'together from infancy in love and affection; think how we have lived in 'peace and tenderneſs together: one 'bed has held us till this fatal ſeparation; one table fed us till this ſhocking diviſion; in heart and mind we 'have ever been united—and do *you* bid '*me* forget you! Do you think it poſſible for me to raze the remembrance 'of you from my mind, or do you think 'it poſſible for me to bid you, in theſe 'circumſtances, farewel? Do you think 'I can forget the ſiſter of my love? But, 'alas! we mutually want each other's 'aſſiſtance. I ſtand in need of yours 'no leſs than you of mine; and let us 'join, if poſſible, to deliver ourſelves, 'and mutually to give and bring conſolation.'—'Moſt unhappy parents, 'indeed!' cried Lucy, haſtily; 'moſt 'miſerable of all upon earth! I dreamt 'but of half your ſorrows. Alas! I 'imagined, one only was fallen *into* 'the fatal ſnare; I did not ſuppoſe the 'cruel deſtroyer had blighted all your 'hopes. I did not fear but that Caroline was ſafe, though I was loſt: and 'yet what ground had I for ſuch vain 'hopes, when both were alike under 'the power of the deepeſt villain, in the 'hands of the moſt ſubtle and moſt 'cruel among men. Oh, my ſiſter! 'thoſe pale, wan cheeks, lately ſo

'blooming

blooming and freſh with innocence, thoſe eyes, red and ſunk with ſorrow, all—all proclaim the diſmal truth, and aſſure me that Caroline is loſt as well as Lucy. Alas! when, ſunk beneath a ſenſe of my guilt and ſhame, I never dared to offer a prayer to Heaven for myſelf—I never expected to be heard—but, indeed, have often dared to ſigh for thee, and my whole prayer to God has been, "Preſerve "but my ſiſter, and I am contented to "ſuffer thy wrath!" But how could 'I, guilty as I am, how could I expect 'to be heard more for thee than myſelf? 'how could I imagine the prayers of a 'wretch ſo loſt would be of any the leaſt 'avail?'—'Your apprehenſions, my 'dear ſiſter, are, Heaven be praiſed! 'ill-founded; I am yet ſecure from 'that cruel deſtroyer, who hath ſo 'dreadfully deceived us, but under 'every terror, the utmoſt diſtreſs and 'perplexity, to know how ſtill to be 'preſerved, how to reſcue you, and 'how to anſwer this.' On ſaying which, ſhe gave the following letter to Lucy.

'MY DEAR CHILDREN,

'YOU ſhould have conſidered, 'when you parted from me 'and your poor mother, you left a 'family at home whoſe happineſs en-'tirely depended on yours: and you 'ſhould have alſo conſidered, that every 'day and every hour muſt ſeem heavy, 'long, and tedious to us, while in con-'ſtant expectation of hearing from you. 'Why then have you been ſo very un-'kind, as never to have acquainted us 'with your preſent ſituation, or with 'any thing more than your kind recep-'tion from that good and beſt of men, 'Mr. Dookalb, to whom let me return 'the moſt grateful thanks, as I ſhall 'ever think myſelf bound to bleſs and 'love him. Why ſhould I, my dear 'children, damp your preſent joy?—'But ſurely thoſe parents who have 'lived only for and in you, deſerve 'to be remembered by you? And 'though you, perhaps, never caſt one 'thought on us, or your dear little 'brothers and ſiſters; yet we and they 'never talk or think of any thing but 'you. Indeed, my children, the face 'of happineſs or pleaſure has never been 'ſeen in our melancholy dwelling ſince 'your departure. You know, for my 'own part, that I ſtripped myſelf of all 'I had, of almoſt every penny, that 'I might not prevent your happineſs '—Oh, my daughters! remember the 'ſmalneſs of my income, the largeneſs 'of my family, and the many diſtreſſes 'I have had to ſtruggle with, and for 'God's ſake do not you increaſe my dif-'ficulties! You, the fond objects of 'all my hopes and wiſhes, do not you 'become the means of enhancing my 'grief, and bringing my grey hairs 'with ſorrow to the grave! Your good 'and tender mother ſits by me while I 'write this to you; and, with her eyes 'flowing with tears, entreats me not 'to ſay one word that may occaſion the 'leaſt uneaſineſs to her beloved chil-'dren, that may chance to throw the 'leaſt damp on the happineſs we truſt 'you enjoy; and yet, kind as ſhe is in 'ſeeking to ſoothe and alleviate my 'fears and apprehenſions, (the fears, 'perhaps, of old age only, my dears) 'yet, good woman, ſhe cannot conceal 'her own. Oh! my Lucy, my dear 'Caroline, why have you been ſo cruel, 'thus long to forget and neglect us? 'Tears, poverty, ſorrow, and dread, 'are the only companions of our ſoli-'tary hours; and the cruelty of ſome 'inſulting neighbours is ſtill more in-'ſupportable than theſe. Weak, in-'firm, and diſtreſſed as I am, be aſſured, 'if we do not ſpeedily hear from you, 'I ſhall ſet forward, and wearily la-'bour to walk up to you; for money, 'alas! I have none ſufficient to procure 'me a paſſage. Think of theſe things, 'my daughters, and if you have any 'love, any regard, any reverence for 'your parents, or your family, deliver 'us from this melancholy ſituation, and 'inform us of your own. Your dear 'mother joins with me in every prayer, 'that whatever we ſuffer, you may know 'nothing but perfect peace. Poor little 'Patty is conſtantly aſking and crying 'for you; and when ſhe ſees the big 'tears trickling down mine or your 'mother's cheeks, the pretty innocent 'wipes them away, or mingles her own 'with them, and liſps out ſome of the 'moſt tender, and at the ſame time, moſt 'affecting ſpeeches to us. Oh, my 'children! as at preſent never ſorrow 'was like our ſorrow; ſo will never 'joy, when we hear of your felicity,

'be like the joy of your moſt affectionate 'parents,

'J. and M. SANSON.'

'Anſwer it, indeed!' ſaid Lucy. 'How can this be anſwered, Caroline? 'Miſtaken father, rather than prayers 'and bleſſings, let yours and mine, 'and the curſes of the whole world fall 'on the head of that monſter! that 'cruel barbarian! that inſtrument of all 'iniquity! that foe to innocence and vir-'tue! that moſt accurſed of all wretches, 'Dookalb! Yet why do I rave againſt 'him, when I ought rather to rave 'againſt and deteſt myſelf?—Siſter! 'there is no poſſibility of my recovery; 'I am loſt—look upon me as ſuch—'leave me—forget me—never ſee me 'again—leave me to my own horrid ſelf, 'and to the ſure conſequences of my 'preſent miſery—Oh! never, never, 'my dear Caroline, let me again ſee 'thee—learn to be happy from thy 'ſiſter's diſtreſs—go and be a comfort 'to thoſe parents I muſt never hope to 'behold again—blot me out from the 'volume of your memory—never more 'recollect, that ſuch an undone out-'caſt lived to deſtroy herſelf and afflict 'you!'——A long pauſe of tears ſuc-ceeded, and neither the one was able to proceed, nor the other to reply; till at length Lucy went on: 'But tell me, 'Caroline, what is to be done—though 'there is no hopes of my alleviating the 'ſorrow of my parents, tell me, for I 'will be guided by your better pru-'dence, what is your reſolution and 'advice?'—'My reſolution is,' replied ſhe, 'to fly from the houſe of that baſe 'wicked man, and to continue no long-'er under ſo dangerous and deteſtable 'a roof; but how to provide myſelf 'with money ſufficient to place me in 'a ſmall lodging, and to ſupport me a 'little, I am utterly at a loſs, as you 'know our expences to town waſted al-'moſt the whole of our ſmall pittance. 'A good and tender woman, who has 'been my nurſe, during my late ſick-neſs, hath kindly informed me of a 'proper place, and given me much 'wholeſome and friendly inſtruction; 'which, I hope, will turn out to my 'advantage, as it hath fully informed 'me of all the ſnares and dangers of 'this wicked city: and, after having 'thus reſolved for myſelf, if I can by 'any means procure ſufficient barely 'for my ſubſiſtence, I would moſt ten-'derly intreat of you to forſake the 'dreadful ſituation you are in, to fly 'from this horrid place, to come to 'me, and recover your loſt happineſs; 'that ſo we may deliver ourſelves into 'the hands of Providence, and adviſe 'together how beſt to proceed, ſo as to 'remove the fears, and give ſome com-'fort to our dear, diſtreſſed parents.'—'Your reſolutions, my ſiſter,' rejoined Lucy, 'are good and noble, and I pray 'ſincerely you may have ſtrength to go 'through, and to meet with no pre-'venting obſtacles: and I thank God, 'that amidſt all my ſorrows it is yet 'ſome little in my power to aſſiſt you in 'your moſt laudable deſigns. I have 'here ſome money, more greatly than 'I want, which let me entreat you to 'accept; but as for myſelf, never aſk 'me to come to you, or to return from 'the darkneſs which I am in, to light: 'it cannot be; I can never bear it, ſo 'ſtrong is my deteſtation, ſo abſolute 'my abhorrence of myſelf and my pre-'ſent guilt. Do you think I could bear 'to ſtand amidſt the virtuous; do you 'think I could ſupport the taunting ſneer, 'the cruel mockings of my own ſex; the 'rudeneſs, indignity, and ſhocking in-'ſults of the other? No, Caroline, I 'never can, nor will; loſt as I am, loſt 'I will continue! ſorrow and pun-'gent reflection will, I hope, quickly 'bring me to my grave.' So ſaying, ſhe offered a purſe of gold to her ſiſter; who, though greatly neceſſitated, and vehemently preſſed to receive it, abſo-lutely refuſed: gilding her refuſal with many kind and obliging pretences; but in reality determined not to handle that money which was the price of her ſiſter's innocence, and the hire of luſt and iniquity; fearing that nothing would proſ-per with her, if this was her ſupport, and reſolved to procure her bread rather by the labour of her own hands, and by honeſt induſtry, than by the gold of adultery, and the ſilver of proſtitution. She informed her ſiſter, that the little ſhe had would ſerve for her preſent ne-ceſſities, and ſhe hoped, by means of the good woman before mentioned, that ſhe ſhould be enabled to keep herſelf from want. She farther preſſed from every tender and perſuaſive conſidera-tion, but more particularly from the deep ſcene of woe it muſt cauſe to their

parents,

parents, the abſolute need of her relinquiſhing this ſtate, and doing all in her power to recover her fall. She plied her no leſs with temporal than religious motives to cleanſe herſelf from ſuch pollution; and having baffled every argument which Lucy could uſe, and brought her down to a due ſenſe of herſelf, ſhe at length gained this promiſe from her, that if Caroline would go and provide herſelf with a proper, convenient, and retired lodging, as ſoon as ſhe was fixed in it, Lucy would immediately come and continue with her. Caroline urged home the neceſſity of doing it now from the danger of a relapſe, and the chance of her altering her reſolution: ſhe very earneſtly entreated her now to go, but in vain, and the whole ſhe could obtain was, the abſolute aſſurance of her ſiſter's immediate preſence the moment ſhe was ſettled; with which, after having ſpent the beſt part of the day in this and the like converſation, ſhe retired, fully fixed not to loſe one moment; and reſolved, if poſſible, to ſnatch her ſiſter, ere ſhe was wholly conſumed, from thoſe flames which burnt all around her, and were now ready to devour her.

CHAP. VIII.

A SCENE BETWEEN LUCY AND HER MAID. THE INTERVENTION OF MR. LEICART, AND THE CONSEQUENCES THEREOF.

HER ſiſter was ſcarcely gone before the reflection on other matters began to take place in Lucy's head. The miſeries of the laſt night quickly recurred to her, and no wonder the occaſion of them was as quickly remembered. Grief and ſorrow gave way inſtantly to rage and reſentment, and her thoughts immediately turned from the grating ſubject of herſelf, to the conſideration how ſhe might moſt properly be revenged on her ungrateful maid, the perfidious, baſe, wicked, Mary Steele. She read her note over and over, bit her lips, and burſt into tears with indignation, and yet could think of no proper way ſufficiently to puniſh the deteſted creature. Wearied at length with meditating revenge, ſhe rung her bell with no ſmall fury, when up nimbly ſtepped Mary, and with the utmoſt familiarity and complaiſance poſſible, begged to know of her ladyſhip what ſhe would be pleaſed to have. Lucy trembled with paſſion; her colour changed from white to red, and from red to white alternately; her heart panted with haſty throbs; every pulſe beat the alarm; and her whole frame was ſhocked and diſordered. She endeavoured two or three times to ſpeak, and paſſion ſtopped her tongue; but at length, holding the note before the criminal, 'Pray, Madam,' ſaid ſhe, 'is this your fine writing? An excellent hand, indeed, are you at compoſing a billet-doux; a charming writer, in good truth; very kind, very dutiful, and very complaiſant, Mary Steele!'—'Well, Madam,' replied Mary, (for, ſeeing this, ſhe had no hopes at all of mercy;) 'and now you may do your worſt: to be ſure, as to my part, I thinks myſelf as good as other folks, and to be ſure it's a ſhame, I ſay it is, and I knows all honeſt folks will ſay ſo too, as you ſhould behave as you do to my maſter; and if I was ſo honeſt, and my conſcience would not let me ſee him wronged, why no body can ſay as how I am to blame; but howſomever, it's the way of the world, they that have the moſt honeſty are leaſt looked upon now-a-days. If I had a mind to wink at ſome folks, and to have been as bad as they, I might have been looked upon as well as ſome folks; for no diſparagement neither, I thinks myſelf every way as good, may be, I might not ſay falſe, if I ſaid better; and I know ſome, mayhap, that may think ſome folks as handſome as other ſome—but no matter for that—' 'Hold your impudent tongue, you ſaucy huſſey,' ſaid Lucy, 'do you think it becomes your place to talk in this manner? Let me ſee what your demand for wages is, and get you immediately out of my houſe.' Mary accordingly made her demand, and was immediately paid; muttering, mean time, that it was none of her houſe, and that the miſtreſs was as liable to be turned out and blown up as her maid. A reflection which Lucy over-hearing, could not bear; her paſſion ſubſided, and a flood of tears guſhed from her eyes, ſufficient matter of triumph for the cruel and inſulting wretch who occaſioned them; but juſt in the inſtant an alarm was given at the door, the uſual and appointed alarm of the lat ſuffering, and now infinitely more l loved Leicart, whoſe preſence wa chearing to her as the ſun to the

girt Laplander, and reviving as the ſight of ſhore to the weary mariner, who many tedious months, out-bellowing ſtorms and tempeſts, hath beheld nothing but one wide waſte of roaring ſeas, and one wide expanſe of black, gloomy, and over-clouded heavens.

Hadſt thou, reader, never beheld, and beholding admired, in one of thoſe inimitable prints found in the late beautiful edition * of Paradiſe Loſt, the ſtruggling paſſions of envy, malignity, hatred, malice, and fury, ſtrongly and ſpeakingly expreſſed in the face of the grand adverſary, Satan, while he rolls his livid eye-balls on the happy pair in Paradiſe? where our general mother,

——————with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unreprov'd,
And meek ſurrender, half embracing lean'd
On our firſt father: half her ſwelling breaſt
Naked met his, under the flow'ring gold
Of her looſe treſſes hid. He in delight
Both of her beauty and ſubmiſſive charms,
Smil'd with ſuperior love, and preſs'd her lips
With kiſſes pure—Aſide the devil turn'd
For envy: yet with jealous leer
Ey'd them aſkance—&c.

I ſay, gentle reader, if thou haſt beheld this expreſſive countenance, thou may'ſt then form to thyſelf the beſt and fulleſt idea poſſible of the countenance of Mary Steele, when beholding Mr. Leicart, in all the tenderneſs of love, ruſhing to the arms of his beloved Lucy; ſhe, mean time, leaning her gentle head on his boſom, and ſighing out the moſt complaining and bewitching ſoftneſs. The creature was ordered inſtantly to leave the room and the houſe: which, with growling threats, and muttering imprecations, ſhe obeyed, and left the fond lovers mutually to rehearſe their mighty ſufferings, ſadly to condole together, and to commiſerate each other's wretched misfortunes. Lucy largely related to him the ſcene of her diſtreſs with the drunken monſter, whom ſhe now abhorred; nor did ſhe dwell leſs copiouſly on the torture of ſoul which ſhe had felt from the interview with her ſiſter; and, upon the whole, ſhe pathetically aſſured the dear man, that he was the only comfort left her upon earth; and that unleſs he would provide ſome means to reſcue her from ſuch extraordinary miſery, ſhe would never more ſee the face of comfort, of joy, or ſatisfaction. Leicart, though he had much rather feed on another man's paſture, and was not ſo over and above nice, as to diſlike a lady becauſe another had portion in her; though he had no great notion of being at the expence of maintaining a miſtreſs, as his finances were but barely ſufficient for himſelf, as he knew women enough were at his command, and as variety was highly agreeable to him; yet finding the lady thus reſolved to throw herſelf upon him, and thus truſting in him ſolely for protection, according to his elevated principles of honour and generoſity, he thought himſelf obliged to receive her, and to become her ſacred guardian; and therefore, in the moſt pathetick, the moſt tender terms conceivable, he thanked, he adored, he bleſſed the dear angel for this proof of her love, this ſtriking expreſſion of her kindneſs; and begged her not to delay one moment informing him what ſhe would command, that, *ſwift as meditation, or the thoughts of love*, he might inſtantly *ſweep* to the performance of herr equeſt. She replied, the whole deſire of her fond heart was to live and die with him, the dear object of all her wiſhes; and therefore ſhe begged of him only to take her from hence, and every thing would be well. He promiſed ſo to do; but very prudently counſelled her to pack up all her valuable matters, and to leave nothing of any uſe or importance behind; which he adviſed her to defer to the morning: but Lucy's temper was ever too precipitate for the leaſt delay; accordingly, ſhe collected together every thing of conſequence which ſhe could eaſily carry off, ſaw Mrs. Steele ſafe departed, and diſmiſſing the ſervants different ways on different errands, procured a coach, and truſted herſelf to the ſteerage of her ſoul's delight; picturing the triumphs of her delivery as great, important, and glorious, as ever poor lady did, confined in a ſtrong enchanted caſtle, and reſcued from the dreadful archi-magō by her knight, the pink of proweſs, and flower of chivalry.

* The reader will not be at a loſs to know, that the edition meant is that of Doctor Newton's; and the cut, that prefixed to the 4th book; though, perhaps, he may not have heard what we have credibly been informed, that the great maſter of expreſſion in the face, Mr. Garrick, ſat for it.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

MRS. STEELE'S COMPLAINT. MR. DOOKALB'S CONFUSION AND FURY. HIS LETTER TO MR. SANSON.

MRS. Steele made the beſt of her way to Mr. Dookalb's, but finding him not at home, ſhe was obliged, to her no ſmall mortification, to defer her buſineſs till the morning; when, as early as was convenient, ſhe was introduced to her good and worthy maſter; and, with the moſt rueful countenance, and melancholy accent, related to him the whole of her diſaſtrous affair, her own great and untainted honeſty, and the barbarous, ſhocking, cruel, and unkind behaviour of her miſtreſs; and all, ſhe proteſted with flowing eyes and deep ſobs, was occaſioned ſolely by her concern for the worthy captain, and her dear old maſter, whom, as ſhe frequently declared, her conſcience would not let her ſtand by and ſee injured. Dookalb very gravely and ſolemnly commended the goodneſs of her heart, over and over repeated his thorough approbation of her fidelity, and dried up all her tears, with aſſuring her ſhe ſhould not be any loſer by the bargain: and, in order to ſet matters right, he immediately went away to Miſs Lucy's. But how abundant was his ſurprize, when the ſervants informed him ſhe had not been at home all night; and how much more abundant was it, when, walking up ſtairs, he found the chief part of her cloaths, linen, &c. wanting, and every thing around plainly manifeſting a retreat! To be thus outwitted by a raw young country girl, was galling enough to him; and more eſpecially, as he was under no ſmall apprehenſions that the noble captain might transfer the whole of his reſentment upon him. To prevent which, however, he determined inſtantaneouſly to put his couſin Caroline in her ſiſter's room, hoping by this means to make up matters very well, and not yet deſpairing to recover Lucy. Full fraught with this purpoſe, he haſted home again; and, enquiring after Caroline, whom he did not uſually ſee in a morning ſince her late illneſs, was informed by his ſervants, that they ſuppoſed ſhe was at her ſiſter's, as ſhe acquainted them ſoon after he left home, that ſhe was going thither, and as they had not ſeen her all night. How then began he to rave, and utter every imprecation on them, his ſervants, and himſelf: condemning his ſo careleſs watch and little heed of theſe girls, over whom he never dreamt of ſetting any regular guard, from whom he never expected any fraud or circumvention; free and unſuſpecting, ſtrangers and unbefriended, open and unguarded as they were! Wild with rage, impatience, and madneſs, he hurried one ſervant this way, another that, a third he ſent and called back, bidding each rather jump into the hotteſt hell than ever dare to look in his face again, unleſs they brought tidings of theſe ſhe-fugitives. The maids trembled, and run backwards and forwards, neither going one way nor the other; and the men, ſtaring with terror, tumbled over one another, in their violent hurry to get firſt out of his ſight. In the midſt of all this confuſion, trembling and tottering, hemming and fetching her breath hardly, ſorely affrighted, and yet mightily deſirous to ſpeak, poor Mary Steele preſented herſelf before him. 'Speak, then!' ſays he, in a wild hurry; 'tell me—'you come, I ſuppoſe, for that pur-'poſe—tell me where they both are, or 'dare not to open your lips!' Mary heſitated, and ſtrove to utter ſomething, yet could not recover her breath to ſay more than, 'Sir—indeed, I know—' when he, apprehending ſhe was going to ſay, that ſhe knew where they were, in an inſtant grew calm, and very cooly ſaid, 'Well, my good Mary, you always 'bring me comfort—You know, you 'ſay, where they are—Be aſſured you 'ſhall not loſe your reward for the in-'formation.'—'Indeed, Sir,' replied ſhe, 'I know that Madam Caroline 'went from our houſe a great while 'before my miſtreſs did, but I don't 'know any more.'—'Death and hell!' quoth he, 'is that all you know, with 'your long parade, and fuſs, and fol-'ly! Get you from my ſight! fly! ſeek 'and find them, or never look me in the 'eyes again!'—That timorous and gentle knight, Sir Joſeph Wittol *, is not more glad to get out of the fan of the thundering Captain Bluff's threats, than

* See Congreve's Old Batchelor.

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Mary was from the voice of her maſter: in her violent precipitation to do which, her unwary foot ſlipped, and down the kitchen ſtairs ſhe fell; when ſo loud a ſcream echoed through the houſe, ſo dreadful a cry iſſued from the alarming throat of the unfortunate maiden, that Dookalb's attention was awhile torn from the preſent accident; which, though very prejudicial to the poor woman, as ſhe was ſorely and grievouſly wounded, yet brought this advantage along with it, that it anſwered the end of cool water thrown on the burning furnace of Mr. Dookalb's paſſion.

Matters being a little compoſed, he himſelf ſallied forth in queſt of the ladies: but his ſearch was no leſs unavailing than that of his ſervants; every enquiry proved fruitleſs, and their whole labour abortive. A tiger caught in the toils, a lion roaring with hunger, a bull enraged, and beſet on every ſide, are none of them worthy to compare with the frenzy and mad impatience of Dookalb; he ſtamped, he tore, he raved, and meditated vengeance. But at preſent could think of nothing better than to ſtab, with ſevereſt grief, the wretched parents for theſe offences of their children, which to him appeared ſo ungrateful, wicked, and dreadful. Wherefore he immediately ſat down, and, with his uſual friendſhip, wrote and ſent the following letter to Mr. Sanſon.

'DEAR COUSIN,

'I Muſt inform you, that contrary to 'all my advice, your daughters 'have left me: whither they are gone, 'with whom, or on what deſign, I 'know not. I thought myſelf, in ho'nour and duty, obliged to inform you 'of this, and am ſorry to be the meſ'ſenger of what moſt probably will oc'caſion you ſome uneaſineſs; but it 'was neceſſary for me, though no very 'agreeable taſk, to be the meſſenger of 'ill news, ſince your daughters were 'entruſted to my care, from which, as 'they have withdrawn themſelves, (and 'I'll be bold to ſay, from their only 'friend) they muſt look to the conſe'quence. For my own part, I have 'exonerated my conſcience, and were 'I in your caſe, ſhould eſteem children 'thus diſobedient to my commands, '(as, doubtleſs, your commands were 'that they ſhould be directed by me) 'wholly ſtrangers and aliens to me. I 'am, dear couſin, with hearty good 'wiſhes for your family's welfare, yours 'moſt affectionately,

'JOSEPH DOOKALB.'

CHAP. X.

CAROLINE'S REMOVAL AND HAPPY SITUATION. THE BENEFICENT FRIEND SHE MAKES. HER VISIT TO HER SISTER, AND IT'S DREADFUL CONSEQUENCES.

CAROLINE, the moment ſhe left her ſiſter, made the beſt of her way to the honeſt nurſe, on whoſe friendſhip and aſſiſtance was her ſole reliance. The poor good creature informed her that a worthy gentlewoman in the next ſtreet had a ſmall and convenient apartment to let, which ſhe would by all means recommend; ſince there ſhe would have the benefit of an agreeable companion, and a proper example. 'Mrs. Stevens,' ſaid nurſe, 'is the widow of a worthy 'clergyman, who left her, ſome years 'ſince, with four ſmall children, ut'terly unprovided for, and in no way 'of procuring her bread: however, her 'blameleſs conduct created her many 'friends, who have kindly aſſiſted her 'in the ſupport of her family, which is 'now almoſt wholly off her hands; 'and, by great induſtry, ſhe has kept 'herſelf above want. She has always 'taken in creditable lodgers; and, as 'ſhe is a thorough charitable woman, 'will, I dare ſay, be ready to let you 'live as cheap with her as poſſible.' Caroline, whoſe heart was truly tender, dropped a tear; and, commiſerating the poor woman, replied, that ſuch a ſituation of all others would be moſt agreeable to her. And ſtraightway nurſe conducted her to her new dwelling. Mrs. Stevens was of a very grave, yet engaging countenance; a melancholy compoſure ſat on her brow, agreeably ſoftened by an attracting look of tenderneſs and affability. She welcomed the young lady to her houſe; and nurſe, in her open and unreſerved manner, related Caroline's circumſtances, and the occaſion of their viſit. The eyes of them all overflowed with tears, while the artleſs woman ſpoke of the unhappy young lady's abſence from her parents,

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her anxious deſire to return, when poſſible, to them, and her ſtill more anxious deſire to recover her unhappy ſiſter. Mrs. Stevens gently touched on her own misfortunes, and kindly encouraging Miſs Caroline to hope for the beſt, and to diſpel awhile ſuch gloomy ideas, deſired her to take a view of the apartment; which Caroline was very little ſolicitous about, ſufficiently happy in being no longer under Mr. Dookalb's roof, and in the protection of ſo good and ſerious a woman. She begged leave only to be indulged a ſhort abſence while ſhe wrote to her parents, whom ſhe could not bear to keep longer in ſuſpenſe; but, alas! when all things were prepared for her, her miſery doubly encreaſed, and ſhe trembled to think what firſt ſhe could ſay to them. To write the truth ſhe knew was death, to conceal it ſhe knew was highly dangerous; to tell of her own and her ſiſter's departure from Mr. Dookalb's, without aſſigning the true reaſon, ſhe judged abſurd; and to aſſign the true reaſon ſhe thought ſtill as abſurd, becauſe her parents had ſo high a veneration, ſo mighty an eſteem for this imagined friend, this fancied benefactor.

Amidſt ſuch perplexity, however, ſhe wrote, and covered over every thing as well as ſhe could; informing her parents, that her ſiſter was ſafe, that ſhe had indeed left her couſin Dookalb, but was very happily fixed with a worthy clergyman's widow; that ſhe begged her father to be eaſy and happy, and would endeavour, to the utmoſt of her power, to make him and the whole family ſo. She ſaid all it was poſſible for affection to utter, all that could be ſaid in circumſtances ſo deplorable.

After ſhe had finiſhed and ſent away her letter, Mrs. Stevens inſiſted on her company to ſupper, to which ſhe greatly objected her dreſs, but moſt of all her ſwoln eyes, which the friendly woman obſerved might poſſibly be no diſadvantage to her: ſhe was therefore obliged to comply. The company conſiſted of Mrs. Stevens, her eldeſt daughter, and an elderly lady, who had long lodged in the family, whom the miſtreſs of the houſe had fully acquainted with Caroline's ſtory, as knowing and having greatly experienced the goodneſs of her heart, and the beneficence of her temper. Mrs. Hodſon's whole life was ſpent in aſſiſting and ſerving her fellow-creatures; Heaven had bleſſed her with a plentiful fortune, which ſhe conſidered in the right view, as ſo much lent her only to do good, and to recommend herſelf, by the fidelity of her ſtewardſhip. For this purpoſe, as willing and deſirous to live only for a better life, ſhe had never entered into matrimony; not through a ſour diſapprobation of that honourable eſtate, but through an inclination to be as little encumbered with the world as poſſible. As ſhe made it her buſineſs to ſeek for proper objects of her relief, when informed of Mrs. Stevens, and her ſituation, ſhe immediately took an apartment in her houſe, and was the greateſt contributor to the maintenance of the little family, made happy by her kindneſs, and cheared by her regard. Having inſpired into all around her the ſame real love and eſteem for every creature which ſhe herſelf felt, the good people feared not a rival in her favour, actuated by no narrow ſelfiſh motives, influenced by no mean envy. And hence it was, that Mrs. Stevens related to her the whole of Miſs Caroline's diſtreſs; and hence it was, that ſhe ſo greatly preſſed the young lady's company at their little ſparing ſupper.

Mrs. Hodſon beheld Caroline with her wonted tenderneſs, was greatly pleaſed with her modeſt manner of behaving, and much moved to ſee ſo much ſorrow written in ſo young a countenance; according to her kind engaging manner, ſhe diverted the evening with relating many agreeable and affecting ſtories of people who, though in the laſt diſtreſs, had, by the all-prevailing hand of Providence, been wonderfully extricated and raiſed to the greateſt happineſs. With the utmoſt kindneſs ſhe ſought to ſoothe the afflictions of poor Caroline, and pour into her boſom that balm of life, that ſovereign medicine, hope.

At her uſual hour ſhe retired to her chamber, and requeſted the young lady's company to breakfaſt the next morning; which Caroline refuſed, informing her ſhe was obliged to ſee her ſiſter early in the morning, whom ſhe hoped to bring thither; a purpoſe the worthy Mrs. Hodſon could by no means oppoſe, but begged, when ſhe came, to ſee them together. Highly delighted with this pleaſing ſcene of returning felicity before her, truly thankful to Providence for raiſing ſo unexpected a friend, and

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fond of reſtoring her ſiſter, to bleſs herſelf and her poor parents, Caroline ſcarcely cloſed her eyes all night, but watched the approaches of the morning with eager and longing impatience. About eight ſhe aroſe; and, getting a guide in the houſe, made the beſt of her way to Lucy's dwelling: but how great was her conſternation, how ſtrong was her ſurprize, when, entering in, ſhe was told that her ſiſter was gone nobody knew whither, but that ſhe had left her houſe, and taken all her valuable things away. Thinking it, therefore, after ſhe found all her enquiries fruitleſs, in vain to ſtay there, ſhe was going to return; when the footman ſtepped between her and the door, and told her, if ſhe pleaſed ſhe might content herſelf there awhile till he took care to inform his maſter Dookalb of her preſence, who very much wanted to ſpeak with her. Thunderſtruck at this dreadful denunciation, Caroline fell on her knees, wept, intreated, and earneſtly implored the marble-hearted wretch to releaſe her, not to involve her in the greateſt diſtreſs, which ſhe informed him would certainly follow from ſuch a proceeding; not to endanger her life, nay, and what ſhe prized more than life, by cruelly diſcovering her to his maſter. But her tears, her prayers and remonſtrances no more affected his boſom than the ſoft-falling ſnow the hardeſt rock. Intereſt filled his breaſt, and barred up every avenue to compaſſion; and the hopes of an advantage from ſo highly obliging Mr. Dookalb, on whom was his chief dependance, rendered intreaties unavailing, and every honeſt motive a ſtranger to his ſoul. Inſtantly he procured a meſſenger, and ſent the joyful news of the happy recovery of Miſs Caroline to her worthy couſin, anxiouſly deſiring his immediate attendance. As the lion, who hath roamed the long night in ſearch of prey, roaring with hunger, boundeth with furious joy on the little fawn that at length preſenteth itſelf to his ſight; his eyes flaſh fire, he erecteth his briſtly mane, ſtretcheth himſelf delighted on the proſtrate pray, and, with contracted claws and well-whetted teeth, teareth murmuring, and growling devoureth it; ſo Dookalb's eyes flaſhed fiery and indignant joyfulneſs, ſo bounded his heart, and ſo he ſprung with impatient hunger to behold and rejoice in this recovered ſheep, the prey which he had fought ſo unſucceſsfully, which now he deſtined to ſpeedy and certain deſtruction. However, on his admiſſion, he cloathed, according to his uſual manner, his helliſh purpoſes in ſmiles and tenderneſs; and, being left alone with Miſs Caroline, who was quite drowned in tears, he began with obſerving, that he was extremely ſorry to find his couſin ſo great a ſtranger to her own happineſs, as to have thus caſt herſelf far from his protection; and unbefriended as ſhe was, to enter into that part of life to which ſhe was ſo utter a ſtranger. 'I know not, for 'my part,' ſaid he, 'any thing in my 'behaviour to you which can juſtify 'ſuch unkindneſs to me: Heaven is 'my witneſs, with how tender a regard 'I have always looked upon you ſince 'your abode with me; and how little 'ſoever you may imagine it, Miſs, a 'concern for you hath not ſeldom kept 'me a ſtranger to ſleep on my pillow. 'However, not to aggragate matters, 'as I really have felt ſuch prodigious 'uneaſineſs ſince your departure from 'me, I am very willing, my dear cou'ſin, to forget it all, and to ſay no 'more of it, if you will only return 'home, and entertain no unworthy no'tions of me, but join in all my endea'vours to make yourſelf happy; which, 'believe me, is the ſole wiſh and de'ſire of my boſom, not only on ac'count of my great love to your fa'ther, but my real eſteem and affection 'for you.' On which words Caroline gave him a look the moſt ſignificantly expreſſive; ſhe fixed her eyes full on his, ſhook her head, and again burſt into tears; but ſoon recollecting herſelf, 'If, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'your words are 'true, and your deſire, as you affirm, 'to make me happy, give me now the 'moſt convincing proof of it, by ſuf'fering me to depart from this deteſted 'houſe, and to be at my liberty.'— 'Dear couſin,' replied Dookalb, 'what 'do you mean? Give you leave to de'part from this deteſted houſe, and to 'be at your liberty! Bleſs me, you 'amaze me! Are you not at your li'berty? have you not full leave to go 'or ſtay, or do as you like beſt? Who 'preſumes to controul you, my dear 'couſin? But ſure you cannot condemn 'the honeſt fidelity and zeal of a ſer'vant; who, ſeeing and knowing the 'uncommon torture I was in for your

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'loſs; who, acquainted with my dreadful fears, and reſtleſs apprehenſions for your ſake, was willing, if poſſible, to relieve me, and to give me the greateſt happineſs that the world could afford, in once more ſeeing and converſing with you. All I wanted was, but to be aſſured that you was ſecure from danger and deſtruction; all I deſired, and do now deſire is, to know the reaſon of your ſeparating yourſelf from me, whom I thought you eſteemed your chief benefactor, and the only inſtrument you had, whereby to acquire the bleſſing of independency?'—'I had a ſiſter once, cruel man,' rejoined ſhe, 'and this loathed dwelling was her independency. Can you wonder I was anxious to eſcape from you, when I had ſeen your horrid Mrs. Searchwell, when I had heard of your barbarous friendſhip to the other daughter of your deluded friend? Is it not natural for the dove to fly from the hawk? Think you the lamb will dwell with the wolf? Think you—' 'Look'e, Madam,' ſaid Dookalb, ſternly, interrupting her, 'I am not uſed to ſuch language, or ſuch ingratitude as this; you will do well to conſider, I am not to be trifled with, and it is to no purpoſe to conceal my intentions any longer from you. Your ſiſter, baſe and wicked as ſhe is, was, by my means, placed in the midſt of happineſs, if ſhe had known her felicity. She has abruptly left her houſe, and is gone lewdly away with a fellow, whoſe life is one ſcene of wickedneſs and debauchery. The very worthy and honourable gentleman who took her into his care, his bed, and his protection, is by this means left totally neglected and abandoned; and though he loved her dearly as his own ſoul, and made her perfectly happy, fool and undeſerving as ſhe was, yet I am ſure he will never again admit her to his favour. Let her then go to that fate which ſhe deſerves; to the drudgery of a brothel, and to periſhing in the ſtreets: but do you be wiſe; and, following my advice, ſecure to yourſelf a better fate. And, for that purpoſe, let me perſuade you to diveſt yourſelf of all former fooliſh and antiquated principles, and to conſent this night to ſupply your ſiſter's place, and to make Captain Smith, by your love and fidelity, ample amends for the ingratitude of your ſiſter. You have heard me often ſpeak of the honeſty and excellence of that ſtate, and I hope not unregarding. The many preſent examples of the moſt worthy perſons in the world fully recommend and juſtify it; and your own advantage will, I think, moſt of all perſuade you to a compliance.' Thus Mr. Dookalb very nobly and perſuaſively harangued; when, on a ſudden, down dropped Caroline from her ſeat, and all farther diſcourſe was cut off by the ſeverity of a fit, which held her long and very powerfully; when recovering, amidſt a flood of tears, ſhe moſt earneſtly and pathetically begged, if they had any deſire to preſerve her life, that ſhe might but be removed from this houſe; that they would only take her hence, and convey her any where elſe they choſe, and ſhe would endeavour to do all ſhe could to oblige and ſatify them. Her agony ſtill continuing, and her deſire to be removed ſtill encreaſing, Dookalb found himſelf herein obliged to comply, and ſhe was forthwith conveyed to her former apartment in his houſe.

CHAP. XI.

THE FATE OF CAPTAIN THOMAS. A WORD TO THE GAMESTERS. DOOKALB'S FARTHER EMPLOYMENT BY A NEW PERSONAGE. CAROLINE'S RESOLUTION.

THE reader may remember, that this unhappy girl was deſtined, on her firſt coming to town, to the arms of Captain Thomas; but an account we have heard from that gentleman concerning his ill ſucceſs at play, ſeemed to promiſe a prevention of that deſign, even in the opinion of the ſagacious Mr. Dookalb; who (we may recollect) adviſed his worthy friend to a retreat home, and gave him a promiſe to ſee him as ſoon as convenient; and Mr. Dookalb, good honeſt man! was ever punctual to his promiſes, where his own intereſt was nearly concerned. Early, therefore, on the morrow, he waited on the captain: but how great was his aſtoniſhment, when the ſorrowing ſervants related to him the ſhocking cataſtrophe! As an intimate friend, he ſent up his name, and deſired admittance to the captain's lady; which being granted,

ed, he was uſhered up ſtairs, and introduced to a ſpectacle the moſt piteous and deplorable. On the bed lay his deceaſed friend weltering in his gore, the fatal inſtrument of his deſtruction ſtill in his hand, and his eyes uncloſed, *their impious fury* (as Doctor Young ſtrongly expreſſes it) *ſtill alive in death*. His lady, in all the agonies of grief, was kneeling by the bed, hanging over him, watering his lifeleſs corpſe with a flood of tears, wringing her hands, and by the moſt expreſſive ſighs demonſtrating her heart's deep woe. The ſervants were wailing ſorrowfully around her; and what moſt heightened the tragick and affecting ſcene, was a poor little harmleſs infant turning with affright from the melancholy ſpectacle, and tenderly crying for it's miſerable mother. Thinkeſt thou, reader, Dookalb's heart felt a pang? Perhaps it did; which made him the more anxious to quit this houſe of mourning, as unwilling to continue amidſt bitterneſs, or to be ſtung with the keen adder, reflection. Suffice it, he retired under ſome ſpecious friendly pretext; and, as all was gone to him here, doubtleſs never more ſet foot within this houſe of affliction.

But do thou, if gaming is thy ruling and favourite paſſion, O reader! not yet depart hence, till thou haſt well conſidered, and diligently meditated on the whole tranſaction. Behold here a man ſtrong in youth, buoyant in health, and bleſſed with profuſe plenty of this world's good; behold him in an inſtant, by his own hand, cut off from the ſons of men, and blotted from the book of life! One fatal caſt hath done it!—Beware, and even now ſtop thy hand: thy all, thy preſent and eternal all—think, think and tremble—depends on thoſe baſe dies! This caſt, perhaps, drives the hot ball through thy diſtracted brain, plunges thee in irrecoverable perdition, (for, believe and fear, wretched mortal, no ſtroke can reach thy ſoul!) and leaves a forlorn, diſtreſſed, and undone family, to ſtruggle with want and affliction; to languiſh in ſorrow, in penury, and contempt. Where is the pleaſure that can counter-balance theſe? Be wiſe, and reflect; refrain, and be happy.

Thus was Dookalb, happily enough in his own private opinion, rid of his friend, and poſſeſſed of his money. His next purpoſe was, how to make another advantageous bargain; how to favour ſome worthy gentleman with the poſſeſſion of the amiable couſin of his love; and how, by ſo doing, to confer on that couſin the greateſt and moſt invaluable favour. In a lucky hour he was applied to, on that occaſion, by a young fellow, the ſon of a country gentleman of great wealth, who was paſſionately fond of him, and who having ever indulged him, had, after his education at Oxford, permitted him to take chambers at one of the inns of court, that he might ſhare in all the faſhionable gaities (not to ſay vices) of the age. He had been recommended to Mr. Dookalb as the prime connoiſſeur in matters of this kind, and promiſed to reward him very liberally in caſe he ſhould provide for him agreeably to his fancy; which Mr. Dookalb very rightly imagined he ſhould exactly hit, in preſenting him with the firſt, and highly to be deſired poſſeſſion of his couſin Caroline, whom, being now free from any engagements, he determined to reſign up to him. Mr. Jaiſon had never yet ſeen the lady, though he grew mighty anxious and impatient ſo to do after Dookalb's deſcription of her; but the time fixed for his firſt viſit was the very day after that whereon ſhe and her ſiſter Lucy eloped. This diſconcerted the whole of Dookalb's ſcheme, and plunged him in the deepeſt perplexity: however, as Captain Smith was conſtantly his firm and ſtaunch friend, he determined by no means to hazard the loſs of his friendſhip; but to demonſtrate, by his great readineſs to offer him a ſupply, how zealous he was in his cauſe, how careful of his *intereſt*; and therefore he reſolved to give up Caroline to his embraces, and to place her, as we find he informed the unhappy young girl, in her ſiſter's ſituation; nothing doubting but that ſuch a change would alleviate the captain's rage, and cauſe him not greatly to lament the loſs of his beloved Lucy; truſting he ſhould quickly have it in his power to ſupply his new friend, and to bleſs Mr. Jaiſon according to his wiſhes.

For this purpoſe, when Caroline was tolerably recovered, and able to ſee him, he again plied her with his old arguments; endeavoured to ſoothe and alleviate all former matters; to repreſent to her the many advantages of cloſing with his advice; and hinting, in fine, that a ready compliance would be infinitely more happy for herſelf, as well as pleaſing to him. She told him in reply, that let her ſufferings be ever ſo great;

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let her ſorrows and hardſhips be ever ſo much encreaſed on her head, ſhe was firmly determined to reſiſt his abhorred deſign, and would rather ſubmit to all the bittereſt agonies, and the moſt painful death, than move one ſtep from her reſolution, or ever become the deteſted and abject wretch he deſired. 'Wonder not, Sir, at my firmneſs, nor be ſurprized to ſee a poor, weak, defenceleſs woman able to withſtand both your deluſions and menaces; know, while innocence and virtue are my guardians, I ſhall ever dare to look in the face and defy every one who is their enemy. But ſtill the tender concern and the affectionate duty I bear my dear abſent parents, ſtrengthens me moſt of all, and confirms me in my purpoſe never to conſent to any thing which will be their certain deſtruction. And, oh! dear Sir,' (ſhe went on, burſting into tears, and falling on her knees) 'if you have any the leaſt friendſhip for my poor father and mother, who place all their truſt and all their hopes in you; if you have any deſire to ſave them from the moſt ſhocking of all deaths, a death of ſorrow; if you have any the leaſt tenderneſs for a miſerable abject wretch like me, whoſe utter ruin and miſery ſure never can give you delight; let me beg, let me, for God's ſake, for your own, and for your friends, my unhappy parents, let me earneſtly entreat of you to deliver me from this undoing, and my prayers and my tears ſhall ever join in begging bleſſings and happineſs for you.' Dookalb ſeemed a good deal affected by the pathetick but reſolute manner in which Caroline addreſſed him; he raiſed her from the ground, bit his lips, walked haſtily backward and forward, frowned, ſat down, roſe up inſtantly, and ſhewed every ſign of perturbation; for her looks and tears ſpoke with ſuch inexpreſſible perſuaſion, that a heart of ſteel muſt have been penetrated and ſoftened into pity. He told her at length, that ſince ſhe was ſo extremely averſe to his propoſal, which greatly ſurprized him, as her happineſs was his ſole aim in it, he would mention no more concerning the matter, but hoped when ſhe came cooly to reflect, that ſhe would be more wiſe, and know her own intereſt. 'However,' continued he, 'be that as it will, couſin, let us forget and forgive all hard words that may have paſſed, and reſt aſſured I will neither do nor propoſe any thing but what ſhall be wholly to your approbation. Endeavour, then, to diſpel that melancholy ſadneſs from your countenance, and let me have the pleaſure of your company with your wonted chearfulneſs and vivacity.' Caroline promiſed to comply with every thing he ſhould deſire that was right and honourable; and a truce being thus ſettled between them, Dookalb retired, and left the lady to her private concerns.

Seeing her thus extremely averſe to his favourite ſcheme, and ſo very deeply rooted in her determination, he prudently imagined no great advantage could accrue from force; for that reaſon he reſolved to proceed in a more ſubtle manner againſt her virtue, and to ſubdue by fraud what was impregnable by an open attack. As he could not thus, according to his wiſhes, ſupply his grand friend, Captain Smith; other methods were to be taken for that worthy gentleman's comfort, and his other ſtore-houſes to be examined for a proper mate to pair with this deſerted turtle; while Caroline, as at firſt, was deſtined to fall a victim, and to become the prey of Mr. Jaiſon, whom he invited to dinner the next day, that he might reconnoitre his intended miſtreſs; who, at Dookalb's ſolicitation, was to do the honours of the table.

CHAP. XII.

CAROLINE'S DREADFUL SITUATION. MR. JAISON'S VISIT, DISAPPOINTMENT, AND CHARACTER. HIS CONVERSATION WITH HER, AND THE CONSEQUENCE THEREOF.

CAROLINE's ſituation was fearful and terrible to her; her heart beat with conſtant alarms, and ſhe was in perpetual dread of ſome cruel attack, ſome deep-concerted ſcheme of Dookalb's to deſtroy her: ſhe perceived a more than ordinary diligence and aſſiduity in the ſervants to attend and oblige her; but at the ſame time ſhe perceived a more than ordinary diligence in them to watch and obſerve her every motion; ſo that it was too evident ſhe lived only in a nominal freedom, her being in

reality the cloſeſt confinement. Mr. Dookalb's courteous behaviour ſeemed but as the dreadful calm before the thunder rolls; and the truce he had made with her, ſuch as the wolf makes with the lamb, whoſe hunger is at any time a ſufficient motive with him to break it. Yet theſe were not all her miſeries: her concern for her ſiſter, and utter ignorance of her ſituation; her deeper concern for her parents, and fearful apprehenſion of what might be the conſequence; and her uneaſineſs to be parted from the good people with whom ſhe ſo lately promiſed herſelf ſuch peace and ſecurity; added new weight to her woe, ſharper poignancy to her ſorrows, and double bitterneſs to the bitter cup of her afflictions. She was obliged, however, as much as poſſible, to ſmother up and conceal her anxious fears and diſtreſs; and throwing herſelf, with the humbleſt reſignation, into the hands of Providence, a ſmall ray of hope enlivened her boſom, a little portion of that powerful balm diſtilled into her heart, and alleviated it's tortures.

It would be needleſs to obſerve how greatly Mr. Jaiſon was charmed with Miſs Caroline on her firſt appearance; ſince her perſon was ſo extremely pleaſing, her manner ſo ſoft and engaging, her whole deportment ſo ſweet and attracting, that few men could behold without love and affection, none without approbation and delight. But as he was much diſappointed in her, ſo that diſappointment ſeemed to have a good deal of influence on his mind, by the ſerious and ſedate manner in which he behaved during the whole time of dinner. He expected and prepared himſelf to encounter the uſual impertinence of a giddy town woman; he expected the unblushing ſtare, the loud laugh, the familiar freedom of a thoughtleſs and deluded creature; but how great was his ſurprize to behold the fineſt perſon ſet off with the moſt engaging manners! inſtead of giddy impertinence, a graceful ſilence, which, when ſhe broke, the ſweeteſt muſick ſeemed not one half ſo ſweet as her voice, ſoft and agreeable, indeed, beyond compare; inſtead of the unblushing ſtare, a down-caſt melancholy ſat ſoberly on her eyes, which, when raiſed up, darted forth the moſt inviting glances, modeſt yet piercing, ſharp yet lovely; inſtead of loud laughter and familiar freedom, a diſtant yet becoming frankneſs, a ſerioufneſs ſteady though not ſtiff, and a reſerve tempered with the moſt becoming gentility. Mr. Jaiſon could not keep down in his boſom a troubleſome reflection, as it ſeemed, though, in reality, highly deſerving entertainment there. He could not help reflecting how truly pitiable a caſe it was, that ſo much ſeeming innocence, and ſo much certain beauty ſhould be deſtroyed and disfigured, and be made a miſerable prey to luſt, vice, and laſciviouſneſs. For, it will be neceſſary to obſerve, that this young gentleman was a perſon of many excellent qualities, and one of thoſe who, with the utmoſt goodnature, yet much good ſenſe, was not able to reſiſt the ſtream of popular prejudices, nor to ſtand out the laugh and ridicule of his gay companions. His heart was extremely tender and compaſſionate, and ſtrongly influenced by the principles of virtue inſtilled in him when young; which, however, the force of example, the love of gallantry, and the deſire of being like the reſt of the world, greatly obumbrated and obſcured; yet not ſo much as to cauſe him to look on vice and virtue with an equal eye. He was not yet ſo far gone as to be blind to the luſtre of truth, or deaf to the call of conſcience; and though frequently erring, he never eſteemed vice indifferent, nor ever failed condemning the fault. His ſtrongeſt and moſt prevailing paſſion was love of the fair ſex, amongſt whom he was no ſmall favourite; not only on account of his perſon, which was highly commendable, but on account of that perpetual flow of mirth and jollity which ever inſpired him, and diffuſed itſelf around wherever he appeared. The taſte being ſo very much againſt marriage, the thought of it, we may venture to pronounce, never once roſe in his breaſt; for he was a good deal actuated by the reigning faſhion, and too frequently ſuffered common opinions to blind his better reaſon; as is eminently remarkable in the caſe before us, ſince a man like this could certainly never approve his buſineſs with Mr. Dookalb, nor hold any very favourable opinion of a perſon employed on ſuch deteſtable purpoſes. No wonder, then, ſuch a reflection as before recorded, with many others of the like kind, ſuggeſted themſelves to him, while in the preſent company; which Mr. Dookalb, according to agreement, took care, as ſoon as proper,

per, to leſſen by his own abſence; pretending ſome neceſſary and immediate buſineſs, he excuſed himſelf to his couſin and Mr. Jaiſon, and promiſing as ſpeedy a return as poſſible, begged of her to make coffee for his friend, and withdrew. Caroline knew not what to underſtand by his behaviour; yet ſhe was ſo fully perſuaded of all her couſin's intentions, that ſhe could not but entertain the moſt dreadful apprehenſions, though there appeared to her ſomething which forbade fear in Mr. Jaiſon; there ſeemed ſomething in his deportment hitherto which expreſſed nothing of vice and evil deſigns, but on the contrary ſhewed great modeſty and tenderneſs of heart: however, ſhe could not be free from dread, nor at the ſame time from very ſenſibly declaring it in her countenance. Mr. Jaiſon drew nearer her, and taking hold of her hand, *to whoſe ſoft ſeizure the cygnet's down is harſh*, he perceived ſhe trembled much, and was in no ſmall agitation; upon which, being himſelf well nigh as much moved, 'Madam,' ſaid he, 'I hope 'my preſence does not cauſe this alarm; 'I would hope there is nothing ſo formidable in me as to raiſe your fears thus 'ſtrongly: be aſſured nothing would 'make me ſo unhappy as ſuch a 'thought; nothing would be more diſpleaſing to me than the ſenſe of giving 'pain to ſo amiable a lady.'—'Alas, 'Sir!' replied ſhe, 'I am ill-diſpoſed 'to hear the voice of flattery now; for, 'believe me, you ſee a wretch, of all 'others the moſt miſerable. What are 'Mr. Dookalb's deſigns, in leaving 'you, Sir, thus alone with me, I am 'utterly ignorant; but let me confeſs I 'too much fear my own conjectures are 'not ill-grounded. I ſuppoſe you are 'his friend, and as ſuch will be very 'ill inclined to hear any thing I ſay: 'but let me beg of you to conſider me 'as a poor deſtitute orphan, without a 'friend, without the leaſt power to aſſiſt 'myſelf; and then recollect whether the 'ruin of ſuch a one, (for too much I 'have reaſon to imagine that the purpoſe of this viſit) conſider whether the 'ruin of ſuch a one can bring any happineſs, or any ſatisfaction to you.'—Her words drew tears into Mr. Jaiſon's eyes; when he rejoined, 'I am much 'concerned, Miſs, to ſtand ſo very unworthy and abject in your opinion; 'but much more ſo, I aſſure you, to 'hear ſo mournful an account of your 'preſent unhappineſs. Indeed, you 'wrong me greatly, to imagine I could 'find any ſatisfaction in your ruin: believe me, if I could be any way ſubſervient to your happineſs, or make 'you otherwiſe than you now pronounce 'yourſelf, that would be a ſatisfaction, 'indeed, and the greateſt this earth can 'afford me. You greatly miſtake me, 'if you think my ears deaf to the voice 'of complaint, or prejudiced in favour 'of my friend. Were I to ſpeak my 'opinion of Mr. Dookalb, it perhaps 'would not be very different from your 'own; but do not wrong me, dear 'creature; do not think me a wretch, 'an abject, abandoned wretch—and I 'ſhall be contented.'—'I have no reaſon, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'to think you 'ſuch: you are no leſs a ſtranger to me, 'than I probably am to you; though 'no doubt Mr. Dookalb has told you 'my unhappy ſtory; and pray forgive 'me, but I cannot help looking upon 'you as the perſon choſen by him to 'be my deſtroyer. Indeed, I would not 'injure you, but ſo many reaſons join 'to perſuade me, I cannot help very 'greatly fearing you; and yet I would 'fain believe, (for alas! Sir, the wretched, who have no ſupport, are willing to 'lay hold of every twig;) I would fain 'believe you are not one of his inſtruments; and yet, what reaſon have I to 'hope? Would he leave any one with me, 'whom he intended not to enſnare and 'betray me?' Mr. Jaiſon, claſping her hands with the utmoſt eagerneſs, replied, 'On my ſoul, deareſt Miſs, I 'hate the raſcal, and I hate myſelf: it 'would be no leſs ungenerous than unavailing, to conceal from you the real 'purpoſe of my viſit. Do not deſpiſe 'me wholly, (for you cannot but deſpiſe me, and ſincerely I deſpiſe myſelf) when I frankly confeſs, that you 'only was the occaſion of my preſence 'here to day—But, alas! how can I 'ſhock your ears with declaring, it 'was to poſſeſs it, if I approved your 'perſon!'—'Oh, cruel, wicked man!' ſaid Caroline, interrupting Mr. Jaiſon; 'now the whole of his barbarous 'friendſhip to me is notorious: now 'the reaſon of his preſſing and earneſt 'deſire for me to appear at dinner to 'day, is too groſsly and ſhockingly 'manifeſt!'—'Believe me, Miſs,' replied he, 'I did not expect to find a

'lady

'lady like you: my evil thoughts were 'fixed on ſomething worthy their vile-'neſs; on ſome unhappy woman, alrea-'dy deluded, and already loſt to ſhame. 'Believe me, I never dreamed of beholding ſuch modeſty and ſuch innocence, 'much leſs of being the helliſh inſtru-'ment to deſtroy and ruin them. Bad 'as my inclinations are, they never 'yet have proceeded to that infamous 'ſtretch of wickedneſs; and I cannot 'now but look upon Dookalb with 'the utmoſt abhorrence and indig-'nation; nay, on my ſoul, I almoſt 'tremble to be under ſo accurſed a 'roof: but ſince matters are in this 'dangerous and deſperate ſituation, as 'you are not one minute ſafe from ſo 'black and deadly an enemy, let me 'deſire that you would uſe my means, 'and direct me how to reſcue you from 'this horror; and that will atone, I 'hope, for the ſinful intention with 'which I entered theſe execrable doors.' —'Alas! Sir,' ſaid Caroline, 'how 'can I ever ſufficiently thank you, or 'how repay you for ſo great a kind-'neſs? A poor, dejected, friendleſs 'creature, unknown and unſupported, 'and placed in the midſt of ſo many 'and ſo great difficulties! you at leaſt 'will have the prayers of an unhappy 'father and mother for delivering their 'miſerable child from deſtruction; for 'ſaving their ſecond daughter from the 'melancholy fate of their firſt. But why 'do I dwell on ſuch circumſtances, or 'why loſe one moment from deliberat-'ing how ſooneſt to procure my ranſom? 'You beſt know what was your agree-'ment with Mr. Dookalb, and what 'was to have been the dreadful con-'ſequence of this interview, and as ſuch 'can beſt adviſe me what to do, and 'how to eſcape from this houſe, where 'I need not tell you, I am held cloſe 'priſoner.'—'Madam,' replied he, 'I 'cannot ſo much offend and diſguſt 'you, as to ſay what were the purpoſed 'conſequences; be it ſufficient to in-'form you, that execrable wretch told 'me he feared I ſhould not ſucceed at 'the firſt interview; but if I found it 'probable, he adviſed me not to leave 'the attack till morning, which he pro-'miſed not to interrupt by his preſence: 'however, if, after all, your virtue 'ſhould remain impregnable, it was re-'ſolved I ſhould continue my viſits a few 'days, and have every proper opportunity 'granted me, and that convenient me-'thods ſhould be taken with you to in-'cline you to a compliance. What thoſe 'methods were I bluſh to ſpeak. And 'he alſo promiſed, that you, the more 'to engage you to me, ſhould have free 'leave to go with me wherever it was 'agreeable. You ſee, then, there is 'no great difficulty to procure you a 'ſafe riddance; but we muſt take care 'to deceive the villain with his own de-'ceit; we muſt vanquiſh the hypocrite 'with hypocriſy: you diſſembling your 'real hatred of him, and pretending a 'delight in the proſpect of captivating 'me; and I alſo affecting a gay aſ-'ſurance, that I ſhall quickly gain the 'point deſired with you. But there 'will be need of this no longer than 'to-morrow morning, when I will viſit 'you, and beg your attendance to Ra-'nelagh, which he will not refuſe, and 'you may then bid adieu to this ſcene 'of diſtreſs, and, let me hope, be per-'fectly happy.' Caroline, deeply touched with a ſenſe of the Divine goodneſs towards her, could not help falling on her knees and bleſſing the God who protected her, and who had thus, by turning evil into good, wonderfully and gloriouſly worked her deliverance! Nor was ſhe leſs profuſe in her gratitude to Mr. Jaiſon; her eyes flowing with expreſſive tears, while her melodious tongue uttered the ſweeteſt and moſt harmonious thankſgivings. The remainder of the evening was ſpent in agreeable converſe between them; ſhe, at his requeſt, relating the whole of her and her ſiſter's affecting ſtory, while he ſoothed her ſufferings with the kindeſt remarks, and revived her hopes by the warmeſt aſſurances of ſerving her to the utmoſt of his power. Shall we ſay it became a little irkſome to both, when the hour of parting drew nigh! Who knows not that love is a ſubtle fire, and frequently is kindled in the boſom when we dream not of it's influence? Something like this, perhaps, was the caſe, when Mr. Jaiſon gently preſſing her hand, confuſed and trembling touched her coral lips; while ſhe, in no leſs confuſion, ſuppreſſed a ſoft ſigh riſing in her breaſt, while big tears hung labouring in her eyes, as if doubtful whether to continue in that bright dwelling, or to kiſs their pleaſing way adown her damaſk cheeks,

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

THE CONCERN OF MRS. STEVENS AND HER FAMILY. CAROLINE'S HAPPY RETURN TO THEM, AND MRS. HODSON'S REMARKS ON HER DELIVERANCE.

POOR Mrs. Stevens was under the greateſt concern, as well as her whole family, for the abſence of Miſs Caroline; they ſent to the houſe whither ſhe was conducted, but could gain no information from thence; the ſervants, by their maſter's direction, denying any knowledge of her. They ſought wherever ſeemed moſt probable to them, but to no purpoſe; and their beſt intelligence, the honeſt nurſe, heretofore mentioned with no ſmall applauſe, was at a diſtance from home too; ſo that they were under the greateſt diſtreſs and anxiety for the poor unhappy young creature, whoſe modeſt deportment, mournful ſtory, and hard fate, had greatly engaged their eſteem and affection. The worthy Mrs. Hodſon was afflicted to a very great degree, and determined, that if when nurſe ſhould return, her enquiries ſhould alſo prove fruitleſs, to adverti ſe her, with a promiſe of a large reward; as afraid ſhe was deluded into ſome danger, and unable to deliver herſelf. But if their uneaſineſs was great, Caroline's was no leſs ſo, under the apprehenſions of it; and it was no ſmall portion of her preſent happineſs, to think ſhe ſhould ſoon return to theſe worthy people, and free them from their fearful ſurmiſes concerning her. This, and the many other joyful thoughts which crouded in upon her after Mr. Jaiſon's departure, together with the damping fears which attended them, and the ſilent pain, which yet unobſerved, ſecretly ſtole through her boſom, drove ſleep far from her eyes, and made reſt for that night a ſtranger to her eye-lids.

Mr. Dookalb, in the morning, was highly pleaſed to ſee the uſual melancholy which ſat on his couſin's brow greatly diſſipated, and chearful vivacity reigning in it's ſtead. He ſcrupled not to touch, in his jocoſe and familiar way, on what he imagined the cauſe, and much approving Miſs Caroline's taſte, ſtrongly recommended Mr. Jaiſon as a perſon of the moſt finiſhed accompliſhments, and well deſerving ſo charming a young lady's eſteem. And he failed not, by the bye, covertly to inſinuate his mighty regard for her, and ſingular friendſhip in introducing her to ſuch an acquaintance; with a gentle hint on the unkindneſs of her ſuſpicions and behaviour to him. Caroline, hoping this was the laſt time ſhe ſhould ever hear theſe ſyren tales, calculated to deceive and deſtroy, ſmothered her indignation, diſſembled her reſentment, and cloſed with the good man in moſt of his concluſions; giving him no ſmall hopes that his purpoſes would quickly be anſwered, and matters go on proſperouſly with this hitherto wayward and uncomplying girl. Nor was his opinion at all changed, when in a little time Mr. Jaiſon appeared; on whoſe approach Dookalb, tenting Caroline to the quick, perceived a roſy bluſh overſpread her countenance, and a bright ray of delight dart from her ſpeaking, ſoft, and melting eyes. Mr. Jaiſon making his requeſt known to Mr. Dookalb, that his intention was, with his permiſſion, to entertain the young lady with the morning's amuſement at Ranelagh, he very kindly obſerved, his deſires always were, that his couſin ſhould be entirely at her own option in every reſpect, where he knew the place and company: for his own part, he could have no objection to ſo obliging a proffer, much leſs to the company of a gentleman ſo worthy, good, and amiable. Thus a general conſent was obtained; for who can doubt of Caroline's? and ſhe, properly preparing herſelf, ſtepped into a coach ready for them; more joyful, and more triumphing in her deliverance than a hapleſs mariner, when aſcending the tall ſteep ſide of ſome brave Britiſh admiral from a deſart of ſand, whereon he had been unfortunately caſt, where every want of nature was unſupplied, and where ſlow deſtruction, in meagre aſpect, hourly was digging a deep grave to overwhelm him.

Mr. Jaiſon, after they were at a proper diſtance from Mr. Dookalb's, enquiring where ſhe would chuſe to be driven, was ſurprized and pleaſed to hear her place of abode was at his friend's, Mrs. Stevens's. 'For there, 'Madam,' ſaid he, 'lives a very wor-'thy and excellent relation of mine, in 'whoſe acquaintance you will be happy,

'and

'and from whoſe converſation you will 'receive great pleaſure.'——'I gueſs 'whom you mean, Sir,' replied ſhe, 'Mrs. Hodſon, no doubt; I promiſed 'myſelf the greateſt ſatisfaction under 'her protection, when firſt made known 'to her; but thoſe hopes, alas! were 'ſpeedily fruſtrated by the cruelty of 'Mr. Dookalb, who confined me from 'them; and that I once more ſee them 'is wholly owing to your generous 'goodneſs; and, believe me, next to 'the ſatisfaction of being reſcued from 'the horror of horrors, I know not any 'greater at preſent than the thought of 'ſhortly being bleſſed amongſt thoſe good 'people again.' The time was eaſily beguiled, nor ſeemed it long to Miſs Caroline or her friend, while they were hurried over the rattling ſtones to the port of peace, the wiſhed-for dwelling of the good Mrs. Stevens, whoſe houſe was in no ſmall uproar of joy and gladneſs on the appearance of Miſs Caroline; the loſt, bewailed Caroline! and in no ſmall admiration to behold her conducted thither by their friend and acquaintance, Mr. Jaiſon; whoſe worthy aunt, Mrs. Hodſon, was immediately informed of the glad tidings, and one peal of thankſgivings and pleaſure rung through every portion of the little echoing houſe. Soon as the tide of congratulations and tranſport was ſomewhat ſubſided, curioſity, like another moon, hung up her lamp on high, and raiſed again the ſwelling deſire of their minds to a higher flow: all with one conſent anxiouſly ſought to know the reaſons of Caroline's long abſence, and the whole train of events which had kept her from them, and brought her once more ſafe and welcome to their longing view; all which Caroline related to them in the moſt exact and copious manner; and failed not to dwell abundantly on the praiſes of Mr. Jaiſon. The old lady obſerved to Miſs Caroline, that it was matter of the greateſt delight to her, that Providence had ſo diſpoſed it, as to make her ſufferings (ſince ſhe was ordained to ſuffer) the means of her nephew's doing good; the higheſt delight, in her mind, human nature was capable of receiving; and that, being ſtrongly attached to virtue, it had pleaſed Him, whoſe delight is in thoſe that do well, ſo wonderfully to reſcue her, as to make even him, who was intended to be her deſtroyer, her deliverer; for Mr. Jaiſon, though Caroline ſoftly paſſed over that part of the ſtory, in deep humiliation related the whole, omitting no one circumſtance. After many excellent remarks on the meanneſs of betraying a young creature, the guilt and condemnation ſure attendant thereupon, Mrs. Hodſon greatly commended her nephew for the ſincere ſorrow he profeſſed for his paſt ſhame, and firm reſolution, having ſeen the glaring horror of his fault, never thus hereafter to offend: for ſhe well obſerved, that the firſt ſtep to amendment is a knowledge of ourſelves and our offences; and the firſt advance to goodneſs, humiliation, and a ſenſe of having done ill.

'To know ourſelves diſeas'd, is half our
'cure.
'When Nature's bluſh, by cuſtom, is wip'd
'off,
'And conſcience, deaden'd by repeated
'ſtrokes,
'Has into manners nat'raliz'd our crimes;
'The curſe of curſes, is our curſe to love:
'To triumph in the blackneſs of our guilt,
'(As Indians glory in their deepeſt jet)
'And throw aſide our ſenſes with our peace.

'So,' ſaid ſhe, 'obſerves that excellent, 'pious, and never ſufficiently to be 'admired writer, Dr. Young, in his 'Night Thoughts; and ſo, with him, 'ſpeaks all nature, and all experience. 'Neither do you lament, young lady, 'for that it hath pleaſed Him, who directs you, to plunge you in difficulties, to preſent you with dangers, and 'to beſet you with temptations; rather 'rejoice in this mark of his favour; 'and as a certain means of never being 'overcome, imagine yourſelf conſtantly in the eye of Him who ſees through 'all the creation at a glance, and reads 'eth every ſecret in every heart; think 'yourſelf always in his preſence; dangers and difficulties will then vaniſh 'before you, and temptations be reſiſted 'and broken like a feeble reed. Your increaſe in goodneſs too will thus be glorious, and your life will be happy; for 'your conſcience will ever applaud you. 'And mark theſe lines of the above-mentioned fine poet:

'No man is happy, till he thinks, on earth
'There breathes not a more happy than
'himſelf.
'Then envy dies, and love o'erflows on all;
'And love o'erflowing makes an angel here.'

With

With this, and ſuch like advice, the excellent lady entertained the company; which we hope will no leſs entertain and profit you, our kind readers and companions thus far in theſe little adventures. That you may therefore pauſe a while, and weigh theſe ſerviceable remarks, we here cloſe our ſecond book; and having ſeen Caroline in a ſtate of reſt, will return to the remaining perſonages, with whom, in the courſe of theſe pages, we have contracted ſome ſmall acquaintance.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE SISTERS.

BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

LUCY'S HAPPY SITUATION. MR. LEICART'S GROWING DISLIKE. THE CONSEQUENCE OF THEIR GOING TO THE PLAY. LUCY'S DISTRESS. HER VISIT TO MISS REPOOK, AND VERY KIND RECEPTION.

WE left Lucy in the full fruition of her whole heart's deſire, bleſſed in the embraces of a man highly pleaſing to her capricious fancy, and reſcued from one, diſagreeable and loathſome as death and the grave. What felicity was equal then to that of her's and her beloved Leicart? The fond expreſſions of her unbounded rapture in his arms, her exquiſite beauty, and moſt delicate frame, her limbs ſoft as dove's down, white as the virgin ſnow, and poliſhed like the fineſt marble, muſt have given tranſport, beyond idea, to the coldeſt; what then to a man no leſs ſuſceptible of love and pleaſure than herſelf? But the higheſt delights of ſenſe, the moſt raviſhing and entrancing extaſies, ſurely, too ſurely, pall and grow inſipid, if appetite holds the ſway, and guilt reigns lord of the banquet; a fact eminently proved by this happy couple: for what bliſs could excel their bliſs! what joy tranſcend their joy! And yet, ſo it happened, that Mr. Leicart grew tired of her too luxurious fondneſs, was almoſt ſick with love, and reliſhed not the luxurious feaſt, and the riotous enjoyment, with his former guſt and uſual eagerneſs. Beſides, the reflection that he was to be at the expence of keeping and providing for this lady, as well as debarred from the company and poſſeſſion of other women, while thus enſlaved to her, gave him no ſmall anxiety and diſſatisfaction; as knowing that his fortune was barely ſufficient for himſelf; as thinking this had much the appearance of that flaviſh, miſerable ſtate, matrimony; and as very unwilling to be deprived of the bliſs of roving, and the pleaſures of variety. Lucy had the firſt full and very uneaſy aſſurance of this given her one evening at the play, whither ſhe went with Mr. Leicart, who had not been long in the box before he beheld, in the oppoſite one, a lady of his acquaintance, who was greatly in his eſteem. He made a ſlight apology to Lucy for leaving her a little, and retired to her rival; with whom ſhe had the mortification to ſee him continue during well nigh the whole time of the performance; which being almoſt ended, he returned, begging her pardon, and making ſome lame excuſes, which palliated, however, the matter tolerably enough, as ſhe had recovered him again from that deteſted creature, who had ſo long detained him from her. But what was her ſurprize, when, conducting her to a chair after the play was over, he told her ſhe muſt diſpenſe with his company that evening, as he was engaged to ſome particular friends; and there-

fore

fore desired her to go to bed at her usual time, and not to wait for him, as he could not exactly tell when he should be at home. So saying, he wished her a good night, gave the chairmen their orders, and withdrew; while she, so full, so ready to burst was her heart, could utter nothing more than, 'Cruel man!' It is scarce to be conceived, what a tumult of wild passions distracted her bosom; love, rage, jealousy, indignation, pride, anguish, scorn, and bitterness, at once possessed and tortured her. The ingratitude of Leicart stung her to the soul; the hated woman she saw him with at the play, never was one moment from before her eyes; and the recollection of her own miserable, undone, dependant state, was not the least busy or burdensome of all her tormentors. Fond and foolish hope, however, still buoyed her up, and she sate in painful watching almost the whole night, expecting his desired return, anxiously catching every sound, as hoping he was at hand, and feeding herself with the airy wish, that she mistook him all the while, and that necessity obliged the dear man to be absent from her so long. But even this pleasing delusion turned out to her pain, soon as she perceived the long, long night, wholly spent, and all her expectations vanished into air: at length, in downright despair, she betook herself to bed; that bed, alas! once the seat of love and rapture only—now, dreadful change! no love or rapture was to be found; gnawing jealousy possessed Mr. Leicart's place in her bosom, and thorny discontent removed the down-pillow from her head. She slept but little; and when she did sleep, waking was less dreadful than her dreams: there she saw all her horrid apprehensions realized; there she beheld herself contemned, despised, and rejected; while on the bosom of the rival fair lay her laughing lover, pointing with scorn at the fond, broken-hearted Lucy, and printing ten thousand glowing kisses on the soft bosom of his new mistress. How could she bear such dreams! how could she bear such waking! Behold! the morning came, and found Lucy still as unhappy as the night had seen her; no Mr. Leicart still. Miserable woman! all was now *too* plain; and the only remedy left her, yea, the only result of her resolution, was to hate and despise him. And when, about eleven, he returned, (for not before did he return) she attacked him in the furiousness of her rage, with all the bitterness of her soul, and every opprobrious term incensed and despised love could utter. 'Base, worthless, cruel, wicked, and 'ungrateful wretch,' said she, 'I hate 'and despise you, I scorn and detest 'you!'—'With all my heart, Madam,' replied the villain, very coolly, 'I am 'glad of it; perhaps we may be equal 'in that respect: but remember where 'you are, that I am no slave, and that 'these are my apartments.'—'And 'they shall be wholly yours, Sir,' said she, very shortly.'—'The sooner the 'better, Miss,' quoth he: 'if you are 'of such a testy stomach, so wonderous 'waspish, and so mighty squeamish, be'lieve me, your absence will be highly 'agreeable. D——e, Madam, do you 'think I am a mean married dog? 'Do you apprehend I should be con'fined from all other women for you, 'truly? No, faith; you greatly mis'take me, if you think so. However, 'I shall not hurry you; you are at full 'liberty to stay here till you can pro'vide yourself, and you must confess 'that generous enough; but I shall 'take care not to trouble you with my 'company; and so your very humble 'servant, very angry Miss Lucy!' No wonder the love remaining in her bosom evaporated in an instant, and immediately was gone, upon such ungenerous and barbarous treatment: for what woman can stand the shock of insulting contempt? She bid him, therefore, go like a perfidious and ungrateful miscreant as he was; and pouring out a flood of imprecations, declared her utter abhorrence of him, and her determined readiness to break off all kind of commerce and communication with him. Leicart wanted no more than this; and therefore retired from the room, very well satisfied, and much pleased with his own address, and excellent management, in thus freeing himself from so heavy an incumbrance.

It will be very possible, that some of the fair sex in this place may loudly exclaim against the barbarous ingratitude and shocking cruelty of the men; and we cannot but confess, that there is sufficient ground for it, in this behaviour of one of their *darlings*, the celebrated Beau Leicart; but, before they presume to open their lips on this sub-

ject, they will do well to conſider how much, how very nearly it concerns every woman to guard againſt the leaſt approaches to vice, much more to guard againſt the infidelity of men, by keeping their virtue ever in their own poſſeſſion. Be aſſured, fair reader, whoever thou art, ſo long as blooming in innocence, the warm ſun of affection and deſire will ſhine round, beautify and bleſs thee; but if once thou haſt admitted to the laſt and moſt inviting favour the ſon of thy affection, if thou haſt permitted him to pluck the virgin roſe—tremble in horrid certainty, for blighting contempt will quickly wither thee! the breath of diſregarding ſatiety will ſoon mildew and deſtroy thy former bloom and fragrancy! Perſevere, therefore, conſtant and firm in the paths of virtue: even the wicked will then, at diſtance, adore thee; the good will love and honour thee with the ſincereſt fondneſs; the voice of complaining ſhall never iſſue from thy lips—daughter of bright chaſtity, thou ſhalt be bleſſed.

Lucy, thus wholly caſt off, and left to the wide world, wholly unexperienced and unbefriended, was in much doubt and perplexity how to direct herſelf, or which courſe to take. She thought of applying again to Dookalb; but ſtill the remedy there appeared worſe than the diſeaſe. She wiſhed to be with her ſiſter, yet knew not how to ſubmit to the voice of upbraiding, and the language of reformation. The laſt and only refuge ſhe could poſſibly conceive, was to betake herſelf to her friend, Miſs Repook, of whoſe good-nature, ſenſe, and affability, ſhe had the higheſt eſteem. Accordingly, packing up what little matters ſhe had, and giving orders for them to be delivered when ſhe ſhould ſend for them, ſhe ſtepped into a chair, and was conveyed to her friend's houſe. Charlotte was juſt up, and at breakfaſt, when Lucy made her appearance with a countenance woefully dejected, and a look wonderouſly downcaſt and diſconſolate. Charlotte, in her uſual frank and familiar manner, accoſted her thus: 'Bleſs me, my dear, I am afraid your 'paramour did not pleaſe you laſt night. 'I never ſaw woman look ſo diſſatiſfied—ſure Leicart could never be your 'bed-fellow!' Lucy turned off her raillery with ſeriouſly informing her ſhe was now come ſolely to conſult and aſk her advice; for, as to herſelf, ſhe knew not what method to take, or how to act. Upon which ſhe acquainted her friend with the whole ingratitude, baſeneſs, and barbarity of Mr. Leicart, and her firm reſolution never more to have any concern with ſo ungenerous and baſe a wretch. Charlotte joined very heartily and copiouſly in curſing the mean worthleſs raſcal; bid Lucy be of good comfort, and promiſed to uſe her utmoſt intereſt to ſerve her. 'In the mean 'time, my dear,' ſaid ſhe, 'to ſettle 'your grief a little, and to obtain a 'drop of conſolation, follow my example, and take a glaſs of ratafia, child; 'and never fear, have a good heart, 'and I will warrant you trade enough.' Upon which ſhe pledged her friend in a ſociable glaſs of the above liquor, and initiated Lucy into the very faſhionable, excellent, and advantageous cuſtom of drinking drams. 'Look'e, my dear,' continued Charlotte, 'you have my 'free conſent to make what uſe you 'pleaſe of my houſe; the apartment 'above is wholly at your ſervice; for 'my own part, I have money in profuſion, and therefore you will do well to 'make the greateſt advantage you can 'of your preſent ſituation, till ſome novice falls in our way proper for you, 'and with pence enough. I will introduce you to company, and put you 'into a method of trading; but remember to make your gentry pay 'high: that's a matter of great conſequence; the higher your price, the 'more eager they will be for poſſeſſing 'you. I ſpeak by experience; and 'you cannot aſk too high, as being 'really ſo very fine a perſon, and which 'is of all things with them moſt valuable, a new face. Twenty guineas a night, I ſhould think; however, by no means any thing leſs 'than ten.' Lucy teſtified her obligation to Miſs Repook in the ſtrongeſt terms poſſible, as unknowing, however, to make her any return for ſo great kindneſs, and as indebted to her in the moſt ſingular manner. Melancholy ſubjects were ſoon caſt aſide, another glaſs elevated their ſpirits, and diſpelled all the gloom of diſturbing thought. When Charlotte, acquainting Lucy with a cuſtom ſhe had of relieving every morning all ſuch as attended her levee, and ſought her protection, told her, ſhe ſhould ſee ſome of her penſioners and dependants; and ringing for her maid, ordered,

ordered, one by one, all those to be introduced to her who waited for admission that morning. 'Many, my dear,' said Charlotte, 'of the virtuous of our 'sex, as they stile themselves, think us 'abandoned and wicked beyond all 'bounds, and falsely imagine we do no 'good at all; but I appeal to every one 'of them, whether they do more good 'than I; whether they relieve a greater 'number of poor objects and sufferers, 'or hold any more laudable custom 'than this of mine, as you will speedily be convinced.' Thus idly did she imagine, that a design, calculated to feed her vanity only, was praise-worthy, and acceptable in the sight of God and man. Thus did she, deluded enough, suppose, that while she continued to be charitable, the rest of her sins would surely be forgiven; for she, once in her life, had heard an eminent preacher say, that charity covereth a multitude of sins, and that relieving the distressed is the greatest, most christian-like, and most divine virtue.

CHAP. II.

MISS CHARLOTTE'S LEVEE. THE TRAGICK POET, AND PENITENT PROSTITUTE. LUCY AND CHARLOTTE'S DISGUST AND SEARCH OF ADVENTURES.

THE door being opened, a tall thin personage was introduced. He was dressed in a tye-wig, a coat formerly brocaded, but much tattered and tarnished; a waistcoat richly trimmed heretofore, but now almost stripped of it's trimming. He had on a long sword, and long, but very unclean ruffles; a large muff, worn well-nigh bare, hung on one of his buttons, and on his wrist a very gorgeous gold-headed cane. His appearance was too extraordinary not to raise the ladies curiosity and admiration, and also too good, as they thought, to be treated like a common pensioner. Miss Charlotte therefore begged the gentleman to sit down, and very politely asked what there was in her power wherein she could oblige him. 'Madam,' he began, 'I 'am a man of family and fortune—

'But such is e'er the cruelty of fate,
'Those who are truly good are rarely great.

'Our family, by accidents as strange 'as new, is now to the utmost poverty 'reduced, and left to struggle with a 'thankless world. For me, young ladies, I have nothing left, but that, 'which in the days of worthy men, 'would have procured me honour and 'applause, (not barely what I now desire, sufficiency to keep from want myself and family—) genius and wit: 'these none can take from me, and *si miserum fortuna finonem*; if fortune 'makes me wretched, yet can she never 'rob me of god-born poesy; for poets 'are so born. Now, Madam, you 'must be informed, that having heard 'full loudly of your fame, for deeds of 'worth, and generous actions great, I 'come to beg your patronage and aid 'in my behalf; that to the worthy gentleman who shares your heart and 'bed, you would please to recommend a 'tragedy of mine; which, if he should 'approve, (and none who have read or 'heard it but approve;) which, if he 'should, I trust his love of merit will 'cause him to commend it to the theatres for his own sake, for mine, and 'for our country's.' So saying, he drew from his pocket a large scroll of manuscript papers, while the ladies, unused to such exalted heroicks, were ready to burst with laughter. 'Madam,' continued the tragedian, 'I have a wife 'and seven children small; my wife 'quilts petticoats to get her bread, 'while I write works of art and fancy, 'and so do my part. Our hopes, at 'present, are all centered here; and 'be assured, if you can recommend to 'our *great manager* this work of mine, 'you will bless, for ever bless, my 'thankful flock and me.'—'Sir,' said Charlotte, 'I will do my endeavour— 'but, pray, what is your subject?'— 'Oh, Madam,' rejoined he, 'it is a domestick tale. Domestick tales, I know, 'are what our actors chuse. It is called, '*The Fall of Plenty*; exemplified in the 'sufferings of a family reduced from 'great wealth to deep distress. If you 'will permit me, I will rehearse it— 'lady.' Charlotte objecting their want of time, he desired her, at least, to give him leave to read a few lines, which he had prefixed, as an introduction to her. This being granted, he began.

TO

TO THE CELEBRATED AND MUCH-ESTEEMED BEAUTY, MISS CHARLOTTE REPOOK.

'BRIGHT lady, glowing in the liſt of fame,
'In beauty, wit, and excellence, the ſame,
'Permit me, to addreſs, with ſong divine,
'And with fair poeſy your worth conſign
'To immortality—for that is thine.
'How doth your beauty bleſs your lover's arms,
'Unparallel'd, unequalled in charms!
'How doth your goodneſs ev'ry ſuff'rer bleſs,
'And make the wretched ſing amidſt diſtreſs!
'O look regarding, goddeſs of our earth,
'On this thy ſervant's firſt true tragick birth;
'Like Pharaoh's daughter, from the wat'ry grave
'This orphan infant moſt humanely ſave.
'Then of your name triumphantly I'll ſing,
'Then ſoar aloft on my new-fledged wing;
'And ſound from pole to pole your mighty worth,
'Your charms and beauty, e'en to heav'n from earth:
'Then ſhall thy virtues never know decay,
'But bloom and flouriſh in eternal day.'

Charlotte was vain enough to be delighted with this incenſe; and deſiring the gentleman to favour her with his performance, promiſed to leave no ſtone unturned in his favour. He then gently whiſpered, that he ſhould be greatly obliged to her if ſhe could lend him a crown. She could not think of preſenting a gentleman with ſo ſmall a ſum, and therefore, pulling out her purſe, begged him to accept five guineas for his trouble and the compliment he had paid her; with which the poor author retired home highly delighted to his half-ſtarved wife and children.

The next petitioner introduced, was a miſerable figure of a woman, almoſt naked, with a blanket only wrapped round her loins, and with every ſign of diſtreſs and wretchedneſs. The ladies deſiring to know her caſe; ſhe informed them, that once, like them, ſhe was in high life, and in the keeping of a perſon of rank; that ſhe was the daughter of a citizen of London, a man of good trade and credit, but one who lived too faſt, and brought up his children too faſhionably; that while in her father's houſe, ſhe was uſed to ſee nothing but what might pamper her pride, and feed her vanity; and was accuſtomed to dreſs according to the moſt faſhionable folly, and to attend every publick place of reſort and entertainment. 'In an unhappy hour, ladies,' ſaid ſhe, 'I gave up my virtue, on our return from a maſquerade, to a journeyman of my father's, who had long made his addreſſes to me, and which I had received by the conſent of my parents, they intending, as they uſed to hint, in caſe we ſhould agree, to leave off buſineſs and retire, and place him in the ſhop; but, alas! very ſoon after I was bleſſed in his arms, as I imagined never woman was bleſſed before, a ſtatute of bankruptcy came out againſt my father, and all in a moment was gone. My lover, as is ever to be expected in ſuch caſes, refuſed to perform his repeated promiſes of marrying me; and, to add to my miſeries, I found myſelf with child. My poor father was thrown into priſon, and my dear mother never left him; grief and deſpair ſeized him for his loſſes, but much deeper grief and deſpair when he heard of his daughter's undoing. He ſent for me on his death-bed, but had ſtrength to ſay no more, than, feebly holding my hand, while a big tear ſtood in his ſunk and hollow eyes, "Pray God bleſs thee! "I forgive thee, my poor, poor ruined "child!" In ſhort, I was ſo much affected, that I miſcarried, happily for the poor unborn babe; and being friendleſs, and, let me confeſs, too much inclined that way by my natural inclination, I entered into keeping with a gentleman of the town; from thence, by my ingratitude and inconſtancy to him, I was turned out to trade at the taverns, and afterwards in the ſtreets: ſo that now, though but one and twenty years old, I am ready to periſh with diſeaſes, with want, and the utmoſt torture. Oh, ladies, if you have any pity in your preſent affluence, remember and aſſiſt me. But, indeed, I have another purpoſe in thus preſuming to call upon you; and that is, by repreſenting to you my own ſufferings, to warn and deliver you from the like. See then in me your own ſelves; ſuch as you are, I once was; ſuch as I am, if you recover not yourſelves immediately, you ſurely will be. For my own part, I think myſelf ſo ſincerely penitent, and ſee my crimes ſo fully, that I am con-

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Plate I.

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'tent to ſuffer theſe and much worſe 'things, if, by my ſorrows here, I 'may wipe away my paſt offences, and 'obtain forgiveneſs at the hands of 'my offended Lord.'—'Away with 'your preaching and hypocritical ſtuff,' cried Charlotte; 'what mean you, wo-'man, by having the impudence to ad-'viſe and condemn me or this lady, or 'to think of comparing ſuch a poor 'wicked wretch as yourſelf with us? 'Pr'ythee ſtop your tongue and be 'gone, and learn, as a certain rule, 'beggars muſt never preſume to be 'teachers. Pray trot, good Madam 'penitence.'—'Alas! alas!' replied the poor half-ſtarved creature, 'I from 'my ſoul pity and deplore your ſitua-'tion; you cannot bear the voice of 'truth; may God have mercy upon 'you; but believe and tremble, for I 'ſpeak certain truth; many, though I 'ſhall not live to ſee it, will behold you 'even in diſtreſſes ſuperior to mine.' So ſaying, ſhe departed, and left the ladies ſo greatly chagrined and ruffled with her dreadful denunciation of their future calamities, that neither one nor the other was in any ſort of temper to hear or ſee any more of Charlotte's levee; and Lucy, for her part, adviſed her friend to lay aſide the cuſtom, as ſhe could not tell how frequently ſhe might meet with ſuch wretches, who, under the colour of diſtreſs, would affront and cenſure her. To divert their thoughts, and deſtroy all poſſibility of reflection, Charlotte ordered her chariot to be got ready, (for Charlotte kept her chariot, and was remarkable for the fineneſs of her horſes and the elegance of her equipage) and chearing her own as well as her companion's ſpirits with the uſual cup of comfort, ordered her ſervant to ſeveral ſhops, auctions, &c. where ſhe had any buſineſs, or where ſhe had none; but principally where it was moſt likely to find ſome company to amuſe and entertain herſelf and Miſs Lucy.

Let us leave them then awhile to their ſearch, till they find ſomething worthy our farther attention, while we take a little jaunt from the ſmoke of the town into the freſh air of the country, to enquire after the ſituation of Mr. Sanſon and his family, of whom we have heard nothing ſince Mr. Dookalb's and Miſs Caroline's letters came to hand. All writers, all poets, and all hiſtorians, with one conſent admire and praiſe the country: wonder not, therefore, gentle reader, if you perceive, on our approach thither, a new ſpirit glow throughout our writings, and double warmth animate every page.

CHAP. III.

THE RECEPTION OF MR. DOOKALB'S AND MISS CAROLINE'S LETTERS. THE MISERY OF MR. SANSON'S FAMILY. HIS DETERMINATION AND VISIT TO MR. THOMPSON.

MR. Sanſon's letter, recorded in the foregoing part of our hiſtory, is a ſufficient demonſtration and picture of the miſerable anxiety and fearful ſuſpenſe of this unhappy family, which every day augmented, and to which every hour added freſh terrors. And who can wonder, that a fond father and mother were agitated with reſtleſs fears and ſolicitudes for the beloved children of their boſom!

For thoſe, where they had garner'd up their hearts,
Where either they muſt love, or bear no life;
The fountain from which their current runs,
Or elſe dries up.———

No wonder with ſuch, the day dragged heavily on amidſt torturing impatience; no wonder the tedious night was mournfully diſtracted with black diſmay, and horrid imaginations. But on a ſudden the long gloom was diſpelled, a bright gleam of light and pleaſure dawned upon them; for behold two letters are preſented to them; the one directed by the known and beloved hand of their darling Caroline, the other by the fingers of their much eſteemed and highly honoured friend, Mr. Dookalb. But, alas! the ray of comfort which had ſuddenly broke in upon them, was but as an angry flaſh of lightning, which, in a moment, is devoured up by the jaws of darkneſs, and ſerves only to make the former gloomy horror more horrible. The old man no ſooner opened Mr. Dookalb's letter, than a violent trembling ſeized him; and having read it, he called out with an urgent impatience, 'Give it me! give it me!' to his wife, who had opened, and was about to read her daughter's letter. She, no leſs alarm-

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ed than her husband, immediately resigned it to him, and catching at Mr. Dookalb's, read, sighed, and fainted. The poor old man, with big tears in his aged eyes, hanging over her, suffered awhile no means to be used for her recovery, crying out in a wild and uncommon strain, that it was best—it was best so to be—it would be well if the poor unhappy mother should never more return to life and sorrow. At length, recovering by degrees, Mrs. Sanson perceived her husband walking hastily along the house, now reading one, and then the other letter; now shedding many tears, now uttering the most pathetick exclamations; and when turning his eyes towards her, and the little weeping train that stood sorrowing around her, 'Oh, my wife! oh, my dear children!' said he, 'here is the end of all 'our hopes—here is the bane of all our 'joy; my daughters, my once dear, darling daughters are ruined, lost, and un-'done, and I am a poor miserable old 'man, just distracted, and travelling 'hastily to the grave in despair.' Though the little children understood not the meaning of their father's words, yet they perceived a sadness and fury in them, which caused them to cling around their mother, and in loud plaints express their fears and consternation. She, still weak, and scarce able to support herself, yet, good woman, studiously endeavoured to give that comfort which she could not find. She intreated her husband more calmly to consider the matter, once more coolly to read over and weigh each letter; to which he consented. But to what could the cruel lines of Dookalb serve, except with every word to dart a scorpion into the breasts of the miserable parents, penned as they were with the blackest malice, written as they were with the most cursed and odious design? Caroline's letter, too, was evidently full of shift and evasion, and plainly demonstrated the badness of her's and her sister's situation, though she was unwilling to declare it, and anxious, if possible, to keep it from her parents; for whom all that now remained, was only with mutual tears, plaints, and lamentations, to sit together and bewail their hard fate, and the folly of their past lives; the madness of their vain and destructive pride, and the absurdity of their conduct in trusting two girls, so raw and unexperienced, to a wild, wicked, and injurious world. But yet this was such a state of uncertainty, such a bed of thorns, as none would chuse to rest upon. To know the worst is some degree of ease; each was willing and desirous to be informed of the whole, and each, with the racked Othello, cried out, 'Would I were satisfied!' However, there appeared no means to attain right information, but, either by commanding the young ladies to return home, or by the father's immediately taking a journey to them. Though Mrs. Sanson greatly and fondly desired, if possible, the return of her daughters to their former ease, innocence, and security, yet she could not think it proper or possible to order them directly to come down; and seemed more inclined to her husband's going up, as the means, perhaps, of adjusting all matters, reconciling Mr. Dookalb to them, and putting them in the right road to happiness. The old man was himself, too, much of the same opinion; but a dreadful obstacle stood in the way, the want of money enough to defray his expences. This was such a difficulty as was not easy to surmount, and of consequence added new encrease to their sorrows, and a fresh occasion for their fears. The result of all their consultations was, that each of them should write, the one to their daughters, the other to Mr. Dookalb, requesting an exact and precise account of their present situation, and the reason of their leaving so good a friend, with their future intentions; and that in the mean time Mr. Sanson should wait on a neighbour and acquaintance of theirs, to procure a small sum of money, with which, if they were not speedily relieved from their shocking and uncomfortable anxieties, he might make the best of his way to town.

The letters accordingly were written; and the next day the poor distressed and sorrowful old man paid a visit to Mr. Thompson, his neighbour, on the business just mentioned. Mr. Thompson is a man who, from the lowest station, by many indirect and unlawful means, by a most diligent and attentive concern to the business of the world, has raised to himself a most plentiful fortune, and amassed a prodigious quantity of gold and silver, which is always, with men of this kind, the test of worth and virtue; every man being, in their esteem, more or less great, good, and honourable, as he hath acquired more or less

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of their darling and high-prized jewel. Whence we may judge Mr. Sanſon, whoſe chief pride was his birth and deſcent, ſtood not very high in this gentleman's opinion, nor was held much in eſtimation by him; ſo that it is no wonder, on the old man's approach, that Mr. Thompſon received him with all the ſupercilious haughtineſs which is peculiar to men of money, and not of leaſt and probity. Mr. Sanſon, whoſe mind was in the loweſt ſtate of depreſſion and grief, opened his buſineſs with tears in his eyes; and informing his neighbour that ſome immediate concerns demanded his preſence in town, he was at a loſs for a ſmall ſum to bear his expences; which if he could let him have, it would be conferring the greateſt obligation poſſible. The ruſtick tyrant, pleaſed with ſuch an occaſion for triumph over what he hated, a gentleman in low circumſtances, obſerved, that he ſuppoſed *the young ladies* had not met with the *great* ſucceſs they had imagined. 'Truly, Sir,' ſaid he, 'I ſhould 'have apprehended, had you ſpared leſs 'coſt in prinking and pranking them 'out ſo very fine and gaudy, it might 'have been better for you and your 'family—but you ſee the conſequence, 'I ſuppoſe, now; and as for my part, I 'don't well know what to ſay to it.'—'That was not the purpoſe of my coming, Mr. Thompſon,' ſaid he: 'my 'daughters never offended you.'—'Well, Sir,' ſaid the clown, 'but the 'purpoſe of your coming, as you call 'it, was to borrow ſome money of me, 'was it not? And every man that lends 'money has a right to ſpeak his mind 'freely (as I love to do) concerning 'the perſon to whom he lends it. Look'e, 'upon theſe occaſions we muſt expect a 'little plain dealing. And ſo, friend 'Sanſon, I would be glad to know what 'ſum you want, what ſecurity you pro-'poſe to give me, and at what intereſt 'you would deſire to have it of me in 'this caſe.'—'The ſum I want,' replied Mr. Sanſon, 'is but ſmall; and I 'imagined my own note, for ſuch a 'trifle as five or ten pounds, would have 'been ſufficient ſecurity; and the plea-'ſure of having obliged a neighbour, 'and conferred ſo ſingular a favour, as 'much intereſt as any one would have 'required.'—'Very fine ſecurity, in-'deed!' quoth the other, laughing very loudly; 'and ſpecial good intereſt where-'by a man may get his bread: this is 'the way, I ſuppoſe, you gentlefolks, 'as you call yourſelves, oblige one an-'other, *and get large eſtates.* No, no, 'Sir; it is not my faſhion to lend mo-'ney on ſuch terms. I don't know 'any thing of your affairs; you have a 'large family, two fine ladies at Lon-'don, prinked out, and ſent up to be 'made no body can tell what; and 'very few folks, I ſuppoſe, will be de-'ſirous to let ſuch a perſon have money 'on his note, truly: and if that's all 'the ſecurity you have to offer, I muſt 'take care of myſelf firſt; my money 'is not uſed to be lent on ſuch condi-'tions.' The poor old man's heart was ready to burſt under ſuch indignities; however, preſſing neceſſity vanquiſhes all other feeling; and enquiring from this mercenary what he would expect, he found ſome pledge or pawn of value was his uſual demand, and a ſhilling per month his intereſt for every pound! on which hard terms, delivering up what plate and other things amounted to double the value, he obtained the mighty favour of ten pounds, which was put into his hands with great inſult; while the purſe-proud ruſtick vented his odious advice, as he termed it, which was, in reality, the moſt piercing reflections; and mightily triumphed in having a gentleman ſo much at his command, and bound to him by ſo ſingular a piece of ſervice.

CHAP. IV.

CHARLOTTE AND LUCY'S HIGH LIFE AND PROSPERITY. LUCY'S TERRIBLE DISASTER AND RECOVERY THEREFROM. HER STILL MORE TERRIBLE ILL FORTUNE; INTRODUCTION INTO A SPUNGING-HOUSE; AND MISERABLE DISTRESS.

WHILE her parents were involved in ſuch a ſcene of diſtreſs, thus ſunk in woe, and overwhelmed with affliction at home, far different was the ſituation of the thoughtleſs, gay, and now abandoned Lucy; the looſe converſation of her companion Charlotte, her great encouragement and learned advice, the profuſeneſs of her generoſity, and the quantity of her preſents, ſo prodigiouſly elevated and charm-

one whose business it is to furnish the guests with ladies, and to supply the wants of the sons of pleasure with courtesans of whatever complexion or disposition they chuse: for, that posterity may see and know how much they are improved, and how much wiser, better, and more virtuous they are, than this our generation, we cannot help recording it, even in these inconsiderable annals, that the taverns of Great-Britain, to the honour of our country, are the rankest brothel-houses, and the seats of all kinds of debauchery; an abuse which we doubt not will speedily be reformed, in this wise, prudent, and reforming age; and therefore, we think proper to deliver it down to futurity, lest it should be wholly forgotten, and men in latter times should be unacquainted with the great advances they have made in purity and perfection. But, to return to Lucy.

The poor penitent prostitute she had seen at her friend Charlotte's levee had been long in her mind, and was now never out of her thoughts; she perceived all the sorrows, attendant on guilt and shame, about to surround and torture her. Thought became the most irksome of all things; and whatever tended to dissipate that, of consequence became the most agreeable to her. Hence she courted the acquaintance and company of some other wretched women confined with her in this horrid place, and joining with them in their usual recreations, promised a downfal and destruction miserable as theirs. Amongst the rest of her companions, was one of somewhat a milder and more reserved turn than the others, who nevertheless greedily drank her gin, and swore with the roughness of a porter; yet at some times she would weep heartily, with great lamentation bewail her fate, and curse the savage cruelty of that doctor to whom Lucy had been lately so much obliged for her cure. 'For that 'monster,' said she, one day to Lucy, 'was the occasion, by the most barbarous means, of making me the 'wretch I am, and depriving me of 'the pleasures of life. My father was 'a tradesman in the city, of no extraordinary wealth, but in very good 'life; he, as is common, you know, 'used to let out part of his house in 'lodgings. On the first floor lodged 'this brute doctor; who, perceiving 'me a good smart young girl, though 'not fourteen, endeavoured by every 'means to entice me to his hellish purposes, and to seduce me to my ruin. 'Alas! I was too innocent then to understand any part of his designs, and 'never had the least suspicion but that 'all his toying and fondness for me was 'such as a father had for his child; for 'such was he, and greatly more in 'years, to me. However, it happened 'that I was seized by a violent fever, 'and being utterly senseless, this barbarian, this monster amongst men, took 'an opportunity, when I was left alone, 'to rob me of my virtue; and in my 'delirium, while I protest the whole 'was unknown to me as death, lay 'with me, and ruined me. The wretch 'had the infamous confidence to tell me 'of it, when I recovered my senses, 'and to offer a renewal of his guilty 'purposes, which, with just indignation, I refused; and not daring to 'declare my case to my father, (my 'poor dear mother had been some time 'dead) I languished long in sorrow and 'sickness; but youth and a good constitution got the better of both, and 'reserved me to the present misery. 'What now do you think such a villain 'merits? Does he deserve to loll at ease 'in his chariot? Ought he to be received into any house, or admitted 'into any company? They say there is 'a God, but I will never believe it, till 'I see this worst of all creatures either 'swallowed up by the earth, or struck 'dead in the midst of his prosperity.'

Thus was this miserable undone woman relating her sorrowful tale to Lucy, when Mrs. Holdfast made her entrance; a little squab, fat, fiery-faced dame, the bastard daughter of an old bawd and the head-keeper of Newgate; who for thirty years had spent her life either in her mother's house, or in her father's prison; in the latter of which places she met with Mr. Holdfast, her worthy spouse, who was one of her father's seekers, and remarkable for his vigilance and activity: him, by her father's consent, she married; who placed the young couple in the present excellent and celebrated spunging-house, and by his great interest with some of his majesty's justices of the peace, procured him the place of an officer for the county.

Such was the birth, parentage, and education, of the amiable Mrs. Holdfast, who introduced herself to poor Lucy, with

with the good-news, as she was pleased to call it, that she had made interest in her behalf with the porter of the Bedford-Arms, who had promised to recommend her that very night, the first of any lady that should be called for. 'And 'as my husband,' continued she, 'has 'informed me you are desirous of trade 'to keep yourself awhile from harder 'labour, I am always glad to encou-'rage honest and industrious young 'people, so will supply you with all 'things to make you appear genteel, 'clean, and tempting. The price for 'the night is only a guinea, to be paid 'out of your profits, and I am sure as 'nobody can call that out of the way; 'for, in the first place, you will get a 'good supper by the bargain, and plen-'ty of the best of liquors, besides the 'recreation itself; and most likely, if 'you manage matters right, two or 'three guineas more. There are (let 'me tell you by the bye) some that have 'ways and means to bring in a con-'siderably larger booty—ha, Nancy; 'han't they?' said she to the lady who was present with Lucy. 'Aye, aye,' said Nancy; 'she'll soon understand 'matters, I warrant; she'll be a dab 'quickly, I'll answer for her. Never 'fear, sister Lucy; never fear; we'll 'teach you the whole mystery—Come, 'come, pluck up your courage, have 'a good heart, and defy the world.' Mrs. Holdfast perceiving the lady a little low-spirited, recommended a cup of comfort to her, her own never-failing specifick; and accordingly some of her own bottle was produced, and each pledged the other in a flowing glass of genuine *strip-me-naked*, dashed with some excellent bitters, a present to her from her father's turnkey, who was a near relation of, and had very great concerns with, that useful member of society, Dr. Rock. The conversation that afterwards passed between them would very ill beseem any writer to rehearse, and us more especially, who intend not these pages, with some of our contemporary authors, as provocatives to lust, and incentives to passion; but, on the contrary, as dreadful warnings and alarming declarations to all, yet unenslaved by vice, of the shocking miseries which too surely attend it, and the almost insupportable hardships, that as constantly follow as the light accompanies the sun; who enter not into these dwellings of pollution and wickedness, but to inform others of the lurking adder, whereof they are not yet aware, and to turn their steps from the paths of sin, which at first seem fair and flowery, but end in nothing save sorrow and sighing, diseases, anguish, and death!

Suffice it then, Lucy, according to agreement, was dressed out in her borrowed plumes, and adorned in every elegance to be made a prostitute. When quite equipped, and now waiting only for the miserable summons, as beholding herself in a glass, reflection demanded attendance, and she could not help bursting into tears, and bewailing her hard lot in the tendereſt and most pathetick manner. 'Oh, cruel, cursed, 'bewitching beauty!' she began; 'foolish, vain, and inconsiderate creature! 'how have I stood and beheld my fancied charms with pride and self-applause, and triumphed over the rest of 'my acquaintance, because I was so 'much more handsome than they! 'Alas, poor Lucy, how art thou fallen! to what now serves all thy beauty—lost, gone, and destroyed; soiled 'with vice, and blotted out with pollution! Oh, Heaven! can I bear the 'thought—were these limbs formed to 'write whore upon—to be the prey of 'lust—and intemperance; and, perhaps, in the end, to rot and perish in 'abhorred and loathsome destruction? 'Cursed be the day of my birth, and 'doubly cursed the day on which I saw 'this destructive city—and left my poor 'dear—Ah, Caroline! thy words now 'sting me to the soul. Oh! my sister, 'mayest thou be their comfort—where 'was there ever a mother so tender as 'mine? Where ever a father who took 'such pleasure in his child, or so rejoiced to make her happy? And well 'have I repaid them!—Why do I want 'the courage to die?—fool that I am—'Ah, me! how happy was I once!' Thus was she pouring forth her soul in complaints, when up ran Mr. Holdfast, and informed her that a chair waited for her below, by her friend the porter's order, and she must immediately repair to the Bedford-Arms. Some natural tears she dropped, but wiped them soon; appeased as well as possible the tumultuous throbbings of her troubled heart; and entered into the chair with as much pleasure and alacrity, as the celebrated

brated Mr. Maclane aſcended the fatal cart, when about to journey towards the diſmal regions of Tyburn, and the ſtill more diſmal and deteſted regions of darkneſs and terror.

CHAP. VI.

LUCY'S INTRODUCTION INTO A TAVERN, AND ENTRANCE ON HER NEW LIFE. HER VERY ILL SUCCESS. HER FUTURE ADVENTURES. THE MISERY OF WOMEN OF PLEASURE. THE CRUELTY OF MODERN RAKES, EXEMPLIFIED IN A TRUE STORY.

A Company of gay young fellows were aſſembled, after the play, to ſpend their evening together; and, according to the faſhionable cuſtom of the place, ordered a bottle of claret and a girl apiece round. They were ſeven only in number; and unluckily for poor Lucy, ſhe was the firſt of all the ſeven ladies who made her appearance amidſt this revel-rout of rakes and bloods. She, unaccuſtomed yet to her horrid trade, entered, as one would apprehend, with no ſmall confuſion, covered over with bluſhes, and trembling violently in every limb. On her admiſſion, up with one conſent aroſe the jovial company, and puſhing one over the other, haſted each to be the firſt who might ſalute the fair daughter of pleaſure. Abandoned as they were, ſome little compaſſion even touched their flinty hearts at the very great uneaſineſs Lucy ſo plainly expreſſed: however, ſetting her amidſt them, each filled a full bumper to her, toſſed the glaſs over their heads, and kiſſing her once more round, preſented her with a half-pint glaſs of claret, to diſpel her fears, as they ſaid, and raiſe her mounting ſpirits to their own pitch of mirth and jollity. By and bye, the doors again expanded, and three more ladies were uſhered in; a loud peal of applauſe rung through the reſounding room, and ſhouts and laughter ſhook the re-echoing houſe. A flowing bowl of arrack was ordered; the ladies were conſulted concerning what delicacies they would chuſe to eat; and each of the ſweet ones, ſave Lucy, choſe for herſelf the moſt exquiſite dainties the ſeaſon could afford; and a ſupper accordingly was ordered. It was not long before the company was compleated, and every lad had his laſs; the bowl was puſhed briſkly around, Lucy forgot her former fears, and a ſad heart, for the mad moment, was not found amidſt the jocund band.

Deceive not thyſelf, reader, with the vain expectations, that we ſhall record in this our hiſtory the whole behaviour and converſation of this company; their indecencies, of courſe, became too ſhocking, and their midnight revels too infamous to be related. The man of pleaſure knows them; and knowing them, let him reflect, and muſt he not deteſt them! Thou, who, happy for thee, art unexperienced in ſuch iniquity, haſt thou never ſeen that inimitable repreſentation of ſuch a ſociety, in one of the pictures of that moral maſter, and child of fancy, the excellent Hogarth*; where the young heir, in happy drunkenneſs, lolls, with his ladies around him; ſome of whom, drunk like himſelf, are venting their fury one at the other; the remainder otherwiſe laudably employed in the ſeveral branches of their myſtick occupation? Having ſeen that, thou mayeſt have ſome faint reſemblance of this wretched company. For us, as our attendance on Miſs Lucy has neceſſarily obliged us to enter amongſt them, we ſhall regard them only with a paſſing eye; and dwell ſolely on the actions and concerns of our heroine.

Evil communication, it hath been long ſince obſerved, corrupts good manners: the beſt and moſt plenteouſly fraught with virtue would find it, of all difficulties, the moſt difficult, to withſtand the power of ill examples, and the miſchief of ſurrounding and preſſing temptations; but thoſe who have already given up virtue, though not cordially taken vice to their embraces, muſt inevitably fall lower and lower, the more they are invited to ſin, and the greater the incentives to evil wherewith they are provoked and aſſaulted. Lucy, thus ſituated, of conſequence was obliged to comply with the inclinations of her gallants, and the general behaviour of the company: if they were free, ſhe was alſo the ſame; if they were looſe, ſo was ſhe; if they were immodeſt, ſhe likewiſe was immodeſt; and if they ſcrupled not to tranſcend all the bounds of

* In his Rake's Progreſs.

decency,

decency, who can wonder that Lucy did the ſame? In ſhort, the night was wholly ſpent in debauchery and intemperance; and the day-dawn drawing nigh, Lucy's gallant, not willing to part ſo ſpeedily, as he pretended, with a lady who pleaſed him ſo highly, determined, by her permiſſion, to attend her home, to ſhare her bed, and the farther ſweets of her loved ſociety. By ſome accident, chairs were not to be had for both, or the gentleman perhaps preferred walking, the diſtance being ſmall; or by ſome other means, of no great moment to us in our preſent enquiry, it ſo fell out, that he either was forced, or choſe to walk to the lady's lodgings, while ſhe was conveyed thither, out of his great tenderneſs and care for her health, in a chair. But what words can expreſs Lucy's ſurprize, when entering Mr. Holdfaſt's doors, ſhe perceived one of the chairmen follow after for his hire, and no gallant at hand! She told the man that the gentleman would pay him. Upon which he informed her, that the gentleman had turned another way, and left them ſoon after her entrance into the chair; of which, though at firſt imagining ſuch a deceit impoſſible, being fully perſuaded, boiling with reſentment, tortured with chagrin, and unknowing how to appear before her landlady, who was now retired to reſt, ſhe betook herſelf to bed, and raved with inceſſant fury at the cruel diſappointment, ſince her lover had ſneaked off without paying the unhappy girl the price of her proſtitution. As a fierce hyæna leaps eager and furious to devour her prey, ſo, in the morning, entered Mrs. Holdfaſt into Lucy's chamber, to demand the hire for her cloaths, and to receive them again ſafe from her hands. She awakened the poor creature from her ſleep; who was no leſs frightened, perhaps, at her appearance, than a ſleeping traveller would be, if awakened by the paw of the ſame hyæna on his breaſt: but the monſter confined in double chains, fumes not, rages not, and roars not more, than did this woman, at the rehearſal of Lucy's mournful tale, and on the information of the loſs of her expected profit. She abuſed her with all the groſſneſs of the coarſeſt language; and threatened, that inſtant, to ſtrip her of every thing tolerable which belonged to her, and to have her immediately conveyed to Bridewell. She ſtamped, ſhe foamed, ſhe ſwore, ſhe ſhook her man-like fiſts over the trembling girl, and denounced all kinds of curſes and imprecations on her head. But, as Shakeſpeare obſerves,

——————— Anger is like
A full hot horſe, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him.———

So was it with this daughter of the venerable keeper of Newgate; ſhe at length over-ran herſelf: and her fury being a good deal ſubſided, Lucy's entreaties at length prevailed, and ſhe conſented to allow her again another trial, hoping better ſucceſs, and obſerving, that experience made fools wiſe. Thus, after this unlucky diſaſter, matters were again tolerably compoſed, and the young lady equipped as before for the adventures of the ſucceeding night; and things, by great good fortune, turned out much more advantageouſly for her: for being ſummoned at the Fountain, to attend a grave elderly gentleman, they ſoberly ſettled their buſineſs together, and billed very lovingly; inſomuch, that Lucy, on his demanding her price, wheedled him out of half a guinea more than her regular fee, and ſent the good honeſt man well-contented home to his ignorant wife and family. But tedious and endleſs would it be to record her ſeveral adventures here, and the numberleſs diſaſtrous circumſtances which attended many of them; ſuffice it to ſay, ſhe frequented the bagnios with tolerable ſucceſs, and was ſcarce ever a night diſengaged; ſuffice it to ſay, that enjoyment, ſo far from a pleaſure to her, from this frequent and promiſcuous uſe of it, became the greateſt pain, or rather a matter of loathſome indifference: ſhe, like the reſt of her unhappy ſiſterhood, ſubmitted to it, as an aſs ſubmits to the burden; but ſatisfaction or joy was never found in it; man was never preferred by her to man, unfeeling, cold, and miſerable. Such is the puniſhment of our vices here, that even thoſe pleaſures which have been our greateſt indulgence, by abuſe loſe their name as well as power, and become our ſcourges and our bane. Nor is this all; for when theſe truly pitiable young creatures fall into the hands of barbarous, as well as luſtful men, their treatment is too frequently beyond expreſſion horrid, and

their

their uſage too ſevere to be borne. A fact which Lucy one night moſt feelingly experienced; when ſummoned to a tavern, ſhe was uſhered into the company of two young fellows of rank, bucks of the firſt head, as they are pleaſed merrily to ſtyle themſelves. At their commands ſhe was obliged to ſtrip naked as ſhe was born, and thus to ſubmit to the helliſh purpoſes of either; and after having been thus abuſed, each preſented a red-hot poker, near to every part as poſſible; made her dance, as they called it, for their amuſements, round about the room, ſwearing if ſhe did not, they would run the pokers into her. Which finiſhed, they performed many other acts of merriment, in their phraſe (in the phraſe of every one beſides, acts of ſavage inhumanity) towards the ſuffering and affrighted girl: and at length, (gracious Heaven avert ſuch horrid crimes from our guilty land!) at length demanding the perpetration of ſomething too black to be named, too diabolical to be mentioned; which ſhe, with juſt averſion, utterly refuſing, and reſolutely denying, determined rather to die; they ſwore, unleſs ſhe conſented, that they would burn her alive: and finding her, ſpite of all their threats, ſtill unmoved, they caught hold of her to lay her on the fire; when, alarmed by her exceſſive cries and ſcreams, the maſter of the houſe broke into the room, and reſcued her from the hand of theſe barbarians; by whom, however, ſhe was ſo much burnt, that a ſurgeon was obliged to be ordered, and the gentlemen, with a conſiderable fee, were forced to huſh up the matter.

Read and attend, all ye ſimple ones, ye daughters of burning deſire, who eſteem the yoke of virtue hard and heavy to be borne, and the empire of vice perfect liberty and perfect peace; let experience warn and teach you; look well around, and conſider; caſt your eye on every ſide, and contemplate: who that ever gave a looſe to vice and impurity was happy? who that ever lived in ſin lived in tranquillity and eaſe? Be not deceived; Virtue is the daughter of Heaven, and mother of immortality; Sin is the daughter of Satan, and mother of Death. Let her not entice thee, my fair-one, my beloved; let not her outward appearance ſeduce thee to her power—

Tho' ſhe ſeem woman to the waiſt, and fair,
Yet ſhe ends foul in many a ſcaly fold,
Voluminous and vaſt, a ſerpent arm'd
With mortal ſting.

CHAP. VII.

MR. DOOKALB'S DREAM AND RISING FEARS. HIS VISIT TO MR. JAISON, AND TREATMENT FROM HIS SERVANT. MR. JAISON'S LETTER TO HIM. HIS VISIT TO JUSTICE THRASHER.

SUCH was the preſent ſituation of Lucy; in which, however diſagreeable and unkind it is to forſake the wretched in their miſeries, we muſt awhile leave her, that we may return to Mr. Dookalb, of whom we have heard ſo little, while engroſſed by the concerns of the other characters employed in this our hiſtorical drama. He was not greatly ſurpriſed, that his couſin and Mr. Jaiſon returned not home to dinner from Ranelagh, nor yet that ſhe returned not home to reſt, from her lover, at night; attributing this to what he did not at all doubt was the right cauſe, and therefore was very little ſolicitous concerning the matter; nay, to confeſs the truth, was rather pleaſed to think that the gentleman had ſucceeded, and that the fort was ſtormed. With this hope he ſpent his evening with prodigious chearfulneſs; but in the morning was alarmed by an ill-boding dream, which greatly diſturbed him; for in this reſpect he was mighty ſuperſtitious, and from national prejudice, a wonderous obſerver of dreams. He dreamed that one of his eyes ſtarting from the ſocket, wandered away from him, he could not tell whither; and that, having ſpent long time in fruitleſs ſearch after it, a ray of light extinguiſhed the other, and left him in utter darkneſs; when a hand caught hold of his noſe, and pulled it from his face, leaving him in the midſt of a crowd, who inſulted him in the moſt cruel and barbarous manner, and drove him into a diſtant country, where he was ſold for a ſlave, and whipped every day of his life by four blacks, with horrid whips made of living ſcorpions. He awakened from his ſleep in all the agony of a real ſufferer, cold ſweat diſtilling adown every limb, and every limb trembling like the tops of pines ſhaken

ſhaken by the ſouthern gale. Nor could he help interpreting this dreadful viſion of the night; nor could he find any interpretation which boded aught but ſorrow to himſelf. Lucy and Caroline recurred ſtrongly to him; nor could he explain the two eyes by any thing but theſe two ſiſters; and yet that appeared not juſt altogether, ſince, till this very moment, he had no apprehenſions of any deceit from Mr. Jaiſon: 'Though,' obſerved he, 'fool that I am, I might have re-'collected the obſtinate vixen's former 'cunning, and perhaps ſhe hath again 'over-reached me!' Full fraught with this apprehenſion, and pondering on the laſt night's viſion, he aroſe, determining inſtantly to viſit Mr. Jaiſon, to know the reaſons of his long abſence, and the conſequence of his free intercourſe with Miſs Caroline. Mr. Jaiſon was at home, and in bed; but ſuſpecting a viſit of this ſort from Mr. Dookalb, ordered his ſervant (an arch country fellow, who had lived long in his father's family) to deny him, and treat Mr. Dookalb with no reſpect, if he ſhould come as he expected. Hence it happened, that when Mr. Dookalb knocked at the door, the ſervant bid him come in, loudly and roughly; which he obeyed; the fellow, mean time keeping his ſeat, mending one of his ſtockings, and looking Dookalb in the face. 'Well!' ſaid he, 'and 'what do you want?'—'Sirrah!' quoth Dookalb, 'do you know who I am?'—'Know you; aye,' replied Peter, 'who 'don't know you? I would know 'next, I tell you, what you want here?' Dookalb, unaccuſtomed to ſuch treatment, was ready to burſt with fury and paſſion, and threatening honeſt Peter in very ſevere terms, demanded to know if his maſter was at home. 'Why, 'faith, Sir,' ſaid Peter, 'my maſter 'is at home, and he is not at home; 'that is as much as to ſay, I am here 'for my maſter, and my maſter is not 'here for himſelf: ſo that if you have 'any buſineſs with my maſter, look'e, 'I am at home to receive it. What do 'you give a pair for ſuch ſtockings in 'Scotland, Maſter Dookalb?'—'Impudent raſcal!' ſaid he, 'if it was not 'beneath me, I would drub your jacket 'for you—but as it is—be aſſured your 'maſter ſhall know of your uſage, and 'either you or I muſt and ſhall leave 'his acquaintance.'—'Lord, Lord,' ſaid the fellow, 'why are you ſo angry now? 'I was but a little merry with you; 'cannot you take a jeſt from a body, 'but you muſt threaten to drub one's 'jacket? They don't drub jackets in 'your country, I have been told, be-'cauſe they go without. Ha, maſter, 'did you ever wear any breeches before 'you came into Old England?' Dookalb's cane was raiſed to level poor Peter with the ground before the Scot could utter a ſyllable, almoſt choaked, as he was, with chagrin and madneſs. 'Villain!' ſaid he, 'who taught you to 'reflect on our nation? take that for your 'pains!' But Peter luckily eſcaped the blows, and laying hold of the inſtrument of vengeance, begged him to be pacified; telling him paſſion was a very dreadful diſtemper, no leſs hurtful to ſoul than body; the good of both which he deſired him, (as being ſo valuable a friend of his maſter's) by all means to conſult. As the bull, when blood-thirſty maſtiffs hang growling at his cheſt, and when the goading crowd ſurround him with loud ſhouts and clamours, that make the brazen vault of heaven re-echo, tears, roars, fumes, and rages, ſo was Mr. Dookalb maddened and diſtreſſed by the cool and cutting inſults of this miniſter of Mr. Jaiſon's reſentment, who, with no ſmall ſatisfaction, in the adjoining room, lay and heard the whole converſation between them. Dookalb, however, finding it fruitleſs to contend with him, his eyes darting fire and vengeance, declared, that his ſoul ſhould never enjoy peace till he ſaw himſelf fully revenged on ſo impudent a villain, and demanding to know whether he would inform him where his maſter was or not. To which being anſwered in the negative, he retired, full of menaces, and uttering a thouſand imprecations.

Boiling water, or red-hot iron, requires ſome time before it will grow cold; ſo doth a man boiling and red-hot with paſſion. Reaſon and reflection will not immediately return to their ſtations, but wiſely keep at a diſtance till they perceive the mad rout, which invade their thrones, are driven away and baniſhed from the breaſt. It was of conſequence, ſome time before Mr. Dookalb could reflect or determine with himſelf what courſe to take; but conſidering this as an inſult from a ſervant only, his buſineſs was immediately to inform the maſter. Accordingly, he

went to a neighbouring coffee-houſe, and writing an account of his uſage to Mr. Jaiſon, ordered a porter to go with it firſt to his chambers; and, if not finding him there, to get information where he was, and carry it to him. Mr. Jaiſon was from home to nobody but Mr. Dookalb; and therefore, receiving his letter, with the contents of which he was full as well acquainted as the writer, he ſent the following anſwer.

'SIR,

'I Am ſorry this is the *firſt* time, as 'you ſay, that you ever met with 'ſuch treatment, and ſomewhat diſ-'pleaſed it ſhould be my ſervant's lot 'to ſhew you *firſt* what treatment you 'muſt henceforth expect wherever you 'are known. Common deſtroyers muſt 'of neceſſity be common nuiſances, and 'handled as ſuch. If your conſcience 'acquits you, well; *let the galled horſe 'wince.* But to the buſineſs of your 'viſit, for that I ſuppoſe is your neareſt 'concern: contempt and ill-uſage you 'are Stoick enough to bear. Know 'then, Sir, I have placed, in a repu-'table houſe, amongſt people of virtue 'and goodneſs, the unhappy young 'creature whom your cruelty had deſ-'tined to deſtruction. I have ſecured 'her from your power; for which the 'day will come when you, as ſhe does 'now, will bleſs and thank me. I 'would adviſe you, if it may be law-'ful to adviſe ſo venerable a perſon-'age, to reflect on the miſeries and 'curſed iniquity of your preſent way of 'life; to amend, repent, and abjure it. 'In that caſe, I ſhall be at your ſervice 'in any reſpect whatever; but at pre-'ſent beg leave to have no concern at 'all with a man of ſo infamous a cha-'racter. I am, Sir, yours, &c.

'C. H. J.'

Dookalb read this with more calmneſs than could have been expected; but immediately determined, let what would be the conſequence, fully to ſatiate his revenge on Mr. Jaiſon, as well as Caroline; and to pull deſtruction, if poſſible, on their heads, though he plucked up the pillars of the world to do it, and overwhelmed himſelf, like Sampſon, in the ruin and overthrow of his enemies. His firſt and moſt neceſſary ſcheme was, to plant ſpies on Mr. Jaiſon, in order to find out the place of rendezvous, this ſecret houſe of virtue and goodneſs, which he ſo much deteſted, where Caroline was lodged ſecure from his power: and this done, he next waited on that excellent Juſtice *bight* Thraſher; (of whom, reader, thou haſt doubtleſs heard ſo very largely in the celebrated Amelia, the laſt work of Henry Fielding; and who readeth not the works of Henry Fielding?) and him he found ſurrounded with his uſual train, ſitting on the ſeat of juſtice, adminiſtering right and equity, and inflicting ſalutary puniſhment on the various offenders trembling before his awful bar. On information of his worthy friend, Mr. Dookalb's approach, the venerable magiſtrate, with great expedition, diſpatched the publick concerns, and retired to welcome his gueſt; who ſpeedily unburdening his troubled mind to the juſtice, they entered into cloſe conſultations on the propereſt means to prevent ſuch violent injuries, and groſs inſults, which, as Mr. Thraſher well obſerved, did great diſhonour not only to the laws, but alſo to the magiſtrates, who were veſted with the power to execute them. To their deliberations, therefore, we will leave them awhile, and wait with patience the reſult of their honeſt and hearty intentions for the exact and rigorous adminiſtration of right and equity.

CHAP. VIII.

MRS. HODSON'S REMARKS ON MR. JAISON'S TREATMENT OF DOOKALB. CAROLINE'S GROWING FONDNESS FOR MR. JAISON, AND HIS FOR HER. AN APOSTROPHE TO LOVE. CAROLINE'S UNEASINESS. A LETTER FROM HER MOTHER.

MR. Jaiſon hurried with high ſatisfaction to Mrs. Stephens's, that he might acquaint Miſs Caroline and the reſt of them with the excellent manner in which his man Peter had treated Mr. Dookalb. Good Mrs. Hodſon perceiving the elevated delight wherewith he told the ſtory, obſerved, that revenge was, of all paſſions, the meaneſt, and at the ſame time the moſt incompatible with a Chriſtian: 'Which 'I remark, my dear nephew,' ſaid ſhe, 'the

'the rather, becauſe you ſeem to border 'very nearly upon it, from the manner 'of your relating the indignities which 'your ſervant has ſhewn towards this 'unhappy man, who deſerves your pity, 'not your hatred; and whom, if you 'could by any means reform, you 'ſhould not ſpare either time or pains: 'but if there is no probability that ſuch 'uſage will amend, but rather irritate 'him, it is certainly beſt to refrain, 'and leave the miſerable man to the 'will of thoſe above us.' Mr. Jaiſon was not very ready to acknowledge any error in ſo juſtly expreſſing his contempt and abhorrence of ſo deteſtable a perſon; but however, at his aunt's requeſt, promiſed no more to concern himſelf with Dookalb, but to let him paſs unmoleſted and unregarded; little conſidering that he had raiſed a ſtorm, which it was not in his power to appeaſe, and that however he or they might dream of peace and quietneſs, they were things very little in the thoughts of Mr. Dookalb.

Caroline, though ſhe could not but approve the excellency of Mrs. Hodſon's reaſoning, and the admirable perfection of her elevated mind, yet found ſome ſecret ſatisfaction in the humbling of a man who had ſo miſerably deluded her ſiſter into deſtruction, and laid ſuch deep and diabolical plots to draw her into the ſame ſnare, and involve her in the ſame ruin. She could not help darting from her lovely eyes a ſpeaking look of applauſe, which reached the very ſoul of Mr. Jaiſon, and gave him, perhaps, more joy and tranſport than ever Roman felt, when mounted in his triumphal car, and aſcending, amidſt the acclamations of the people, the temple of Feretrian Jove! Oh, Love! how mighty, how invincible a conqueror art thou! What breaſt but ſooner or later feels thy power? And who that has felt the ſweetly painful paſſion, would wiſh ever to be free from thy influence; ſo pleaſing is thy chain, ſo delectable the regions through which thou conducteſt thy votaries! Grant me ſtill to continue in thy ſervice; and having ſpent the ſummer of my days in zealous attendance on thy honour, to retain the bleſſing in declining age, a miniſter in thy temple, and a favourite of thy power: as in youth happily united with the lovely partner of my choice and heart, ſo united to the grave; and even in death—oh, may we not be divided!

Theſe reflections were naturally ſuggeſted to me by the growing affection, which, as a bye-ſtander, I could not help obſerving in Mr. Jaiſon and Miſs Caroline, though both of them yet were ſtrangers to their own hearts; ſomething unaccoutably pleaſing gladdened the breaſts of each of them whenever they met; they wiſhed, and yet each ſeemed to know not why, rather to converſe in ſweet ſolitude together, than to enjoy amidſt promiſcuous company each other's loved ſociety. *A wilderneſs indeed would have been to them populous enough*, ſo each had been bleſſed with the other's heavenly preſence; for each could truly ſay to the other,

Where thou art, there is the world itſelf,
With every ſeveral pleaſure in the world;
And where thou art not, deſolation.

Mr. Jaiſon wondered whence it was that every diverſion, and every engagement loſt all it's reliſh, and no longer pleaſed; and that nothing was chearful, happy, and delightful, when Caroline was away. She too could not gueſs whence it was that her ſpirits were ever deadened, low, and feeble, when Mr. Jaiſon was abſent; that a thouſand melancholy thoughts and gloomy fears diſtracted her; and that ſhe lived in a kind of night till he appeared, and like another ſun diſpelled the darkneſs, bringing at once light and ſunſhine, day and chearfulneſs. In ſhort, they both grew inſenſibly fond of each other, and, without their perceiving it, ſlid *ſmooth gliding without ſtep* into the ſoft tyranny of tender and innocent affection. But Caroline's was a ſituation not to admit, or at leaſt not to encourage any thoughts of this kind, either in herſelf or Mr. Jaiſon: whenever daring and fond fancy ſuggeſted ſuch an idea to her, ſhe was ready to weep and bewail her hard lot; reflecting within herſelf, 'Fool that I 'am, to indulge ſuch idle reveries, 'when placed amidſt ſuch diſtreſs; when 'incapable to procure myſelf bread; 'when I ought to think only, if poſſible, 'of recovering my poor loſt ſiſter, and 'returning to comfort my diſconſolate 'parents.' Thoughts which conſtantly tormented her, and frequently interrupted the delightful calm ſhe enjoyed in the pleaſing converſe of her beloved

deliverer; to whom ſhe applied herſelf with all earneſtneſs in behalf of her ſiſter, begging him, if poſſible, to find her out, that ſhe might at leaſt know her fate, if ſhe could not reſtore her to happineſs. He very induſtriouſly ſought after Lucy, but his enquiries proved fruitleſs; and Caroline was now out of hope to redeem her ſiſter, or ever to bring back, from the dwellings of ſhame, the hapleſs daughter of her ſtill more hapleſs parents, from whom, while in the midſt of theſe ſolicitudes, ſhe received the letter, which we were told in a foregoing chapter thoſe wretched people ſent to their daughter on the receipt of her's and Mr. Dookalb's friendly epiſtle. Mrs. Sanſon was the writer; and thus the tender mother breathed forth her afflicted ſoul.

'MY DEAR CHILD,

'YOUR letter and Mr. Dookalb's 'have been as daggers to our 'hearts; what can be the meaning of 'them? For God's ſake, let us know 'where you are, and what is become 'of you; why you have left a man, by 'all of us, and ſure ſo juſtly, eſteemed 'ſuch a friend! What can be the rea'ſon? Oh, gracious Heaven, grant there 'is no ill befallen you! for if there is, 'your poor father's life is certainly the 'conſequence: for myſelf, you know 'the weakneſs of my conſtitution, and 'how ill I can ſupport more ſorrows, 'having already had experience of ſo ma'ny. Dear Caroline, why have you writ'ten to us in ſuch a dark and myſterious 'way? Why do you ſay nothing of 'my other darling, Lucy? Sure ſhe is 'well! is ſhe not well? What misfor'tune can have befallen my child? 'Write! write directly, and inform 'me! do not diſtreſs your too, too af'flicted mother. The ſame poſt that 'we received your letter, we received 'one from Mr. Dookalb; wherein, 'ſhocking tidings to our ears! he ac'quaints us, that you have both left 'him; who, he will be bold to ſay, 'is your only friend; and that, were 'he in our caſe, he ſhould eſteem 'children thus diſobedient, wholly 'ſtrangers and aliens to him. Sure 'this bodes ſomething dreadful, and 'too terrible for me to think on, much 'more to name! What ſhall I ſay! 'what ſhall I do! My heart is almoſt 'broken, and my eyes flow ſo faſt with 'tears, my children, my dear children, 'for you, I can ſcarce write the ſorrow'ful ſighings of my ſoul. One fear 'overtakes and preſſes hard upon ano'ther! May you but be virtuous, and 'I ſhall be happy! But leave us not to 'this uncertainty. What ſatisfaction can 'it be to you, that your diſtreſſed pa'rents at home are bowed down to the 'very earth amidſt the greateſt ſuffer'ings? Alas! all our fond hopes were 'centered in you; and if you are but 'bleſſed, I could contentedly ſuffer tor'ture and pangs all the days of my 'life. We have misfortune upon mis'fortune; for our tenant at Weſton has 'broke, and is run away a whole year's 'rent in our debt; ſo that what will 'become of us I know not. Your fa'ther, who is worn to a perfect ſhadow 'with ſecret pining and grief, is reſolv'ed, if you do not ſatisfy him, to come 'up to town, as he before informed 'you, immediately; though, poor good 'man, how he will come, I know not, 'for we have very little money, and 'very few friends about us. But what 'are all theſe things to our fears for 'you? Were you, my darling chil'dren, the only pleaſures of my life, 'here with us as before, I could, with 'thanks, eat my ſparing morſel, and 'drink with pleaſure of the running 'ſtream; but, alas! poverty now does 'indeed greatly add to the weight of 'my other ſufferings. It matters little, 'indeed, what we have to eat and drink, 'to your father or myſelf; for we fre'quently ſit down and moiſten our 'mouths, perhaps, with nothing but a 'ſalt tear, ſhed in remembrance of you, 'my dear daughters; emblems only of 'the tears that flow from our afflicted 'hearts. Some of the neighbours have 'offered to bring me comfort, ſuſpect'ing I know not what, or knowing, 'perhaps, more than we do. What 'can be more pitiable than to become 'the object of our enemies compaſſion? 'O Caroline! Mrs. Gibſon, who ever 'hated all our family, was here the 'other day to comfort me, as ſhe ſaid, 'ſince ſhe really very greatly pitied my 'ſituation. My heart was ready to 'burſt, and with tears in my eyes, I 'endeavoured to pluck up my courage, 'but all in vain; nor ſhall I ever do it 'till I am acquainted with your and 'your ſiſter's intention and circum'ſtances.

'ſtances. My dear child, tell Lucy 'her father commands her to write as 'well as you, the very next poſt, fully 'to inform us why you left Mr. Doo-'kalb, where you now are, and what are 'your deſigns. Till I hear from you, 'farewel; farewel, my beloved daugh-'ters! and think you ſee, in the greateſt 'anxiety and diſtreſs, the moſt diſcon-'ſolate and moſt tender of mothers,

'MARY SANSON.'

Caroline was utterly at a loſs what to ſay or do in this difficult point; nor could ſhe, after revolving a thouſand anxious and diſtracting thoughts in her boſom, at all determine with herſelf which courſe to take, or how to bring comfort to her beloved and diſtreſſed parents. After long and vainly tormenting herſelf, ſhe applied to the good Mrs. Hodſon; and putting the above letter into her hands, requeſted her advice and opinion, how ſhe ſhould proceed, and what ſhe ſhould do. The old lady obſerved, that it was indeed a nice caſe, and ſhe knew not well how to adviſe her. She commiſerated the poor unhappy parents, and ſhed ſome kindly tears of compaſſion: ſhe obſerved, on all occaſions it was her ſettled maxim, that the truth is beſt; and therefore, agreeable to it, ſhe imagined it infinitely the moſt eligible ſcheme, for her to inform her parents of the whole truth, and to make the beſt of her way to them in the country. 'In both 'which purpoſes, dear Miſs,' ſaid ſhe, 'I ſhall be glad and ready to aſſiſt you 'to the utmoſt of my power; and if 'you judge it proper, will myſelf write 'to your poor father and mother, and 'ſet forth the whole caſe to them in the 'moſt favourable manner I can; at the 'ſame time that I will ſupply you with 'all neceſſaries for your journey. I 'know, and am aſſured, this counſel 'appears to you at preſent the moſt 'piercing and dreadful; but, on recol-'lection, your good ſenſe will certain-'ly ſhew you it's rectitude. Conſider, 'your parents muſt know the truth 'one day or other; and there ſeems not 'the leaſt ſhadow of probability for the 'recovery of your ſiſter: it is beſt then 'to eaſe their anxieties as ſoon as may 'be, and to ſoothe their great diſtreſſes, '(for great they muſt needs be) by your 'own preſence, and the comfort they 'will naturally find in having you once 'more with them, free from the fatal 'ſnare, and unpolluted by the hands 'of iniquity. And indeed, I can ſee 'no probability of your well-doing in 'town; here is nothing for you to ex-'pect, and every thing for you to fear; 'it is beſt then to fly the danger, and, 'in humble content at home, devote 'yourſelf to the ſervice of that God, 'who hath been ſo bountiful in lov-'ing-kindneſs, ſo abundant in grace 'and mercy towards you. Make it 'the buſineſs of your days to alleviate 'the ſorrows of your good and afflicted 'parents, and let them not feel the loſs 'of their other darling, (poor people!) 'by your extraordinary care, dutiful-'neſs, and regard: ſo will your hours 'be crowned with joy, and your heart 'filled with unſpeakable delights.' Too much, I fear, of Mrs. Hodſon's counſel was waſted upon Caroline, who ſat drowned almoſt in a flood of tears, and pierced to the ſoul with woe and miſery. To inform her parents of Lucy's ſituation, ſeemed ſuch cruelty as mocked all ſuffering; and to return home, and be herſelf the fatal meſſenger, ſeemed infinitely worſe than death, yea, far more terrible than dying; which Mrs. Hodſon perceived with the utmoſt ſolicitude and uneaſineſs; and drawing nearer to her, claſped her hand, deſiring her to be compoſed, and to declare her own ſentiments, that ſo they might conſult for the beſt, or at leaſt think of ſome other way, if ſhe judged not that which ſhe offered proper. 'Oh, Madam!' ſaid Caroline, at length recovering herſelf, 'do 'you think it poſſible for me to drive a 'dagger into the heart of either dear, 'dear, beloved parent? Could I, do 'you imagine, inform them of the fa-'tal ſecret of my ſiſter's ruin? No, ra-'ther let it, if poſſible, be kept for ever 'ſilent as the grave: let them not be ſo 'tortured—ſure, here, the truth cannot 'be beſt; it muſt be an honeſt fraud to 'deceive in ſuch a caſe. Aſſiſt me then; 'for God's ſake, aſſiſt me to keep the 'ſecret ſtill; inſtruct me, good Ma-'dam, if you can, to do that: but to 'declare it—wretched, wretched crea-'ture!—And yet they ſurely will one 'day hear and be told the horrid and 'dreadful tale!' Here ſhe burſt again into a fit of crying; and Mrs. Hodſon

was

was ſcarce leſs affected herſelf, inſomuch that ſhe could only ſay, 'Well, 'my child, do not dwell ſo much upon 'it now; let us think a little of other 'things; and after we have ſlept upon 'it, perhaps we may each of us hit on 'ſome better method of proceeding: 'let us recommend ourſelves and your 'caſe to Providence, who directeth all 'things wiſely and for the beſt, and beg 'the aſſiſtance and direction of Heaven 'how to proceed in ſo critical an affair.' —'Dear Madam,' ſaid Caroline, 'how 'ſhall I ſufficiently thank and love your 'goodneſs? But could I, O could I 'relieve and comfort my kind and ever-'tender parents, what would I not 'ſubmit to, what would I not ſuffer? 'You adviſe me to return home to them; 'alas! would not that be the worſt of 'all? Would not that daily remind 'them of my poor, undone, loſt ſiſter? 'Would it not daily upbraid and tor-'ture myſelf? Would it not add to, 'rather than diminiſh, their ſufferings? 'But could I, by any means, procure 'an honeſt livelihood, that might be 'ſome pleaſure and ſatisfaction to them '—and yet it would, I am apt to be-'lieve; nay, my dear mother ſays, were 'we, her darling children, with her 'as before—O cruel, *as before!* that, 'that can never be! Alas! I am be-'wildered with doubts and perplexi-'ties: I know not what is, or is not 'beſt. Pardon, good Madam, my in-'coherent rambling; and impute it to 'the diſtreſs of my mind, almoſt diſ-'tracted amidſt ſo many fears and di-'ſturbances.'—'Take, therefore, my 'advice, my dear,' ſaid the good wo-man; 'let us ſleep upon it, and conſi-'der together, after having conſulted 'our pillows, what muſt be done: be 'aſſured, whatever lies in my power to 'ſerve or aſſiſt you, or any of yours, 'ſhall be always at your command; 'but forget not, above all things, to 'truſt ſolely in the Moſt High; for of 'him cometh ſucceſs: joy and ſorrow 'are both from the hands of the Su-'preme.'

CHAP. IX.

DOOKALB'S RAGE AGAINST CAROLINE AUGMENTED BY AN UNHAPPY ACCIDENT. MRS. HODSON'S FARTHER ADVICE TO HER, AND HER RESOLUTION THEREUPON; WHICH IS AFTERWARDS A LITTLE STAGGERED BY MR. JAISON.

WHILE Caroline was in this diſtreſs, and meditating ſafety and peace with the good Mrs. Hodſon, Mr. Dookalb was brooding revenge, and treaſuring up in his poiſonous boſom rancour and fury againſt her; which an accident not only encreaſed, but rendered him ten-fold more ſet on vengeance, and eager to execute his malicious purpoſes. Paying a viſit one morning, according to his uſual cuſtom, to Lady ****, the worthy wife of the gentleman who was known by the name of Captain Smith, in the beginning of our hiſtory; he was thunderſtruck, on his admiſſion into the room, to hear her begin with, 'Villain, raſcal, worthleſs, 'baſe villain! how have you the im-'pudence, the conſummate impudence, 'to appear in my preſence? Wretch as 'as you are, on whom I have heaped ſo 'many favours—and well have you 'repaid me—but if there is ſuch a thing 'as vengeance—I'll do—take that, and 'read it—ſcoundrel!' On which ſhe threw him a letter, the contents of which were a whole hiſtory of his amiable ſelf, and of his way of living, with an account of his providing for this lady's huſband, and expreſsly pointing out the place where his preſent miſtreſs, procured for him and taken care of by Dookalb, now lived. It was written with great ſpirit, and by a female hand. 'There,' ſaid the lady, 'there, Sir, 'read a detail of your own monſtrous 'villainies, and know that I was not ſo 'inattentive as to diſregard that letter, 'nor ſo haſty as to believe without 'fuller proof; I have ſeen the lady, 'you, Sir, you yourſelf introduced to 'my huſband; and, if you pleaſe to 'travel to her houſe, you will find I 'have taken proper care of her: and if 'there be a poſſibility of puniſhing ſuch 'a complicated monſter as yourſelf, be 'aſſured, I will not reſt day or night, 'but I will make an example, a ſtriking 'and fearful example of you!'—'I 'am very ſorry, my lady,' ſaid he, 'to 'ſee you ſo extremely warm: in good 'troth, I may be blame-worthy; but 'if my lord would have another wo-'man—'

'man—' 'Oh, horrid! horrid! horrid!' ſaid ſhe, tearing her cap and hair with all the fury of madneſs; 'barbarous, diabolical fiend! have you 'not done enough, but you muſt drive 'the dagger ſtill deeper and deeper into 'my very heart's blood? Is it not more 'than any woman can bear, to find 'herſelf injured in this moſt tender and 'neareſt concern; to find, after a life of 'ſpotleſs purity, of moſt undefiled and 'conſtant fidelity to the marriage-bed; 'after having borne a huſband many pretty babes, the pleaſing promiſed pledges 'of mutual love?—Oh! is it not then 'more than woman can bear to find that 'huſband loſt to her; a ſlave to the love 'of a proſtitute, and daily injuring her, 'himſelf, and family, in every reſpect; 'and all by the means of a devil like you? 'Were there not ſuch pimps, ſuch children of hell as yourſelf, half the miſeries of the world would be prevented. 'I will leſſen the number—wicked Dookalb. If there are gibbets a thouſand 'feet high—you ſhall—Would I could 'behold you meat for crows, and every 'bird of the air!—Alas, alas! would I 'were dead myſelf—miſerable, forſaken 'woman—wretched wife; and far, in'finitely far, more wretched mother!' Here ſhe burſt into a flood of tears; and Dookalb, very ſubmiſſively, began to crave her pardon, to offer ſome comfort, and promiſe amendment: but as he was going on, ſhe ſtopped him ſhort, and ſtamping with her foot, ſaid, while Dookalb trembled at her voice, 'Villain, 'be gone—this inſtant leave me—nor 'ever dare to appear before my face——' Be gone, Sir! I expect and hope never 'more to behold that countenance, unleſs when I come to triumph over 'you, while the executioner is faſten'ing the nooſe around your accurſed 'neck!' Dookalb obeyed the orders, and left the houſe; but perhaps never in his life with leſs ſatisfaction: and, as he ſtalked indignantly away, he threw up his fire-flaſhing eyes to the glorious ſun; and, 'May that light,' quoth he, 'this moment turn into darts of red-hot 'fire, and burn up my ſoul, if I do not 'purſue, to the laſt drop of my blood, 'Caroline Sanſon, for this incendiary 'letter; for her I am ſure, I am cer'tain it is her that ſent it!' So when the tiger hath been repulſed from the herds, which he had attacked to ſatiate his devouring hunger, his eye-balls flame with fire; he whets his pointed teeth, while the white foam burſts from his churning jaws; he growls with furious indignation, laſhes with his tail his panting ſides, and moving to his deſart home with ſlow and ſtately ſteps, meditates future deſtruction, tearing in fancy herds and herdſmen, and drinking from every quivering limb the hot and living blood.

Leſs furiouſly diſtracted, though perhaps not leſs uneaſily ſuſpended, was the mind of poor Caroline; ſhe was now again in cloſe deliberation with Mrs. Hodſon, after each had conſulted their pillow what was to be done. The old lady renewed her former advice, and told her, that after the moſt mature conſideration, ſhe could not ſee any reaſon to alter her opinion with regard to the counſel ſhe gave her the foregoing evening. 'For my own part,' ſaid ſhe, 'were you my child, ſuch would be 'the ſteps I ſhould direct you to take. 'And, as I before ſaid, I myſelf will 'write to your parents, and ſupply you 'with all neceſſaries for your return 'home to them.' Before Caroline could reply, the honeſt old nurſe, mentioned heretofore, was introduced, who began a moſt lamentable tale of I know not what dreadful things ſhe had heard at Mr. Dookalb's. 'And to be ſure, 'Miſs,' quoth nurſe, 'there is ſtrange 'work at Mr. Dookalb's. He raves, 'and ſwears, and tears, and threatens 'you with every thing that is bad: and, 'what is worſe than all the reſt, is, 'I find he knows where you are, and 'he ſays he will proſecute Mrs. Stevens 'for harbouring you; and I can't tell 'you half what he ſays; but if ever I 'ſaw a man raving mad, I am ſure he 'is, or I never ſaw one in my life.' Caroline ſtared with the utmoſt fright and horror, and fixed her eyes on Mrs. Hodſon, who very calm and unmoved obſerved: 'Poor man! it is a great 'pity any human creatures ſhould ſo injure themſelves. Alas! I am ſorry to 'hear there lives ſuch an unhappy perſon as this Mr. Dookalb: but, pray, 'my dear, don't you be afraid of him. 'As to Mrs. Stevens, never fear; we 'ſhall know how to manage him, I 'warrant you. However, I can't help 'obſerving, that this is another very 'good reaſon for your leaving town, 'and returning to your parents. You 'are beſet with many great dangers, of

'which

'which, perhaps, this is not the leaſt. 'Who would wiſh to continue amidſt 'a multitude of lions and tigers? 'Who would not fly with all their 'ſpeed from ſuch ſociety? And, be-'lieve me, the difficulties which threa-'ten you are lions and tigers indeed, 'though in different ſhapes.'—'Oh, 'good Madam,' quoth nurſe, 'to be 'ſure, as you ſay, very right.—Upon 'my word, Miſs Caroline, Madam 'Hodſon gives you fine counſel. Oh, 'Lord! I have been better for it many 'a good time, and often! pray you fol-'low it; it's always the beſt. Pray, 'my dear Miſs; and I am ſure I love 'you as well as if you was my own 'child.'—'Oh, Madam,' ſaid Caro-line to Mrs. Hodſon, burſting into tears, 'what can I ſay, or how poſſibly 'object to any thing you have offered? 'Excuſe a poor ill-judging creature like 'me; pardon the miſtaken notions 'which I have ſo deeply imbibed; 'it is no ſmall difficulty to get the 'better of them. Pray ſtrengthen me 'all you can with your excellent coun-'ſel, fortify my yet weak reſolution, 'combat my fears and prejudices; for 'though I am determined to do as you 'adviſe, believe me, my heart but 'half conſents to it.'—'It is not to be 'wondered, my dear,' ſaid Mrs. Hod-ſon, 'that you are reluctant and un-'willing; but be aſſured, you will one 'day bleſs the hour in which you left 'this dangerous city. The proſpect 'before you, I own, is gloomy and 'very diſagreeable; but ſtill remember 'what I have often told you, that the 'Supreme can, in an inſtant, bring 'light out of darkneſs, and change our 'blackeſt night into the brighteſt day.' —'Alas! alas! Madam,' ſaid Caro-line, 'the difficulty lies in practiſing 'what we hear. I bleſs you for your 'excellent advice; but one thing gives 'me infinite uneaſineſs, to think that I 'muſt be deprived of that advice and 'your friendſhip, which I prize ſo 'much, and from which I am ſo greatly 'profited.'—'That ſhall be no loſs to 'you, be aſſured,' replied the good lady; 'I will take care to manage that 'matter; but you have a prudent mo-'ther at home, much more capable of 'directing you than myſelf: however, 'I will not forget you, be you never ſo 'far diſtant from me.' Caroline very ſincerely thanked Mrs. Hodſon, and all affairs were ſettled with regard to her departure; and ſhe and nurſe withdrew, to give Mrs. Hodſon an opportunity to write to the poor old folks in the coun-try.

Caroline was, perhaps, never leſs ſa-tisfied, or more ill at eaſe, than at pre-ſent: however, before recollection had power to ſeize on her diſtracted thoughts, Mr. Jaiſon deſired the favour of ſeeing her; which being granted, how was he ſurprized, at his entrance, to behold her lovely eyes red and ſwoln with tears, and her chearful countenance cloathed in melancholy and diſcontent! He de-ſired nurſe to retire; and, ſeating him-ſelf by Miſs Caroline, with a look moſt inexpreſſibly tender, and a voice moſt perſuaſively pathetick, begged to know what was the occaſion of this ſtrange and diſmal appearance. 'Do not aſk 'me, Sir,' ſaid ſhe; why ſhould you 'concern yourſelf with the affairs of a 'miſerable wretch like me? I am al-'ready ſo infinitely indebted to you, 'my life will be inſufficient to expreſs 'my gratitude—for the reſt, leave me 'to my own hard fate; and may you, 'in every part of life, be bleſſed and 'comforted; may all your days be 'peaceful and happy.'—'If mine are 'ſo,' replied he, with ſome warmth, 'ſo ſhall yours. Believe me, dear Miſs, 'I will never ſee that day when you are 'in ſorrow, and I in felicity. Speak, 'and inform me, I earneſtly requeſt it 'of you; tell me whence theſe tears, 'and why this uneaſineſs? On my ſoul, 'I am on the rack to behold them!— 'Did you know my heart—Alas! have 'not my actions made it already known 'to you?' Caroline was touched with delicate pleaſure and pain; and while the pearly drops diſtilled from her ſpark-ling eyes, while her faultering tongue ſcarce gave her utterance, ſhe laboured out theſe half imperfect accents: 'I 'muſt leave you for ever! I muſt re-'turn home!'—'Leave me!' replied Mr. Jaiſon; 'who ſays you muſt? 'Why? wherefore? Who has power 'to pronounce that cruel *muſt?*—No, 'Miſs Caroline, if I have any ſway, 'if it is not your own heart that makes 'this neceſſity, nothing on the earth 'beſide, truſt me, ſhall do it. I have 'long concealed the real feeling of my 'ſoul from you; but now can conceal 'it no longer: and let me hope you 'will uſe the ſame open frankneſs and 'honeſty

'honesty to me. Your amiable perfections have so far won my soul, your 'ten thousand graces so endeared you 'to me, that I can find joy, peace, or 'satisfaction in nothing but yourself, 'in nothing but your ever agreeable 'and desired society: and therefore, if, 'as I ardently wish, your heart could 'be so inclined to me, what hinders 'but that we might make, of all others, 'the most happy and affectionate pair? 'I should indeed be glad of an immediate answer; but still, if agreeable 'to you, will wait, with an anxious impatience, till to-morrow for it. Speak 'then, my charmer, my best loved, 'speak your fond sentiments to me, 'and make me, of all men, the most 'happy!' Caroline was going to reply, when rising tears prevented; and unable to utter a syllable, she sighed, and hid her head in Mr. Jaison's bosom; who, charmed with so welcome a guest, embraced her with the most tender fondness, kissed the tears as they stole adown her cheeks, and both continued for some time silent. At length, 'Into what,' said he, 'shall I construe 'this, dearest, loveliest creature? Is it 'not an acknowledgment, a tacit acknowledgment of all I wish—your 'dear consent to, and approbation of, 'what I have offered—Speak! is it not? 'and will my Caroline give me her fond 'heart for mine?'—'Oh, Mr. Jaison,' said Caroline, 'would I could give you 'any thing worth your acceptance! but 'think what a destitute unhappy girl 'you see here before you: deem me 'not too light, too easily won, when I 'frankly confess my poor vain heart 'hath long been yours; engaged by 'such kindness, and bound to you 'by such favours, as never can be 'repaid.—But consider, here we must 'go, and no farther: I shall for ever 'retain the highest respect for you; but, 'alas! while present with you, it may 'be, perhaps, impossible for us both 'not to go farther, not to turn that respect into love and affection. It is 'best therefore to part; for your condition in life must necessarily prevent 'any connection between us: it is best 'then to part; and—though I will freely declare the pain I shall feel will be, 'I fear, almost more than I can endure, yet part we must—we must be 'torn from each other!' Caroline had scarce finished, and Mr. Jaison was going to reply, when in bolted Miss Stevens; a pert, airy, brisk girl: 'Lord 'bless me!' said she, 'I beg pardon 'indeed, but I did not know who and 'who were together; and I only came 'to desire you, Miss Caroline, to get 'ready, that we may be time enough 'for the play; because you know we 'must not be baulked to night; and I 'expect Miss Collitons, and Miss Jacksons, and Miss Newers, with the gentlemen I told you of, all to be here 'very soon; because, you know, if we 'are not at the play-house by half an 'hour after three, we shall never get 'into the pit; for there is no getting 'in after that time, when that little, 'tiddy, pretty, dapper man, Mr. Garrick, my sweet Romeo—

'Oh, Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou 'Romeo!

'how charming—I say, there is no getting in, if one does not go soon, 'when he acts; and so pray let me beg of 'you to be ready; for I must not go 'without you for the world. And pray 'now, my dear Mr. Jaison, won't you 'go too? Do, go with Miss Caroline; 'I am sure we shall all be vastly glad 'of your company; shan't we, Miss 'Caroline?'—'Well, and my little, 'pretty, tiddy, dapper Jenny,' said Mr. Jaison, laughing, to her, 'if Miss Caroline and you, to be sure, desire my 'company, I am entirely at your service—what say you, Miss Caroline?' Caroline and he were both as much pleased with this interruption, as an old miser would be at the approach of a thief, to carry off his gold as he was counting it over: however, they were obliged to postpone other matters, to put on an air of gaiety, and enter into the spirit of Miss Jenny. Caroline told Mr. Jaison, she should be extremely glad of his company for her part; and more so, as it would perhaps oblige the young lady. 'Nay, nay, as to that,' replied Miss Stevens; 'as to that, my 'dear, I believe Mr. Jaison knows who 'it will oblige most. Lord, Mr. Jaison, it is Romeo and Juliet to night. 'Had you never any inclination to act? 'I do think now, if you would do Romeo, I could do Juliet vastly well.

'Give me my Romeo, ye gods! and when 'he's dead——

'Stay, ſtay, how is it? ſomething about
'ſtars and cutting—

'I'll cut him out in little *tiddy* ſtars,
'And he ſhall make the face of heaven ſo
'*vaſtly* fine,
'The birds ſhall ſing, and think it *is not*
'day.'

'Don't you think there's a good deal of 'Miſs Bellamy's manner in that now?' Though their ſpirits were very low, neither Caroline nor Mr. Jaiſon could refrain laughing at the giddy girl's lightneſs and impertinence; and as they knew not how to get rid of her, Caroline deſired her to entertain Mr. Jaiſon below, while ſhe dreſſed; in which ſhe promiſed to be as expeditious as poſſible. 'O yes, to be ſure, my dear!' ſaid Jenny.—'Come, come, Mr. Jaiſon, 'let us go and entertain ourſelves.—'Don't be jealous, Miſs Caroline, pray 'don't be jealous; I won't run away 'with Mr. Jaiſon: no, no, I believe 'you have heard who has my heart—'and a ſweet man he is—but no matter 'for that.—Come, Sir——Bye, bye, 'my dear!—Come, Mr. Jaiſon.' So ſaying, they departed.

CHAP. X.

MR. JAISON, CAROLINE, &c. GO TO THE PLAY-HOUSE. THE UNHAPPY CONSEQUENCES OF IT.

IT would be needleſs and impertinent to enter into the ſeveral minute circumſtances, the whole behaviour and converſation of the company aſſociated at the houſe of Mrs. Stevens, to honour Mr. Garrick with their preſence. Mrs. Hodſon expreſſed herſelf very warmly to Miſs Caroline on the ſubject, and proclaimed aloud her utter abhorrence of ſtage-plays, and firm perſuaſion of their abſolute unlawfulneſs: a notion which the company in general laughed at, and which Jenny hinted ſhe had picked up amongſt the many parſons that viſited her; who hated play-houſes, becauſe they were fuller than their churches. But Caroline finding this her opinion, was extremely uneaſy, and very deſirous to ſtay at home with the old lady, which the reſt of the party would by no means permit; inſomuch that, contrary to her better ſenſe and approbation, ſhe was obliged to ſubmit, and attend the jovial and laughing band. They were at the doors of the play-houſe before three, and had the high ſatisfaction to ſtand there an hour before the doors were opened; and with great difficulty, after ſuch a tedious time of waiting, got into the pit. Mr. Jaiſon ſtuck cloſe to Caroline; his preſence and his converſation made every place agreeable and pleaſing to her, and added freſh luſtre and double grace to every part of the performance. But Caroline's pleaſure was quickly damped; for in the third act, a couple of ladies, elegantly dreſſed, made their appearance in one of the boxes; and as they attracted every body's eyes, Caroline's of courſe were turned to them; but not long on them, for ſhe no ſooner looked than ſhe perceived one of them was her ſiſter Lucy, and on the ſight fainted away. The neceſſary methods were uſed for her recovery; but her uneaſineſs and ſickneſs rather encreaſing, when the act was finiſhed, ſhe begged of Mr. Jaiſon, if poſſible, to retire with her from the play-houſe; which being with great difficulty effected, ſhe told him the occaſion of her ſwoon was the ſight of her ſiſter in the upper ſide-box, and that ſhe moſt earneſtly entreated him to leave her ſomewhere, while he went to her ſiſter, to beg the favour of ſeeing and ſpeaking with her. Mr. Jaiſon accordingly conducted her to the Shakeſpeare's Head ordered a room and proper refreſhment for her, and at her earneſt deſire, immediately returned to ſpeak with Lucy, and to bring her, if poſſible, to her ſiſter.

He was immediately admitted into the box, and enquiring of Miſs Lucy, (of whom Caroline gave him an exact deſcription) if her name was not Sanſon, and being anſwered it was, he told her that he came with a meſſage from her ſiſter Caroline, who was then at the Shakeſpeare's Head Tavern, and begged the favour of her company there. Lucy was a good deal ſurprized, and knew not what to reply; but the firſt queſtion ſhe aſked was, how her ſiſter knew ſhe was at the play-houſe. Upon which Mr. Jaiſon informed her of the whole late tranſaction, which ſhe had juſt obſerved, but not taken much notice of. She whiſpered her companion, who was no other than our old acquaintance (good reader) Miſs Charlotte; and,

and, on receiving her answer, told Mr. Jaiſon, that if he would ſtay till the performance was over, ſhe would go with him, or perhaps before, if a gentleman whom ſhe expected ſhould come, with whom ſhe had ſome particular buſineſs, and muſt ſpeak to him, according to appointment, before ſhe left the play-houſe. Mr. Jaiſon was greatly diſtreſſed by this reply, as he knew not how to act; being unwilling to leave Lucy, leſt ſhe ſhould give him the ſlip, and being equally unwilling to keep his beloved Caroline in ſuſpenſe ſo long. However, conſidering how dreadful a diſappointment it would now be to her not to ſee her ſiſter, and that ſhe was herſelf very ſafe, and would be freed from all fears; he determined not to depart from Lucy, but to ſtay till ſhe thought proper to go to the Shakeſpeare's Head with him. The play was almoſt finiſhed before the expected gentleman came; and ſtill Mr. Jaiſon was obliged to wait, when the play was finiſhed, a very long and tedious time, while they ſettled all matters, and made the due aſſignations; which finiſhed, Miſs Lucy informed Mr. Jaiſon ſhe was now ready to viſit her ſiſter with him.

They entered the Shakeſpeare's Head happily enough together, and Mr. Jaiſon with impatience ordered the waiter to ſhew them up ſtairs to the lady whom he had left there. 'Sir!' ſaid the waiter, heſitating. 'Shew me to the lady, 'I tell you, fellow, I left juſt now!'—'The lady, Sir!' replied the man; 'what do you mean, the lady that the 'bailiffs have this moment laid hold 'of?'—'What bailiffs—who—block-'head!' replied the gentleman; 'where 'is the perſon that ſhewed me up ſtairs 'about an hour ſince! where is that 'man! bid him come!' Who appearing, 'Aye, you are the perſon!' ſaid Mr. Jaiſon, 'ſhew me to the lady I 'left!'—'Lord! poor girl, Sir!' ſaid the fellow, ſneering, 'ſhe has met with 'an unlucky accident, though the com-'mon fate of moſt of them; ſo you muſt 'no be grieved, Sir; and I ſee you 'have got another to ſupply her loſs.' Mr. Jaiſon, tortured with the moſt diſtracting anxiety, caught hold of the fellow's collar, and demanded inſtantly to be ſhewn the lady he left, and to know the meaning of ſuch inſolence. This of courſe cauſed an uproar, and the maſter of the tavern very politely came to enquire what was the occaſion, and to offer amends, if his ſervants had committed any offence. 'I left a young 'lady here who was ill at the play, ſaid Mr. Jaiſon, 'while I fetched her 'ſiſter to her—that fellow ſhewed me 'a room, and I want to return to her.' —'Good God, Sir!' ſaid the tavern-man, 'was ſhe not a lady of the town? 'We imagined her ſuch, as it is very 'rare that a modeſt woman comes alone 'with a gentleman hither; and as ſoon 'as you was gone, ſome people enquir-'ing for her, we conducted them to 'her; they proved to be bailiffs, who 'had a writ againſt her, and accord-'ingly took her away ſcreaming and 'crying, which, as being a thing ſo 'common hereabouts, we regarded very 'little, and——Good God! the gentle-'man's falling!—bring ſome water—'run—fly!' Mr. Jaiſon could not ſup-port the heavy tidings, but dropped down in a fainting fit. Lucy was in the greateſt diſtreſs and anxiety, and the whole houſe in confuſion. However, at length he recovered, and deſiring to be put into a room, made all poſſible enquiry after Caroline, his loſt, and moſt dearly-beloved Caroline; and writing a note, diſmiſſed it to Mrs. Stevens's, informing them of the dreadful diſaſter, and his firm reſolution not to reſt till he found her, for whom his heart bled, and his ſoul was beyond meaſure troubled.

Lucy was obliged to retire, agreeable to her appointment: unhappy, miſerable Lucy! and poor Mr. Jaiſon, having ſpent the whole night in fruitleſs enquiries after the place of abode, and names of the bailiffs, was obliged to return to his chambers, with the arrow feſtering in his heart, and juſt as eaſy as the wounded, deep-ſobbing ſtag, who vainly labours to remove the feathered dart.

Diſtracted with his pain he flies the woods,
Bounds o'er the lawns, and ſeeks the ſilent floods
With fruitleſs care; for ſtill the fatal dart
Sticks in his ſide, and rankles in his heart.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

THE

SISTERS.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

CAROLINE'S GREAT DISTRESS AND ANXIETY. HER MISERABLE NIGHT, AND MORE MISERABLE MORNING. HER REMOVAL BY MR. DOOKALB.

IF Mr. Jaiſon's diſtreſs was great on the loſs of Caroline, her's was infinitely greater to find herſelf in a ſmall gloomy room, laid upon a miſerable, tattered, dirty-bed, by the ſide of which ſtood a female, horrid of aſpect, and terrible to behold, with a glimmering candle in one hand, and a bottle in the other; ſome of whoſe contents ſhe offered to Caroline, as ſoon as ſhe uncloſed her eyes, enquiring, with a rough hoarſe tone of voice, though it ſeemed greatly ſoftened from it's natural harſhneſs, how ſhe found herſelf, and what ſhe would chuſe to have? Caroline raiſed herſelf up, and looking beyond the bed, ſaw by a little glimmering fire two men, grim and dreadful, whoſe looks ſtruck terror through her ſoul, and whoſe voices made her tremble in every limb. The woman again renewed her requeſts, to know what ſhe choſe; to which Caroline replied only, by aſking where ſhe was, and how ſhe came thither, and why ſhe was thus confined? The woman informed her, that it was the houſe of one of thoſe gentlemen who ſat by the fire, her worthy huſband, an officer of the county, or in other terms a bailiff, who had, with the other gentleman, been the means of ſeizing and conveying her hither by a writ granted for that purpoſe; and that at preſent ſhe muſt ſubmit to continue in confinement, though poſſibly it might not laſt longer than this night only. 'However,' ſaid ſhe, 'I will make matters very eaſy to you; 'you ſhall have a pair of clean ſheets to 'your bed, and whatever you like, and 'nobody ſhall moleſt you, unleſs you 'prefer company, mine or my huſ-'band's, or any of the ladies in the 'houſe. Some of them, I can aſſure 'you, Madam, are of the firſt rate, 'and very agreeable diverting ladies 'too.' Caroline replied, ſhe had no mind at all to ſee any company in her preſent melancholy circumſtances; but deſired, after having aſked the gentleman, her huſband, a queſtion or two, to be left alone. The bailiff hearing this aroſe, and with a bold and aſſuming air, demanded to be informed what ſhe would know of him.—Caroline trembled at his voice and appearance. 'I would only know, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'at whoſe inſtigation you have convey-'ed me hither, and what I have done to 'merit this treatment at your hands.' —'Nay, Madam,' replied he, 'as to 'that matter, gentlemen of our pro-'feſſion don't ſtand much upon merit; 'we neither regard friend nor foe, when 'our king and the laws demand our 'com-

'compliance. I have a writ againſt 'you from my honeſt maſter Dookalb, 'and have been a pretty while upon the 'watch for you, but you have always 'been too well guarded for me; how-'ever I have kidnapped you at laſt, as 'I would have you know I ſeldom fail: 'I never failed above once in my life: 'my maſter Dookalb knows my ex-'cellence well, or he would not employ 'me ſo often. Don't imagine you are 'the firſt I have taken for him; and I 'think I never took one more cleverly 'in all my life.' Caroline could ſcarce refrain from tears; deep ſighs beſpoke the anguiſh of her heart. 'And, pray, 'Sir,' continued ſhe, 'how did you 'proceed after your fallacious admiſ-'ſion to the room where I was?' (for the bailiffs ſent up word to Caroline, that they had a meſſage from Mr. Jaiſon to deliver to her; and ſhe, ſuſpecting no wrong, had given them leave to come in, upon which they ſeized her, and ſhe immediately, through the violence of the fright, fell into a ſwoon, from whence ſhe did but now perfectly recover.) 'O, 'Madam,' continued the bailiff, 'we did 'not much mind your fainting and fits, 'and ſo on, for theſe are common tricks 'to gain time: but my brother and I 'took you in our arms; you are not 'very heavy you know, Madam; and 'brought you here to my dwelling, 'which is not far from where we laid 'hold on you, and to which you are 'kindly welcome. Call for what you 'like.'—'Barbarous, cruel treatment, 'indeed!' ſaid Caroline. 'But it is no 'matter: pray, may I not be per-'mitted the uſe of pen and ink, to in-'form my friends of this misfortune, 'that they may reſcue me, and pay you 'all your demands?'—'No, no,' quoth the bailiff's wife, 'no pen and ink 'here; Mr. Dookalb muſt ſee to that. 'Never fear, he will take care of you. '—But what will you have to take care 'of yourſelf? come, let us procure you 'ſomething.'—'Pray, good woman,' ſaid Caroline, 'leave me alone, and be 'anxious for yourſelf. I don't want, 'nor will have any thing; leave me 'alone; perhaps I may ſleep, and ſo 'better refreſh my wearied ſpirits.' They preſſed her much to the uſe of liquors, or the company of ſome worthy gentlemen in the houſe, as well as ladies; all which Caroline refuſed, and perſiſted in her requeſt, that ſhe might be left alone; which, with much regret, murmuring, and diſcontent, was at length granted to her.

Never was night ſpent amidſt more anxiety, more torture, and uneaſineſs; for as ſhe could not ſee the event of this moſt dreadful action, ſhe pictured to herſelf the moſt frightful conſequences, and imagined the moſt conſummate deſtruction. Now almoſt on the brink of felicity, to be ſo ſnatched away from that man, the reflection on whoſe ſufferings for her ſake much augmented her own, and made the bitter cup ſtill more bitter; to be again in the power of a monſter in iniquity, and to be totally ſeparated from all relief; plunged her well-nigh into deſpair, and rendered every thought diſtracting. But, above all theſe, the mournful and melancholy recollection of what muſt befal her unhappy parents, ſhould ſhe too be deſtroyed, added double weight to every woe, and rendered her agony well-nigh inſupportable. However, ſhe firmly reſolved, (and fervently aſked of Heaven it's gracious aſſiſtance to ſupport her in the reſolution) rather to ſuffer all the ſevereſt miſeries of life; all

> That age, ach, penury, impriſonment,
> Cou'd lay on nature;

than ever to comply with any thing unbecoming the ſtricteſt virtue, and inconſiſtent with the pureſt honour.

Thus ſtrengthened, and thus determined, ſhe waited in the moſt uneaſy and anxious ſolicitude for the approach of the morning, that ſhe might have ſome knowledge of her fate, and the deſign of this moſt dreadful ſeizure. But when the morning came, ſhe could have wiſhed almoſt that darkneſs had reigned eternal; for the firſt object that preſented itſelf to her view was no other than Dookalb! At the very firſt ſight of him ſhe fainted away; and it was with great difficulty that they recovered her, weak and over fatigued as ſhe was with a night of ſuch dread, horror, and diſtreſs. Her illneſs prevented any converſation for the preſent, and Mr. Dookalb was obliged to remove her in a chair to a proper place which he had provided for her. The *good people* of the houſe took wonderous great care of her, and by their kind offices ſhe was ere long reſtored to a tolerable degree of ſtrength; which being made known to

Mr.

Mr. Dookalb, he came with great concern and tenderneſs to enquire after his couſin's welfare. Diſtreſs and deſpair frequently raiſe the ſoul above itſelf, and give a degree of boldneſs and reſolution which at other times are not to be found in the ſame perſon. It was thus with Caroline; whom, though made up of meekneſs, the ſenſe of Mr. Dookalb's injuries ſo much affected, and the apprehenſion of her own danger ſo much aroused, that on his entrance into the room, ſhe aroſe, advanced with haſty ſteps towards him, and looking him full in the face, 'Baſe, wicked man!' ſaid ſhe, 'as you will one day anſwer it before the throne of God, tell me what 'is your deſign, and why you have laid 'this ſnare to entrap me? Are you reſolved upon my ruin? Is not the deſtruction of one ſiſter ſufficient? Are 'you bent upon the total overthrow of 'a poor miſerable family? Cruel, cruel 'monſter! I charge you diſmiſs me, or 'vengeance will attend my prayers; and 'you——' 'Pray, good young lady,' quoth he, calm and ſweet as ſummer, 'why ſo angry? why ſo fierce and furious? you will do yourſelf harm, 'my child; you will make yourſelf ill 'again; I am afraid for your health: 'ſit down, and let us talk coolly toge-'ther.'—'Oh, curſed hypocriſy!' cried ſhe; 'and muſt I bear this too—Well, 'Sir, and what is it you would ſay—'let me hear—juſtify yourſelf. Why 'have you robbed me of my liberty? 'why am I made a ſlave?'—'You are 'neither robbed of liberty nor made a 'ſlave of by me, Miſs,' ſaid he. 'I 'propoſe to give you liberty, and to 'free you from ſlavery, if you are wiſe 'enough to accept my offers; but you 'have ever thwarted my endeavours, 'my honeſt, zealous endeavours, for 'your welfare.' Caroline fixed her eyes ſtedfaſtly upon his, ſhook her head, and burſt into tears. He went on: 'As 'your parents entruſted you to my care, 'it behoves me to conſult your intereſt, 'and to guard againſt evils that threa-'ten your ruin. You cannot but re-'member, that on your firſt coming to 'town you contracted a very large debt 'with Mr. Wilſon the apothecary, who 'attended you long: he was deter-'mined to have his money; and, as I 'had no farther concern, (and indeed, 'to my great ſorrow, did not ſo much as 'know where you was) gained my con-'ſent to uſe ſuch meaſures as he ſhould 'find proper towards the recovery of 'his debt. It was on account of this, 'child, that you was ſeized and car-'ried to a place of hold. He informed 'me immediately, and promiſed to pro-'ceed no farther than was agreeable to 'my directions. As ſoon, therefore, 'as I had received the information, I 'haſtened to deliver you from the diſ-'agreeable houſe where I found you, 'and procured a lodging, which I 'hope you will approve. But remem-'ber, couſin, the bill muſt be paid; 'here it is. The ſum total (for it is to 'little purpoſe to regard apothecary's '*items*) is only a trifle; let me ſee—'only twenty-five pounds; but it muſt 'be paid, couſin, and I ſuppoſe, in 'your preſent exigencies, that may be 'a larger ſum than you are miſtreſs of.' —'Oh,' cried Caroline, 'was there 'ever ſo black a ſcheme! malicious, 'worthleſs man! to caſt your evil on 'others, to contrive ſuch a method to 'diſtreſs me, and all under the colour 'of the higheſt friendſhip! Twenty-'five pounds for a few paltry drugs, 'not worth ſo many ſhillings! But give 'me the bill, and let me have leave to 'go, and you ſhall have your money, 'if that will ſatisfy you. True, in my 'preſent exigencies, I am not miſtreſs 'of ſo much; but know, Sir, that the 'wretched find friends, and real ones 'too.'—'I do not doubt, Miſs, but a 'young lady of your perſon and merits 'may find friends enough,' ſaid Mr. Dookalb; 'but that is the very reaſon 'why I am ſo anxiouſly concerned for 'your felicity: it is pity, great pity, 'ſo beautiful and amiable a young 'creature as yourſelf ſhould be ſo early 'given up, abandoned, and deſtroyed; 'and I muſt honeſtly confeſs, that your 'ſituation, when I heard it, very much 'alarmed and aroused me; ſince I am 'no ſtranger to the intrigues and arts of 'that gentleman, whom, I am ſorry to 'ſay, you falſely imagined your friend.' —'That gentleman,' ſaid Caroline, 'well deſerves your cenſure; it is the 'ſure ſtamp of his excellence: and 'know, that the ſmalleſt grain of his 'worth would out-weigh all that you 'ever had, or ever will have, in your 'whole life. But I ſhall not attempt to 'ſay any thing in his behalf; he is beſt 'able to juſtify himſelf. For myſelf, 'Sir, I beg leave to inform you, that I

'would

'would rather ſuffer the miſery of being 'conſtantly tormented by you, than be 'that abandoned proſtituted wretch you 'long ſince would have made me, and 'now villainouſly ſuſpect me to be. All 'your arts are in vain; virtue is on my 'ſide, and I defy you. Either, there-'fore, ſet me at full liberty, and you 'ſhall receive your demand, or let me 'aſſure you, that however you may 'diſtreſs me, you ſhall never conquer 'me, though my life be the conſe-'quence, and my blood ſpilt riſe up in 'judgment againſt you.'—'You grow 'perfectly tragical, couſin!' ſaid Doo-kalb; 'I think you was caught at a 'tragedy. Well, well, your high ſto-'mach will, nay, muſt come down, 'and you will ſpeedily ſee your real in-'tereſt: it ſhall be my endeavour to 'ſhew it you. I will not forſake you 'now, and I will warrant you ſhall 'ſerve me no more ſlippery tricks. Look 'you, Madam, you are by the laws 'fully and entirely in my power; and 'if you will conſult your advantage, 'you will readily comply with the pru-'dent meaſures I ſhall ſuggeſt. This 'rant of reſolution and ſtuff we are uſed 'to, you know; and I dare ſay you do 'not imagine that I regard it in the 'leaſt. I muſt look to myſelf, and 'anſwer well to my friends; and in or-'der thereto, I muſt neither let you go 'from hence, nor regard any oppoſition 'to the purpoſe for which you are in-'tended, which is to make you ex-'tremely happy with all that this 'world can give. If you are ſo way-'ward as to ſtand out and oppoſe your 'own felicity, mine is not the fault; 'but it would be my fault, if I did not 'compel you to receive it. If I ſaw my 'friend in a fever, and knew a draught 'that would perfectly cure him, I 'ſhould be greatly to blame if I did not 'adminiſter it, in ſpite of all his diſlike 'and oppoſition to it.—So, good cou-'ſin, pray think a little on this matter, 'till I ſee you again. Here is every 'thing at your command: whatſoever 'you want, pray order, and nothing 'ſhall be refuſed to your withes.' So ſaying, he ſmiled, bowed, and departed.

CHAP. II.

CAROLINE'S FARTHER DISTRESS. A VISIT TO HER FROM A FORMER ACQUAINTANCE. THE CONSEQUENCE OF IT. MR. JAISON'S ANXIETY, DISTRESS, AND SUFFERINGS.

CAROLINE ſat down, overpowered with diſtreſs; and, loſt in melancholy, had not any reflection of the miſerable ſtate ſhe was in; benumbed, as it were, and ſtupified with her grief. But what a dreadful ſummons was it to recollection, to be awakened from this reverie on the appearance and approach of that deteſtable woman, whom ſhe ſo much abhorred, Mrs. Searchwell! She aroſe and ſcreamed out at the ſight of her; crying with a piteous voice, 'Then 'I am undone! then I am miſerable 'indeed!'—'Are you ſo in good truth,' quoth the old beldame, clapping her arms a kembo, pronouncing a moſt emphatical hum, and darting keen firebrands from her little red eye: for there is juſt the ſame love and tenderneſs found preſiding in the boſoms of ſuch gentle ladies to women of a contrary diſpoſition, in the boſoms of bawds to females of modeſty and virtue, that there is found in the heart of a ſavage and hungry wolf to an innocent lamb. Their contrariety is no leſs than their antipathy; and therefore we cannot be ſurprized, that Mrs. Searchwell's ſpirit was ſomewhat fired at ſuch a reception from Miſs Caroline, whom ſhe ſo much deſpiſed, as being utterly in her power, and ſo much hated, as being abſolutely averſe to her wicked intentions and practices. It was, indeed, contrary to Mr. Dookalb's orders, that the old lady made ſo ſudden and abrupt a viſit: he had directed that no interruption ſhould be given to Caroline for ſome little time, and that all imaginable reſpect and deference ſhould be paid to her. But Mrs. Searchwell had ſo great an opinion of her own addreſs and management, and beſides ſo ſtrong a curioſity to ſee and examine this wayward fair-one, that ſhe ſcrupled not at all to break through Mr. Dookalb's injunctions, and to viſit the young lady immediately upon his departure. She was ignorant that Caroline had heretofore been at her houſe; as how indeed could ſhe remember any thing at that time, when the reader may recollect ſhe was in ſuch a dreadful confuſion and fury of diſappointment? She expected, however, by no means ſuch a reception, and

ſhe was perfectly confounded at Caroline's behaviour, on her entrance into the room, yet ſpeedily rallying, ſhe ſat down, and begged of the young lady to be ſeated too; profeſſing herſelf perfectly amazed, that there could be any thing in her appearance ſo horrid and frightful, to occaſion ſuch amazement and dread; and adding, that doubtleſs ſhe miſtook her for ſome other perſon, who had given her, perhaps, reaſon thus to be terrified and ſhocked. 'No, no!' ſaid Caroline, ſhaking her hands, and weeping with violent agony; 'I am not miſ-'taken—would to God I were! I know 'you too well! I can never forget that 'horrid interview—wretch that I am, 'to fall into ſuch hands, where certain 'ruin awaits me, and where compaſſion 'was never found to ſuccour the af-'flicted!—Gracious God!' (continued ſhe, falling on her knees, and claſping her hands together with uncommon fervour) 'oh, thou haſt promiſed never 'to fail thoſe that ſeek thee! I have 'now no truſt, no hope but thee! de-'liver me, thy poor unworthy ſervant, 'from the hands of ſuch cruel deſtroyers; 'and either reſcue me with my inno-'cence uninjured, or now, O now! 'take away this burdenſome life from 'me!' while ſhe was uttering which, Mrs. Searchwell ſtole ſoftly out of the room, and Caroline long continued immoveable in the ſame poſture, with her eyes, her hands, and her heart jointly and ſincerely elevated to Heaven! Turning round at length, ſhe perceived Mrs. Searchwell retired; and ſomething of an aſſuring hope ſo gleamed that inſtant upon her heart, that I have heard her often declare, ſhe felt, for that moment, more peace, joy, and ſatisfaction, than ſhe ever enjoyed before in the courſe of her whole life. She aroſe, and applied herſelf to the windows, imagining ſhe might poſſibly behold ſome people paſſing by, and give them information of her miſery. But Mr. Dookalb did not uſe to be ſuch a mean contriver in villainy; the windows were well and ſtrongly barred with iron, and looked only upon a dark and diſmal paſſage, where none ever came but thoſe who belonged to the houſe. What hope then could ſhe have of deliverance? what thoughts of a reſcue, where all things thus conſpired to perfect her overthrow, and to plunge her in deſtruction. She had no other proſpect before her eyes; all was gloom and miſery; and, on every hand, nothing but thick darkneſs, diſtreſs, and ſorrow, encompaſſed her. Revolving every circumſtance, and deeply meditating on every ſcene of her paſt and preſent ſufferings, a ſad deſpair ſat upon her mind, and ſhe was ſunk in a melancholy, little inferior to the total loſs of her ſenſes.

Such was the miſerable ſituation of Caroline. We cannot expect to find poor Mr. Jaiſon in any much better circumſtances: after a vain and fruitleſs enquiry all the night, he endeavoured at the approach of the morning to recruit his ſpirits a little, and for that purpoſe, dreſſed as he was, laid himſelf on the bed to ſleep; but what has ſleep to do with the wretched!

He, like the world, his ready viſit pays
Where fortune ſmiles; the wretched he forſakes;
Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,
And lights on lids unſully'd with a tear.

Vain was the attempt, for he was no ſooner laid along, than it ſtruck into his mind, that poſſibly his beloved, his only wiſh and only pleaſure, might by ſome means or other be returned to Mrs. Stevens. There ſeemed ſomething ſupernatural in the thought; ſomething like a ſecret and certain intelligence, ſuch as every man has experienced, and fondly pleaſed himſelf with more or leſs in his pilgrimage amidſt ten thouſand inviſible beings, that guard and direct his way through this deſart world. He aroſe, ſprung from the bed, and with quick and haſty ſteps ſtrode away to Mrs. Stevens's. The family were not uſed to ariſe ſo early; however he rouzed them all, and demanded tidings of his Caroline: but, alas! vain was the enquiry; ſhe was not there: they would have aſked of him; they wanted equally with him to know the ſad tale. His heart was too full to relate; all his ſoul was on the ſtretch, to deviſe ſome means to recover the jewel, not to rehearſe the method how he loſt it. A ſecond thought again darted like lightning into his working and agitated mind, that he would in all the papers advertiſe her, with a conſiderable reward. No ſooner did this ariſe in his thoughts, than he proceeded to execution, and penning a proper advertiſement, with a hundred pounds reward for any that could bring him in-

formation, he ſent it to the preſs; but unhappily too late for the day's-morning papers, much to his chagrin and diſappointment: in the evening papers, however, it obtained a place. This point diſpatched, he again returned and renewed his enquiries at the Shakeſpeare's Head, leaving particular injunctions concerning their noting and ſending to him either of the bailiffs, if they ſhould appear there again, and be known by any of the family. Nor did he reſt here: he enquired out the dwellings of the moſt eminent bailiffs, went to them, and particularly ſought of them ſome information: but ſtill in vain; promiſes, bribes, and threats were of no avail, as poſſibly they could not be ſo. And Mr. Jaiſon had the horror to ſee another night well nigh ſpent, and no tidings of Caroline yet attained; no hopes of a recovery; not the leaſt glimpſe of her who was all his light and happineſs, all his glory and deſire.

CHAP. III.

CAROLINE'S STILL FARTHER DISTRESS. MR. DOOKALE'S AND MRS. SEARCHWELL'S CONSULTATION, &c.

ABUNDANT fatigue and wearineſs, both of body and mind, compelled Mr. Jaiſon to ſleep this night, though his reſt was little leſs troubleſome than his waking: he again renewed all the labour of the day, and had not even the pleaſure of recovering in fancy, what he ſo earneſtly wiſhed in reality to enjoy. And never did Caroline ſtand more in need of his aſſiſtance. Some little time after her departure from the room, Mrs. Searchwell, out of her great kindneſs, ſent one of her nieces to enquire of the young lady what ſhe would chuſe to eat and drink, as ſomething was neceſſary for the recruiting of her ſpirits. The meſſenger on her entrance was not a little ſurprized to behold Caroline laid along upon the floor, her hand ſupporting her languid head, her eyes fixed and ſtedfaſt, whence full tears ſtole inſenſibly down her cheeks, and her lovely auburn locks hanging diſhevelled about her head. She ſpoke and curtſied; but Caroline took no notice: ſhe again renewed her addreſs, but equally unobſerved; and not daring to advance farther, ſtood with the door half open, and a third time requeſted to know what ſhe would be pleaſed to eat or drink; and whether ſhe would not ariſe from that uneaſy poſture. Caroline then turned her eyes, and ſhaking her head, replied, 'It is far from uneaſy to me, 'child—*When the mind's at eaſe, the 'body's delicate.*—Ah, poor father!—'cruelty in a child is ſtrangely unna-'tural: ah, me! what a long ſtory have 'I to tell! how pitiful! ſure it will 'make you cry like me; for indeed I 'don't deſerve ſuch barbarous uſage. 'It was but two years ago, and I was 'ſo happy—but it is gone, quite gone, 'and I am content to be miſerable! If 'I could but die!—ah, poor Lucy!—'dear, dear ſiſter—what a thing it is to 'think of!' Thus ſhe was proceeding, when the girl withdrew, and in a ſtrange affright told Mrs. Searchwell, that the woman was certainly mad. She, by no means unuſed to ſuch tricks, as ſhe called them, d——'d the girl for a freſh-water fool, and waddled away, to know the truth of this deplorable relation. She opened the door with ſome force, and fixing her eyes on Caroline, who ſtill remained in the ſame poſture, 'Hey day,' quoth ſhe, 'what's here to 'do, miſs? up, up, and no more of theſe 'vagaries, or I ſhall find ſome means 'to make you!'—'I know you will!' ſaid Caroline, ſtarting up, and trembling in every joint—'Pray, pray tell me 'where I am to go next; but don't 'kill me quite.'—'Kill you!' replied Mrs. Searchwell; 'you are a pretty 'young devil: what, would you lay mur-'der to my charge—ha, would you ſo? 'but I'll do for you, I warrant. Come, 'come, ſit down in peace and quietneſs, 'do as you are ordered, and nobody ſhall 'hurt a hair of your head. None of this 'fooling and nonſenſe: let's have no 'more of it. What do you think people 'have nothing to do but to wait on ſuch 'peeviſh perverſe devils as you are?'—'Is ſhe dead, Madam!' ſaid Caroline, 'quite cold and dead? The poor girl! 'ſure ſhe is not dead yet; I would die 'with her, if you pleaſe.'—'What 'a plague does ſhe mean now!' ſaid the mother; 'ſhe ſeems not to be in her 'ſenſes, indeed. Who dead? who do 'you mean, child? what makes you 'talk of dying?'—'Nay,' ſaid Caroline, 'it was but three days ago—and 'I fancied myſelf in heaven! but woe

'is

'is me! I ſhall never go thither, for I 'loſt my guide; he was drowned, and 'I ſaw him ſink.—Oh, that I could but 'have ſunk down with him!'—'There's 'no talking with her now,' ſaid the old woman to her nieces; 'we muſt conſult 'what to do. Let us go—ſee, faſten 'the door: would the devil had the 'picking the bones of all your curſed 'proud, modeſt, virtuous b——es!' Juſt as ſhe was deſcending down ſtairs, Mr. Dookalb made his appearance, to whom ſhe related the above with ſeveral aggravating circumſtances: and thoſe two miniſters of darkneſs laid their heads together how beſt to proceed in the grand affair of her ruin. Plain it was to both of them, that they could never hope to ſucceed by any fair means; perſuaſion they found perfectly fruitleſs: but then the great point to be conſidered was, how not to loſe the profits of her firſt proſtitution; for the profits ariſing from hence are to theſe kind of traders generally very conſiderable. It was not poſſible to introduce her as they could wiſh; the only ſcheme, therefore, which they could deviſe, was to agree with a friend, whom they had ready, for the firſt enjoyment of her, and to put him privately to bed to her, when ſhe was aſleep, ſecure, and thinking no evil. Thus they concerted and planned the ruin of this miſerable girl; not at all moved, nor in the leaſt affected, that her ſenſes ſeemed diſturbed, and her mind entirely diſordered. Alas! that any of the human ſpecies ſhould ever arrive at ſuch a pitch of iniquity! that any bearing the ſtamp of humanity ſhould be able to contrive ſuch diabolical miſchief! But worſe than worſt of all is it, that a woman ſhould thus give up all that is valuable in her ſex, abandon all remorſe, and be thus mad in cruelty and guilt. What muſt we think of thoſe who encourage ſuch wretches, who frequent ſuch houſes, and become themſelves the chief means of ſo much ſin, ſorrow, infamy, and diſtreſs! Ye ſons of pleaſure, ye children of ſhame, reflect, and be admoniſhed—enter not the gates of the wicked woman; for ſcorpions are in her chambers, and in her dwellings lurk poiſonous adders. Take them not to thy boſom, cheriſh them not to thy own deſtruction; for they will wound, they will ſting thee, even after the moſt mortal ſort: they will ſting thy ſoul; and to what phyſician canſt thou apply for ſo deadly a diſeaſe?

Not all the poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowzy ſyrups of the world,
Can ever medicine thee to that ſweet ſleep,

that bleſt repoſe, which in innocence thou haſt enjoyed, and which only is the gift of uprightneſs and integrity; for no man, alas! can miniſter to a mind diſeaſed—

Pluck from the memory a rooted ſorrow,
Raze out the written tables of the brain;
Nor with a ſweet oblivious antidote
Cleanſe the ſtuff'd boſom of that perilous ſtuff
Which weighs upon the heart,

Beware therefore of ſo dangerous, ſo incurable a diſtemper; keep thy footſteps from any approaches to evil, and guard well thy heart from every incentive to iniquity: ſo ſhall ſweet repoſe play chearfully around thee, and the children of true virtue conſtantly delight, bleſs, comfort, and ſecure thee.

CHAP. IV.

DOOKALB AGREES WITH A JEW FOR THE FIRST ENJOYMENT OF CAROLINE. SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE HUMANITY OF THE JEWS. MR. JAISON'S ILL SUCCESS AND CHAGRIN. HE MEETS WITH MISS JENNY AND MR. FORTEBRAND. FALLS INTO AN UNLUCKY QUARREL, AND PREPARES TO FIGHT.

THE matter being perfectly ſettled between Mrs. Searchwell and Mr. Dookalb, who were to go ſnacks in the profits ariſing from Caroline's firſt debauchery, as alſo in the next ſale of her to the honourable ſtation of a miſtreſs, Dookalb took upon him to inform their friend, whom they propoſed to favour with this happy enjoyment, this *bleſt* deſtruction of an innocent girl. The gentleman fixed upon was a man, indeed, to ſay truth, not of the Chriſtian religion; though, I fear, it will yet reflect no honour upon Chriſtians in general. One would conceive it impoſſible, did not daily experience prove the contrary, for a Chriſtian to perpetrate ſuch black crimes againſt any of thoſe whom his religion obliges to love as himſelf,

to eſteem as brethren and ſiſters, and to honour in the ſame degree that he honours his own body, intereſt, and reputation. I ſay, one would conceive it impoſſible for Chriſtians to do ſuch things; but there is no great wonder, that a Jew ſhould be glad and ready to defile and deſtroy a Chriſtian virgin; ſince, beſides the pleaſures of enjoyment, there is alſo a double pleaſure in feeding his cankered revenge, in that he deflowers a maiden of theirs, whoſe name he hates, and whoſe every intereſt and bleſſing he would rejoice to blaſt, mildew, and deſtroy, as he blaſts and deſtroys the innocence of the unhappy virgin. The reader will want no farther information, that the perſon pitched upon on this occaſion was a Jew. He was alſo, we may be aſſured, a wealthy one; he was alſo a man advanced in years: nay, he was a huſband too; and more than that, a father of ſons and daughters! As ſoon as Mr. Dookalb informed him of the acceptable news, that Mrs. Searchwell had at that time a young lady, of inimitable charms, a perſon fit for a monarch, wanton, warm, and pleaſing, unenjoyed, and yet untouched by man, with a ſkin white and ſmooth as the down of a ſwan, hair brown as the hazle, eyes ſtriking fire at every glance, boſom heaving with throbs of amorous extaſy; and much, very much beſides: —and that out of her ſingular friendſhip to him, at ſuch a price, he, even he only, ſhould have the high rapture of rifling her virginity. Soon as Dookalb informed him hereof, his black ſhining eyes rolled with greedy rapture, his mouth churned, and he gave a deadly ſmile of approbation, beſpeaking at once his delight and his rancour. So when the wolf that has long prowled around the fold, at length ſeizes the ſnowy lamb which the ſhepherds have ſecured from his hungry jaws; he ſharpens his teeth with great fury, rolls with livid indignation his fiery eye-balls, and with joyful fierceneſs tears the quivering limbs of the bleating innocent, and quaffs with delight the warm life's flood as it ſpouts from the tender veins:—thus did the Jew, even now, riot in imagination; and claſping Mr. Dookalb's hand with inexpreſſible force, aſſured his good friend, that nothing could ſo much oblige him, and that he would punctually be there at the hour and time appointed. Thus far all ſucceeds well, and to the wiſhes of theſe deſtroyers; thus far fortune ſails along with them; and every ſcheme which they concert is happily proſperous to the ruin of Caroline, and to the ſatiating their helliſh revenge, and thirſt of money. Let us a while leave her in this fearful ſituation, and return to Mr. Jaiſon, whom, I fear, we ſhall find in no leſs diſtreſs, though in leſs danger; in no leſs anxiety and horror, though in far leſs probability of deſtruction and miſery.

He aroſe early in the morning, renewed his former enquiries, but fruitleſs as at firſt; and under the apprehenſion of every misfortune, dragged his lifeleſs limbs to the houſe of Mrs. Stevens. In vain was every conſolation from the good Mrs. Hodſon; unavailing every gleam of comfort propoſed, every ſhadow of hope offered to him. To ſay truth, that excellent woman was little leſs concerned and afflicted, than he, for the loſs of poor Caroline; and though Mrs. Stevens obſerved ſomething more in Mr. Jaiſon than a common anxiety, yet ſhe attributed all to the goodneſs of her nephew's heart, and was, amidſt her ſorrow for Caroline, pleaſed with the humanity and tender benevolence of Mr. Jaiſon. When the mind is uneaſy and diſſatisfied, every place ſoon grows tedious and diſpleaſing; we carry our own happineſs or miſery always in our own boſoms. Hence it was that Mr. Jaiſon was quickly tired with this company, and again ſallied forth to ſearch and ſee, though hopeleſs of finding, and perfectly abandoned to deſpair. Mrs. Hodſon, as well as Mrs. Stevens, was of opinion, that, without doubt, Caroline was by ſome means fallen into the hands of Mr. Dookalb; a matter which Mr. Jaiſon alſo thoroughly and perfectly believed; but he was aſſured he could not procure any information from Dookalb himſelf, whom he had ſo ſeverely treated, and with whom he had made ſo great a breach. He was therefore in a perfect miſt which way to proceed, and knew not how to direct himſelf, or what ſcheme to propoſe, that he might find out the villainy, and detect the fraud. He conſidered with himſelf, whether he could not ſeize Dookalb upon ſuſpicion; and with this vain deſign in his head, determined to conſult one of his friends, eminent in the law; but in the

the interim, he bethought himſelf of ſetting Peter, his man, honeſt Peter, to work with Mr. Dookalb's ſervant, if poſſible, to obtain ſome information from them. With this reſolution he returned to his chambers; but to his mortification found Peter abſent, though he had given him a particular and exact charge to be at home. Enraged and diſappointed, he ſat down and wept, agitated and toſſed about by ſuch a variety of diſturbing paſſions: a little recovered at length, he made the beſt of his way to his friend the lawyer's. He too was abſent; and thus continually diſappointed, vexed, and chagrined, he knew not what courſe to take, or whither to apply himſelf for eaſe of mind, and any tolerable alleviation of his diſtreſſes. As croſſing Fleet Street, abſorbed in melancholy, and thus ſunk in grief, in a ſmall private court, a female voice aſſaulted him, and a gentle pat on the ſhoulder cauſed him to turn; when behold Miſs Jenny Stevens, with a ſmart young ſpark attending her! She began with telling him, ſhe could not help laughing moſt egregiouſly to ſee him ſo down-caſt, ſo hanging his head, and looking poſitively like a man of fifty! She rallied him prettily on the occaſion, and went on to inform him, that ſhe had a moſt *dear* piece of news to acquaint him with, which was, that ſweet ***** mouth was quite well again, and he propoſed to ſing the next night at the houſe. 'I aſſure you, Sir,' ſaid the gentleman attending her, 'it is very 'true; I breakfaſted myſelf with Mr. '***** at his girl's this morning; and 'a fine boy ſhe has brought him indeed; a very fine boy, upon my ho'nour!'—'Impertinent nonſenſe!' replied Mr. Jaiſon; what is all this fol'ly to me?—think you, I concern my'ſelf with the idle affairs of *****, 'and the ſcenes of vice and infamy 'tranſacted by men who deſerve not 'the notice of a gentleman, and who 'ſhould be mentioned only with pity or 'ſcorn? And do you imagine, Sir, it 'reflects any honour upon yourſelf to 'boaſt of an intimacy with ſuch per'ſons, and a knowledge of the dark 'ſcenes of their ſhame and iniquity? 'If you do, I leave you to enjoy the 'honour, and am your very humble ſer'vant.'—'Hold, hold, Sir!' ſaid Jenny's beau: 'you are not gone yet, d——e; '—you are not gone yet; d——e, Sir, 'I aſſure you, upon my honour, you 'are not!—No, no, we muſt talk a little 'more on this head.—What do you 'mean, Sir? I am as good a gentle'man, Sir, as yourſelf—d——e, Sir, 'am I! and not uſed to take ſuch treat'ment.—I wear a ſword, Sir—here it 'is—I ſay, I wear a ſword, Sir; and 'expect you to give me ſatisfaction, Sir, '—d——e do I, Sir, upon my ho'nour, ha!'—'Step into the coach, 'young gentleman,' ſaid Mr. Jaiſon, ſoftly, 'and leave your lady to find 'her way home alone; we'll go and 'decide the matter wherever you ſhall 'be pleaſed to appoint.'—'O ave, Sir,' quoth he, 'with all my heart.—By'e my 'dear, dear Jenny, I'll juſt go do for 'this youth; juſt make the light ſhine 'through his body—d——e! and then, 'my dear, and then!—you underſtand 'me, child—ha, ſay no more!'—'O 'lord, Mr. Fortebrand,' ſaid Jenny, 'pray let me go!—I never ſaw a duel in 'my life; I never ſaw a man killed 'ſince I was born; I long to ſee a man 'killed: pray let me go with you! 'Dear Mr. Fortebrand, don't ſtick him; 'don't ſtick poor Mr. Jaiſon, without 'he'll let me go and ſee you do it!'

Vexed and diſſatisfied as Mr. Jaiſon was, he could not forbear laughing at the folly and impertinence of this idle girl; and at the ſame time reflecting upon the abſurdity of regarding any affront from ſo inſignificant a wretch as this gay gallant ſpirit, Mr. Fortebrand, in whoſe blood, perhaps, by this means, he might imbrue his hands, and be made, for a fooliſh word or two, the object of both human and Divine judgment. The conſideration of offending the latter, and falling into the hands of angered Omnipotence, for ſpilling the blood of one of his creatures, ſo wrought upon him, that he even ſhuddered at the thought, and turned pale upon the recollection of his near approach to the act. Mr. Fortebrand obſerved this, and conſtrued it, not unreaſonably, into fear; even into fear of his dreadful and puiſſant ſelf, who had thus boldly challenged, and thus ſhewed his high courage and exalted ſpirit. It is not to be wondered at, if he triumphed ſomewhat on the occaſion, and with an air of great contempt, 'Come, come, Sir,' ſaid he, 'let 'us have no trifling!—for my part, I 'am reſolved to vindicate my honour: 'd——e, a man's honour, Sir, is better

'than

'than his life!—What is life without 'honour?—As to the lady, I ſhould 'be always glad to oblige a lady; but 'I leave that to you, Sir; you may do 'as you pleaſe. I am at preſent hungry 'only for honour; my ſoul, d——e, 'is athirſt only for reputation.—Come, 'Sir, let us try: yours or mine.'—'I believe,' ſaid Mr. Jaiſon, 'it might 'be better, Sir, if we ſaw this young 'lady home firſt, and cooled a little 'upon this raſh haſty matter: there is 'no reaſon why you or I ſhould be the 'means of each other's deſtruction; and 'for my own part, as I by no means 'deſire to die juſt yet, ſo am I by no 'means deſirous to rob you of life.'—'No, no, Sir,' replied Fortebrand; 'of 'that I believe there is not much dan-'ger—I believe there is not much dan-'ger of that: d——e, if I am not ſur-'prized, that there ſhould be ſuch 'ſcoundrels in the world, as dare to af-'front a man of honour or his friends, 'and then not have the courage to make 'him ſatisfaction. I don't underſtand, 'I ſay, Sir, that there ſhould be ſuch 'ſcoundrels.'——'No hard language, 'neither, Sir!' ſaid Mr. Jaiſon; 'be-'ware of that; it ill becomes the gen-'tleman and the man of honour, which 'you ſo boaſt yourſelf to be: but I 'think, and I hope in ſo thinking I 'behave like a gentleman, that for ſuch 'ſlight matters, it is ſcarce worth while 'to endanger both our lives every way, 'to the ſword and to juſtice; and to 'the juſtice of the Supreme Avenger of 'blood, no leſs than to that of the 'temporal judge—and therefore, if you 'think like me, you will be glad that 'we quit ſcores, and leave each other 'juſt as we were at firſt.'—'None of 'your cant, Sir; none of your d—'d 'hypocritical cant, Sir,' replied Forte-brand, 'of Supreme Avengers, and hell 'and the devil—I fear neither one nor 't'other—I have been better educated, 'Sir—I have had wiſer and better no-'tions than all this inſtilled into me—'old wives tales to keep fools and chil-'dren in awe—Come, come, Sir, none 'of this—I ſay, you are a coward, a 'ſcoundrel, and a poltroon—and I'll poſt 'you for ſuch in every coffee-houſe, if 'you don't fight, Sir—if you do not—'Sir—draw your little blade, and let 'me touch you a death-tip under the 'fifth rib of your left-ſide—d——e, 'Sir?'—'Aye, do, do, Mr. Fortebrand; 'do, if he won't fight—ſo I would, I 'am ſure, if I was a man!' ſaid Jenny. Mr. Jaiſon was fired with reſentment at this, and could not reſtrain his choler—but taking him by the arm, 'Come, 'friend,' ſaid he, 'I attend you!—No 'trifling now—for, by the eternal hea-'vens, I'll chaſtiſe that inſolent tongue 'of yours!' So ſaying, he advanced to-wards a coach, and they ſtepped into it, leaving Miſs Jenny much chagrined and much diſcontented behind; who, never-theleſs called another coach, ordered the coachman to drive after that in which the gentlemen before her were, and to follow it wherever it went. The con-verſation being nothing particular, or di-verting enough to find a place in this our hiſtory, we will endeavour to amuſe the reader awhile with a ſhort account of Mr. Fortebrand, while our heroes haſten over the ſtony ſtreets, and are rapidly rattled to the ſcene of combat; where, O god of war, we invoke thy preſence, fierce clattering thy brazen ſhield! and bring with thee, too, thy favourite queen of love; ſhe perchance may ſoothe every difference, and cauſe olive-crowned peace to interpoſe between theſe fiery heroes, death-denouncing, and big with the hopes of deſtruction.

CHAP. VI.

MR. FORTEBRAND'S EDUCATION AND CHARACTER. THE FATAL CONSEQUENCE OF THE DUEL. PETER'S ANXIOUS ENQUIRY AFTER HIS MASTER. A NOTE FROM MISS JENNY. IT'S EFFECTS, AND PETER'S FARTHER ANXIETY.

MR. Fortebrand was the eldeſt and favourite ſon of an eminent and wealthy merchant; who, ſo exceeding great was his fondneſs for this darling child, could ſcarce ever ſuffer him from his ſight; much leſs could he be per-ſuaded to ſend him out to ſchool, leſt maſters ſhould be harſh, and not kind enough to him, and leſt the poor little boy ſhould be whipped and ill-uſed: for which reaſon he placed him at a neigh-bouring academy, the maſter of which was one of thoſe commonly known by the name of *Undertakers*: that is, to explain the term, one who *undertakes* to keep a ſchool or *Academy*, (as they are pleaſed to call it) though himſelf

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utterly unqualified for the buſineſs; which therefore he performs by certain perſons called aſſiſtants or uſhers, over which he is the ſupreme governor; and as carrying a very grave, ſedate, and compoſed outſide, obtains the character of a very wiſe and learned man; while content with that character, he maintains himſelf well, and clears a conſiderable ſum of money. Under one of theſe gentlemen little Maſter Fortebrand began his ſtudies: and here he was taught to dance, fence, write, cypher, talk French, to read his Accidence, and ride the great horſe. And having continued here near twelve years, came out perfectly adroit in the principal parts of theſe ſciences; being eſteemed to dance, to ride, and to fence, as well as any young gentleman of the preſent age. His father, being a man of conſiderable fortune, and daily encreaſing his eſtate, determined to bring his ſon up a gentleman; that is to ſay, he determined to bring him up to nothing; and for that purpoſe he made him a preſent of a pair of bays, and a genteel phaeton, and allowing him a conſiderable ſtipend, gave him to know he was to be his own maſter. He had above all this the felicity to fall into the hands of an uſher at the academy, who was a profeſſed deiſt, or free-thinker; or, if you pleaſe, a reviler of religion in general. A ſtrict acquaintance was contracted between theſe two worthies, and Mr. Fortebrand imbibed all Mr. Bruſhabout's *religious ſentiments*: ſo that he ſate very eaſy as to obligations of that ſort, and could ſee no kind of moral turpitude, in keeping a girl, in debauching a wife, in ſhuffling at a gaming-table, in duelling, drinking, and a long *et cetera*. Fraught with principles like theſe, he lived what the gay world calls a polite life. He had genteel apartments at the other end of the town, occupied by as genteel a lady: he was conſtant at every publick place, intimate with every perſon of quality and taſte, and deep in the ſecrets of the town; inſomuch that he was eſteemed one of the moſt knowing, as well as the moſt gallant *men of the town*. For there are, readers, men of the town, as well as women; and believe me, the term is no leſs reproachful to one than the other. Such was Mr. Fortebrand's birth, life, and education: ſo that we find Mr. Jaiſon had an enemy to encounter, much more important and formidable, than, I dare venture to pronounce, he appeared at firſt, either to Mr. Jaiſon or the reader: however, it was now impoſſible for either to retract, ſtripped as they were for the combat, and ready to engage in the moſt private part of the Green Park, the place agreed upon and deſtined for one of their falls! Mr. Jaiſon had conceived ſo poor and baſe an opinion of his antagoniſt, that he imagined he would not dare to fight when they came to the very point; or that, if he did, a ſlight wound would terrify him, and put an end to the quarrel. But how greatly was he deceived, to find him well ſkilled in the ſcience, and calling for the utmoſt care to ward off his thruſts, and to parry his excellent ſets? Mr. Jaiſon, however, was no leſs ſkilled in the ſcience, and obliged, by ſelf-defence, to exert all his activity and art. It accordingly proved ſucceſsful, and a well-made paſs entered his ſide, and down fell the vanquiſhed, groaning hero to the ground! Mr. Jaiſon deſired to ſhake hands, and proceeding according to the rules of honour eſtabliſhed on ſuch occaſions, promiſed to make the beſt of his way for a ſurgeon, and in great fear and precipitation, retired from this unhappy, miſerable field of combat. Jenny, by ſome miſtake of the coachman, did not arrive till the duel was ended, and with big woe and lamentation ſhe wept over the bleeding wound of her lover; her dear, gallant, charming man! She ſtaunched the blood with her apron, and called aloud for aſſiſtance: however, before any could be procured on her part, a ſurgeon came from Mr. Jaiſon, who took proper care of Mr. Fortebrand, and at his requeſt conveyed him to his houſe in Park-Street. There we will leave him a while, and the diſconſolate lady attending him, while we return to ſome more material concern in our ſtory, and ſee to ſome more important points, which appear to deſerve our attention.

At leaſt ſo we muſt conclude from honeſt Peter; whom his maſter, as we may remember, left his chambers with particular injunctions not to depart from thence; and whoſe departure, perhaps, was one principal occaſion of this unhappy affair, which ſo perplexed, diſtreſſed, and afflicted him. Mr. Jaiſon had not been long gone from Mrs. Stevens's, when Peter, out of breath, and in a full ſweat, came thither to enquire

quire for his master. Miserably chagrined was he to find him departed from thence. 'Plague on't,' quoth he, in the hearing of Mrs. Hodson, 'this is 'always the case, when I have any 'good news for him!' Which she eagerly catching at, desired to know the particulars of it; what it was he had to acquaint his master with; and whether it was any thing concerning Miss Caroline. Peter shook his head, and sighed deeply, wishing he could but find his master, for as to his news it concerned nobody but him; though, in truth, it was about Miss Caroline: and so saying, he took to his heels, and away he ran in quest of Mr. Jaison. He sought him at every coffee-house, and at every tavern, which he usually frequented: he enquired of every acquaintance and companion; and perfectly unsuccessful, returned home to his master's chambers, and cursed his ill fortune in the bitterness of his spirit. The poor fellow did not know what course to take, or how to direct himself. He resolved, however, to return again to Mrs. Stevens, to renew his enquiry—but, alas! every thing there was dark as at first, and all intelligence wanting. Mrs. Hodson was again soliciting Peter to a discovery of the important news, when a violent rap at the door made the house ring, and the hearts of them all jump. Peter was at the door first, nothing doubting but that it was his master; but, shocking disappointment! behold only a chairman with a note to Mrs. Stevens; which as soon as she had opened and read, she screamed out, and was ready to faint. No wonder Mrs. Hodson was anxious to know the contents; at Mrs. Stevens's desire she took the note, and read to the following effect.

'MISS Stevens's compliments to 'her mamma, and hopes she'll 'not be angry at her staying out longer 'than she intended—for Mr. Jaison and 'Mr. Fortebrand *has* fought a duel, 'and he is killed, and at Mr. Cut-'deep's, surgeon, in Park Street, where 'she is obliged in good-manners to stay 'with the poor gentleman till he dies.'

'Miserable, shocking story, indeed! 'my poor, dear nephew,' said Mrs. Hodson, with tears, 'is then, alas! no 'more.' Peter, who stood at the door listening to the contents of the note, burst in upon hearing these words; and while his hair stood an-end, and his eyes stared with fright, called out, 'Where, 'Madam; where the devil did you say 'he was?'—'Here,' said she, 'poor 'Peter; take that note, make the best 'of your way to where it directs, and 'bring me some direct intelligence.' Upon which she gave Peter the note; who reading it, threw it to the ground, and jumped up and down like a madman, crying out, 'No, no, he is not 'dead, my master is not dead: it is the 'other, Mr. Forteraro—huzza!—and 'he is not dead neither—for he is only 'killed, and she stays till he dies—'huzza!—Oh, rare news!'—'Is the 'fellow mad!' said Mrs. Hodson; 'give me the note again—' (which reading in her hurry she had not distinctly observed;) 'was there ever such 'absurd nonsense.—"Mr. Jaison and "Mr. Fortebrand *has* fought a duel, "and he is killed."—Who is killed?'—'O, Mr. Forteraro, Madam,' said Peter, 'to be sure; my master knows 'better: he would never be such a fool 'to be killed by ever a Forteraro of 'them all.'—'But then,' continued Mrs. Hodson, 'how strangely does she 'go on; he is killed, and yet she is 'obliged in good-manners to stay till he 'dies.—I am apt to imagine neither of 'them is dead.'—'You must excuse 'the poor girl in her fright, Madam,' said Mrs. Stevens; 'we are all apt to 'mistake in such hurries.'—'Oh, aye, 'excuse,' quoth Peter, 'with all my 'heart; we'll excuse it, never fear, if so 'be my master has but kill'd this t'other 'chap—we'll excuse it, never fear.'—'Well, Peter,' said Mrs. Hodson, 'to 'be certainly informed of this matter, 'the surest method will be for you to 'make the best of your way to Mr. 'Cut-deep's in Park Street, and there 'inform yourself of the whole truth of 'the matter—but pray be expeditious; 'for I shall be in the most miserable 'anxiety till you return.'—'Quick, 'as lightning, Madam,' said Peter, 'I am gone.' And so saying, he jumped from the room, and made the best of his way to the place appointed. But was ever chagrin or disappointment equal to that of poor Peter's! When arrived there, he found Mr. Fortebrand, as they told him, dying; his master fled nobody could tell whither; and, as Peter observed, very likely gone from town, and making the best

beſt of his way towards France. 'And now,' ſaid Peter, within himſelf, 'was 'there ever ſuch an unlucky dog as my 'maſter, except it be myſelf! he is as 'unlucky a man—I can never find him 'now—no, that is impoſſible; for, to 'follow him through his lurking holes 'can't be done, and go after him abroad '—for they ſay all duellists go abroad— 'I dare not—the ſea is no place for me '—ſo my maſter will loſe his country; 'I ſhall loſe my maſter; Miſs Caro'line will loſe all that ſhe has; and my 'old maſter, his father, will go mad; 'his mother will run crazy; Mrs. 'Hodſon will go beſide herſelf; and 'there will be a rare company for Bed'lam. Plague take this fighting!—I 'never liked it, never in my life—and 'what to do, I know no more than if 'I was directly to be hanged. O, 'my old ſong; now for you.

'When doubts and fears diſturb the breaſt,
'The preſent thoughts are always beſt;
'Tis mad to go, 'tis vain to ſtay—
'Then haſte to chambers, haſte away.'

CHAP. VII.

A REFLECTION ON DUELLING, &c.—PETER'S UNEXPECTED SURPRIZE—MR. JAISON'S EAGER SOLICITUDE—SOME INFORMATION GAINED OF CAROLINE—A RESOLUTION FORMED UPON IT.

PETER had either knowingly or wilfully forgot that he was to return to Mrs. Hodſon, and give her ſome information concerning the ſtate of this matter, which gave her ſuch uneaſineſs, and pierced her to the ſoul; not only on account of her fears for Mr. Jaiſon, but from a religious motive, to think that he could be ſo extremely deaf to the calls of conſcience and every ſacred tye, as to adventure on any condition to expoſe his own life, or to run the hazard of taking away that of another—falſe honour, and vain thirſt of applauſe! The good man builds on another foundation; and eſteeming it ſo far from a reproach upon him, not to reſent and revenge an injury, he thinks it the higheſt pitch of his duty to forgive all that offend him, and to ſhew his courage as well in a noble ſuffering, as a blood-thirſty action. Learn, ye men of blood and honour, learn the price of a life, learn the price of an immortal ſoul: fear to deface the Divine image, fear to ſpill the blood of them whoſe avenger is the Almighty! learn to be meek, to forgive, and pardon; ceaſe to boil with reſentment; learn humility, and be at peace!

With reflections ſomewhat like theſe, perhaps, Mrs. Hodſon amuſed herſelf and thoſe who were preſent with her on this melancholy occaſion: and ſat with painful ſolicitude expecting Peter's return. Being at length wearied out of all degree of patience, Mrs. Stevens and ſhe reſolved themſelves to go and enquire after the truth of the ſtory, and the reaſons of Peter's delay. They were no ſooner introduced, than Miſs Jenny came down to them, and informed them of the whole riſe and progreſs of the quarrel and conteſt, and of Mr. Fortebrand's ſituation, whom Mr. Cut-deep looked upon to be in imminent danger, though he was not peremptory in declaring whether the wound was mortal or not. However Jenny obſerved to them that Mr. Jaiſon was fled, and if Mr. Fortebrand died, ſhe did not imagine but that his friends would proſecute him to the utmoſt. Words can ſcarcely deſcribe the ſtate of Mrs. Hodſon's mind; nor was Mrs. Stevens even now leſs ſolicitous but on another account, to find her daughter ſo well and intimately acquainted with Mr. Fortebrand; a man, of whoſe morals and character ſhe had but the moſt indifferent opinion. Finding their preſence of no effect, they immediately returned home, and much againſt her will took Jenny with them; a family at preſent, perhaps, as much diſtracted and as violently uneaſy amongſt themſelves, as any one of thoſe miſerable many to be found in the popular and horrid ſtreets of England's grand and illuſtrious metropolis: where the expences and follies, and vices, of the inhabitants, ſo much impoveriſh, diſtreſs, and diſtract them; where religion, goodneſs, and regard to God, is ſo much neglected, that as they fall into the moſt afflicting circumſtances, ſo have they no ſtay, no hold to ſupport themſelves, (for religion only can be a ſupport in diſtreſs;) and thus abandoned to their own troubled minds, plunge deep in deſpair, and fall headlong into utter ruin.

It happened as Peter was journeying homewards, that a voice accoſted him

from a window; and as he turned round to look and ſee, a door was opened to receive him, and he was ordered to walk up ſtairs. But what words can expreſs his joy, what imagination picture his face, to behold the perſon, the very perſon he had ſo long been in queſt of, thus accidentally, thus wonderfully found, when he had given over all hopes, and was in perfect deſpair: he looked, he jumped, he laughed, and was in a perfect agony of joy; uttering, at the ſame time, ſome inconſiſtent ſentences, which, as they raiſed Mr. Jaiſon's curioſity, ſo did they no leſs elevate Peter, and keep up the high tide of his extaſy. At length the flood being ſomewhat ſubſided, 'Oh, Sir!' ſaid Peter, 'to think 'what I have ſuffered for your ſake, in 'body and mind, not a bit leſs in body 'than mind; for I have ſo run back-'ward and forward, that I thought my 'limbs muſt have dropped off, and 'then my mind, there, there indeed has 'been all my ſuffering, to think you 'was run away, had killed a man; 'pox take the man, I did not care for 'your killing him! but to think you 'could not hear the news I had got for 'you. Well, ſo long as you are ſound, 'all may be well yet—chear up, honeſt 'Peter.'—'Your news, your news, 'ſirrah!' ſaid Mr. Jaiſon; 'inform me 'of that directly, to make ſome amends 'for daring to leave my chambers, 'when I ordered you to wait there, 'and not to ſtir out on any occaſion.' —'See there now,' ſaid Peter; 'there's 'a fine return for all my fatigue and 'uneaſineſs: to be upbraided and huff-'ed—at laſt, when one's joy was up-'permoſt, to have it all turned into 'wrath.'—'Well, well,' ſaid Mr. Jaiſon; 'your news! your buſineſs! your 'good tidings! come, let me hear di-'rectly, and I may, perhaps, yet re-'ward you.'—'That you will, when 'you hear, ſaid Peter; 'I am ſure of 'that: but durſt you ſtir out, Sir? are 'you confined here for the man that 'you have killed? can you go a little 'way with me? for all depends upon 'that.'—'I am willing,' ſaid Mr. Jaiſon, 'to know how the affair will turn 'out, and whether he is dead or not, 'before I go out: if he dies, I muſt 'abſcond; but if he lives, I need then 'be in no fear.'—'Pox on him!' ſaid Peter; 'they told me he could not live, 'the wound was quite through his 'body; and how can he live then?'— 'Well, well,' ſaid Mr. Jaiſon, 'no 'more of that—your buſineſs, Peter— 'you make ſtrange delays.'—'Why, 'you ſhall hear, Sir,' replied he.— 'Soon after you was gone out—up to 'the chamber ſtalks a tall, thin fel-'low, in a green banyan, with long 'black hair—a wonderous pale face, 'with watchful black eyes—and a de-'viliſh leering look—and enquires for 'Mr. Jaiſon. I took him, you muſt 'know, for a pimp, or ſome of the 'fraternity; and ſo, maſter—don't be 'angry—I was rather uncivil to my 'gentleman. "Well," ſaid I, pretty 'ſternly, "and what want you with my "maſter, friend?"—"I am come, Sir," '(replied he, with a very ſoft, ſmall, 'gentle voice) "on account of an ad-"vertiſement here in the paper," (and 'ſo he pulls out the news) "con-"cerning which I have enquired at the "place directed in the advertiſement, "and they have ſent me hither." I 'pricked up my ears at this, you muſt 'think. "And pray, Sir," ſaid I, "walk in, Sir, if you pleaſe; pray, "Sir, ſit down: what do you chuſe to "drink? a glaſs of wine, or a diſh of "chocolate? pray, Sir, be ſo kind as "to ſpeak." And ſo I ran and fetch-'ed him a chair, and clapped myſelf 'down by him, deſiring him to pro-'ceed. "Why, Sir," ſaid he, "I "can give your maſter ſome ſatisfaction "concerning the matter."—"Can you "ſo," ſaid I; "well, I am ſure, good "Sir, he will make you ſatisfaction "enough—that he will—I'm ſure— "but, pray, good Sir, can you ſtay, "till I juſt run and fetch my maſter." 'To which he conſented, informing 'me, that he could not ſtay more than 'an hour; ſo begged I would return 'within that time. Away went I; 'and a devil of a run had I: but no 'maſter. So home I comes; down I 'ſat, wiped the ſweat by pints off me, 'and roared for madneſs; which the 'poor green-coated gentleman ſeeing, 'pitied me exceedingly. And now, 'not being able to ſtay any longer, he 'told me, he would leave a note of di-'rection with me; and that as ſoon as 'I found my maſter I might bring him, 'and he ſhould hear ſome tidings of 'the young lady advertiſed.'—'Where 'is the direction?' ſaid Mr. Jaiſon, in a hurry; 'ſhew it me this inſtant! Where

'does

'does she live?—haste, run, fly, bring 'her in to me! Fly, dear Peter, bring 'her in this moment, that I may hear 'of and receive my dear, dear Caroline; 'my soul's only darling and wish!'—'Lord, Sir!' replied Peter, 'you scare 'one quite out of one's wits; besides, I 'have run so much before, I can't fly 'now.' So saying, he began to look for the direction, but the direction was not to be found; and without speaking a word, he vanished in an instant from the room, jumped down stairs, and away he ran. Mr. Jaison, no less precipitate, hastened away after him; and, forgetting all his fears, was at his chambers nearly as soon as Peter. Luckily enough, and to his no small joy, Peter found the note lying upon the table; and was, by his master's immediate order, sent in quest of the person, whom he was to bring without delay. He instantly obeyed: found the man, as directed, who being engaged in some particular business, was obliged to delay his coming till near an hour. Of this Peter, returning, informed Mr. Jaison, who roared with such impetuosity of impatience, that he approached near to madness, during the tedious minutes of the dreadful and torturing interval. At length the fellow approached, and Mr. Jaison scarce suffered him to enter into the room, before he began to enquire concerning his beloved Caroline. 'You have promised, Sir,' said the man, 'a considerable reward, to any one who shall 'discover to you such a lady: I believe 'I can do it; I hope you will not refuse 'me the reward.'—'O, by no means, 'Sir,' replied Mr. Jaison: 'do but assure me that you know where she is, 'that she is alive, safe, and secure, and 'here is already half the money offered 'for you.'—'Well, Sir,' said he, 'of 'this much I can assure you, she is 'alive, and very *secure*; as to her *safety*, 'that is not altogether so certain.'—'What, is she not safe!—speak in a 'moment; direct me to her,' said Mr. Jaison, interrupting him; 'where is 'she? In the hands of that vile wretch 'Dookalb? Tell me, that I may instantly fly to her deliverance!'—'She 'is not in the hands of Mr. Dookalb, 'Sir,' said the man; 'but in the hands 'of one of his great friends, my worthy 'mistress, Mrs. Searchwell; in whose 'house I have been a waiter these many 'years, and a very indefatigable industrious one, introducing many a 'gentleman, and no little trade to the 'house; but if ever I serve her again, 'may every whore she keeps prove faithful to her, and every trader become 'honest as I have been.'—'Well, 'friend,' said Mr. Jaison, 'leave that 'a while: tell me, is this young lady 'where you say? how came she there, 'how long has she been there, who 'brought her there, what do they intend to do with her?—But, fool as I 'am, why do I ask these questions? 'Come, let me follow you to her, let 'me immediately fly to recover this 'dear unhappy charmer of my soul!'—'It will require, Sir,' replied the man, 'more caution than, perhaps, you 'imagine, to recover her. It must be 'done secretly, and by art, or you will 'never get a sight of her.'—'Secretly, 'and by art!' rejoined Mr. Jaison.—'Is she there? You say she is; and 'who shall hinder me from rescuing my 'own? By Heavens, I'll not delay a 'moment; nor will I proceed by any 'secresy or art in a deed so just and 'honest.'—'Hold, Sir,' said Peter; 'be 'advised by this good gentleman, who 'understands matters of this sort much 'better than you and I. Besides, consider the man you have killed; or, 'however, if not quite killed, much 'endangered; and if he should die, 'think what a risk you run by venturing out publickly. I am sure you 'had better be advised.' Mr. Jaison threw himself into a chair, and fetching a deep sigh, cried out, 'Was there 'ever born so unfortunate, so miserable a 'fellow!—Oh, my Caroline, my love!—Yet, fool and mad, what avails this 'fruitless bewailing? I will—and yet, 'Sir, you say I had better be advised. 'Come, quickly say, how shall I, how 'must I, how would you have me proceed?'—'You know, Sir,' rejoined the informer, 'the nature of our houses: 'and what free access all gentlemen 'have there for their money. This 'young lady, you must know, was 'brought in by Mr. Dookalb, with a 'design to make a trader of her.'—'Hell and fury!' said Mr. Jaison, 'a 'trader of my Caroline?—Damnation 'seize his thoughts—vile miscreant! 'hellish villain!'—'Please to hear a 'little, Sir,' continued the man: 'we 'have had much difficulty with her; 'she is not to be persuaded, or threa-

'tened into the matter: though my miſ-
'treſs raves, and ſwears ſhe believes ſhe
'has been a trader before.'—'Your
'miſtreſs, Sir!' quoth Mr. Jaiſon, with
a ſettled indignation. 'No, ſhe cannot
'think otherwiſe of any one; ſhe judges
'from her own vile and depraved heart:
'ſhe knows not what innocence and
'virtue are.'—'Well, Sir,' ſaid the man,
'my miſtreſs, however, raves and ſwears
'after her old ſort, and vows that any
'man ſhall have the full enjoyment of
'her, who will take the pains to get it:
'now, if you could contrive to diſguiſe
'yourſelf like a foreigner, or how you
'pleaſe, and ſo viſit our houſe, call in
'my miſtreſs, talk loud of your proweſs,
'and boaſt of your activity, ſhewing a
'few guineas at the ſame time, you
'might, perhaps, gain admiſſion to,
'and reſcue your lady from the deſtruc-
'tion which threatens her.'—'Prepare
'me a proper dreſs, Peter, inſtantly;
'away to Monmouth Street, and pro-
'vide me a ſuit of tawdry French
'cloaths, and dreſs yourſelf too,' ſaid
Mr. Jaiſon; 'and for you, Sir, be
'ready to meet and uſher me in. I
'like the ſcheme—Away, Peter!—My
'dear friend, be at home, and at hand:
'we ſhall meet with ſucceſs; for, if I
'find her, I will part with every drop
'of my blood before I ever part with
'her again.' Peter flew to his buſineſs;
the informer withdrew very well ſatiſ-
fied; and Mr. Jaiſon ſtirred up his ſoul
to every reſolution: determined, as he
knew where Caroline was, to reſcue and
deliver her from ſo miſerable a ſituation,
at the hazard of his own life, and every
other earthly enjoyment.

CHAP. VIII.

THE JEW'S VISIT TO CAROLINE. HIS VILLAINY. HIS ILL SUCCESS THEREIN; BUT MORE ESPECIALLY TO MRS. SEARCHWELL. CAROLINE'S DELIVERANCE. MR. JAISON'S FARTHER DISAPPOINTMENT. AN APOSTROPHE TO THE FAIR-ONES.

PUNCTUAL and exact as the dial to the ſun, the luſt-inſpired, raviſhing Jew, approached the venerable doors of the manſion of iniquity, the dwelling of that barbarous deſtroyer, that conſumer of innocence, that peſt of virginity, Mrs. Searchwell. He was introduced to the beſt apartment, and immediately attended by good Mrs. Searchwell herſelf. 'Well, Madam,' he began, (while his glittering eyes gleamed a fierce and black laſciviouſneſs) 'where is that fine lady, Mrs. 'Dookalb ſays you got for my purpoſe? 'Come, no ſtay, no ſtay; come, come, 'where is ſhe?'—'Nay,' ſaid Mrs. Searchwell, 'I don't know where ſhe 'is. I am ſorry, good Sir, you have 'the trouble to come for ſuch a peeviſh 'imp. I wiſh Mr. Dookalb had kept 'her to himſelf; I could have provided 'better for your honour without ſo 'much trouble.' The Jew was very ſolicitous to know the reaſon of this; and, fearful of a diſappointment, deſired to be acquainted with the meaning of theſe words, which ſounded to him ſo ſtrange after a punctual agreement with Mr. Dookalb. 'Why, Sir,' replied the old mother, 'this is a wayward 'girl, that Mr. Dookalb can make no-'thing of, and ſo wants to be tried and 'broke here firſt before he brings her 'into life: but ſhe has got ſuch no-'tions of virtue and honour, and I 'can't tell you what, with a devil to it, 'that ſhe feigns herſelf mad, and won't 'eat or drink, or ſleep, or do any 'thing.'—'Pox on your Chriſtian 'virtue and honour!' ſaid the Jew. 'But how then?'—'Why, faith, Sir,' continued the dame, 'I don't think it 'worth your while to try; beſides, I 'can ſuit your taſte as well with a fine, 'freſh, plump, juicy, lovely, nimble 'laſs, that will pleaſe you, I warrant 'her; I know ſhe will pleaſe you.' The Jew enlarged greatly upon the account which Mr. Dookalb had given him of Caroline's perſon and beauty, and was very deſirous to make a trial; nay, indeed, inſiſted upon it. To which Mrs. Searchwell, though reluctantly, conſented; as the truth was, ſhe had another to diſpoſe of, the whole profits of whom was her own, ſure and certain; whereas this was not only doubtful, but alſo to be ſhared with Mr. Dookalb. The reader need not be ſurprized, that there appears a want of ſincerity to Mr. Dookalb in Mrs. Searchwell, when there ſeemed ſo cloſe and ſtrict a friendſhip between them; for ſuch perſons are bound by no obligations of love and regard, but are only friends as intereſt inclines, and advantages diſcloſe; ſo that

their

their hearts know not the ſocial ties of real and virtuous friendſhip, but are ready to break through every bond, where any ſelf-ſervice powerfully invites them thereto. So certain it is, that there is no friendſhip either with or between the wicked; and that there is no friendſhip ſincere and firm, but that which is founded in virtue, and raiſed upon the rock of true honour.

Mrs. Searchwell uſhered the Jew to the door of Caroline's apartment, which the poor girl, as ſome defence, had faſtened, reſolving rather to periſh than admit their, or any other baſe ſolicitations. But herein ſhe was miſtaken; for Mrs. Searchwell's houſe was formed for buſineſs of this kind: accordingly, the old mother deſired the Jew to follow her a little way round; and there ſhe opened a part of the wainſcot, ſo contrived on purpoſe, and by means thereof, to Caroline's infinite ſurprize, in ſhe entered with this frightful, fearful-looking man! Caroline, on their admiſſion, aroſe from the place where ſhe was ſeated, and advanced a few ſteps towards them, which the Jew eſteeming a good omen, advanced alſo himſelf towards her, that he might ſalute her—but ſhe ſtepping backward, fixed her eyes upon him with ſuch a look of pity, ſorrow and indignation, mingled together, which no words can expreſs, as ſtruck into ſtone the purpoſe of his ſoul, and fixed him in awe at a ſmall diſtance from her. Quickly recovering himſelf, he made a profound bow; and Caroline, addreſſing herſelf to Mrs. Searchwell, ſaid—'I 'ſhould be glad, Madam, to know 'the deſign of your introducing this 'gentleman in ſuch a manner to me? '—What is your purpoſe, Sir? ſpeak, 'for I would fain know, that your 'buſineſs may be diſpatched, and that 'I may again be left alone, unmoleſted, 'and without any diſturbance of this 'kind.'—'His buſineſs, Miſs, is to 'ſee you,' ſaid the beldame; 'ſo pray 'ſit down and make the gentleman 'welcome—away with your ſcruples 'and nonſenſe; give him your hand, 'and make up matters peaceably and 'quietly. It will be better for you.'—'Aye,' ſaid the Jew, 'make up mat-'ters peaceably and quiet, Miſs—it 'will be better for you and me too, ſo 'it will.'—'I do not underſtand either 'your or her meaning, Sir,' ſaid Caroline; 'though I apprehend ſome dread-'ful purpoſe in your words: but re-'member, and obſerve, I am reſolute; 'and if you intend any harm to me, 'you ſhall have my life freely—but I 'will never be that baſe wretch, you, 'Madam, would make me—you do the 'worſt you can to me—and yet you 'neither can nor will hurt me.' Her reſolution being thus exerted to the utmoſt, tears burſt from her eyes, and ſhe immediately fell proſtrate on the floor, weeping and groaning in a manner that would have affected any hearts but thoſe of a bawd and a Jew! They, however, were not at all moved, and Mrs. Searchwell obſerved to her friend that now was the time—ſhe was down, and he might have the advantage: ſhe herſelf would help him. The wretch took the hint, and throwing himſelf down, was about to employ his hands in the vile profanation of her tender, lovely, ſpotleſs limbs. But who have ſtrength like the injured and innocent? ſtrength not their own, and powers not only from themſelves! She ſtarted up—ruſhed from his infamous touch, ſprung by Mrs. Searchwell, and with the violence of her ſpeed throwing her down, made the beſt of her way through the door in the wainſcot, which providentially was left a-jarr, and haſtening down the ſtairs, was met by the perſon who had acquainted Mr. Jaiſon with the tidings of her, who perceiving her, ran haſtily before her, bidding her follow him, and ſafely conducted her from that ſhocking and deteſtable place into the ſtreets—ſecure from the Jew, and from Mrs. Searchwell; who ariſing nimbly as ſhe could from the floor, haſtened to purſue her, alarming the houſe with a voice loud as thunder, and terrible as that *impetuous and jarring ſound, which thoſe infernal doors grated on their brazen hinges, (ſhaking even the loweſt bottom of Erebus)* which *Sin* opened for *Satan*, and through which he entered into that chaos, where ſcarcely leſs confuſion reigned, than quickly reigned in the houſe of Mrs. Searchwell; and where *his ear was ſcarce leſs pealed* with noiſes loud and ruinous (to compare great things with ſmall) than was every ear in this dwelling, with the curſes of Mrs. Searchwell, her cries and groans, the lamentations and howlings of her nieces, and the ſcreams and out-cries of all her ſervants! There was no leſs noiſe——

—Than when Bellona ſtorms,
With all her battering engines bent to raze
Some capital city; nor leſs, than if this frame
Of heav'n were falling, and theſe elements
In mutiny had from her axle torn
The ſtedfaſt earth———

For in her haſte of purſuing, Mrs. Searchwell miſſed her ſtep down one of the ſtairs, and down ſhe fell from almoſt the higheſt to the bottom; her immenſe bulk with impetuous recoil bounding from ſtair to ſtair, while ſhe roared with fearful aſtoniſhment, and ſhook the whole houſe with her bellowing! She was taken up at the bottom ſenſeleſs; and a ſurgeon was inſtantly called to her relief, who making the proper applications, bleeding, &c. ordered her to bed, where recovering her ſenſes, ſhe lay in the utmoſt inward pain and agony; raved, and denounced curſes terrible to hear, and preſented all hell in herſelf to the view of every aſtoniſhed beholder.

In the midſt of all this uproar and diſturbance, in came Mr. Jaiſon and his man Peter, perfectly *frenchified*, yea more ſo than any one of our modern beaux, who with all the inſignificance of foreign dreſs, ſmiles in the ſide-box, and fancies he does honour to his country by aping all the abſurd faſhions and ridiculous follies of other nations.—Doomed to continual diſappointment and chagrin, Mr. Jaiſon could ſcarcely keep any tolerable bounds, or refrain from diſcovering himſelf; when, on his admiſſion into a room, he ſtayed ſome time, and found no appearance of the man, whoſe preſence he longed for, as the means of conducting him to his beloved Caroline. He had not, however, waited long in expectation, before in ruſhed Peter with no ſmall haſte and precipitancy; ſo big was he with the news he brought, that he could not ſpeak a ſyllable—but heſitating and ſtammering, at length he vented—'Sir, 'Sir, ſhe's gone! ſhe's gone away, juſt 'now!'—'What do you mean?' replied Mr. Jaiſon, with the utmoſt haſte and anxiety. 'Why, Sir,' ſaid Peter, ſomething recovered from his ſurprize; 'ſhe, 'Miſs Caroline, I know it is her! I 'ſay, ſhe has gotten away from the old 'bawd by ſome means or other; run 'down ſtairs; and, as far as I can find, 'our friend, the man there, you know 'who, with her; and they are both gone 'quite clear off—and more than that, 'the old devil—how glad I am of it—'the old bawd, Mother Searchwell, 'following her, has tumbled down 'ſtairs, and broke her neck—thanks be 'to God for ſuch good luck!—an old 'devil, it's come home to her at laſt.' Mr. Jaiſon immediately called a waiter to know the truth of the matter; from whom gaining an imperfect account, with which he was half ſatisfied, and half diſpleaſed, he made the mother's misfortune a pretence for his departure, and with his man Peter ſallied forth in anxious ſolicitude to enquire after and recover his loſt jewel, whom ſo many unlucky accidents ſo long prevented him from obtaining; unable as he was in ſuch a caſe to bear delay, unwilling as he was one moment to be kept from her.

Caroline, we may obſerve, for her preſent low and weak ſtate of body, exerted unuſual ſtrength; but what cannot fear armed with virtue and reſolution perform? However, in ſuch caſes it generally happens, that after violent exertion of the powers, a more violent languor ſucceeds: which was the caſe with Caroline; who had not advanced many ſteps into the ſtreet, before her faculties all reſigned their functions, and down ſhe dropped in the deepeſt ſwoon. Her companion, by the aſſiſtance of a chairman at hand, removed her into a neighbouring tavern, and making ſome part of her caſe known to the miſtreſs of the houſe, requeſted her to take all due care of her, while he went to inform the young lady's friends of her preſent circumſtances and ſituation. Accordingly, the good woman removed her up ſtairs, ſent for a ſurgeon to bleed, or at leaſt apply proper relief; and in ſome time ſhe recovered, though in the utmoſt diſtreſs and flutter of ſpirits, not knowing where ſhe was, or how ſhe came thither, and fearing leſt ſhe was again fallen into ſome dreadful and deſtructive ſnare. But theſe fears were quickly removed by the humane behaviour of the miſtreſs of the houſe, whoſe tender concern for her diſpelled her fears, and gave her ſome glimpſe of the joy ſhe was ſpeedily to receive: her ſpirits were by degrees greatly recruited, and though ſhe was deſirous of being removed to Mrs. Stevens's, yet, at the preſſing ſolicitation of the good woman of the houſe, ſhe conſented to ſtay till

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the man returned; who, ſhe informed Caroline, was gone with all haſte to bring her friends to her, and who doubtleſs would ſpeedily be back again. But tedious as the days appear to a captive already redeemed, and ſhortly to be reſtored to perfect liberty; tedious as the hours to a virgin betrothed, and ſpeedily to be bleſſed in the arms of her beloved huſband; ſo tedious, yea, and far more ſo, did the time, the minutes, the moments, ſeem to Caroline, till ſhe received ſome information, and till ſhe beheld ſome whom ſhe knew, and in whom ſhe could confide. Nor was it long before ſhe was thus bleſſed—a reward certainly due to her for her ſtrict perſeverance in the ways of virtue, and firm reſolution in the ſchool of innocence.

Oh, ye ſimple ones! ye daughters of fearfulneſs and trembling! ye children of ſhame and diſhonour! why will ye not learn to be wiſe, why will ye not hearken and conſider? Sorrow loſes it's ſting, it's poiſon ſhall not harm you, when virtue embalms with her precious ointment the deep wound; the cup of affliction hath no bitter in it, when innocence purges the draught, and caſts her ſweet drugs into the potion. Why ſhould you fear aught but the loſs of virtue, why ſhould you dread any evil but the deſtruction of your innocence? Preſerve them, and be bleſſed: they are a ſure defence againſt all mortal diſquietude. Sin only produces ſorrow: ſhe that dares reſiſt temptations, that hath the courage to be virtuous, ſhall aſſuredly be crowned with a bright circlet of unfading glory. Virtue brings Peace; Innocence never fails to reward thoſe who triumph under her banners; and Honour gladdens every one who baſks in the ſunſhine of his dwelling. Be virtuous, then, O ye daughters of beauty, and ye ſhall be bleſſed—let Innocence ſmile on your roſy cheeks, and perfect Love ſhall there make his abode—let Honour's high ſteps for ever attend you, and behold you are near to the temple of everſure and ever-glorious Felicity.

CHAP. VIII.

MR. JAISON'S ANXIETY. HIS HAPPY MEETING WITH CAROLINE. THEIR CONVERSATION AND EXQUISITE LOVE. THEIR RETURN TO MRS. STEVENS'S.—IN THIS CHAPTER THE LEARNED READER MAY FIND MATTER FOR DEEP DISPUTE AND SPECULATION.

MR. Jaiſon was in the utmoſt anxiety, when he departed from Mrs. Searchwell's, which way to betake himſelf, or where to go, as moſt probable to meet with Caroline: he was ſtrongly of opinion ſhe would haſten to Mrs. Stevens's. Peter imagined his friend the informer would make the beſt of his way to Mr. Jaiſon's chambers; ſo that in this doubtfulneſs of council it was determin'd that Mr. Jaiſon ſhould adjourn to his chambers, and free himſelf from his diſguiſe, and that Peter ſhould depart to Mrs. Stevens's, and wait there for ſome information. Accordingly they parted—luckily it ſo fell out, that Mr. Jaiſon arrived on the ſtairs leading to his chambers, juſt as the man from Caroline was coming down, not a little diſappointed in finding him from home. The chronological reader muſt have obſerved, from an exact conſideration of the time, that it was now dark, and late in the evening; and as Mr. Jaiſon was diſguiſed in his dreſs, the fellow was on the brink of paſſing him: Mr. Jaiſon, however, called to him, aſking his name and buſineſs there. The man recollected his voice, and with great triumph cried out, 'Well, Sir, ſhe's ſafe! I have 'her, Sir; come, follow me, and I'll 'lead you to the young lady.' Can the joy of a heart be expreſſed, which having loſt it's ſole pleaſures, hope, and happineſs, and being plunged in the depth of deſpair, on a ſudden and unexpectedly recovers all it's wiſhes, and is in a moment raiſed to the higheſt ſatisfaction? If the joy of ſuch a heart cannot be expreſſed, be aſſured, reader, that of Mr. Jaiſon's ſurpaſſes all my power to declare.—He ſpoke not to the man any more than—'Lead, my friend; I fol-'low.'—His heart was too full for utterance; he could not ſpeak, it throbbed too quick, and the faculties of his ſoul were too much tied up with eager expectation. He ſeemed to tread in air, as he paſſed along the ſtreets, following his guide, and with haſty ſteps and long, ſtrode impatiently, meaſuring every pace, and deeming every ſtep a furlong. O, how could he then have wiſhed for that mighty power in ſtriding, which Homer ſo grandly, ſublimely, and nobly, (as learned

learned critieks write) allots to the mighty monarch of the waves.

At Jove incens'd, with grief and fury ſtung,
Prone down the rocky ſteep * rush'd along:
Fierce as he paſs'd, the lofty mountains nod,
The foreſts ſhake, earth trembled as he trod,
And felt the footſteps of the watr'y God†.
From realm to realm three ample ſtrides ‡ he took!
And at the fourth the diſtant Ægæ ſhook!

Though not with altogether ſo few ſteps, yet with expedition, paſſing wonder indeed, Mr. Jaiſon arrived at the tavern, which held the darling of his ſoul. He was immediately conducted up ſtairs to her; and on the long-wiſhed view of his deareſt Caroline, melted into tears, while he flew to her arms, embracing and embraced with all the fervour of the moſt tender and moſt ardent affection. 'And do I then,' ſaid he, 'do I then hold thee thus! do I again 'encircle my life's comfort, my ſoul, 'my darling, in theſe arms!—Oh, my 'Caroline, my love, my joy!' Fain would ſhe have ſpoken, fain would ſhe have uttered ſomething of that which her heart now felt; but the ſincerity and ſtrength of her paſſion, joined to the faintneſs of her body, forbade all ſpeaking; while with a deep ſigh ſhe dropped her head on his boſom, and melting into tears, continued in ſilence and ſweetneſs inexpreſſible. Mr. Jaiſon's whole ſoul was moved; language was too poor to expreſs his heart; he therefore continued ſilent alſo; and both, in gentle embraces, indulged a pleaſing ſadneſs, which perhaps excelled all the joy either of them had ever felt in life before. At length, however, he broke the ſtilly ſolemn ſilence; and, 'Oh, my Caroline,' ſaid he, 'what have you ſuffered! what 'a dreadful interval has this been! Let 'us never part more, let us not be di'vided again: for, on my ſoul, I knew 'not how I loved you; I was unac'quainted with the ſincerity and vio'lence of my paſſion for you, deareſt 'creature, before I had this horrid 'proof, this melancholy aſſurance, how 'dear you was to me; how much more 'precious than liberty, than life, and 'every thing below! O my Caroline, 'how ſhall I make thee amends for all 'thy ſufferings? How, my love, ſhall 'I make thee moſt happy? Speak! for 'my very ſoul melts with fondneſs for 'you, and my whole heart is big with 'the tendereſt and moſt ſincere affec'tion.'—'This moment,' replied ſhe, 'makes me amends, indeed: for my 'own part, I am ſo much indebted to 'you, ſo abſolutely, on every account, 'your ſlave, that you have but to com'mand, and I muſt obey—I am ſure 'you will command nothing inconſiſ'tent with your or my honour. Indeed, 'my heart bears me witneſs, that I have 'ſuch ſincerity of eſteem for you, as to 'be able, through it, to vanquiſh every 'difficulty, and to go through every 'hardſhip: and ſhould I not be unge'nerous to deny it? No, thou beſt and 'deareſt of men, ſuch inſtances as I 'have received of your generoſity and 'friendſhip, I ſhould have a heart cold 'indeed not to be touched with grati'tude—blame not, then, my ſincerity; 'tax me not with forwardneſs: in my 'caſe, and in my unhappy circum'ſtances, I hope, there is no fear of 'it—Alas! I have been ſo very wretch-

* Neptune.

† Mr. Pope reads *immortal* here: we, for ſundry good reaſons, read *wat'ry*.

‡ *Three ample ſtrides.*] This is a *very grand imagination*: we are told, that at four ſteps he reached Ægæ, which (ſuppoſing it meant the town of that name in Eubœa, which lay the higheſt to Thrace) is hardly leſs than a *degree* at *each ſtep!* One may, from a view of the map, *imagine* him ſtriding from promontory to promontory; his firſt ſtep on Mount Athos, his ſecond on Paliene, his third upon Pelion, and his fourth in Eubœa! Dacier is *not* to be *forgiven*, for omitting this *miraculous* circumſtance, which ſo perfectly agrees with the *marvellous* air of the whole paſſage, and without which the *ſublime* image of Homer is not compleat! POPE.——What a giant, gentle reader, was this ſame Neptune! and what a prodigious poet, this ſame Homer! but his great commentator, what juſtice hath he done him—how finely hath he explained this *grand* and ſublime paſſage! Do you not admire our ſimilitude? Can you not, by contemplating a map of London, imagine you ſee Mr. Jaiſon ſtriding from the Temple to Covent-Garden? His firſt ſtep on Temple Bar; his ſecond on the New Church in the Strand; his third ſtep on Long's Warehouſe, the *corner* of Taviſtock Street, or on Mr. Garrick's houſe, (as being the higheſt) in Southampton Street; and his next in the Piazzas'—Is it not grand?

'ed,

'ed, and now am so brought into a new 'world, that if in the wantonness of 'my heart I have said any thing unbe-'coming the modesty or reserve of my 'sex, oh, impute it not to me, but 'pardon my frailty, and excuse the 'openness of my soul.'—'I pardon, I 'excuse! my life, my love!' rejoined Mr. Jaison, with inexpressible ardour, embracing her with the utmost fondness, and printing a thousand kisses on her lovely cheek) 'oh, this well repays 'my toil and labour; this moment— 'what then will the future do?—well 'rewards me for every anxious thought, 'and for all the misery I have felt on 'thy account—thou dearest of women, 'thou loveliest, best of thy sex! Though 'I may seem too hasty, though possibly 'you may judge me too precipitate, 'yet consider our distresses, consider our 'circumstances, and then do not refuse, 'what on my knees I most earnestly re-'quest of you to grant me.' On which words he was about to fall on his knees before her; which she preventing, observed, that he who had a just title to command her in all things honourable, should not, on any account, address her in such a form; she therefore begged him to ask whatever he designed, promising by no means to refuse, if it was in her power to grant it.—'I most 'earnestly, then,' continued he, 'I most 'fervently desire, my loveliest, kindest 'Caroline, that you would consent to 'be my bride, my soul, my wife! 'and on the blessed morrow give me 'that dear hand and heart.' A flood of tears from her eyes prevented any reply; and caused such a moment's disquietude and anxiety in Mr. Jaison's soul, as was not to be paralleled. 'Into what,' said he, with violent haste, 'into what, my love, am I to construe 'this?—say, is it a refusal?—yet say 'not that, if you intend to preserve my 'life! Oh, ease my fears, deliver me 'from my dread!—speak, dearest Ca-'roline, I entreat of you—speak to me, 'resolve me, make me, O make me 'the most happy of men!' While he was uttering these words, she stretched out her hand, whiter than the purest snow, and gave it to him, which he received with transport, holding it to his panting, throbbing heart, and fixing his glowing lips to it with joy and rapture, such as true lovers only feel, and such as true lovers only can conceive. 'Dear-'est, softest, loveliest hand!' said he, fixing his eyes upon it, 'sure pledge of 'my heavenly mistress's heart! Thou 'art mine, for ever mine! and I will 'love thee, will honour and adore thee 'and her, with more veneration than 'dying saints cleave to their protecting 'gods! O admirable snowy whiteness; 'emblem of thy spotless soul! my Ca-'roline, my wife, my espoused! let me 'address thee in every tendereſt name, 'for thou art all that's lovely, all that's 'tender, all that's amiable, and all that's 'desirable below! my soul shall live but 'for thee; my heart shall only beat for 'thee; my thoughts, sleeping and wak-'ing, shall be thine; and it shall be the 'whole concern of every hour, how to 'bless thee, how to give thee joy, and 'how to shew thee that my passion as 'far surpasses all other men's, as thy 'excellencies, dear woman, surpass the 'excellencies of all other women!'—'And witness against me,' replied she, 'Mr. Jaison, upbraid me with all that's 'base, and mean, and low, if I ever 'prove deficient in any the least branch 'of my duty to you; if I do not make 'it the one only study of my hours to 'please and delight you, to give you 'happiness, and to soothe your soul with 'the most fond, sincere, and gentle en-'dearments! As I never can or will 'know any other pleasure, but the plea-'sure of your company, and the tran-'sports of your dear presence, so teach 'me how most to render myself in every 'respect amiable, how to become so 'lovely ever in your eyes, as to bless 'you with unpalling delight, and to 'chear you with satisfactions that shall 'know not the least intermission. My 'unwearied care shall be to shew how 'much I love you, and how much I am 'sensible of the value and greatness of 'your love to me; for surely never was 'woman yet so obliged to any man, 'never did any man take a woman to 'his arms so sensible of the obligations, 'and I trust and hope so likely to prove 'constantly mindful of and grateful for 'them! May the blessings of Heaven 'ever attend us both! and may we 'grow together in such sincere esteem 'and affection, that every day may im-'prove upon the last, and every one 'that beholds us cry out—"See how "much they love one another!"

Can'st thou wonder, O reader, if thy heart hath ever felt the least share of

that powerful paſſion, which ſo prevailed over this happy couple, can'ſt thou be in the leaſt amazed, that the time imperceptibly and unregarded ſtole away, and that they perfectly forgot all ſupport of food, all refreſhment to their bodies, while their united ſouls were thus banqueting in mutual delight and pleaſure, that ſwallowed up every faculty, and triumphed on every exulting throb in their hearts? They were, however, in ſome meaſure aroused from this fond reverie, by the kind inſtruction of the miſtreſs of the houſe; who, ſolicitous for Caroline's welfare, came to enquire after it; and to give a gentle hint, that company which did not call for any thing was not altogether ſo acceptable. Mr. Jaiſon accordingly ordered what was proper and agreeable; and after a ſmall and ſparing repaſt, he conveyed Miſs Caroline to Mrs. Stevens's, having highly ſatisfied the good landlady, and given that content to all which his own delighted ſoul enjoyed. It was indeed ſo late, that he had but ſmall expectations to find the family up; and Caroline was ſomething nice in taking up her lodgings any where elſe. Which Mr. Jaiſon obſerving, could not help, with concern, ſaying to her, 'Alas! my dear Caroline, I 'am ſorry to find you place ſo little 'confidence in me—why do you not 'repoſe your whole heart in me? why 'do you do me ſuch injury, as to have 'the leaſt ſuſpicion of my love and honour? Have I not eſpouſed you? are 'you not my wife? and do you think 'it poſſible for me to do any thing baſe 'or mean to you, dearer as you are to 'me than myſelf, and whoſe virtue and 'innocence are my whole joy and ſatisfaction? Could I not ſet patiently 'the whole night by your bed, and 'guard you? could I not, with the utmoſt ſincerity, be with you, and protect you, without any evil luſts or criminal intentions, which would defeat 'and deſtroy all my future ſchemes of 'happineſs, and diſappoint me of that 'joy, that lawful and extatick joy, 'which, believe me, never man longed 'more to partake than I do in your 'ſoft and lovely embraces?'—'Do not 'imagine, Mr. Jaiſon,' replied ſhe, 'that 'I could ſuſpect you, who have ever 'been the guardian of my honour, of 'any evil intentions, any wrong or criminal deſires: no; far, very far from 'that. But, ſurely, you cannot con'demn that modeſty which you are 'pleaſed to approve; or diſlike that re'ſerve, which, as it highly becomes 'me, ſo doth it highly adorn our ſex. 'I could, and do indeed truſt myſelf, 'nay, wholly repoſe myſelf in you: I 'look upon myſelf as much your wife, 'as if the prieſt had really joined our 'hands; yet my ſoul fears any approaches to boldneſs which ſhould in 'the leaſt diſguſt you; nay, and I have 'the pleaſure to confeſs, my nature and 'whole diſpoſition is perfectly contrary 'to all that forwardneſs, which muſt, 'in my opinion, make the moſt lovely 'woman grow taſteleſs, if not nauſeous.'—'Oh,' replied Mr. Jaiſon, 'how I delight to hear that tongue, 'ſweeter than the ſweeteſt muſick! oh, 'how it thrills through my enraptured 'heart!—the language of thoſe lips, 'whence wiſdom ſo plenteouſly diſtils, 'whence delicacy ſo flows like the honey of Hybla; whence ſenſe in ſuch 'full ſtreams pours it's chearing waters 'on my love-thirſty ſoul! happy, happy hour, that I knew thee!—thrice, 'yea more than thrice happy, infinitely 'happy beyond all expreſſion, be the 'hour that gives you back to me—'that bleſſes me with this uncommon 'tranſport. But what ſhall I ſay, or 'how ſhall I expreſs the unbounded 'rapture of my ſoul!—words are wanting to ſay what I am, and what I feel, 'in the recollection that you, you, 'my Caroline, that you are mine! 'Oh, I could grow poetick in a moment: and thus inſpired by ſuch a 'muſe, though in this dark coach, this 'place ſo unfavourable to the muſes, 'chant out my ſongs of love; tell to 'every liſtening ſwain, give to every 'waving bough, and whiſper to each 'murmuring breeze, what bliſs I enjoy, and what a charmer gladdens my 'ſoul, and elevates my heart with joy! 'Do not wonder, my life, my love! do 'not wonder that I am thus beyond 'meaſure chearful; for I am beyond 'meaſure happy: and the miſery of the 'paſt time ſharpens the preſent into 'keener rapture, as the darkneſs of 'the night ſerves to ſet off the beauties 'of the orient ſun.' In ſuch diſcourſe the time preſently paſſed away, while they were journeying to Mrs. Stevens's, at whoſe houſe, when they arrived, beyond their expectations, they found the doors

doors open to them, and the firſt object which preſented itſelf was Peter, who, inſtead of coming to the coach to let them out, perceiving it was them, ran jumping and hallooing into the houſe—'They are come, they are come!—he 'has found her, he has found her!—'Madam, Madam, they are come, they 'are come!' His intention was to inform Mrs. Hodſon; but neither Mr. Jaiſon nor Caroline could refrain from laughter at ſeeing the fellow's zeal and violent agitation. Mrs. Stevens ſoon approached, but with ſome reſerve and much melancholy, to their infinite ſurprize, on her brow: however, far different was the welcome they received from Mrs Hodſon; ſhe embraced Caroline in her arms with the fondneſs of a mother, and gave the higheſt commendations to Mr. Jaiſon for his great and indefatigable care in the recovery of this poor innocent. 'For my own 'part, child,' ſaid ſhe, 'I have ſcarce 'ſuffered leſs for you, than if you had 'been my own daughter; and I know 'not that I have ever ſpent ſuch painful hours, ſince your unhappy departure, through my fears for you, 'and the other melancholy accidents 'that have happened, in my whole life: 'however, I bleſs God, I have learned 'ſuch an abſolute reſignation to his will, 'as to rely wholly on his goodneſs; and 'to eſteem every thing that befals us here, 'as tending to ſome good end; for no'thing, not the minuteſt circumſtance, 'happens to us without his providence. 'It is our buſineſs to attain ſuch a diſ'poſition, and our happineſs too, for 'then we ſhall never be ſorrowful above 'meaſure.' Mrs. Stevens imagining Mrs. Hodſon addreſſed theſe precepts to her, ſhook her head, and dropped a tear; obſerving, it was much eaſier to preach and adviſe, than to put into practice. 'True,' replied Mrs. Hodſon; 'but by 'a repeated adviſe, and a conſtant ha'bit of thinking, the proper temper will 'become habitual to us, and as eaſy 'and natural as murmuring and diſ'content.'—'Alas, Madam!' replied Mrs. Stevens, with tears, 'have I not 'reaſon for murmuring and diſcontent?' This, as was reaſonable to imagine, produced a deſire in them to be informed of the cauſe, which Mrs. Hodſon adviſed to be delayed till the morning, as ſhe perceived both Miſs Caroline and her nephew were much fatigued. Accordingly they were each conducted to their ſeveral apartments; and waited, with ſome impatience for the morning, to hear the circumſtances and occaſion of poor Mrs. Stevens's grief and uneaſineſs.

CHAP. IX.

A DISCOVERY OF MRS. HODSON IN APPEARANCE DANGEROUS. MRS. STEVENS, HER GREAT UNHAPPINESS IN HER DAUGHTER. A LETTER FROM HER. THE MISCHIEFS OF THE MODERN ROMANCES. AN INCIDENT STRANGE AND AMAZING—LIKELY TO OPEN SOME NEW SCENE IN OUR STORY.

CAROLINE's violent fatigue and ſufferings, though unfelt and unperceived during the happy time of her deliverance, and overborne by her preſent tide of joy, yet recurred with prodigious power ſoon after ſhe was compoſed for reſt, and occaſioned a general alarm in the family. Proper aid was immediately ſummoned; and the phyſicians, with gravity and great ſagacity, pronounced her caſe very dangerous, indeed. Alas, what is all earthly felicity! Mr. Jaiſon, who a few hours ſince eſteemed himſelf the moſt happy of all men living, was now abandoned to grief and diſtraction, and in the utmoſt agonies of terror and diſtreſs. Mrs. Hodſon perceiving ſuch an uncommon degree of grief in him, began to ſuſpect what before ſhe had never in the leaſt ſurmiſed; and addreſſing herſelf to Mr. Jaiſon, begged to know the reaſon of ſuch unbounded ſorrow. 'There muſt 'be, my dear nephew,' ſaid ſhe, 'ſome'thing herein more than common 'friendſhip. Sure you have not pro'ceeded any farther. I would earneſt'ly hope, there is nothing more be'tween this unhappy young creature 'and yourſelf. Sure, you have not pro'ceeded beyond thoſe bounds, which 'innocence and honeſty ſhould pre'ſcribe?'—'Alas, Madam!' replied he, 'I have gone very far, indeed; but, 'believe me, not beyond the nobleſt 'bounds of innocence and honeſty: and 'I will boldly declare to you, that if 'this dear creature ſhould do otherwiſe 'than well, I ſhall never more in this

'life be happy.'—'Fie, fie! my dear,' replied the good woman; 'think of religion, and conſider how ill ſuch a behaviour would ſuit with your dependance on the all-prevailing power of God. But why ſhould you not be happy? what particular conjunctions can there be between you and her? Sure you have never injured her? nay, you ſay, you never have; what then can you mean? for as to any alliance by marriage, the wide and prodigious difference between you hinders all ſuch thoughts.'—'Then,' rejoined Mr. Jaiſon, 'ſince you have proceeded thus far, why ſhould I conceal the reſt? Know, Madam, that though ſhe is not joined to me by the prieſt, yet ſhe is my wife, and ſhall be ſo—we are link'd in heart and ſoul —and it is not in the power of all mankind to divide us. I am her's, and ſhe is mine; and I glory in her, more than in the poſſeſſion of ten thouſand worlds! Should I be deprived of her, miſery, the moſt conſummate miſery, is the conſequence.'—'Do you not conſider, child,' ſaid Mrs. Hodſon, 'that you have a father, and that he has a right to judge in matters of that kind. Oh, bring not down ſuch anguiſh on that head, as to diſobey and diſoblige him! think—think—and God give you a due underſtanding!' Mr. Jaiſon was thunder-ſtruck at theſe words, and then firſt ſaw the difficulties wherein he muſt be involved by that diſcovery which he had made to Mrs. Hodſon. He ſat dumb, and over-awed; he knew not what to reply, and was in the utmoſt confuſion of heart and ſoul. At length, with a deep ſigh, 'Well, Madam,' ſaid he, 'there is no great fear of my incurring the diſpleaſure of my father by this means. —Poor, dear, unhappy Caroline, thou wilt never remain to make me bleſſed, or any other miſerable?—Alas! ſhe make any miſerable; her tender nature would rather endure all that ſhe hath hitherto endured, than give to any ſoul on earth a moment's pain. Softneſs and compaſſion make up her heavenly mind, and her heavenly heart is compoſed wholly of tenderneſs and love! Join with me, dear Madam, in every means for reſtore her health and eaſe. Oh! aſſiſt me with all your kindneſs; and, believe me, I will endeavour all I can to give no one pain: but I dare not be ſo diſhoneſt and ungenerous as to ſay I will ever forſake my deareſt Caroline.' Their diſcourſe was interrupted by a ſervant's informing Mr. Jaiſon that Miſs Caroline deſired to ſpeak with him. And Mrs. Hodſon immediately took the opportunity (as ſhe eſteemed it a duty incumbent upon her) to write to his father, giving him an account of his ſon's amour, and ſeeming reſolution to marry this young lady. Which letter, big with troubles to our unhappy lovers, was immediately conveyed to the poſt, and in an evil hour ſent to the father, to the future diſquietude and vexation of Caroline and Mr. Jaiſon.

As there happened nothing very material and active during the courſe of this illneſs, it may not be amiſs or unpleaſing for the reader to hear the reaſons of Mrs. Steven's uneaſineſs, which as ſhe ſat by Caroline's bed-ſide ſhe thus related to her and Mr. Jaiſon. 'I have always,' ſhe began, 'thought myſelf happy in the midſt of my misfortunes, that I have never done any thing wrong or criminal; any thing wherewith my conſcience might accuſe me; any thing that might deprive my mind of it's peace and tranquillity, of it's reſt and repoſe in God. And as I myſelf have found ſuch ſincere happineſs in an exact diſcharge of my duty, ſo have I endeavoured all I could to inſtruct my poor children, ſince the loſs of their dear father, in the ſame, that they might be worthy of ſo good a parent as he was, and through life enjoy that which is the only happineſs below. I dare ſay, you muſt have obſerved the uneaſineſs which Jenny's behaviour hath frequently given me: whoſe fondneſs for reading I always eſteemed a great bleſſing, till fooliſh and idle books of romances and novels, the deſtruction of youth, and the peſt of the age, fell into her hands, and deſtroyed all love of things ſerious and ſerviceable in her mind. I date her overthrow from a young gentleman who lodged once with me, and who, without any ill deſign, perceiving her fondneſs for reading, lent her variety of books of that kind, which ſo confounded her head and fancy, that ſhe never could think or act in a proper manner. O that I had a voice loud enough, and a perſuaſion ſtrong enough, to make every parent hear and

obſerve

'obſerve, how pernicious ſuch books 'are, of what dangerous tendency, of 'what fatal conſequences! They give 'the mind a wrong bias, and turn it 'wholly aſide into the road of pleaſure, 'and of courſe into the road of ruin. At 'leaſt, I have the miſery to ſay ſo from 'moſt unhappy experience; nay, and 'with ſorrow I have obſerved it more 'than once. Infatuated by books of 'this kind, and introduced by ſome 'unlucky means to a taſte of the plea-'ſures and diverſions of our times, ſtill 'more fatal than the former, I per-'ceived my poor girl in the utmoſt dan-'ger, and with all my power endea-'voured to ſhew her the folly of theſe 'things, and the uneaſineſs ſhe gave me 'thereby. Fooliſh mothers are too 'often blinded: ſhe had ſo much to 'urge in her own behalf, ſo many rea-'ſons to give for the advantages of ſee-'ing the world, making her fortune, and 'the like; and beſides, had ſuch a deal 'to ſay on the ſtrength of her virtue, 'her reſolutions to die rather than ever 'do any thing contrary to the ſtricteſt 'purity, and much of the ſame kind, 'that I was perſuaded ſhe would never 'do any thing amiſs, I was convinced 'Jenny could never offend. But, oh! 'the dreadful iſſue ſhewed my miſtake. 'How ſhall I relate it? how ſhall I 'expreſs my agony? Think of what 'a mother muſt ſuffer on ſuch a decla-'ration as I heard from her yeſterday, 'when forbidding her going as ſhe de-'ſired to that villain, whom you, Sir, 'have almoſt killed, to Fortebrand, ſhe 'told me ſhe would and muſt go—for ſhe 'that ſhe was with child by him—and 'that ſhe loved him dearer than her-'ſelf? I fell into a fit on hearing it; 'and ſhe greatly unconcerned, as I 'was told, called in aſſiſtance for me, 'and leaving me in that deplorable con-'dition, departed to that vile raſcal, 'who has debauched my poor, poor 'child, and who is well enough reco-'vered from his wound to join with her 'in abuſing and condemning me. The 'loſs of her innocence, and her preſent 'ſituation, is dreadful beyond expreſ-'ſion: but to think of ſuch baſe ingra-'titude added to it; ingratitude from 'ſuch a child, and to a mother ſo kind 'and tender as I have ever been to her! 'Poor miſerable Lear, I always think 'of him, and fear I ſhall go mad like 'him, provoked as I am by the ſame 'cauſe, and urged by the ſame ingrati-'tude. Well did he ſay,

'Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend!
'More hideous, when thou ſhew'ſt thee in a child,
'Than the ſea-monſter!'

Mrs. Stevens was proceeding, when her narration was interrupted by a letter, which having firſt run over, ſhe burſt into tears, and gave it to Mr. Jaiſon to read. The contents were theſe.

'HONOURED MADAM,

'FOR ſo I ſtill think myſelf obliged 'to call you, though, as the 'poet ſays, "Cruelty deſtroys all du-"ty;" and, indeed, your cruelty to 'me, as you muſt know yourſelf, is 'very great and dreadful. I am ſure 'there has never been a more dutiful 'child, and why you ſhould be averſe 'to my making my fortune, and myſelf 'happy, is utterly unaccountable, ex-'cept on the ſame motives that the 'charming Clariſſa's inhuman and bru-'tiſh parents prevented her happineſs 'with that moſt delightful creature, 'ſweet Mr. Lovelace. As I have read, 'and I hope to advantage, I have well 'conſidered the reaſons wherefore theſe 'perſons, as Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe, 'Miſs Sophia Weſtern, Arabella, Ame-'lia, and the reſt, have met with ſo 'much uneaſineſs and diſappointment 'in life, and I have perceived it to pro-'ceed from a fooliſh notion imbibed 'early in youth, (and prejudices you 'know, Madam, Fielding inimitably 'obſerves, are not eaſily got the better 'of)—what was I ſaying?—O, their 'misfortunes all aroſe from an abſurd 'regard to ſcrupulous virtue, a falſe 'phantom, which they frighted them-'ſelves with; for if they had each given 'way a little, it is plain they had avoid-'ed infinite miſchiefs and miſery. Now, 'Madam, as I am aſſured you have a 'much better opinion of me than to 'think I have ſo ill-diſtinguiſhing a 'head as to read without making pro-'per reflections and improvement; and 'as I conceive this moral way of writ-'ing, in which we of this age ſo much 'excel, and which, to be ſure, is the 'fineſt, beſt and moſt inſtructive way of 'writing that ever was invented, is to 'teach us life, and to direct us in the

'know

'knowledge of things, ſo I have read 'with this view, and greatly improved 'my way of thinking, avoiding the 'errors there recorded, and following 'my better judgment, have without any 'of their troubles made myſelf happy. 'For never did a man, no, not all the 'Lovelaces, or Jones's, or Booths, or 'Pickles, or Randoms, or all the men 'in the world, never did they love a 'woman, as dear charming Mr. Forte-'brand loves me: he ſits by me and 'kiſſes me, and bids me ſay ſo; nay, 'now he inſiſts upon it, that I let him 'put in a word—' (Here was written, in Mr. Fortebrand's hand) "Ma-"dam, what ſhe ſays is true, d—me! "FORTEBRAND."

'Well, never was any woman more 'happy, and can I diſtruſt his love? 'No, he declares he will marry me, if 'I deſire it; though, to be ſure, as he 'obſerves, there is no great matter in 'it, only juſt to ſatisfy one's friends and 'the world; though, indeed, I think, it 'rather more faſhionable not to marry. 'As to marriage, Madam, it is only a 'ceremony, and ceremonies cannot tie 'hearts.

'Hearts united are the thing;
'Love alone can hearts unite:
'Prieſts may join with words and ring;
'Nought but love can hold us tight.

'So true are the words of that de-'lightful poet—what—who? I forget 'his name; but no matter for that. 'However, I tend, Madam, to the bu-'ſineſs and concluſion of my letter. I 'would not have you uneaſy; for I am 'not ſo. If you can be tolerably civil, 'I ſhall be glad to ſee you at my lodg-'ings with my dear, ſweet Forte: if 'not, I beg you would not interrupt 'my happineſs, but believe me always 'to be, and ever to continue, your 'moſt happy, moſt fortunate, and de-'lighted daughter,

'JANE FORTEBRAND.'

Mr. Jaiſon, on concluding the letter, promiſed Mrs. Stevens all the aſſiſtance in his power; and adviſed, as the leaſt evil of the two, that Mrs. Stevens ſhould diſſemble any diſlike, viſit her daughter, and, if poſſible, procure a marriage between them. The poor, unfortunate woman was in ſuch violent grief, that advice was then unavailing. She was ſo overborne with her diſtreſs, that counſel, in Shakeſpeare's fine phraſe,

Fell into her ears as profitleſs
As water in a ſieve——

Nay, ſhe might well go on in the words of the unhappy Leonato—(*Much Ado about Nothing*, act v. ſc. 1.)

——Give not me counſel,
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But ſuch a one whoſe wrong doth ſuit with mine.
Bring me a father that ſo lov'd a child,
Whoſe joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him ſpeak of patience:
Meaſure his love, the length and breadth of mine,
And let it anſwer every ſtrain for ſtrain.
——bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no ſuch man; for, brother, men,
Can counſel, and give comfort to that grief
Which they themſelves not feel: but taſting it,
Their counſel turns to paſſion, which before
Wou'd give preceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter ſtrong madneſs in a ſilken thread,
Charm ach with air, and agony with words.
No, no; 'tis all men's office to ſpeak patience
To thoſe that wring under the load of ſorrow;
But no man's virtue nor ſufficiency,
To be ſo moral when he ſhall endure
The like himſelf: therefore, give me no counſel;
My griefs cry louder than advertiſement.

And ſo, indeed, did the griefs of this unfortunate mother, which no words could at all aſſuage, and which no comforts could at all diminiſh. Miſerable mother of a more miſerable daughter, born to ſorrow, and created only to inherit diſtreſs! Alas! poor world, what haſt thou worth enjoying! how full of diſquietude are all thy comforts! how abounding with miſeries all thy enjoyments! Happy they, yea, far happieſt among the children of men, who having no hope, build not at all on this ſandy mole-hill; but, with a ſteady eye, look forwards to a future inheritance, and on the rock of heavenly adamant tread firm and confident towards the bright regions of immortality. Theſe reflections cannot be too ſerious for the occaſion; for we have at preſent melancholy only around us. A ſick-bed, above all things, compels

pels the mind to ſelf-recollection, and more particularly the ſick-bed of a perſon ſo young and blooming as Caroline: but no leſs forcibly do the misfortunes of a tender parent drive us to commiſeration, and force us to tender concern. May the parent who ſhall read theſe pages gather inſtruction therefrom! Love ye not the little darlings of all your hopes and pleaſures? Do you not rejoice to ſee them grow up in outward grace and beauty? Are ye not charmed to behold their innocent cheeks glow with the ruddy gladneſs of the damaſk roſe, and health and elegance ſhine in their every feature? and will ye not take more eſpecial care that their minds too grow in grace and beauty, and that in full health and ſtrength they may reliſh the ſweet repaſts of virtue, and nauſeate the ſickly, though palatable dainties of vice? Oh, be wiſe; and early in youth, form them to the love of truth and goodneſs; rewards innumerable attend the care, and bleſſings without end wait to crown ſuch true parental ſolicitude! Of their books and their company, be particularly nice: of their maſters and tutors be ſtill more careful. Guard them from ſelf-opinion; and, for their everlaſting good, give them not early a taſte of pleaſures. Do not, oh do not in youth initiate them into the many faſhionable ſchools of vice, wherewith our age and nation abounds, and wherein to have made a progreſs is eſteemed now almoſt a virtue! Oh, tremble and be afraid of their inſinuations, and guard them from thence, as ye would guard them from the den of the ſerpent, as ye would ſecure them from the hole of the cockatrice!

That our little hiſtory might not be wholly uſeleſs and unprofitable, we have judged it not amiſs to inſert ſuch admonitions as might, if received, bring ſome advantage to the reader. We truſt and hope they will do ſo; though, indeed, they were no other than ſuch as our preſent company themſelves made, and ſuch as of courſe demanded, and have a juſt right to a place herein. From Mrs. Hodſon's lips (who was now come into the room) counſel diſtilled as the dew, and inſtruction flowed ſweet and plentiful as honey from the rocks of Hymettus. Oh, how amiable is wiſdom, when adorned and beautified with elegance and delicacy! in a female, lovely and engaging, how doth ſenſe ſhine, how doth goodneſs appear with luſtre more than her own! Like the diamond, ſet in gold, whoſe rays are brightened by it's encircling glory, and which each add to each new beauties and double luſtre! Their concern for Mrs. Stevens was by no means abated, when the ſervant came in, acquainting Miſs Caroline, that a perſon below, in a ſeeming hurry, deſired inſtantly to ſpeak with her. Mr. Jaiſon, as ſhe was herſelf unable, went down to him; and enquiring, found that he came from Mr. Dookalb, with a meſſage from an old, grey-headed gentleman there, who requeſted, without any loſs of time, to ſee Miſs Caroline at his houſe. Mr. Jaiſon deſired to know who the gentleman was; concerning which, gaining no information, he went and told Miſs Caroline; who, by the joint advice of them all, returned for anſwer back, that if the gentleman would be pleaſed to ſend his name or buſineſs in writing, ſhe ſhould then know what anſwer to return: with which the meſſenger retired, and left them in great anxiety and conſternation; though Mr. Jaiſon was firmly perſuaded, as he obſerved to them, that it was ſome wicked ſcheme of Dookalb's to get her again into his power. Mrs. Hodſon imagined that it could not be ſo, as he proceeded in ſo open a manner, and ſo unlikely to ſucceed: which Mr. Jaiſon the rather ſuſpected, as knowing Dookalb well verſed in every art, and not uncommonly uſing the faireſt cloak, and the moſt unſuſpected guiſe, the more ſecurely to deceive, and the more certainly to delude. However, they were not ſuffered to continue long in their anxiety, for the meſſenger ſpeedily returned and brought with him a note, which he delivered to the maid, having, as he declared, ſtrict injunctions, that it ſhould immediately be given into the hands of Miſs Caroline; who, weak as ſhe was, raiſed herſelf up in her bed, and immediately upon opening the note, dropped it from her hands, burſt into tears, and fell backward into her bed in the utmoſt agony, beating her breaſt, and crying out with the moſt piteous lamentation, 'Oh, my father—my fa-'ther—my poor, poor father—oh, my 'father, my father!'

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

THE

THE SISTERS.

BOOK V.

CHAP. I.

THE MELANCHOLY PARTING OF MR. SANSON AND HIS FAMILY. HIS JOURNEY TO TOWN. HIS KIND RECEPTION FROM MR. DOOKALB. HIS SORROW AND ANXIETY, WITH MR. DOOKALB'S ADVICE AND COUNSEL.

THE reader may remember, that the unhappy Mr. Sanſon had determined, in caſe he ſhould gain no information concerning his daughters, to his and the family's ſatisfaction, to make the beſt of his way to London, and there gain that knowledge, the want of which was ſo prejudicial to his peace, and the obtaining of which, he feared, might prove infinitely more prejudical. Accordingly the poor old man, faint in heart, and no leſs faint in body, ſupplied from the hard hands of a griping and inſolent uſurer, with a ſmall pittance for his journey, prepared to depart from his tender and afflicted wife, from his unhappy and weeping children. No words can picture the diſtreſs of the wretched family on his departure: his wife embraced him with fear and agony, and hung over him ſpeechleſs for ſome time, while her copious tears bedewed his boſom, and mixed with the ſtream that plentifully flowed from his eyes; the little children, moved by this ſtate of their parents, clung around them, weeping and lamenting, and nothing but mourning and diſtreſs was heard or ſeen in theſe miſerable dwellings. 'Oh, my wife!' ſaid the affectionate huſband, 'theſe many years 'we have lived together in love and 'friendſhip, and you have made me the 'father of many children, in whom we 'have but too much delighted, in whom 'we have taken but too much pleaſure, 'and on whom we have built our hopes 'but too, too high, alas! as our downfall I fear will fatally prove. Heaven 'only knows whether I ſhall ever behold 'you more here below; for I am weak 'and infirm, and perhaps unable to ſupport the burden of ſorrows which Providence ſhall think good to lay upon 'me: but I truſt, we ſhall meet in a 'better, far better world! and finding 'all our ſins forgiven, enjoy the reward 'of that little degree of faithfulneſs, 'which we have ſhewn in our duties 'to each other and our family. Bear 'witneſs, my dear little babes, and remember what I now tell you, that 'there never was a wife more fond, indulgent and kind, more glad to oblige, 'pleaſe, and make their father happy, 'than this, this loved woman hath 'been! and, oh! remember that never 'children had a better mother—more 'kind, tender, and careful—her life 'has been employed for your wel-

'fare,

'fare, and all her joy has been in you. 'Remember then, my poor dear babes, 'O remember the laſt words, which 'perhaps you will ever hear from your 'father! obey her carefully and con'ſtantly in all things; follow her coun'ſels, her rules, and precepts; honour, 'love, and reverence her; and as God 'will bleſs you for ſo doing, be diligent 'to provide for her in her old age, and 'make the ſetting of her life peaceable, 'that her grey hairs may deſcend to the 'grave in quiet, and that we may all 'meet with joy in the kingdom of hea'ven.—Oh, farewel! my deareſt part'ner in life; farewel, beſt of women! 'I leave you to the care of that Provi'dence, which I truſt will protect me— 'and you, my children, you, the dear 'pledges of our mutual love—farewel! 'farewel! May Heaven's choiceſt dew 'deſcend upon my poor unprotected 'infants! and, gracious God! whatever 'befalls the unhappy worn-out father— 'let their lot be happy—guard, protect, 'and defend them: guard, O my God! 'the children of an unhappy, wretch'ed, yet reſigned and patiently-endur'ing father!' So ſpeaking, he embraced with fervent affection each of his children, incapable almoſt of tearing himſelf from the embraces of any one of them: his own diſtreſs and ſorrow being encreaſed to a high degree by their little plaints and artleſs ſpeeches, which cut him and their poor mother to the ſoul, and rendered them almoſt ſtatues in grief.

Oh, the lamentable fruits of vanity! the horrid conſequences of pride, of luſt, and ſin!

A melancholy ſilence continued ſome time, interrupted only by ſobs and ſighs, which Mrs. Sanſon at length broke with this exclamation—'Oh, that I had 'been barren, and never given ſuck! 'oh, that I had never known the plea'ſures of a parent, but that the ſprings 'and fountains of life had been dried 'up in me for ever! then had not theſe 'misfortunes befallen us; nor forced 'this infirm and ſorrowful parent to 'undertake what he is ſo little able to 'perform.—Alas, vain, fooliſh mother! 'how didſt thou pride thyſelf in the beau'ty of thy daughters! how didſt thou 'behold them with eyes of vanity and 'ſelf-applauſe! how didſt thou build 'upon their graces, and fancy to thy'ſelf a thouſand bleſſings from ſuch 'children, ſo fair, ſo excellent in every 'feature! Deluſion all, and empty 'hopes! Why, why was I not more 'careful to inſtruct them in meekneſs 'and humility? why was I not more 'careful to deck and adorn their minds 'than to plume out and decorate their 'perſons? Then had I been happy in'deed; then had I received comfort 'from them; then had they been a ne'ver-failing joy and conſolation to us 'their now afflicted parents! But, oh! 'what ſhall I ſay, or how ſhall I ap'peaſe my troubled conſcience? perhaps 'from me, too fondly admiring, too 'vainly commending their outward 'forms, they have drawn in the firſt 'ſeeds of that vanity and ſelf-admira'tion, which, I fear, has proved their 'ruin! Oh, my poor dear daughters! 'oh, my dear loved children! ſure it 'cannot, ſure it is not ſo! But if it is, 'was ever mother equal to me in mi'ſery? And muſt I, to increaſe the too, 'too heavy load of my affliction—muſt 'I loſe you, you, my huſband, my 'ever-affectionate huſband alſo, and be 'deprived of the only ſtaff and ſupport 'left me in theſe my calamitous cir'cumſtances? But thus afflicted, how 'ſmall ſupport can we bring to each 'other? Go, then, my only expecta'tion, my only deſire—and may ſome 'happy event turn our mourning into 'joy, and give us another and more 'peaceable meeting! Oh, may you find 'our deareſt and now loſt children but 'ſafe and ſecure in innocence—may he, 'juſt God! may he but find them alive 'to virtue! I aſk, I wiſh, I deſire, I re'queſt no more! But be careful for 'mine, and for the ſake of theſe poor 'little babes! oh, be careful of your'ſelf! nor run into any fatigue or any 'danger, which may be likely to de'prive us of you. And if the prayers, 'the fervent prayers of an affectionate 'wife can at all prevail, mine ſhall ne'ver be wanting for you, 'till your 'wiſhed return. I will ever be with 'you in ſoul and thought, and always 'labouring with my God for you!—Oh, 'may his mercy incline him to hear 'me, and preſerve you ſafe and unhurt 'amidſt every difficulty: may he return 'you ſafe to your longing family, and 'grant the winter of our days to con'clude in peace. May he, O may he 'but once more reſtore my deareſt 'daughters! my poor Lucy, my ſweet

'Caroline, my lovely children! oh, may 'he but once more reſtore them to theſe 'eyes, and they then will cloſe in peace; 'and bleſſing him, gladly for that ſight 'yield up to darkneſs, and the grave. 'Beſt of huſbands! moſt tender, moſt 'obliging, and moſt affectionate, kindeſt 'and moſt indulgent of fathers—fare-'wel, farewel! and be aſſured I ſhall 'know nothing like peace till I hear 'from, or ſee you once more ſafe and 'ſecure from every danger.' Thus as ſhe concluded in tears—the leaſt of their ſons, weeping bitterly, looked up to his father, and with the moſt heart-affecting innocence, cried out—'Farewel, fare-'wel, dear papa! Indeed, I will have 'no peace neither, till you come to me 'again; but cry all the time with my 'poor mamma for you!' which entered more deeply into both their hearts, and edged their already too ſharp ſorrows more than all the pathetick breathings of their own afflicted ſouls.

But the time appointed was come, and however ſevere the agony of parting was, ſo it muſt be, and ſo it was determined. Accordingly, the diſtreſſed father left his no leſs diſtreſſed family; and as never did man depart with a more reluctant mind, ſo never was there more reluctance than in all his family to part with him. The poor woman continued *like Niobe, all tears*, and perfectly lifeleſs, and he knew nothing of pleaſure during the tedious journey to town; where he was no ſooner arrived, than he made the beſt of his way to his Couſin Dookalb's, nothing doubting but that there he ſhould receive a full information concerning his daughters. When he made his appearance at Mr. Dookalb's door, the ſervant who opened to him, not doubting but that he was ſome more genteel beggar, wherewith London abounds, treated him very roughly and inhumanly; as no beggar found better treatment at the door of the *humane* Mr. Dookalb. The old man's appearance, indeed, had not much in it to create reſpect: for as his dreſs was ſhabby, ſo was it highly old-faſhioned, and of the formal cut of antiquity: but his grey hairs, one would have imagined, might have procured him ſome veneration; though, alas! what is there venerable to thoſe, who are uſed to imagine ſhew and pomp the ſole valuable thing in life, and grey hairs only the badge of impotence and worn-out iniquity? The old man, whoſe ſpirits were not very high, was much chagrined at the treatment of the ſervant, and did not imagine, unaccuſtomed to the town and it's manners, but ſuch would be alſo the behaviour of the maſter: however, he adventured to tell him that his name was Sanſon, and that he deſired him immediately to inform his maſter thereof, as he had particular buſineſs with him. The ſervant ſhut the door, and left the miſerable old man in the ſtreets, till he ſhould go and inform his maſter, which he was not very haſty to do, keeping Mr. Sanſon at the door, in the moſt intolerable and uneaſy ſuſpenſe. Preſently, however, he flew to the door, begged the gentleman's pardon, that he did not know he was any relation of his maſter's, and hoped he would excuſe him; deſiring him at the ſame time to walk up ſtairs to the dining-room to his maſter. This ſomewhat cheared and elevated Mr. Sanſon's ſpirits, and with a trembling, bleeding, and half-broken heart, he advanced to Mr. Dookab's preſence. As ſoon as he was entered in, Mr. Dookalb flew to him with all the eagerneſs of ſincere friendſhip, embraced him again and again, ſhook him with extatick fervour by the hand, and then pronounced it the happieſt day of his life, that he ſaw his dear Couſin Sanſon at his houſe: declaring, he could now die with eaſe, after having attained ſuch a bleſſing. Poor Mr. Sanſon wept with exceſs of joy. A table was inſtantly ſpread with all ſorts of cold niceties, and variety of wines; and ere the deluded father could vent a ſyllable, the ready and kind Mr. Dookalb prevented him with a profuſion of love and gladneſs, proteſting himſelf ſcarce able to contain himſelf for pleaſure. 'To ſee 'you in my old age, dear Couſin San-'ſon, a man for whoſe ſingular worth 'and good character I have had ever 'ſo particular a reſpect and veneration, 'a man whoſe many virtues have re-'flected ſuch luſtre on the honour of 'our houſe and family; to ſee you, I 'ſay, here, and at this time of life, is 'ſuch good fortune as I could ſcarce 'expect: and be aſſured, I cannot 'make too much of it. Dear couſin, 'all I have is yours; I have not a re-'lation in the world ſo near as you: all 'I have muſt be yours; and, I thank 'God, that is not inconſiderable nei-'ther.'

'ther.' Overpowered with ſuch civility, Mr. Sanſon knew not what to ſay; indeed, he uttered ſcarce a ſyllable, but at length with broken ſighs and deep ſobs, he cried out—'My daughters, 'dear couſin! my poor dear children! 'how do they? are they yet alive? are 'they here?—my poor dear children—'my daughters! my daughters!' Upon which Mr. Dookalb altering the whole form and ſweetneſs of his viſage, changed it into a ſtern and ſevere look, with a voice deep and hoarſe, and quite varied from his gratulatory tone—'Oh, Sir,' ſaid he, 'I am ſorry I can give you no 'account of them! indeed, it is my 'misfortune to have been concerned 'with them; but, to ſay the truth, I 'know nothing of them: imagine the 'worſt, and that poſſibly may be the caſe. 'But why ſhould you concern yourſelf 'about them? There is a mutual con'tract between children and parents, 'which if broken on either part, the 'obligation is null and void: they have 'by their diſobedience broken their 'contract, and in my opinion deſerve 'not the leaſt regard from you. I 'ſhould not eſteem them any longer as 'children.'—'Oh, Mr. Dookalb! Mr. 'Dookalb!' replied Mr. Sanſon, holding his hand to his heart, 'they grow 'here! they grow here!—Pluck away 'theſe poor old ſtrings, pluck out this 'poor old heart, and then you may 'pluck away all remembrance of my 'children, my dear, dear children!—'Oh, they are ſtill my children, and 'I am for ever undone!'—'Well, 'but, couſin,' replied the marble-hearted monſter, no more moved by the wretched father's tears and ſighs, than the black rock by the cries of the ſhip-wrecked mariners; 'conſider, couſin, you are a 'reaſonable creature. God hath given 'to man reaſon, as the ſole or principal 'mark of his ſuperiority over the reſt 'of his works; and if we do not uſe 'that reaſon, thus implanted in us for 'good and wiſe purpoſes, we degrade 'ourſelves to the rank of animals, and 'become little better than the beaſts 'that periſh. Is a father to plunge 'headlong into extravagant grief and 'violent paſſions of ſorrow; is he therefore to break his heart, becauſe his 'children have diſobeyed his commands, and run into their own ruin? 'Doubtleſs he is not: a man of reaſon and underſtanding would rather 'pluck up his ſpirits in ſuch a caſe, 'and rend them abſolutely from his 'heart—as aliens and ſtrangers, who 'had forfeited all right to his friendſhip and regard. In your caſe, what 'have you to charge yourſelf withal? 'You did every thing in your power, 'and as became a kind and tender parent to promote your children's welfare: you have diſcharged your duty 'in every reſpect to them; and they 'have thought proper to break themſelves off from your power, to diſobey 'all your commands, and to ruſh precipitately into vice; and ſhame, and deſtruction. Of neceſſity, therefore, ſuch 'children ſhould be rather had in hatred than in pity, and be the ſubjects 'of our averſion rather than of our 'compaſſion.'—'Tell me,' ſaid Mr. Sanſon, interrupting him, 'dear couſin, 'tell me, were you ever a father? I 'think not—and if ſo, you can no 'more judge of a parent's agonizing 'throes for a child, than of the pangs 'of a mother when ſhe brings them 'into the world. Oh, they were my 'only hope! the conſtant pleaſure of 'my life! my darlings! my ſweet, ſweet 'babes, whom I have foſtered up from 'infancy, and in whom I have garnered 'up my heart, my ſoul, my every thing! 'Oh, my Lucy, my child, my child! 'my pretty Caroline, ſweet innocent! 'what bloom, what beauty, what 'graces have I beheld in you, while 'prattling your harmleſs little ſtories on 'my knee, and pleaſing me with tales 'artleſs and diverting beyond all others 'upon earth! And are theſe dear children, are theſe poor girls ruined, de'ſtroyed, loſt, dead, miſerable, undone, 'did you ſay? Speak out at once—oh, 'burſt my heart in one word!—Tell me 'at once! are all my hopes blaſted! are 'all my joys levelled to the ground? are 'my children no more? and am I the moſt 'miſerable father yet exiſting in this 'wretched, lamentable vale of mourning?'—'Indeed, couſin,' replied Dookalb, 'as you lay this matter ſo much 'to heart, I could wiſh it were in my 'power to ſpeak any comfort to you. 'As for my own part, I aſſure you, I 'have done as much, and felt as much, 'for theſe untoward obſtinate girls, as 'if they were really my own children: 'but they have deſpiſed my adviſe, diſregarded all my counſel, defeated all 'my good intentions for their welfare,

'and run lengths which are, to say 'truth, almoſt dreadful to repeat. How-'ever, as you muſt know the truth, 'ſooner or later, I will inform you of 'it, however painful it may be to my-'ſelf. Sorry I am, that it falls to my 'lot to acquaint you with any thing 'diſagreeable and hurtful to your re-'poſe: far otherwiſe, you cannot be 'ignorant, was my purpoſe; and no-'thing would have given me greater fe-'licity, than to have made you, my dear 'couſin, and all your family, happy. 'But ſuch are the decrees of Provi-'dence; and our beſt deſigns are often 'not only rendered uſeleſs, but turned 'into evil.'—'Oh, Mr. Dookalb,' re-joined the deluded father, 'what need 'is there to repeat theſe things! You 'know what a truſt and confidence I 'have placed in you: with what un-'feigned reliance I have repoſed myſelf 'upon you, and can you imagine I can 'ever ſuſpect your ſincerity? No, un-'happy as I am, not all the world and 'all it's miſeries ſhall ever render me 'ungrateful to ſo good, ſo valuable, ſo 'kind a friend.' Upon which Mr. Dookalb again renewed his proteſta-tions of friendſhip; and, after many endearing words, proceeded as in the next chapter.

CHAP. II.

MR. DOOKALB'S NARRATIVE, AND ACCOUNT OF LUCY AND CAROLINE. THE MISERY OF MR. SANSON. HIS LETTER TO CAROLINE.

'IT will be neceſſary to give you an 'exact account of the whole pro-'ceedings with regard to your children, 'from their firſt arrival to their utter 'caſting themſelves out of my favour. 'Know then, Sir, that immediately 'after the reception of your letter, I 'caſt about and conſidered which way 'more eſpecially to ſerve and aſſiſt my 'young couſins. And as I had an 'intimacy with a young gentleman of 'fortune, whom I knew to be of an 'amorous diſpoſition, and whom I had 'in my own power alſo to perſuade to 'whatever I pleaſed, I was determined 'to give one of my pretty couſins to 'him, and thus indiſputably to make 'her happy. Accordingly, I contrived 'a meeting on their firſt arrival—to ſay 'truth, my couſins beauty much ex-'ceeded my expectation—and ſo mana-'ged it, that my friend ſhould have the 'pleaſure of firſt ſeeing them. He fixed 'his eye upon Lucy; and the ſcheme 'ſucceeded even beyond my wiſhes. 'Never did I ſee a creature ſo enamour-'ed, ſo ſtruck, in all my days! "Well," 'thinks I, "happy day, indeed, for my "poor couſin Sanſon! what ſatisfac-"tion will it be to him, to ſee his "daughter ſpeedily pay him a viſit in "her coach and ſix! joyful hour!"— 'And ſo, alas! I rejoiced: vain in hope, 'couſin; too vain in hope, alas! But 'who can command ſucceſs?' Here he dropped ſome crocodile-tears, which drew tears alſo from the eyes of the un-happy father. Theſe ſoon wiped away, he proceeded.—'But, in the morning, 'how was my joy encreaſed, to re-'ceive a letter from my friend, ex-'preſſing himſelf in the warmeſt and 'moſt rapturous terms; inſiſting upon 'having *this angel, this divine crea-'ture, this moſt beautiful of her ſex!* '(for ſuch were his expreſſions;) inſiſt-'ing upon no delay, if ſhe approved 'him, and deſigning immediately to be 'made the happy partner of her bed 'and affections. Adding, at the ſame 'time, that the houſe where his *dow-'ager*—(bleſs me, I am ſorry for the 'miſtake! well, it cannot be helped; 'I did not intend, indeed, to have in-'formed you of all the happineſs; I 'did not intend to have told you, that 'he was a nobleman of the firſt rank; 'but truth will ſlip out, and ſo I 'cannot help it.)—Well, let me ſee, 'where was I?—Oh—informing me, 'that the houſe of his late dowager 'mother was ready furniſhed, and had 'proper ſervants; and that he entreat-'ed I would there directly place Lucy, 'making her miſtreſs of every thing; 'for ſhe was miſtreſs of his heart, and 'ſhould be the miſtreſs and directreſs 'of all his affairs. I communicated 'the matter to Lucy; who, to my 'great joy, received it, as indeed ſhe 'ought, with much thankfulneſs: and 'in a day or two we went together, 'and took poſſeſſion of this ſplendid 'and ſpacious dwelling; elegant, and 'furniſhed, indeed, in a moſt ſump-'tuous and magnificent manner. As 'many neceſſary affairs rendered it im-'poſſible to conſummate the nuptials 'immediately, a few days were ſpent

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'very happily on all hands; my cou-
'ſin elevated with joy in her new houſe,
'the young lover never eaſy but when
'in her company, and I perfectly de-
'lighted to ſee ſuch a proſpect before
'my eyes, as I knew, couſin, muſt
'certainly be the making of all your
'family. Well, thus every thing ſuc-
'ceeded: but, in the interim, ſhe con-
'tracted an acquaintance with a gay
'young lady, who came to viſit her;
'and together they went to all publick
'places gardens, plays, and the like;
'and, upon the whole, I had no ob-
'jection to this; nor had my friend,
'your daughter's intended, neither;
'for this young lady was uſeful in at-
'tending her to ſhops, and the like,
'where ſhe might furniſh herſelf with
'all neceſſary things, as cloaths, jew-
'els, and matters of that kind, which
'the approaching ſolemnity, and her
'ſtate and quality hereafter would re-
'quire. Beſides, we were by no means
'averſe to her ſeeing all the diverſions;
'as in an innocent participation of
'them, you know, couſin, there could
'be no diſſervice. Well, unluckily,
'in troth, at ſome one or other of theſe
'places, ſhe met with a celebrated raſ-
'cal, a villain of the deepeſt dye, one
'Leicart, called by the fooliſh women,
'Beau Leicart; and for his dreſs and
'nonſenſe mightily admired by them.
'Wonderous to relate, yet, ſpite of all
'her riſing proſpects of bliſs, this fool-
'iſh creature fell in love with this in-
'ſignificant beau! an acquaintance, not
'to ſay an intimacy, was contracted be-
'tween them; he gallanted her to pub-
'lick places; treated her at taverns;
'and, worſt of all, was treated at her
'own houſe. The villain, I ſuppoſe,
'took the advantage of her fooliſh fond-
'neſs for him, and half conſenting in-
'clinations, and ſo at once blaſted all
'our hopes; robbed your daughter of
'her innocence, you of a child, and
'me of the great ſatisfaction I vainly
'imagined at hand for us.'—'Where is
'the villain! where is he to be found!'
cried the afflicted and wounded parent.
'Oh, tell me where I may find him:
'even yet, this poor old arm hath ſome
'ſtrength, to vindicate an injured child.
'I'll do it, I'll do it; and then I'll
'die!' Not unlike his reſolution was that of old Leonato *, who thus declar-
ed his power to avenge his daughter.

I know not if they ſpeak but truth of her,
Theſe hands ſhall tear her: if they wrong her honour,
The proudeſt of them ſhall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet ſo dried this blood of mine,
Nor age ſo eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made ſuch havock of my means,
Nor my bad life wreck'd me ſo much of friends;
But they ſhall find awak'd, in ſuch a ſort,
Both ſtrength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly——

But, alas! this tide ſoon ebbed in Mr. Sanſon, whoſe fury quickly gave way to tenderneſs; and, weeping, he cried out, 'Then ſhe's undone and loſt 'for ever!' Such, too, is the fate of her 'ſiſter!—What have I to do, but to 'daſh this white head againſt the ſtones, 'and periſh in my blood for ever!'—'Be compoſed,' continued Dookalb, 'and bear misfortunes, couſin, like a 'man. Thus ruined, and plunged into 'pleaſure, it was impoſſible, you know, 'ſhe could continue in the houſe which 'I had provided for her; and, to ſay 'truth, ſhe did not afford me an op-'portunity to give her a diſcharge, but 'at once, with her lover, withdrew, 'and lived a life of luſt and debauchery 'with him; nauſeated and diſguſted 'ſoon with which, he utterly caſt her 'off: upon which, the neceſſary con-'ſequence was, that ſhe became every 'man's meat for his money, a common 'harlot; and I know not whether at 'preſent ſhe is not periſhing with diſ-'eaſes and miſery in the ſtreets.'—'Oh, 'inſupportable—horror—horror, hor-'ror! Dear Sir, ſtrike me dead! ſtrike 'me dead at once! let me hear no more, 'dear Mr. Dookalb!' ſaid the old man, with vehemence and agony inexpreſſible. 'But yet, continue your horrid ſtory: 'to know the worſt is ſomething. Go 'on, and tell me ſuch another tale: do 'but inform me of the like concerning 'my other daughter, and all will be 'well, all will then be quite well, in-'deed!'

One would have conceived it impoſ-ſible for a man with the leaſt ſpark of humanity, when he found his words

* See Much Ado about Nothing. Act 4.

thus

MR. DOOKALB AND MR. SANSON'S CONTRARY OPINIONS. MR. DOOKALB PREVAILS. A SHORT DIGRESSION UPON ABANDONED PROFLIGATES. HIS DESIGN AND DETERMINATION.

MR. Jaiſon accordingly read the letter, which drew tears from all their eyes, and at the ſame time greatly puzzled them how to determine, and after what manner to direct this affair: for that Mr. Dookalb had prepoſſeſſed Mr. Sanſon's mind was evident enough; and therefore it required ſome care and caution to manage ſo nice a matter. Mrs. Hodſon obſerved, that his prepoſſeſſions in prejudice of his children would be of no conſequence, ſince the extreme fondneſs of the good father was, amidſt ſo many evils, very plain and conſpicuous: ſhe therefore adviſed the ſending Mr. Jaiſon to inform him of the ſtate of the caſe, and to beg his company there. To this Mr. Jaiſon readily and inſtantly agreed; but Caroline burſt into tears, and cried out, 'O 'no, no, no! it muſt not be thus: it 'may be perhaps ſome ſcheme of that 'wicked man, Mr. Dookalb, to draw 'him or me into a ſnare, and to deſtroy 'and ruin us!' which Mr. Jaiſon ſmiling at, as an idle fear, told her, that he would take his man with him, and arm him, as well as himſelf, with a ſword; and then he could eaſily ſtand upon his own defence. The recollection of the former duel, upon this, ſhot into Mrs. Hodſon's mind, and ſhe began greatly to exclaim againſt ſuch methods of defence, and to alter her opinion; obſerving, that probably it might be better, if Caroline wrote a ſhort letter to her father, informing him of her preſent illneſs, and begging him to come directly to Mrs. Stevens. 'Alas, alas!' ſaid ſhe, 'while you are thus deliberating, 'my poor unhappy father is in horrible 'ſuſpenſe and dread: give me pen and 'ink, let me write inſtantly; for I 'ſhould be cruel indeed, to keep him 'any longer in anxiety.' So ſaying, ſhe was furniſhed with pen, ink, &c. and wrote, deſiring her father's immediate preſence. She wrote with all imaginable tenderneſs, deference, and reſpect. The note was without delay conveyed to the old man; who, upon reading it, cried out, 'O, Mr. Doo-'kalb, ſhe is ill, very ill, confined to 'her bed: my poor dear child is con-'fined to her bed. Pray ſhew me the 'way, pray direct me to the place where 'ſhe is; my good friend, ſhew me the 'way to my poor child. Alas, alas! 'what a moſt miſerable wretch am I!' —'Give me leave, Sir,' ſaid Dookalb; 'give me leave to look at this curious 'note. A very dutiful child, indeed, 'to ſend a note to her father! I wonder Miſs was not polite enough to 'ſend a card.'—'Nay, indeed, my 'good friend,' ſaid Mr. Sanſon, while tears trickled from his eyes; 'indeed, 'ſhe writes like a very dutiful, good 'daughter! O, may ſhe prove but ſincere! But, in truth, I cannot blame 'any thing here. Take and read, Sir; 'I am ſure my child ſpeaks very affectionately, very tenderly, to her unhappy, diſtreſſed father!'—'And ſhe 'muſt be a brute indeed,' ſaid Dookalb, taking the note, 'if ſhe ſpoke 'otherwiſe at a diſtance from you: no, 'no, they are not young, couſin Sanſon, in hypocriſy. Beware, I ſay; 'beware, that your own children do 'not prove too ſubtle for you: I only 'give it you as a caution; I wiſh you 'may find it profitable. Aye,' continued he, 'it is all plain; plain as can 'be: this ſickneſs is all a pretence, a 'mere pretence for not coming to you; 'the lady is above that. Believe me, 'couſin, it is all a ſham—no uncommon 'caſe, I can aſſure you; no, no, it is 'very much practiſed every day; I 'have ſeen and known enough of it: 'you do not know quite ſo much of the 'world as I do—take my word, this 'ſickneſs is all a perfect cheat.'—'Alas! ſure not,' ſaid Mr. Sanſon; 'I hope my daughter is not quite ſo 'baſe: however, my moſt worthy friend, 'as the beſt way to detect the fraud is 'to go and ſee, pray grant me the favour; let us go together; let us go 'and ſee whether it be really as ſhe ſays; 'and, believe me, if it be not, though 'ſhe were ten times more dear to me 'than ſhe is, I would tear her from my 'heart, and give every feather of affection to the winds for ever and ever.' —Oh, couſin,' replied Dookalb, 'do 'not imagine that you will immediately 'be undeceived; do not ſuppoſe ſhe 'will be ſuch a novice in hypocriſy, as 'to meet you well and in perfect appearance of health at her door: no, 'quite otherwiſe, I dare pronounce.

'Poſſibly

'Poſſibly ſhe will be in bed, have her 'nurſes and phyſicians about her, and 'every thing that can preſent you with 'a ſhew of real illneſs. This, I doubt 'not, will be done: and now I recol-'lect, there is more deſign and artifice 'in this, than I at firſt imagined. De-'pend upon it, Couſin Sanſon, (and I 'am not often deceived in my opinion 'of things; beſides, ſome experience 'hath made me wiſe:) depend upon it, 'this ſickneſs is pretended, purpoſely to 'draw your pity and compaſſion upon 'her; and that ſeeing her, as you will 'imagine, in ſuch a deſperate ſtate, ſuch 'a very dangerous condition, you may 'be inclined to lay aſide all your re-'ſentment, your very juſt and due re-'ſentment, and turn all your anger into 'commiſeration. Oh, theſe girls have 'ſuch counſellors, Sir, that put them 'upon ſuch unheard-of and uncommon 'artifices, as would puzzle the ſaga-'city of the moſt knowing amongſt 'men! It is amazing to think of their 'ſchemes. And, beſides all this, your 'daughter has a young fellow, a gen-'tleman with her, whom few can equal, 'very few, I aſſure you; no novice, 'take my word, in iniquity; no ſtranger 'to guile: no, he is an old offender, 'and knows every turn and quirk; 'more ſkilful is he in ſuch buſineſſes, 'than the moſt roguiſh pettifogger in 'all the little knaveries of the law. 'They will deceive you or I, couſin. 'But let us be upon our guard; in-'deed we ſhould be ſtrictly ſo, if we 'would proceed rightly in ſuch mat-'ters: and I never was right in my life, 'if I am now miſtaken. Be confident, 'Couſin Sanſon, this is all a piece of 'chicanery, of groſs deceit; and exert 'your parental authority a little, that 'you may ſatisfy yourſelf, and find out 'the deluſion; and ſo, with Othello, 'arm yourſelf reſolutely to ſay—

'——If I prove her haggard,
'Tho' that her jeſſes were my dear heart-'ſtrings,
'I'd whiſtle her off, and let her down the 'wind,
'To prey at fortune.'

'Well, in truth, couſin,' replied Mr. Sanſon, 'I know not what ſtep to take; 'your advice is, I dare ſay, extremely 'good and proper, but I muſt confeſs 'I have ſuch a yearning, ſuch an earneſt 'deſire to ſee my child, that I could 'wiſh you would pardon the fondneſs 'of a father, give way to my humour, 'and permit me to viſit her. Do, be ſo 'kind as to ſhew me the way; and 'ſince certainly we ſhall thus detect the 'fraud, if, as you ſuppoſe, there be 'any, in my weak judgment, it is beſt 'to do it immediately and directly as 'we can.'—'O, pray, Sir,' replied Mr. Dookalb, ſomewhat warmly; 'pray, 'Sir, do as you think proper. I have 'neither power nor will to forbid or 'reſtrain you: you have my free leave, 'aſſure yourſelf, to viſit your daughter, 'or to do juſt as you judge convenient. 'I only, Sir, as a friend, ſuggeſted my 'opinion; I only juſt hinted what per-'haps it was in my power more fully 'to enlarge upon; but as you ſeem to 'think me miſtaken, pray indulge your 'own humour. I have had uneaſineſs 'enough already, by indulging other 'people's humours; but I ſay nothing 'of that. Excuſe me, Sir, from at-'tending you; my ſervant ſhall direct 'you, if you approve it.' The poor old man was cut to the heart at this ſpeech; and what reſolution to take he was ut-terly doubtful. To think he ſhould affront this beſt and kind friend, and be left, perhaps, in this wild city in-tirely unaided and unaſſiſted; to think he ſhould deſpiſe counſel, which, as it appeared to him, could have no other end than his welfare; to think he ſhould, in fine, be ungateful to a man who had been ſo very friendly to all his family; ſhocked him exceedingly, and ſo abſolutely incapacitated him of all power of judging, that he ſat ſome time lifeleſs and ſilent as a ſtone, in a perfect reverie and diſſipation of all power of thinking or determining. However, at length recovering himſelf, 'Well, Sir,' ſaid he, 'I am a very weak and miſe-'rable old man; direct me as you ſeem 'good; order my proceedings as ſeems 'beſt to your far better judgment and 'underſtanding.'—'I will then, my-'ſelf, write a note to your daughter,' ſaid Dookalb; 'and ſend again, de-'manding her immediate preſence here.' Which accordingly he performed, and wrote (as he read it to Mr. Sanſon, at leaſt) to the following effect.

'DEAR COUSIN,

'I Am very ſorry you ſhould give 'your poor father ſo much addi-'tional trouble and uneaſineſs, as not

'to attend him on his firſt meſſage to 'you. Surely you ſhould be ready to 'fly on the firſt news of his preſence; 'a father ſo fond, kind, and affectio-'nate. Indeed, was he capable, fa-'tigued and wearied as he is with his 'journey, or was it conſiſtent with pa-'rental reverence, he would have been 'with you ere now: but as that nei-'ther can nor ought to be expected, I 'deſire you would make no farther de-'lays or excuſes to attend him at my 'houſe, as you are in duty bound. 'Whatever objections you may have 'againſt entering my houſe, as indeed 'your unkindneſs to me makes your 'backwardneſs to ſee me not unrea-'ſonable; yet, under the protection of 'your father, you cannot ſcruple, I 'conceive, to enter the roof, ever hoſ-'pitable to you and yours, of, dear 'couſin, your moſt affectionate and 'ſincere friend,

'JOSEPH DOOKALB.'

This letter Mr. Sanſon not diſapproving, Mr. Dookalb left him awhile to deliver it and a meſſage to the ſervant, who was one of his old pimps and procurers, famous and beloved for his zeal, ingenuity, and activity. The truth was, Dookalb ſolely deſired to get Caroline once more in his clutches, as determined, if poſſible, to wreak his revenge upon her. The reader, poſſibly, may wonder, that after having had ſo much trouble with her, and ſo much difficulty to perform his helliſh deſigns, he ſhould ſtill have any deſire to renew his labour, or any inclination again to concern himſelf with ſo ſqueamiſh and reſolute a girl. But whoever ſhall think thus, has not ſufficiently attended to the character and diſpoſition of Mr. Dookalb, or enough ſtudied the human heart; where, if once malevolence and vice hath extirpated every humane and good principle, it is never to be admired, that men proceed to any lengths in wickedneſs: ſince their conſciences are abſolutely ſeared, and like the very devils, who delight only in blackneſs and darkneſs, they take a pleaſure in evil; iniquity becomes their food and ſuſtenance, the ſupport and nouriſhment of their poiſonous ſouls and tempers, as venomous animals can only be nouriſhed and ſuſtained by venom. Dookalb had not proceeded any moderate way in iniquity; he was no novice in the ſchool of vice, and had ſo far extinguiſhed every good principle in his ſoul, that whatever looked like ſin, was a pleaſure and ſatisfaction. We cannot ſurely be ſurprized at it; for if they who turn one from vice to virtue, are promiſed a reward bright and conſpicuous as the ſtars in the firmament, what muſt they expect who have been the inſtruments of their own deſtruction, to turn many from virtue to vice, to turn many from innocence to ſhame and ſin, and to plunge numberleſs ſouls into certain and horrible deſtruction? No doubt ſuch, though the very principal agents in eſtabliſhing his kingdom, are the conſtant mock and ridicule of Satan and all his helliſh crew; who, though they cannot but delight to ſee mortals thus promote their intereſt, yet, doubtleſs, grin *terrible and ghaſtly ſmiles* of wonder and contempt, to behold them thus running into their nets, and enhancing their own damnation by the damnation of others! Oh, fools and deluded, what a miſerable reckoning have ye to make! what a dreadful eternity have ye to paſs! Think one moment; think, and tremble: nor put off the reflection through the horror and pungency of it! Think of the worm of conſcience never dying! think of the flames of hell never conſuming! think of the ſtripes, the mocks, the indignities of devils; the howlings, the curſings, the bitter woe and lamentation of thoſe brought to theſe miſeries by your means; and of the inexpreſſible anguiſh, which, though intolerably ſevere, is yet never to be intermitted, but muſt continue ſtill the ſame through all eternity! Think of crying out in your lake of fire and brimſtone—

For bid it, and O grant, great God, at leaſt,
This one, this ſlender, almoſt no requeſt:
When I have wept a thouſand lives away,
When torment is grown weary of it's prey;
When I have rav'd ten thouſand years in fire,
Ten thouſand thouſands, let me then expire!

I fear, no reflection can poſſibly avail a mind like that of Dookalb's; to whom, as we before obſerved, every ſcene of vice, every practice of iniquity, every lover of ſin, was dear as his own ſoul, and welcome as every appearance of virtue is to the benevolent and honeſt heart! What a round of felicity then muſt he daily have enjoyed; when he could not paſs a day, or even a ſtep from

his

his own door, without highly ſatisfying this his diabolick appetite! What rapture muſt he ſecretly have felt to hear the loud oaths, the amazing profaneneſs, the ſhocking blaſphemies, conſtantly and dreadfully echoed through the gallant ſtreets of England's noble and right Chriſtian metropolis! What abundant joy muſt he have received on beholding ſuch a crowd of females daily and nightly plying the ſtreets, half-ſtarved, half-naked, rotting away with loathſome diſeaſes, and degraded almoſt beneath the rank of animals! But how much more abundant muſt his joy be to think, that he, even he himſelf, hath been the happy means of introducing many a one of theſe females to their preſent horrid ſtate; that he hath been the degrader of them from the rank of all that is lovely and deſirable, to the infamous condition of the moſt filthy and deteſtable! Thus reflecting, how may he ſmite his heart with tranſport, and cry, 'Here is my triumph!' In ſhort, what joy muſt ariſe to him, from almoſt every place, to behold vice ſo highly ennobled, ſo illuſtriouſly ſplendid, and votaries of every kind flocking to her temples, and bringing offerings to her ſhrines!——But, to return.

As anxious only to gratify his revenge, Dookalb was ſolicitous, if poſſible, to regain Caroline into his power; and therefore he ordered this faithful miniſter of his helliſh purpoſes to conduct her to the place, which was mentioned in the letter to her, and to bring back word, that ſhe was not at home, if he managed the point according to their wiſhes. With this purpoſe the meſſenger departed, and Dookalb returned to Mr. Sanſon; who, though by no means approving this ſcheme, was yet obliged to ſubmit to it, in deference to his friend's advice. His heart was with his daughter, and his whole deſire to ſee her, that he might know the uttermoſt of his miſery, and learn ſomething concerning the fate of poor Lucy, whom he earneſtly wiſhed to ſee and hear of, and of whom he could obtain no tidings from Mr. Dookalb.

CHAP. IV.

MR. DOOKALB'S FARTHER DECEIT AND VILLAINY DETECTED AT LENGTH. MR. SANSON'S DELIVERY FROM HIM. HIS MEETING WITH CAROLINE. HIS FARTHER ANXIETY, &c.

THE meſſenger ſoon arrived at Mrs. Stevens's, and Mr. Dookalb's letter was conveyed to Caroline; but how great was her aſtoniſhment there to read——

'MADAM,

'YOUR father, with myſelf, was 'coming to the place where 'you now are, to viſit you: in our 'way he was taken violently ill, and 'obliged to be conveyed to the houſe 'neareſt at hand, where he lies in a 'dreadful condition; and I fear, un'leſs you make all poſſible haſte, it 'will be too late, and you will not 'have the ſatisfaction to ſee alive your 'father, who hath ſo tenderly loved 'you. I am yours, &c.

'J. DOOKALB.

'P.S. The bearer of this will direct 'you to the place.'

Scarce had ſhe read it, before ſhe cried out with the utmoſt agony, and was preparing to ariſe from her bed, wringing her hands, and ſaying—'Oh, 'let me fly—let me fly to him!—Let me 'haſten to my poor dying father!—let 'me haſten to him!—wretch, miſerable 'wretch as I am!' Upon which Mrs. Hodſon and Mrs. Stevens reſtrained her, and Mr. Jaiſon ſnatched up the note, which reading, he ſaid—'Be compoſed 'a few minutes—I will fly myſelf and 'be informed of the truth of this matter. 'Pray, be compoſed a little, and I will 'uſe all expedition.' So ſaying, he haſtened down ſtairs, where ſtood Mr. Dookalb's meſſenger. 'Come, friend,' ſaid Mr. Jaiſon to him, 'quickly con'duct me to the place where this gen'tleman is: haſte away before me, 'and uſe all your ſpeed.' Upon which the fellow did not move a ſtep, but looked him full in the face, and drawled out—'Sir!'—'Well, Sir,' replied Mr. Jaiſon; 'and why don't you obey my 'orders—no delays now! Haſten this 'inſtant, or I'll puſh you forward with 'this;' clapping his hand upon his ſword. 'I wanted a young lady, Sir,' ſaid the fellow: 'I was to ſhew her the 'way, and not you. Her father wants

'her, and I cannot go without her. I 'have no buſineſs with you.'—'Pr'ythee 'don't tell me of buſineſs, raſcal!' replied Mr. Jaiſon, 'but immediately con-'duct me to the place where the poor 'old gentleman is—or depend upon it 'I'll ſeverely compel you.' Which Mr. Jaiſon uttered with ſuch reſolution, with a look ſo ſtern and frightful, and a voice ſo commanding and peremptory, that the puſillanimous pandar began to tremble, and be in no ſmall fear for his own carcaſe. This was not unobſerved by Mr. Jaiſon, who more mildly ſaid, 'Come, 'friend, don't be terrified; I want only 'to be ſhown the place where this gen-'tleman is, where you was to conduct 'the lady—ſhew me in a moment, and 'I'll reward you.' Upon which he opened the door, and the fellow taking the opportunity, fled before him with all imaginable precipitancy. Mr. Jaiſon concluding fairly from hence that there was ſome notorious defraud, followed after equally ſwift, and at length overtook and caught the fugitive; of whom he demanded the reaſon of all this ſtrange proceeding, and threatened inſtantly to run him through the body, (for which purpoſe he drew his ſword) unleſs he declared the whole myſtery to him; which, intimidated by his threats, and death thus hanging over him, the fellow fairly confeſſed, and opened the whole truth. To which Mr. Jaiſon ſaid nothing; but keeping his hold, conducted him to a neighbouring coffee-houſe, and by bribes and threats obliged him to write a note to Dookalb, informing him that he had ſucceeded, and begged, for a particular reaſon, his immediate preſence. This was no ſooner written, than Mr. Jaiſon, ordering proper officers, delivered the affrighted miſcreant into their cuſtody; and diſpatched the note by a porter, himſelf attending at a proper diſtance to wait the iſſue. Dookalb no ſooner received the note, than a flaſh of uncommon tranſport covered his cheek; and apologizing to Mr. Sanſon, he told him ſome moſt urgent and particular buſineſs demanded his immediate preſence, which being but at two or three doors diſtance, he ſhould diſpatch in ten minutes, and would then return; deſiring him to excuſe it, as neceſſity had no law, and begging him to take no reſolution till he ſhould be again with him. So ſaying, he departed; leaving the poor old man in great and ſtrange anxiety.

Soon as Mr. Jaiſon, who obſerved his departure, thought him at a proper diſtance, he went to the houſe, and deſired to ſpeak with Mr. Sanſon; which being granted, he was introduced to the wretched father of his beloved Caroline; at the ſight of whom I have often heard him declare, he thought his very heart would have burſt; for he never beheld an object that ſo commanded and raiſed compaſſion. His venerable white locks; his downcaſt, ſettled melancholy; big tears ſtealing down his eyes, and his whole appearance beſpeaking conſummate ſorrow. He could not help dropping a tear himſelf on the firſt view of him; and taking him by the hand, 'You will be ſurprized, Sir,' ſaid he, 'perhaps at this familiarity in a ſtran-'ger; but the preſſing occaſion requires 'it—you muſt aſk no queſtions, but 'inſtantly go with me.'—'Go with 'you, Sir!' ſaid the old man; 'for 'what, or where, or why? Alas, you 'are a perfect ſtranger to me! where 'would you hurry ſuch an unhappy 'wretch?'—'To your excellent and 'beſt of daughters, who is in anxiety 'to ſee you,' replied Mr. Jaiſon; 'from 'whom I come to reſcue you from this 'houſe, and to make you happy in her 'preſence. Indeed, Sir, the time and 'occaſion admits no delay. Truſt me 'I am your ſincere friend, though 'unknown; truſt me my deſigns are 'wholly for your happineſs: aſk what 'you will, or how you will, when once 'from hence; only follow me now, and 'ſay nothing.'—'Oh! there appears 'ſomething,' ſaid Mr. Sanſon, 'ſo 'ſincere and noble in your look and 'manner, that I cannot diſtruſt you: 'and you ſay you come from my daugh-'ther—what, from my Lucy, or my 'Caroline?'—'From Caroline, Sir!' rejoined Mr. Jaiſon, haſtily: 'but pray 'do not delay; come after me—and I 'will ſpeedily inform you of every 'thing.' So ſaying, he took his hand, and made all poſſible expedition to the door; to which they arrived unnoticed, and from which they eſcaped unobſerved, to Mr. Jaiſon's no ſmall joy and ſatisfaction; who at a ſmall diſtance procured a coach, entering into which with Mr. Sanſon, he ordered the coachman to make all poſſible expedition to Mrs.

Stevens's,

Stevens's, the place directed. 'The 'whole of this proceeding, Sir,' said Mr. Sanſon, ſoon as they were ſeated, 'is ſo myſterious to me, I cannot com- 'prehend it—pray inform me, and ſa- 'tisfy a moſt anxious mind.'—'I hope, 'Sir,' replied Mr. Jaiſon, 'facts will 'ſpeedily, more fully and indiſputa- 'bly inform you, than any thing I can 'now ſay; which, perhaps, your preſent 'prejudices and ſcruples may render 'doubtful, but which ſeen in reality, 'will admit of no miſconception.— 'However, it may not be amiſs to un- 'deceive you in your opinion of Mr. 'Dookalb, and to declare to you, that 'he is one of the greateſt and the moſt 'inhuman of villains: a fellow, to 'whom you owe all the misfortunes 'that have befallen your family, and 'from whoſe pretended friendſhip you 'have received every wound and ſtab 'that has afflicted you.'—'Good God!' cried Mr. Sanſon, 'is it poſſible? Sure 'it cannot be? Sure I am not miſtaken 'in this man? And yet what can be 'your motive thus to ſpeak of him?— 'Oh, dear Sir! tell me all! let me hear— 'that I may be acquainted with all 'my wretchedneſs.'—'Oh, Sir!' replied Mr. Jaiſon, 'never call yourſelf wretch- 'ed, while you have ſuch a daughter as 'Miſs Caroline. Her virtue and good- 'neſs ſhould make you truly contented 'and happy, and ſilence every complaint 'for them is fortunes that may otherwiſe 'befal you.'—'And may I then believe 'this, Sir!' replied the old man, tears gently trickling down his cheeks. 'Do 'you not deceive me too? May I in- 'deed believe this, which you ſay of 'my dear child? Oh, indeed, I do be- 'lieve it! for ſhe was ever mild and 'lovely, ever averſe to all appearance 'of vice. We are very ready to cre- 'dit what we wiſh; and you ſay my 'child is virtuous and ſafe; ſhe is not, 'what I tremble to ſay? I have been 'told ſhe is. You aſſure me Caroline 'is happy; oh, give me ſuch another 'chearing word! ſay but the ſame of 'my Lucy, and I'll bleſs you with my 'laſt dying breath!'—'I have not the 'happineſs to know your other daugh- 'ter, Sir,' replied Mr. Jaiſon: 'but 'you may and ſhall command me to 'exert all my endeavours for her wel- 'fare. Be not, however, uneaſy on her 'account; but bleſs God, that he hath 'in this particular ſo far exceeded your 'wiſhes, and already aſſured you of a 'much better fate than you expected. 'And having ſuch an earneſt of hap- 'pineſs, hope the beſt, and be not too 'ſolicitous.'—'Oh, Sir,' replied the old man, 'can a tender father be other- 'wiſe than ſolicitous, even to the ut- 'moſt degree of anxiety, for children 'whom he loves dearer far than his own 'life? If it does but pleaſe the Everlaſt- 'ing Goodneſs to reſcue them from the 'evils wherein I have imagined, and 'been told, they were plunged; if they 'are but virtuous, I ſhall bleſs my 'happineſs, and by no means repine at 'the miſeries I have ſuffered, but go 'down to the grave in peace and ſatis- 'faction. But ſurely Mr. Dookalb can- 'not be what you repreſent him! ſuch 'diſintereſted kindneſs, ſuch generous 'friendſhip as he hath ſhewn me and 'mine; ſurely, Sir, you either miſtake 'or miſrepreſent him.'—'I do not in 'the leaſt wonder at your doubts con- 'cerning him,' ſaid Mr. Jaiſon; 'it is 'no eaſy matter to change our opinions 'either from good or bad: the mind is 'not eaſily to be perſuaded of their 'virtues, whom it hath always hated 'and deſpiſed, no more than of their 'vices, whom it hath formerly held in 'the higheſt eſteem and veneration.— 'Nay, I deſire you not, Sir, to believe 'me, or to give any credit to my bare 'affirmation; I appeal only to facts: 'let them ſpeak; and let the future cir- 'cumſtances, in which you cannot be 'deceived, let them only ſhew you 'what a diabolical raſcal this ſame fan- 'cied friend of yours is.'

Thus diſcourſing, they arrived at Mrs. Stevens's door; and Mr. Jaiſon con- ducted Mr. Sanſon up ſtairs, having informed him that Caroline was indeed ill, and having cleared away thoſe vile ſuggeſtions which Dookalb had infuſed into his mind. Caroline's heart fainted in her, when ſhe heard Mr. Jaiſon's voice: and turning her eyes to look up- on his entrance into the room, ſhe be- held her father, reached out her hand, ſighed deeply, and fainted away. The poor old man caught hold of it, fell upon her face; which, watering plenti- fully with his tears, he kiſſed a thou- ſand and a thouſand times; crying out, 'My child, my poor dear child! my 'Caroline, my daughter! O my love, 'my dear, dear child!' There was not a dry eye in the room; and none knew which

which moſt to pity, or over which moſt to rejoice, the father or the daughter. Scarce could they prevail with him to ſuffer them to come near her, and apply proper things for her recovery; ſo rivetted was he to her, ſo unwilling to remove one moment from his dear and tenderly beloved Caroline: however, by proper means, ſhe was at length recovered; and opening her faint and languid eyes, turned them on her father; and burſting into tears, hung her ſnowy arms round his neck, while he embraced her with the ſame affection; and each, in ſilent ſorrow, mingled their plenteous tears together. 'My mother! my mother!' were the only words ſhe could ſpeak; which, after ſome time, ſhe more fully explained, by ſaying, 'Oh, dear Sir! how is my poor mother; how does that beſt of women, my poor, dear, fondeſt, beſt of mothers?'—'Alas! my child,' replied he, 'that unhappy woman has known nothing of comfort a long, long time; never ſince your and my Lucy's departure, have either of us ſeen the leaſt ſhadow of peace. Oh, my child, ſhe is the beſt of women, indeed; indeed, ſhe is the very tendereſt of mothers! Oh, Caroline, what has ſhe ſuffered for you! oh, my child, what has ſhe endured! But how are you, my daughter? Speak and tell me; that I may not loſe you, now thus happily found! Oh, they tell me I have been deceived, my child: has not Mr. Dookalb been the beſt of friends to you; and have not you been ungrateful to him?'—'Oh, Sir,' replied Caroline, 'I muſt not ſcruple to ſay, that every thing we have ſuffered—you, my mother, myſelf, and all of us—I muſt not keep back the truth, I muſt not ſcruple to ſay, all our evils and all our misfortunes are from him. But let us not dwell upon this; let us only rejoice that we are met again; and that by the abundant tenderneſs of theſe worthy people, but particularly that gentleman,' [pointing to Mr. Jaiſon] 'you receive me ſafe and unhurt; you receive me, indeed, alive and happy.'—'Then all he has told me is falſe!' cried Mr. Sanſon, 'all is falſe, dear child? Cruel, barbarous man! and yet I will not call him cruel; thanks be to God that he hath thus deceived me, and that I ſhall receive both my poor girls again ſafe and ſecure; free from that deadly ruin which I feared they had fallen into! Say, my Caroline, where is your ſiſter? where is my Lucy? ſhall I not ſee her too? Where is my poor child? Alas! what terrors have I ſuffered on her account! what a horrible ſtory have I heard from Mr. Dookalb! Oh, my dear, every word he uttered was a dagger to my heart; and he ſtruck it home indeed! I wonder that I have been able one moment to ſurvive it!'—'His cruelty is unparalleled, Sir,' ſaid Mr. Jaiſon; 'yet, I truſt it will be in our power to make him a proper return, and to deliver the earth from the depredations of ſuch a monſter: it will be a work, I am ſure, infinitely more advantageous to mankind, than any one of the labours of Hercules; for none of the monſters tamed by him, ever were ſo obnoxious to mankind, or did ſo much injury as this moſt conſummate of villains. However, Sir, as this muſt be the matter of future deliberations, let me at preſent entreat you to leave your daughter a while, that both may receive ſome nouriſhment and ſupport, and return with greater activity and vigour to a proper exertion of your reſolutions.' This Mr. Jaiſon ſuggeſted, as a means to divert the poor old man's enquiry after Lucy, and to deliver Caroline from the violent anxiety ſhe muſt be under to open this melancholy affair. Mr. Jaiſon therefore preſſed it very cloſely; but Mr. Sanſon replied—'Oh, Sir, I want now no ſupport, no nouriſhment: thank God, I receive here comfort and ſupport enough. But my bowels yearn to my other child; I want to be informed concerning her, and then I may leave my Caroline in peace.'—'You ſee, Sir,' ſaid Mrs. Hodſon, 'how very weak and low your daughter is; you had much better not hurry her ſpirits too much, leſt you throw her down entirely, and make her ſituation more dangerous than it is: be adviſed, good Sir, and go down into my apartment; we can give you a full account of your other daughter, without diſturbing and diſcompoſing this.' To which Mr. Sanſon, at length, though with ſome regret, conſented; leaving Caroline in the utmoſt anxiety and ſolicitude, to think how this affair could be opened to him; and under the deepeſt ſorrow,

row, to reflect what a melancholy ſcene of affliction yet awaited him; after having ſuffered ſo much already, after having already experienced ſuch a round of diſquietude on her and her ſiſter's account. She truſted, however, to the prudence and wiſdom of Mrs. Hodſon, and the gentleneſs and power of Mr. Jaiſon; and hoped the reflection of her preſent ſtate and ſecurity, might be ſome lenitive, ſome gentle aſſuaſive of the terrible pains he muſt endure on Lucy's behalf.

Scarce were they ſeated below ſtairs, before Mr. Sanſon renewed his enquiry: obſerving to Mrs. Hodſon, that ſhe had declared herſelf very capable of informing him concerning his other daughter; which Mr. Jaiſon, however, inſiſted upon being waved, till Mr. Sanſon had taken ſome proper nouriſhment. 'Oh Sir,' ſaid the old man, with moſt pathetick tears, 'that would 'be the moſt ſalutary nouriſhment to 'me, to hear my child was ſafe and 'well, and virtuous; I ſhould then 'want no incitements to food; but 'my mind being at eaſe, my body 'would ſoon be ſo too: inform me, 'but in a word, that Lucy, my dear-'eſt Lucy! is what I find my Caro-'line, and I'll grow young again with 'joy; I'll exceed all bounds in my 'exultation. But why are you ſi-'lent? Oh! I am ſure you would be 'ready to ſpeak, you would be ready 'to inform me of it, were ſhe happy 'and good—dreadful ſilence!—Speak 'at once, O ſpeak the worſt; for I 'already prevent it in my thoughts—'ſay all that Dookalb has told me is 'true; ſay ſhe is—and yet ſay it not, 'for the tidings muſt be death!'—'It 'is the peculiar mercy of God, Sir,' ſaid Mrs. Hodſon, 'that you receive 'your daughter Caroline virtuous and 'uninjured; it is, I ſay, the peculiar 'mercy of God, and therefore de-'mands your moſt unfeigned and ſin-'cere thanks: and do we receive good 'at his hands, and ſhall we not receive 'evil? Thank and bleſs him for the 'one; with reſignation and humility 'receive the other. Your daughters 'had the misfortune to fall into the 'hands of a man who has no notions 'of right or wrong, no principles of 'virtue, but who makes a ſacrifice of 'all things to his intereſt: if it has 'been the unhappineſs of one of them 'to fall into his ſnare, you ſhould re-'joice to think one has eſcaped to be 'your comfort, and that both are not 'equally involved in the deſigned de-'ſtruction.'—'Then Lucy is undone!' replied Mr. Sanſon. 'It is, I fear, too, too 'true, that ſhe is,' ſaid Mrs. Hodſon; 'but, poſſibly, not undone beyond a 'power of recovery: though ſhe has 'fallen into Mr. Dookalb's net, it is 'very likely you may be able to ex-'tricate her therefrom; for which you 'cannot too reſolutely arm yourſelf, 'and for which you ought to be the 'more zealouſly active; as I am aſ-'ſured the poor young lady was not at 'all conſenting to her own ruin, but 'drawn, abſolutely drawn into it, by 'the vile and barbarous artifices of that 'moſt cruel man!'—'Cruel, indeed!' ſaid Mr. Sanſon; 'oh inhuman mon-'ſter! falſe, perjured, deceitful villain! 'What a ſmooth tale did the hypo-'crite—damn'd diſſembling Dookalb! 'what a ſmooth tale did he varniſh over 'to the prejudice of my poor children; 'and to alienate my heart from them, 'when he himſelf, alone, was the fit 'ject of my deteſtation. Oh, how I 'could curſe him! And has the Al-'mighty no thunder, has he utterly 'forſaken the cauſe of the innocent 'and oppreſſed? does he ſuffer iniquity 'thus to ſtare unapalled in the broad 'eye of the ſun? Oh, that the agonies 'of a father could reach his throne, 'arouze his juſtice, launch his light-'nings, and conſume to very aſhes, 'conſume that execrable fiend of de-'ſtruction, curſed, curſed, wicked Doo-'kalb! May hotter brands than——' Thus was the raving father, in all the fury of grief and juſt reſentment, proceeding to execrate the cauſe of all his miſery; when Mrs. Hodſon thus interrupted him. 'Hold, Sir, let me entreat 'you! forbear theſe raſh ventings of 'your paſſion; and bear yourſelf with 'patience becoming a man and a Chriſ-'tian.'—'I am both, Madam,' replied he, ſomething wildly; 'but do Chriſtians 'not feel? are men, like brute beaſts, 'diveſted of humanity? I am a man and 'a Chriſtian; and like a man and a 'Chriſtian muſt feel, exquiſitely feel, 'the miſeries that ſting me; cut me, I 'ſhould ſay, to the very ſoul! For I 'have loſt—oh! I have loſt a daughter, 'lovely as the morning, beautiful as 'the roſe-bud in it's blowing, ever

'pleaſing,

'pleaſing, ever dearer to me than my life, my liberty!—My Lucy is undone, and my beſt friend is a villain, an execrable villain! Is not this extreme miſery, is not this affliction beyond periſhing in flames, tearing out eyes, and broiling to death on ſlow-conſuming fires! Oh, Eternal Judge, all-dreadful Hand of Omnipotence, King of awful and moſt terrible power, whom now I behold encircled with fire, and accompanied with ten thouſand miniſters of vengeance—ſend them forth—crack every ſinew in this poor old carcaſe with ſlow and bitterest torments; tear with red-hot pincers every piece of fleſh from theſe poor feeble bones; rack me, deſtroy me inch by inch in agonies moſt inſupportable and acute!—God of vengeance, do all this to me, if that can plead with thee for my poor dear child, if that can reſcue and reſtore my Lucy to virtue and happineſs! Oh! let the father ſuffer all that can be endured, if that may plead for his daughter, and ſecure her from the evils which I fear ſurround her.—But let me not ſuffer, unleſs thy hotteſt bolts fall down on Dookalb—vile hypocrite!—friend, friend!—Oh, fatal name—Oh, moſt bitter of enemies was that friend!—May he ſuffer worſe evils than now afflict me!'—'Believe me, Sir,' ſaid Mr. Jaiſon, 'you ſhall find me truly ready to aſſiſt you in proſecuting any true revenge, or exacting any due puniſhment on this vileſt of wretches; but let not your grief thus exceed all bounds: conſider what is paſt and over cannot be recalled; and it is vain and unreaſonable to lament what we cannot hinder or alter. Your whole buſineſs now ſhould be to conſider what ſteps are beſt to be taken for the recovery of your daughter, and how, in prudence, we may beſt proceed to regain her to your wiſhes, eſtabliſh her in virtue, and yet make her happy; and, in the mean time, you ſhould greatly conſole yourſelf on the recollection of the jewel, the ineſtimable jewel you poſſeſs, in your daughter Caroline, whoſe exemplary and eminent virtue ought to ſuggeſt conſtant rejoicing to your ſoul, and make you peaceably acquieſce in the determinations of Almighty Providence, and not farther provoke it's vengeance by an unwillingneſs to ſubmit to it's diſpenſations, and a wayward ſtruggling under that load which you cannot throw off: for God is too ſtrong for man; and the beſt argument for reſignation is, the neceſſity of bearing whether we will reſign or not.'—'Oh! Sir,' replied the old man, 'your words give great comfort and ſatisfaction to my ſoul; I perceive a gleam of hope ariſing from my terrible darkneſs, and ſome faint rays of comfort ſhining on my gloomy heart. But, oh, to think of my child!—ſhe was my firſt-born, the ſweeteſt babe, my chief delight, and my fondeſt companion. There was ſuch inexpreſſible chearfulneſs and pleaſure in all her behaviour, ſuch an artleſs vivacity, ſuch a ready obedience to all my commands, and ſuch a gladſome joy in all her actions, when they were directed to my pleaſure and ſervice—that to think of her ruin, to think this dear child is ſpotted over with infamy, made a—— Oh, I cannot utter the word!—Sure, ſure I am not thus wretched!—Miſerable old man, I never knew any joy but in my children! confined to narrow circumſtances, hardly pinched for ſubſiſtence, conſtantly under anxiety to maintain and ſupport them; and yet amidſt all theſe things, my children, my pretty little children, were a conſtant comfort and ſatisfaction to me. Then, what beauty was there in her perſon—oh, dreadful thought! there, there has been her deſtruction—and that fine form, thoſe lovely limbs—break my heart to think on't!—My child—oh, a proſtitute, an abandoned proſtitute! ſweet, lovely, ſpotleſs, innocent, as ſhe went from me.—A proſtitute!—good God!—and is ſhe, can ſhe be thus defiled? Spare me, ſpare me the certainty, the horrid aſſurance of theſe things, and cut my life ſhort now, even now, benignant Fountain of all power and mercy!' Thus he breathed forth his mournful lamentations, oppreſſed with the heavieſt load of affliction: which Mrs. Hodſon uſed all the power and ſtrength of her reaſon and perſuaſion to mitigate and appeaſe, and which ſhe at length attained, aſſiſted by Mr. Jaiſon, who promiſed the unhappy father to make it his immediate buſineſs the next morning to ſearch out his daughter Lucy, and, if poſſible, to give him ſome information concerning her. Soothed by which, and not

yet

yet utterly hopeleſs, at their intreaties he retired to bed, not to reſt, for that was a ſtranger to his pillow, as quietneſs and repoſe were ſtrangers to his mind.

CHAP. V.

DOOKALB'S APPROACHING FALL. A STRANGE DISCOVERY, NOT MUCH TO HIS ADVANTAGE.

BEFORE we proceed any farther, it may be proper to turn our view on Mr. Dookalb, whom we left in high ſpirits, and greatly rejoicing to think his ſcheme had thus far ſucceeded, and that he had once more recovered this fugitive. As he walked along to the place appointed, he applauded himſelf and his great ſkill and addreſs, with wondrous rapture; and feaſted on the ſucceſs of his artifice with more abundant joy than a hungry lion on the prey for which he had long lain in wait. He approached the door of the houſe which he had appointed for Caroline's reception with great and tranſporting alacrity; and ordered the ſervant who opened it to him, to ſhew him to the young lady, who was juſt come in. The fellow, ſurprized, told him there had been no young lady there that day; which he attributing to the man's ignorance, or abſence, or ſome other plauſible cauſe, deſired to ſee his miſtreſs inſtantly: which requeſt being granted, he had the ſame terrible truth fully declared to him, and he now began to ſuſpect ſome alarming deceit and treachery. He read the note again and again, examined the hand, and found it in very deed his faithful ſervant's; he could find no marks of forgery: but a ſtrange damp, ſtruck his ſoul, and his proud heart ſunk. Something horribly vexed and diſturbed his conſcience, and he felt an uneaſineſs hitherto abſolutely unknown. He determined, however, to return home, and enquire if any tidings had been brought from Caroline, or the meſſenger: willing to hope there was ſome miſtake, though dreadfully miſtruſting there was ſome knavery, ill-boding to him. Accordingly he returned; but how was his ſhock redoubled, and his fears confirmed, on the information which he received concerning Mr. Sanſon's departure! He enquired particularly concerning the perſon whom his ſervant had introduced to Mr. Sanſon; and too ſhrewdly conjectured, from the deſcription, that it was Mr. Jaiſon, his deadly and mortal enemy! His ancient fury ſunk into melancholy and gloomy deſpair; and, like the celebrated Cardinal Wolſey, he fancied that an end of all his glory was come: and that Mr. Jaiſon was acting the part of a Northumberland: on whoſe parting from that *little good Lord Cardinal*, he thus pathetically ſpeaks.

So farewel to the little good you bear me!
Farewel, a long farewel, to all my greatneſs!
This is the ſtate of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow bloſſoms,
And bears his bluſhing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a froſt, a killing froſt,
And when he thinks, good eaſy man, full ſurely
His greatneſs is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls—as I do!

Poor Dookalb! thy greatneſs was *a ripening*, and thy *bluſhing* honours were now thick upon thee—thou waſt about to mellow the matureſt piece of iniquity thou hadſt ever taken in hand; and to be thus diſappointed—to be thus caſt down, too! Alas, alas! hold up; courage, brave veteran in vice! What, ſhall a ſimple girl and an unexperienced boy cauſe thee to tremble? Shall theſe deſpiſed children of virtue make the patron of wickedneſs afraid and abaſhed? Let us hear no more of it, leſt the daughters of thy crimes, leſt the lovers of thy ſage diſcipline ſhould lament, leſt a general ſorrow ſhould echo through the garden of Covent, and the mothers ſhould howl out their complaints through the merry domes of proſtitution and filthineſs! But vain are ſuch exhortations, fruitleſs indeed are ſuch kind and gentle admonitions! Poor Mr. Dookalb continued fixed in ſilence, and a long, long ſeries of crimes, now, for the firſt time, ſtared him in the face; and, like the ghoſts of his murdered friends paſſing before the inhuman Richard, appeared to him, and ſat heavy on his affrighted conſcience.

How wonderful is the power of conſcience! which, amidſt numberleſs iniquities, and a long train of vice, frequently remains abſolutely callous and unaffected; never is touched or ſenſible; never gives the ſoul any alarm, or rings

the night-*bell* to awaken the compoſed and deeply-ſlumbering mind; and yet at length is arouzed by the ſmalleſt accidents, and recovers it's feeling with double force on trivial occaſions, or even ſmall diſappointments! Dookalb, whoſe life had been one ſcene of guilt, had never felt the leaſt remorſe, or ſuch as continued long to affect him; nay, he was even grown to ſuch a hardneſs in ſin, that it was a pleaſure and ſatisfaction to him; and of the multitude of vile actions which he had done, never any touched his ſoul with ſhame and confuſion. And yet now behold, what a ſhock he hath received, and how he ſeems to anticipate the horrors prepared for him! It happened, while he was torturing his heart with vexation and diſquietude, and ſat wrapt up in the gloom of melancholy, that a meſſenger arrived, informing him, that Mrs. Searchwell, who was on the point of expiring, as it was thought, deſired inſtantly to ſee him, ſince ſhe had ſomething of peculiar neceſſity to communicate to him. Dookalb ſhewed much reluctance to the viſit; but the man preſſed it ſo vehemently and earneſtly that he complied. Shocked as his mind already was, nothing could have given ſuch additional horror and force to the uneaſineſs of it, as this ſight. He was introduced to Mrs. Searchwell's apartment, whoſe loud voice he heard thundering before he entered the room; but as ſoon as he beheld her, what a miſerable, frightful object preſented itſelf, and rendered him almoſt incapable to advance! Her face, naturally red, was tinged with a double deepneſs from the violence of the fever, which was the conſequence of her fall down ſtairs, wherein ſhe broke her thigh; her eyes gleamed with a terrible fierceneſs, and ſhe caſt out from her foaming mouth, (whence her ſtruggling breath laboured with great difficulty) words like theſe: 'Dookalb, Dookalb—accurſed—don't 'murder her—I am burnt—burnt and 'parched—her blood's all fire—pr'ythee 'ſtop it—damn'd aſſaſſin—Dookalb, 'blacker than devils—I tell you, ſhe 'muſt not be murdered—the devils ſay 'ſo.—Oh, curſed villain!' Upon which words, (though, as Dookalb conceived, there was no other perſon in the room, or within hearing, but himſelf and her) he trembled in every joint, his colour departed, and he ſtood ſpeechleſs, and terrified, like a ſtatue. However, recovering himſelf a little, he ventured to ſay, 'For God's ſake be appeaſed, good 'Mrs. Searchwell: don't let any ſuch 'ſtrange things run in your head! Do, 'be quiet and eaſy, or you will never 'be well. Why do you talk of ſuch 'things?' Upon which ſhe, raiſing herſelf, and looking at him, cried out, 'Oh, 'fiend, are you there? Did you not per'ſuade me to it? do not your bloody 'hands ſhew it? See, ſhe ſtands by to 'torture us!—curſe on your cunning—'or I had ne'er done it—whip me, rack 'me, tear me, burn me!—Oh, the hor'ror—ſulphureous and tormenting!—'Dookalb, blackeſt of devils! wipe off 'that blood; wipe it away, or it will 'conſume us all.' Thus as ſhe ſpoke, her body heaved with intolerable agony, her eyes were fixed, her breath with ſlow and deep groans, interrupted with curſes, laboured forth from her corrupted breaſt, and her whole frame teſtified all the horrors of the moſt deeply convicted conſcience. Dookalb ſecretly condemned himſelf for coming to ſuch a place, and ſuch a ſcene, and privately retired from the room; to the door of which, when he came, two men laid hold of him; and ſhewing their authority, demanded his attendance to a neighbouring juſtice; as, they obſerved to him, there appeared ſomething very extraordinary in Mrs. Searchwell's words; who, during the whole time of her delirium at leaſt, had laid the murder of ſome innocent perſon to his charge: the truth of which they were determined, at the requeſt of ſome other perſons who had been with her, to find out and examine. Dookalb, aſtoniſhed at this, ſunk into the moſt abject cowardice; and, conſcience ſtrongly convicting, was ſtruck perfectly dumb. He heſitated, and hammered, and was ſurprized at their proceedings, and hoped they were only in joke, and much to the ſame inſignificant purpoſe; which they diſregarding, demanded him to attend them, otherwiſe they muſt be obliged to uſe means not ſo agreeable. The miſcreant was forced to comply; and a coach which ſtood ready at the door, received him and his companions, the moſt diſagreeable he had ever yet proved or known in his life. He reaſoned much with the gentlemen as they rode together, and objected againſt their proceedings, as ſtrange, ungenerous, and cruel;

cruel; ſince it was ſurely highly ſo, to conclude any thing from the mad expreſſions of a delirious brain, or the wild ravings of a perſon in a fever. To which they replied nothing more, than that doubtleſs, if he were innocent, he could well clear and juſtify himſelf; but they had ſome farther evidence, they aſſured him. Unable to gain any thing farther from them, he arrived at Juſtice Gildon's, a magiſtrate whoſe diligence and integrity does honour as well as ſervice to his country: a man, whom Dookalb had no great veneration for, as heretofore there had paſſed ſome things between them, which now he recollected, could give the juſtice no very favourable opinion of him. But if the perſon of the juſtice was not quite acceptable to him, how was he ſtruck to behold, when introduced to him, his old and mortal foe, Dr. L**, whoſe very look he dreaded, more than he hated, and whoſe great goodneſs was no leſs obnoxious to him, than the zeal which that worthy man had ſhewn on ſome former occaſions for his advantage!

The doctor was, indeed, the whole cauſe of this proceeding; in order fully to comprehend which, it will be neceſſary to inform the courteous reader, that in theſe pariſhes, where houſes and wretches like Mrs. Searchwell's and her nieces abound, it is no uncommon thing, when all hopes of life are over, and when the breath is almoſt ready to depart, to ſend for a clergyman to do the laſt offices. On theſe extremities, alas, they too late begin to ſee and feel! Dr. L** being fixed in one of theſe pariſhes, unlike many modern divines, always made it his cuſtom to viſit every ſick-bed to which he was called, ſince he often uſed to ſay, 'Though perhaps 'I may not profit the ſoul of the departing perſon *always*, yet I may always 'profit my *own* ſoul, and frequently 'thoſe of the attendants and by-ſtanders, and not ſeldom gain ſome information from the dying perſons, which 'enables me to do ſignal ſervices, and 'be more extenſively uſeful.' And in this his many years experience had confirmed him. Mrs. Searchwell being in his pariſh, and being now given over by the phyſician, according to cuſtom, ſent for the doctor; who coming immediately, found her perfectly delirious, and venting ſuch broken horrors as we have lately heard. He ſat long by her bedſide, and ſoothed her frenzy; by which means he gained many hints, which ſtrongly raiſed his ſuſpicions, and made him very deſirous to know more. Accordingly he ſent for two or three perſons of credit in the neighbourhood, and deſired them to minute down what they heard, and to give the utmoſt heed to it. He likewiſe called in two or three of the oldeſt ſervants in the houſe, and ordering every one to keep ſilence, himſelf only prudently examined, and properly fed her delirium, by queſtions and replies ſuitable to the purpoſe wherein he was engaged. He found plain enough, that a murder had been committed, and that principally by Dookalb's means and agency; and at length, to his infinite ſatisfaction, for the purpoſe of detecting it, ſhe named a perſon whom he ſuſpected to be murdered, and called out, 'Oh, curſed name—Cranvers, 'curſed Cranvers—I'll write it in your 'own blood.' Upon which he aroſe, and deſiring his friends to remark it—'Alas, gentlemen!' ſaid he, 'it is now 'too plain; I am no ſtranger to all this 'iniquity, and I bleſs God, the avenger 'of innocent blood, that he hath made 'me the inſtrument of detecting it! 'However, we muſt ſtill proceed with 'exact care; let us a while withdraw.' So ſaying, they departed, and the doctor, in a private room, thus unfolded to them the reaſons of his ſuſpicion, and the great cauſe he had to be aſſured of this wicked dying woman's declaration, though delivered in a frenzy.

'About four years ſince, a worthy 'clergyman of my acquaintance in the 'Weſt, dying, left a large family of 'children, and greatly unprovided for, 'as is too commonly the caſe. The 'widow knowing the intimacy which 'always had ſubſiſted between her late 'huſband and myſelf, wrote to me a 'mournful account of their circumſtances and great diſtreſſes, and craved 'my advice and relief. I did what I 'could to ſerve her; and deſired her to 'ſend up her eldeſt ſon to me, then 'about fifteen years of age, and her 'eldeſt daughter little more than ſixteen, as I would take upon me the 'care of both, and ſee them put in ſome 'way to get their bread with honeſty 'and diligence. The boy I put apprentice; and, bleſſed be God, he ſucceeds well, and proves very careful, 'to my great comfort. The girl like-

'wife I put apprentice to a milliner in 'my own parifh, a woman whom you 'all know of unexceptionable charac- 'ter, Mrs. M***. It ſeems the bawds 'and wicked directreſſes of ſuch in- 'famous houſes, have a cuſtom of exa- 'mining all milliners ſhops, and ſuch 'other places where there are num- 'bers of young women, either by them- 'ſelves or their inſtruments, in order to 'find out ſome for their helliſh pur- 'poſes.—Cruel and abandoned deſtroy- 'ers!—One of theſe ſcouts came to the 'ſhop where Polly Cranvers, for that 'was the child's name; (I call her a 'child, for ſhe was really little better, 'juſt turned ſixteen!) I ſay, one of 'them came to the ſhop; and, pleaſed 'with her face and make, which were 'both very good and becoming, gave 'notice, I ſuppoſe, to her principal, and 'ſo determined my poor girl for de- 'ſtruction. Long would it be for me 'to rehearſe the numberleſs arts and 'means they tried to ſeduce her, of 'which ſhe would frequently complain 'to me with tears in her eyes, and la- 'ment, that ſhe dare not even ſtir abroad, 'through the terror of ſome people who 'conſtantly moleſted her. Strange ſtories 'ſhe has told me, which I could ſcarce- 'ly credit. However, to wave that, 'this Mr. Dookalb at length came to 'the ſhop, and by a moſt inſinuating 'way, under the cloak of great friend- 'ſhip and regard to the girl, got ſo far 'into her good graces, as to take off all 'fear of ſuſpicion from himſelf of any 'harm to her; inſomuch, that ſhe fre- 'quently went to his houſe, which was 'very near, and always returned pleaſed 'with the civility and goodneſs of Mr. 'Dookalb. This, by the way, was all 'a ſecret to me, I knew nothing of it; '(ſome occaſional buſineſs calling me 'from town during the progreſs of this 'acquaintance) or, believe me, I ſhould 'ſpeedily have put a ſtop to it, as I have 'had ſo many proofs of that man's vile- 'neſs, have ſo frequently heard poor 'dying wretches curſe him with their 'parting breath, as the cauſe and ori- 'ginal of all their evils; and have, on 'repreſenting theſe things to him, been 'able to make ſo little, not to ſay, no 'impreſſion at all, upon his hard heart. 'But gueſs what was my ſurprize, 'to be informed, while in the country, 'that Polly had abſented herſelf from 'her miſtreſs for three days; and that, 'upon the moſt ſtrict ſearch, no infor- 'mation could be gained of her. I 'haſted back to town, made all the 'enquiry I poſſibly could; and, upon 'the moſt exact information, could not 'find that ſhe had been out upon any 'other buſineſs than to carry ſome book 'to Mr. Dookalb's, which he had lent 'her, and deſired her as on that morn- 'ing to return. Mrs. M*** had made 'enquiry at Mr. Dookalb's, who ſent 'her word back, that ſhe had indeed 'been at his door that morning, but 'never within it. I myſelf went to 'him, and got moſt ſeverely abuſed and 'threatened for my pains, as if I ſu- 'ſpected him of ſecreting a poor ſilly 'girl. In ſhort, whatever I might 'imagine, I could gain no aſſurance; 'and though her miſtreſs and I adver- 'tiſed her long and conſtantly, with a 'very conſiderable reward, we were 'never able to obtain the leaſt glimpſe 'of her, ſpite of all my diligence, and 'utmoſt aſſiduity, which I uſed in the 'affair! gueſs, then, gentlemen, what 'muſt I imagine, on hearing theſe words 'from Mrs. Searchwell?—I leave it to 'your own reflection.' They with one conſent agreed, that there ſeemed ſome- thing very black and dreadful; and, upon the doctor's advice, agreed to get a proper order from Juſtice Gildon to ſe- cure Dookalb, whom they determined, if poſſible, to bring to Mrs. Searchwell, as hoping ſome farther diſcovery might ariſe from thence. Accordingly, they ſent the meſſenger, as related above; watched at the door to hear what might paſs between theſe two worthies; caught Mr. Dookalb, as in bitterneſs of heart he was departing from her; and pre- ſented him, as we have ſeen, before this excellent magiſtrate, and active mini- ſter.

It would be tedious and unneceſſary to inform the reader of the whole pro- ceſs of the examination, and the ſeve- ral corroborating evidences which were brought in ſupport of the doctor's ſuſ- picions. It appeared, however, plain enough, from the declaration of two of Mrs. Searchwell's ſervants, that ſuch a perſon as was mentioned by the doctor, was brought into the houſe, and that it was found a difficult matter to cauſe her to comply; and that ſhe was carried away, as they were told, after a com- pliance, to be a nobleman's miſtreſs; things which, they obſerved, were every

day

day ſo common with them, that they paid little or no heed to them. Dookalb urged in his defence, that it was ſurpriſing any thing of this kind ſhould be in the leaſt imagined of him, when it was well known how great an eſteem he had for Polly Cranvers: nor could he help objecting againſt the juſtice of ſuch proceedings, which were highly injurious to an innocent man, who could never be ſafe, if the wild words of delirious perſons were ſufficient to condemn him. To the firſt, both the juſtice and the doctor well replied, that they had but too much proof that his friendſhip to young women was wholly to decoy and ruin them, a practice wherein they were aſſured he had long too ſucceſsfully proceeded; and as to the latter, they begged him to take notice, that it was not on Mrs. Searchwell's words only, but on far more weighty and clear evidence, that they thus acted: upon the ſtrength of which the juſtice did not heſitate to commit him, ſpite of Dookalb's threats, that he ſhould ſuffer for ſuch iniquity, and that all his noble friends would join to deliver and vindicate an injured man. This nothing moved or terrified the worthy magiſtrate; who obſerved, that he was, and would be very ready to explain the cauſes and motives of his actions, in a proper place; and, in the mean time, begged leave to recommend Mr. Dookalb to a place where he ſhould be ſure to find him, the priſon; hoping, that if he were really innocent, he might clear himſelf; but if guilty, that he might ſuffer what was ſo juſtly his due.

CHAP. VI.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE VERY MISERABLE AND DISTRESSED CONDITION OF LUCY, WITH MANY CURIOUS PARTICULARS.

IN this ſituation, then, we will awhile leave Mr. Dookalb, to our ſatisfaction, as we hope it is to the ſatisfaction alſo of every reader: for however diſagreeable it may be to forſake the wretched in their miſery, it certainly cannot but be very pleaſing to ſee villainy about to merit it's reward, and publick deſtroyers about to be cut off from the people. But it will be highly more agreeable to us to find vengeance hovering over the head of Dookalb, when we return back and conſider into what a wretched ſituation his deceit and wickedneſs had brought poor Lucy, the unhappy daughter of Mr. Sanſon, whom we left him ſo anxiouſly deſirous to ſee and recover. It will be neceſſary for us to turn our eyes on this our other heroine, that we may know her preſent condition, and in what circumſtances, if at all, her father is likely to find her.

We left her under the ſurgeon's hands for the cure of thoſe wounds and burns which ſhe had received from the inhuman cruelty of ſome gentlemen, whom her unhappy profeſſion obliged her to viſit, and by a ſubmiſſion to whoſe luſt and paſſions ſhe earned—miſerable woman!—the hardeſt bread, and the moſt dreadful livelihood. It may, perhaps, appear amazing to ſome, that there ſhould be ſo quick a tranſition, ſuch a ſtrange and momentary viciſſitude, as we have repreſented, and as is really the caſe, in the lives of theſe unhappy creatures. But let ſuch only reflect on the numbers found in the populous ſtreets of London, who are periſhing with diſeaſes, abandoned to infamy, and in the very laſt ſtages of diſtreſs, when, for the moſt part, not exceeding twenty years; to which, indeed, few arrive, the generality being thrown out much younger, and many corrupting away piece-meal, at an age, when few are eſteemed women! And can we be ſurprized? A young creature perhaps is debauched at fifteen, ſoon abandoned, quickly common, as quickly diſeaſed, and as quickly loathſome and deteſted! Other intemperance is ſuperadded to luſt, and the fatal poiſon of ſpirituous liquors is greedily ſwallowed to intoxicate and deſtroy the power of corroding conſcience. Alas! what are beauty and youth, when ſlaves to ſuch deſtroyers? The faireſt features, and the tendereſt form, are like the choiceſt flowers, ſooneſt blighted, withered, and decayed: and the rough uſages of intemperance, like rough blaſts and killing froſts, ſoon deſpoil them of all their beauty, and lay them to rot unregarded on the mercileſs earth. Oh, let the reflection enter deep into your hearts, ye fond, but erring parents; and as ye would preſerve your flouriſhing innocents, ſo water them with the dew of early inſtruction, and warm them with the ſunſhine of virtue and religion! Lucy was no ſtranger to the neceſſity

neceſſity of theſe things—Oh, ſhe could have told you very feelingly of their uſe, and the dreadful conſequences of their neglect; but it was now too late for her, ſince deeply involved in debts, ſhe had no power to retrieve, and had but one choice, one horrible alternative, to periſh in a gaol, or to——Alas! ſhe did not know the conſequences of remaining and perſiſting in her preſent diſmal way of life! Soon, however, as ſhe was tolerably recovered of her wounds and ſores, ſhe again returned to her ancient buſineſs of frequenting play-houſes, attending at taverns, and complying with the other branches of her occupation. Mrs. Holdfaſt, in whoſe pay ſhe ſtill continued, was a very hard miſtreſs, and rigidly demanded a ſtrict performance of her *duty* (as ſhe merrily, I ſuppoſe, called it) and not imagining her profits ſufficient, gave Lucy ſome very broad hints, that there were many traders in her houſe who were greatly more advantageous than ſhe was to her; and knew how to turn a penny better: for Mrs. Holdfaſt obſerved, that ſhe had never brought in one watch, or jewel of value—or any little trifle which gentlemen don't miſs or regard, when occupied in other matters: and ſhe gave Lucy to know, that unleſs ſhe would mend her manners, ſhe muſt walk abroad, and ſee what better buſineſs ſhe could find in the ſtreets; a thing which ſhe always dreadfully feared, and much abhorred. It happened, however, one night, that ſhe was ſummoned to attend a company of gentlemen at a tavern, one of whom, a middling tradeſman, was greatly ſtruck with her form, beauty, and behaviour, and paſſing the night with her, was deſirous of farther acquaintance. Accordingly, he began to talk with her upon the buſineſs of keeping, and offered to find her a lodging, and half a guinea per week, if ſhe would conſent to become his miſtreſs. This was a very inviting propoſal to the poor girl, and one that ſhe readily accepted; but then there appeared an inſurmountable difficulty with regard to Mrs. Holdfaſt; which the tradeſman quickly removed, by abſolutely deſpiſing it: telling her, that it would be a merit to bilk ſuch a fury, and that if ſhe would follow his advice, it ſhould be done. Lucy gladly conſented, and attended her new lover in a coach, to a place where he ſaid there was a lodging ready, and where ſhe might live very well, though it muſt be very retired. The lodging was at a tripe-ſellers, in one of the private ſtreets in St. Giles's; a miſerable abode, but well adapted to the purpoſe: this ſame perſon had heretofore lodged a lady here; and the miſtreſs of the houſe was his particular friend and council-keeper. Though now reduced to the low and ſervile office of ſelling tripe in ſuch a miſerable place, ſhe was the daughter of a gentleman; but had been ſucceſsfully wicked from her youth in her debaucheries, and had eſcaped the fatality of thoſe diſeaſes which carry off ſo many, but had robbed her of nothing more than that needleſs excreſcence on the human countenance, the noſe. All poſſibility of *trading* in her former way being denied her, ſhe reſolved to turn honeſt, and to gain her bread by *fair* and *induſtrious* dealing; upon which ſhe entered on the occupation before mentioned, and, according to the cuſtom in town, let out the beſt part of her houſe in lodgings. Here, then, Lucy commenced again miſtreſs in form, though in ſomewhat lower life than before: and here ſhe lived the moſt miſerable of all human beings; for ſhe had no other converſation but that of the old woman, and a few wretched infamous creatures of her acquaintance; ſhe never dared to peep out of the door, leſt ſome of Mrs. Holdfaſt's friends ſhould ſee and diſcover her; her miſery became inſupportable to her, and as the only poſſible alleviation of it, ſhe followed her good landlady's advice and example, and betook herſelf to the horrid cuſtom of dram-drinking; the almoſt inevitable conſequence of this deteſtable way of life. Her gallant was of a booriſh nature, and his uſage of courſe not the moſt tender and delicate; inſomuch that frequent quarrels aroſe between them, and he ever dreadfully threatened her, not only with abandoning her, but with informing Mrs. Holdfaſt of her. So that never did wretch live under ſuch a fearful, uneaſy diſquietude: the leaſt degree of peace and pleaſure never ſhined upon her benighted heart. When ſhe was not intoxicated with liquor, the power of conſcience and reflection was ſo ſtrong and piercing, that ſhe more than once reſolved upon deſtroying herſelf; and yet the fear of what ſhe might hereafter be, conſtantly compelled her rather to bear her preſent ills, than, in the

the words of the poet, to *fly to others that she knew not of*. How pathetically would she at some times lament her fate; at others, how would she curse herself, and the instruments of her destruction, with all the bitterness of woe! It happened one day, that she was standing, contrary to her custom, in the shop, when a couple of young gentlemen in a chariot passing by, observed her; and as her appearance had something striking, especially in such a place, they stopped; and being undaunted blades, entered the shop, from which she very precipitately retired, and they as precipitately pursued after her. After the first sallies on both sides were over, and the little necessary skirmishes successfully compleated on the side of our heroes, they all peaceably sat down together, and began to enter into a sociable and somewhat amorous converse. Lucy concluded them something of figure and fashion, by their equipage; and was not backward to parly with them, as her present circumstances were not the most eligible, and she had some distant hopes to obtain a rescue and deliverance. They, too, were not displeased with her person, as she had not quite lost all her former beauty, though the greatest part of it was withered and decayed. Delighted with the adventure, they talked in high spirits, and began to be quite intimate. Freedoms naturally ensued; but the grand point Lucy absolutely denied, unless they would free her from her present state, and take her into their own patronage and protection. To which they were somewhat averse; but, however, upon her repeated entreaties, and firm refusal to comply with their desires—(as she might well refuse to comply, who felt in herself no temptation, or the least degree of passion) they at length determined to take her with them, and bilk the bonny brazier of *** Street.—— But, behold, just as they were sallying forth with their prize, in entered the very man! He looked confounded to the last degree, as did Lucy, and as did the *ravishers*; (for thus in flowery romance, and in the deeds atchieved by knights of mighty prowess in old times, thus I wot these heroes would have been right nobly termed.) The brazier paying them all lowly respect, with due submission, thus addressed one of them—'My lord, 'I humbly ask your lordship's pardon, 'but I must beg leave to take that lady 'out of your hands; for though your 'lordship is pleased to trade with me 'for brass, I don't deal in any other 'article.'—'D—n me, Sir!' replied his lordship, (much chagrined, disconcerted, and disappointed) 'I don't understand 'what you mean—Such rascals as you 'have impudence, indeed, to controul 'me in my pleasures! Is it not sufficient that I permit you to enter my 'house?—Sir, be assured, if you say 'another word, I'll never trade with 'you henceforth for ever.' The brazier, warmed by these words, and stimulated by the fear and dishonour of losing his mistress, with a saucy boldness, equal to the young nobleman's, replied, 'And d—n you, my lord, and 'your trade too; these five years I have 'served you, furnished your house in 'my way on your marriage, and supplied it ever since, and the devil a farthing have I seen of your lordship's 'money for all my goods: do but pay 'me what you owe me, or return me 'my own, and I never desire to enter 'your *noble* house, with a pox! nor to 'have any sort of concern with such 'fine gentlemen. But believe me, Sir, 'you shall have none of this lady—so 'pray walk to your fine chariot, and 'call at your coach-makers as you go 'home, and pay him for it.'—'Oh, 'pray, good Mr. Brassy,' said the other gentleman, 'don't be so very angry; 'pray take your sweet lady, your mistress, Sir—you must have a mistress, 'truly!—pray take her; his lordship and 'myself are very ready to part with 'her: we can have no more of her than 'we have already had, my blood; no 'more, I assure thee.' The brazier's choler rose very high at this; Lucy burst into tears; and the two delighted heroes, laughing very loudly, were about to make the best of their way off. 'Cruel, 'barbarous wretches,' said she, 'was 'there ever such a vile artifice! Have 'you ever touched me? Have you ever 'exceeded the bounds of modesty with 'me? Speak, do not injure a poor 'wretched woman thus: answer me, 'clear me, justify me?—Mr. Copper, 'pray do not suffer them thus to abuse 'me.'—'Clear yourself and be d——d!' said he; 'you are, bad enough, or you 'would not have been so ready to go 'away with them: get you up stairs, 'and I'll do for you; never fear me, 'Madam, I'll do for you.'

Thus

Thus was Lucy unhappy in all her undertakings, and unſucceſsful in all her deſigns: ſhe went weeping up ſtairs, and Mr. Copper, her lover, followed grumbling, and fraught with wondrous indignation. Much hard language paſſed between them, and there ſeemed no poſſibility of making up the breach; however, much ſhe proteſted, much ſhe wept, and much ſhe intreated: ſhe was at length permitted to uſe the little blandiſhments of love—and proved the truth of Shakeſpeare's obſervation—

——When maidens ſue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as truly theirs,
As they themſelves would owe them.

Her blandiſhments proved effectual, and ſhe turned the anger of her gallant into luſt, which ſhe appeaſed with all her power, and love alone reigned triumphant after this dreadful and unhappy fray.

But however outwardly pleaſed our two diſappointed gallants might appear, they were inwardly much diſſatisfied, and boiled with choler and reſentment againſt their brazier, whoſe inſults the nobleman could not well brook; ſince the exact truth of them pointed his reproaches with double acuteneſs. They meditated, therefore, how they might be revenged: and it at length came into his lordſhip's noble mind, that the beſt way ſo to be, was to drive directly to the brazier's houſe, and inform his wife of the ſtate of the caſe. Accordingly, they immediately executed their purpoſe. They came to his houſe, and his lordſhip only got out of his chariot, and begged to ſpeak with Mrs. Copper on ſome important buſineſs. She was a woman of ſpirit; and though married to a brazier, let me tell you, deſcended from a very conſiderable family, which ſhe was determined to honour by her manner of life. She, therefore, according to the preſent faſhion and manner amongſt the trading part of this city, furniſhed her houſe with the beſt mahogany, and elegant ſilk damaſk, and had every thing in the neweſt, the Chineſe taſte; in which, too, ſhe herſelf dreſſed, well becoming that faſhion, for ſhe was of the Chineſe make. She was very fond of a play. Oh, ſhe doated on Mr. Garrick; but ſhe rather loved Mr. Barry better; though, to ſay the truth, ſhe thought Mr. Dexter as ſweet a man as any of them. And then Vauxhall! to be ſure, it was a heaven upon earth; though, for her part, ſhe could not bear to go after the holidays, for there was no *quality*, nothing but riff-raff, tradeſmen's wives, and ſervant-maids, after that time. Ranelagh was, in her opinion, far the genteeleſt, eſpecially the breakfaſting: it was ſo heavenly to walk round and round, and round!—well, what a place was Ranelagh!—But, O! a *carnival* there—or a *jubilee-ball*—what things could Mrs. Copper tell one of them; how eloquent could ſhe be in her encomiums—and, in ſhort, in the praiſes of every faſhionable amuſement, every *innocent* place of diverſion, which ſo happily abound to recreate the melancholy and care-clad citizens of London!

Such was Mrs. Copper; who, upon the ſight of his lordſhip, begged him to walk up ſtairs into the dining-room, as ſhe eſteemed it a very particular honour and was highly obliged to his lordſhip, and begged he would be ſo condeſcending as to ſit down; though, indeed, her chairs were ſcarce fit for his lordſhip to ſit down on, uſed as he was to ſo far better; but poor folks——and his lordſhip would excuſe it. (*N. B.* the chairs in her dining-room coſt 3l. 15s. apiece—) After many ſuch apologies, his lordſhip being ſeated, began: 'I believe, Mrs. Copper, you are perſuaded of the great eſteem and value 'I have for you and your family, and 'the readineſs there is in me to do any 'thing in my power to ſerve you.'—'Oh, to be ſure, my lord! yes, my 'lord! my huſband and I are very well aſſured of it, my lord!' replied Mrs. Copper. 'For you, Madam,' continued his lordſhip, 'I have a particular 'regard—' She ſimpered very ſweetly, and cried, 'I am very much obliged to 'your lordſhip, indeed!'—'And as 'I cannot ſuffer any injury to be done 'to you in my knowledge, ſo cannot I 'know of any injury done to you, without informing you of it. Your huſband is guilty of that moſt atrocious 'and flagrant ſin, adultery: he has 'broken through the moſt ſacred obligation of the nuptial tie, and defiled 'your bed! I am ſorry to ſay it, but deſperate diſeaſes muſt have deſperate 'cures.'—'Oh, the villain!' ſaid ſhe,

in

in a flame, 'I have long ſuſpected it, 'and I'll tear him to pieces. Perhaps, 'now, with ſome curſed ſtrumpet, even 'now he is injuring me, and depriving 'me of my juſt right!' This was the very thing his lordſhip deſired. 'Your 'fears, Madam,' ſaid he, 'are, I 'doubt, too well grounded. I doubt, 'it is juſt as you ſuſpect: give me leave 'to inform you of my proceedings in 'your behalf. I was informed of this 'affair, and ſpeaking of it to my lady, 'who is a good and excellent woman, 'and has a ſingular friendſhip for you, 'Mrs. Copper——Says ſhe, "Surely, "my lord, you cannot ſee poor Mrs. "Copper thus injured; you can't bear "to know this, and not do your part to "aſſiſt the lady. Pray, my dear, go "try, do what you can for her."—'I 'who can deny nothing to the requeſt 'of ſo fine and charming a woman, as 'indeed you know a good huſband 'ought not, promiſed to do my utmoſt: 'and accordingly, Mrs. Copper, order-'ed my chariot, and while you knew 'nothing of the matter, reſolved, in ſe-'cret, to do you all the real ſervice in 'my power. So, you ſee, we have 'often friends when we don't think of 'them.'—'It was very kind of her 'good ladyſhip, indeed,' ſaid ſhe. 'Oh, 'if all women had but ſuch obliging 'huſbands, how happy would they be! 'Alas, I have no ſuch happineſs!—'Mine is the worſt of villains.—But, 'pray, proceed, my lord, that I may 'know the raſcal's tricks.'—'You 'muſt obſerve,' continued he, 'that 'I was informed he kept a miſtreſs at 'a tripe-ſhop in St. Giles's; I deter-'mined therefore to go and talk with 'the infamous woman, the vile ſtrum-'pet there, and, if poſſible, take her 'away. All things ſucceeded very 'well: the woman conſented, upon my 'remonſtrating to her the wickedneſs 'of her way of life, the dreadful and 'aggravating ſin of thus daily injuring 'an innocent wife, and promiſing, if 'ſhe would reform her manners, and 'alter her way of life, to provide for her 'in ſome proper and reputable way. 'She agreed, as I obſerved, and with a 'friend, whom I took upon the occa-'ſion with me, we were juſt departing, 'when, behold, in enters your huſband. 'He began bullying, ſtorming, curſing 'and ſwearing in ſuch a ſort, as made 'my hair ſtand upright, and my very 'joints tremble with horror. He is 'mighty fond of this woman, it ſeems, 'and therefore no wonder he was thus 'enraged at the fear of loſing her. He 'abuſed me with the blackeſt and moſt 'infamous abuſe, damned me beyond 'all imagination, and abſolutely ſwore, 'he never deſired any of my trade: 'his lady, I ſuppoſe, will help to main-'tain him. Well, no matter for that. 'For my own part, I muſt confeſs I 'was ſomewhat angry; but, however, 'I rejoice to think that I reſtrained my 'reſentment. My friend, indeed, was 'the chief reaſon of my ſo doing; who 'turned the whole into a laugh, and 'deſired me to withdraw, as there was 'no reaſon to endanger ourſelves, which 'poſſibly we ſhould have done, if we 'had any farther provoked this out-'rageous man. We left him there; 'and you may be aſſured he is now in 'guilty pleaſures, embracing his har-'lot, to the exquiſite wrong of ſo good 'a wife and ſo fine a woman as you, 'Madam; to whom, I aſſure you, his 'miſtreſs is not in the leaſt comparable, 'and whoſe perſon, believe me, is as 'far ſuperior to her's, as Miſs Gun-'ning's to an oyſter-wench! but luſt, 'we know, often proceeds ſo unrea-'ſonably.'—'Alas, alas!' ſaid Mrs. Copper, pierced to the very heart with keeneſt jealouſy, 'what muſt I do—or 'what ſteps can I take?'—'I will ad-'viſe you, Madam,' continued his lord-ſhip: 'make the beſt of your way to 'the place where your huſband is—de-'lay not at all; ſtand upon no cere-'monies; but as ſoon as you are in the 'ſhop, go directly up ſtairs, and you 'will ſee the whole iniquity: then 'ſhame him, as you ought; frighten 'the ſtrumpet with ſevere threatenings 'againſt her; compel your huſband to 'go home with you, and aſſure him, 'that you ſhall always be able to find 'out his infamous practices; ſo you 'may depend upon it he will reform, 'and you will ſee in the end what a 'faithful and excellent huſband by this 'means you will gain to yourſelf.' Mrs. Copper returned her ſincereſt thanks to his lordſhip: and gaining from him a very exact direction to the place, with much civility and reſpect he parted from her, and returned to his chariot with no ſmall ſatisfaction, hug-ging himſelf in the rapture of his own excellent wit, and diverting his com-

panion highly with a detail of his fine ſtory to the brazier's fooliſh wife. They had each of them a great inclination to ſee how the plot would ſucceed, and what would be the conſequence; but as that was impoſſible, without making ſome diſcovery, they contented themſelves with the pleaſure of reflecting upon it; and each of them retired to dine with their miſtreſſes, as they had been ſo diſappointed in their adventure with Lucy.

Mrs. Copper, as one would reaſonably expect, burning with fury, and red-hot with indignation, determined immediately to make the beſt of her way to the hated place, where this kind gentleman had informed her ſhe might find her villain of a huſband. She ordered a coach therefore to be called (for Mrs. Copper never ſtirred out unleſs in a coach or chair) and made the beſt of her way to the deteſted tripe-ſhop—the ſcene of combat, the bloody field of Philippi. She followed his lordſhip's advice and good directions; and gaining admiſſion into the ſhop, made the beſt of her way up ſtairs, and with ſome little precipitation ruſhed—an unwelcome gueſt—into the chamber, where our two lovers were in no very proper circumſtances to be found by a mild and gentle wife! To ſay truth, they were in bed; for, as quarrels, when made up, generally render lovers more fond and doating, ſo our affectionate couple having kindled the flame of love, and given it's fire new ſtrength from the former anger, were infinitely more doating and paſſionate than if no ſuch thing had happened. But to deſcribe the mutual conſternation, confuſion and amazement of them all, is infinitely out of the reach and power of my pen. Raves the lioneſs when deprived of her young? Does the fierce hyæna tear the ground with all the malignity of her ſavage nature when robbed of her prey? Yet what is all their fierceneſs compared to the fury of the enraged Mrs. Copper? She flew to Lucy as that ſame lioneſs or hyæna flies furious on her prey; and very dangerous, indeed, were the menaces of her wrath. But Mr. Copper kindly warded off the blows, and withheld the enraged woman from a perpetration of her revenge. Nothing but confuſion reigned: in which, at length, poor Mrs. Copper was dreadfully worſted; for, ſpite of threats and entreaties, perſiſting in her reſolution of vengeance, Mr. Copper and Lucy were obliged both to exert themſelves, and belabour the good wife into better manners. Hard, indeed was the uſage; but what could be expected otherwiſe? At length, however, ſhe begged for quarter, and a truce was agreed upon; and ſhe retired from the enemies quarters, though ſubdued in body, far from ſubdued in mind: for, on her departure, ſhe declared to Lucy, that ſhe ſhould find no reſt from her, and to the old tripe-woman ſhe threatened many high and heavy perſecutions, puniſhments, and deſtructions.

CHAP. VII.

LUCY'S VISIT TO AN OLD FRIEND. HER ILL SUCCESS. HER ENTRANCE ON A NEW WAY OF LIFE. IT'S MISERIES. HER GREAT DISTRESS. MR. JAISON'S FEARS, AND SOME APPEARANCE OF DANGER.

THIS diſcovery utterly diſconcerted Mr. Copper's ſchemes, and though he pretended to defy it all, yet he was ſecretly chagrined in his own mind, and fully determined to give up poor Lucy. He did not well know how to manage the matter; and was almoſt reſolved to inform Mr. Holdfaſt, and ſo get rid of her, and throw the whole odium of the matter upon his wife. In theſe doubts he departed, and left Lucy, though under many proteſtations not to abandon her. She was no leſs diſſatisfied and diſquieted in her mind, and was very deſirous, if poſſible, to be delivered from ſuch a diſagreeable ſtate. It happened, as with her old landlady ſhe was regaling herſelf, and elevating her too depreſſed ſpirits, that the old woman, amongſt other topicks of converſation, made this remark: 'Aye, ſee 'what a ſucceſsful, fortunate w——e 'that Charlotte Repook is; ſhe manages well, and holds up her head a 'long while: ſhe lives now better than 'ever ſhe did, and they ſay is kept by 'a richer man than ever kept her be'fore.' This alarmed Lucy; and imagining, that from the intimacy which formerly ſubſiſted between them, Charlotte would be glad and ready to aſſiſt her, ſhe got a particular account of her place of abode, and ventured out in a coach

coach to see her. She raised her spirits for the interview as well as she could, with a chearing glass, and adorned herself to the best advantage in the few remaining scraps of tawdry which had escaped the general shipwreck of her necessities: and thus she sallied forth to pay her respects to the still triumphant, and still flourishing Charlotte. When she came to her house, she was amazed at it's elegance, while she waited below in expectation of a call up stairs, having sent up her name by the footman; who, after some tedious time of waiting, came down, and told her that his lady had really forgot her name, and begged to know her business. She expressed great surprize at that, and desired him to inform her, that it was very strange she should forget the name of a person with whom she had lived for some time, and whose only business was a friendly visit. The fellow staid still longer than at first with this message; and at length brought for answer, that his lady had got the head-ach, and desired not to be interrupted and perplexed that morning with any company. Never was any thing so mortifying, surely, as this to Lucy: for she had pleased herself with mighty hopes, and fancied a thousand extravagant things upon this renewal of her acquaintance with her great friend Charlotte. She was not, however, willing to be thus utterly disappointed; and begged the favour of the footman to lend her pen, ink, and paper, just to write one word or two to his lady, as it was of some consequence. The fellow told her it was not in his power; he dare not carry up any other message, for fear of incurring his lady's displeasure. 'Well, friend,' said she, 'then, since 'you dare not, I dare: for I must and 'will see her.' So saying, she advanced towards the stairs, upon which a small uproar succeeding, Charlotte advanced to the top of the stairs, and in a very authoritative strain demanded the reason of that horrid noise below. To which Lucy replied, 'It is only me; 'only your old friend, Lucy Sanson; 'and I beg to have the pleasure of seeing 'you, which your saucy fellow here re-'fuses me.'—'Madam,' said Charlotte, 'he had my orders. I beg you would 'make no disturbance here, lest you 'meet with treatment you don't like.— 'Thomas, shew the woman to the door.' So saying, she walked into her dining-room, and banged to the door with no small violence. Lucy was forced to retreat; but her choler rose very high, and she, with a loud voice, called out, 'Vile, false friend!' you may, and will 'know, the miseries I suffer; and may 'your accursed whoredoms all come 'about, and destroy you piece-meal!' For which she was treated with great roughness by Thomas, and forced into the streets with a heart burdened with grief and resentment. Such was the event of her visit to Charlotte; such was the friendship of this vile woman to her; and such, as we have before observed, is always the friendship of the wicked.

She returned to her friend in St. Giles's; who, upon hearing of her ill success, began to grow herself rather more cool to Lucy: for these people always act and judge according to the good fortune of the persons with whom they have any concern. In short, she was on all sides miserable and distressed, and knew not whither to betake herself, or how to act. But, to compleat the whole, in the morning, behold a letter from Mr. Copper! wherein he very kindly informs Lucy, that the late unhappy affair with his wife prevents him from ever seeing her again; and therefore, sorry as he is, and afflicted to the heart, he must leave her. To which he adds, that he would advise her speedily to leave her present place of abode, as he has great reason to fear Mr. Holdfast had made some discovery, and so it might be dangerous to her to continue. Lucy was so entirely disconcerted at this, that she could not, even in the least degree, guess or imagine what course she should take, or how she should proceed. She went, however, to her landlady, and communicated the contents to her; who, upon it, greatly altered her voice and countenance, and spoke and looked with the air of great majesty and authority. She observed, that it was difficult to say which part of life she had best take. As to an honest one, she was too young for that; and had a person, yet, that might serve her very well to trade with: but as she was afraid of day service, she must only appear in the night; 'And as good as you, 'let me tell you,' said the old beldame, 'are employed in this branch of busi-'ness. I have an acquaintance, whom 'I once served in this way two or three 'years; and if you will make me a

'proper acknowledment, I will re-
'commend you to her: and a very
'good ſort of woman ſhe is; and very
'comfortably you may live with her;
'I am ſure I never was more happy in
'my life.' Averſe as Lucy might here-
tofore have been to ſuch a propoſal, ſhe was glad now, miſerable wretch! to em-
brace it; driven as ſhe was, and im-
pelled by direful neceſſity: though ſhe obſerved to the old woman, that if ſhe could get a lodging ſomewhere there-
abouts, ſhe might, under her inſtruc-
tions, and by her advice, maintain her-
ſelf and live as well. This was not to the old woman's purpoſe; for ſhe had a fellow-feeling in theſe matters with the friend ſhe ſpoke of, and to whoſe protection ſhe recommended Lucy. So that it was agreed they ſhould go to-
gether and ſee her; that, if poſſible, Lucy might be entered into her ſervice. Soon as it grew dark, they made the beſt of their way to Mother Cox's; for that was her name: her place of abode was in a horrid part of this city, called Hockley in the Hole; the ſeat of thieves and whores, the neſt of robbers and proſ-
titutes. It is uneaſy, indeed, for us to viſit ſuch places, but we are obliged, reader, to follow this unhappy woman through all her ſtages; as, we aſſure thee, they are exactly agreeable to fact, nay, and to every day's fatal and me-
lancholy experience.

No very favourable ideas could ariſe in Lucy's mind upon the ſight of Mother Cox, nor upon her behaviour, which was exactly ſuch as might be reaſonably expected from a wretch con-
verſant in every ſcene of iniquity. Lu-
cy, indeed, was a good deal intoxicated with liquor, and therefore the leſs ca-
pable of diſtinguiſhing. However, all matters were well adjuſted between them; and they propoſed, as a ſpeci-
men and trial, that Lucy ſhould that night, under the protection of one of the girls of the houſe, take her walks abroad, and ſee what ſhe could pick up. She conſented; and, attended by a miſerable drab, entered upon that moſt ſhocking way of life; walking the ſtreets, and ſoliciting drunken, or any other paſſing wretches, for her own proſti-
tution. Oh, vile neglect of the laws! ſhameful truth in a Chriſtian realm! Tell it not abroad; proclaim it not a-
mongſt our enemies; leſt the Jews find true reaſon to abuſe the Chriſtian dogs; leſt the barbarians and infidels take oc-
caſion to rejoice!

It is far from my intention to purſue and accompany Lucy through all the variety of horror and diſtreſs which at-
tended her in theſe night adventures: it may ſuffice to inform the readers, that her tender and delicate body, unuſed to the hardſhips of weather and the incle-
mencies of the ſeaſons, was ſhrivelled and changed to an amazing degree; that diſeaſes preyed upon her in a violent manner, from the liberal and conſtant proſtitution of that body; and that ſhe now began to be ſo loathſome and in-
fectious, as to be unfit for trade, and therefore given up by Mother Cox; and forced, amidſt many other fellow-ſuf-
ferers, to wander about half naked, and in the night croud amongſt them, to warm their miſerable limbs, and to de-
fend themſelves from the ſeverity of the ſkies.

She was reduced to the laſt extremi-
ty, when her unhappy father came to town: and there ſeems little probability that he ſhould ever find her; though Mr. Jaiſon had promiſed, and indeed uſed, all his endeavours to gain ſome information concerning her. But his en-
deavours in general were very fruitleſs; and Mr. Sanſon's heart was almoſt brok-
en with the diſappointments which at-
tended the ſearch. His laſt reſource was that wherein he had been ſo happily ſucceſsful before, a determination to advertiſe her in all the publick papers; if happily, by this means, he might again meet with a diſcovery. But the terrible delay occaſioned hereby, en-
creaſed Mr. Sanſon's grief and anxiety to ſuch a degree, as rendered him an object every way deſerving compaſſion: he eat or drank very little, and ſleep was a ſtranger to his eyes; all comfort from Caroline or Mr. Jaiſon was unavailing. His conſtant cry was, 'Alas, alas! poor 'ruined, undone Lucy!' Sometimes, in the violence of his paſſion, he would re-
joice over Mr. Dookalb, and bleſs God for bringing his wickedneſs home to him: he was often very deſirous of viſit-
ing him in the priſon, that he might have the pleaſure to inſult over ſuch an execra-
ble villain; and ſometimes his bitter voice would even carry him beyond himſelf, and vent it's ſorrows in frantick ravings. Caroline was diſtreſſed beyond meaſure, and Mr. Jaiſon was no leſs ſolicitous; for there did not appear much probabi-

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fity of a deliverance from this dreadful ſtate of anxiety and horror: and they had flattered themſelves with far diſtant expectations, with far different hopes of joy and rapture.

Mr. Jaiſon was one day ſitting with Caroline, and complaining of their hard fate, when he thus preſſed her to a performance of the promiſe which ſhe had heretofore made him. 'There is ſomething,' ſaid he, 'my deareſt Caroline, 'which hangs ſo heavy upon my heart, 'that I can enjoy no peace or ſatisfaction; for, wherever I go, or where-'ever I am, I am conſtantly vexed with 'this reflection—that you are not mine: 'ſomething, like an evil genius, is ever 'whiſpering to me, particularly when 'reflecting on your dear charms—"O 'fool—but they are not yours!—" 'Whence can this thought ariſe? or 'why ſhould I thus perpetually be ter-'rified with it; unleſs ſome danger 'unforeſeen yet threatens me, and I am 'to loſe what is deareſt, infinitely dearer 'than life, and all things which this 'earth can beſtow? Let me then en-'treat of you, my love, only to per-'form your promiſe, only to ſuffer our 'hands to be joined; I ſhall then be 'eaſy, and no more diſtracted with 'theſe boding fears, which render me 'at preſent of all men moſt miſera-'ble; as if bleſſed with you, I ſhall 'be of all men the moſt happy.—'—'Alas, Mr. Jaiſon!' replied Caroline, 'you muſt be well convinced in 'your own mind of the impropriety of 'your preſent requeſt: think of my 'ſituation; think of my father; and 'can I dream of being happy, when he 'is thus afflicted? Oh, no! I neither 'can nor will. As to your fears, be 'aſſured they ariſe from nothing but 'the many diſappointments we have 'met with. You are well aſſured, that 'on my part nothing but death can 'break the obligation; for I eſteem 'myſelf bound by every ſacred tye to 'you; and may, without reſerve, de-'clare, that I have no wiſh or expec-'tation of any happineſs but from you. 'All that I have is yours; all depends 'upon you, all flows from you: by 'obligation, no leſs than inclination, 'am I yours; and I truſt nothing ever 'can or will divide us.'—'But why, 'my love,' replied Mr. Jaiſon, 'ſhould 'we not put it out of the power of any 'thing to divide us? Why ſhould not 'our hands be joined? Why ſhould we 'not be made one? For my part, I 'can ſee no objection to it from your 'father; it would rather ſerve, I ſhould 'think, to make him happy: but oh! 'my Caroline, how would it make me 'happy! Could you, my charmer, 'could you bear to ſee me groaning 'beneath the heavieſt woe? Could you, 'dear creature, ſuffer me to languiſh 'under the ſevereſt ſufferings, when you 'had power in a moment to eaſe me of 'my burden, to give me perfect peace, 'and reſt, and love! Oh, think, my 'Caroline, think of the gnawing and 'reſtleſs diſquietudes that conſtantly 'moleſt and torture me; think of the 'exceſs of my paſſion for you; oh, lay 'it all to your heart, and let me not 'languiſh in ſuch a ſtate of uneaſineſs 'and diſtreſs! Have I not loved you 'more than ever man has loved? Have 'not my actions ſpoke my heart's pure 'flame? Have I not ſhewn a tender-'neſs ſincere and unaffected; a tender-'neſs beyond the power of man to 'feign? And can my love refuſe me this 'requeſt? Oh, do not, do not! Some-'thing, ſure inviſible, thus prompts 'me to a zealous deſire and earneſt wiſh 'to call you truly mine! Grant me 'my petition, loveliеſt creature! and 'all my life ſhall henceforth move at 'your command.' Caroline could not refrain from tears at the vehement and pathetick manner wherein Mr. Jaiſon urged this: and, 'Oh!' ſhe cried, 'you know my heart; why 'need I farther diſcloſe it's fondneſs 'to you? You know I prize you 'above all things; you know I cannot 'refuſe whatever you earneſtly ſolicit; 'but, dear Mr. Jaiſon, recollect what 'a ſad appearance it will have, that I 'ſhould think of joy and marriage, that 'I ſhould be ſo regardleſs of a ſuffering 'father, as to think of happineſs in the 'midſt of his exquiſite diſtreſs. In-'deed, thoſe who hear it will greatly 'condemn me; and your wife muſt 'ſuffer much from the reproaches of 'others, who may juſtly cenſure her 'for hardneſs and baſeneſs of heart. 'Witneſs heaven and earth how ten-'derly I love you; witneſs heaven and 'earth, that I would undertake any 'thing, however hard and difficult, 'however hateful and diſagreeable, to 'procure you a moment's pleaſure, or 'to give you ſatisfaction. I am wil-

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'ling to do as you deſire; but I would 'fain have you not deſire it; I would 'fain have your prudence refuſe a re'queſt which muſt do your wife diſ'honour to grant.'—'I will tell you, 'Caroline,' ſaid he, 'I am not much 'uſed to be ſuperſtitious, and the vain 'bodings of dreams are what I never 'in my life regarded; but I have one, 'which has recurred three ſeveral nights, 'and I confeſs it's repetition ſtartles me. 'I dreamed, that bleſſed with you, my 'love, I was wandering through a 'dreary waſte, where nought but gloomy 'deſolation reigned around us; yet, 'at a diſtance, through a beauteous 'avenue, we ſpied, methought, a proſ'pect ſo delightful as fancy never could 'form, or fiction imitate: a radiant an'gel hovering over our heads, played 'on a ſilver harp. Methought the me'lody was more indeed than earthly; 'and, at length, ſoft ſinging, with a 'voice that might have lulled old 'Chaos, he uttered, as I well remem'ber, theſe words—

"Yonder plain forbids delay—
"Haſte then, lovers, haſte away:
"Who obey not virtue's call—
"Slow and ſluggiſh, forfeit all."

'A cloud, methought, as he ſpoke 'theſe words, covered the face of the 'ſun; and a of grim aſpect, horrid and 'ſevere, of ſtature giant-like and ter'rible, a man deſcended from I know 'not whither, and bore me from thee. 'Then, oh, good God, what agonies 'I ſuffered! I ſaw thee weeping, and 'in ſore diſtreſs, calling for my aſſiſt'ance; but, unable to get free, all I 'could do was but to plead, and earneſt'ly beſeech this marble-hearted wretch, 'who chained me to a rock, and ſat 'him down to watch me. But never 'more could I behold my Caroline! 'The miſeries of my ſoul for the loſs, 'and the abundance of my tears, then 'awakened me. Do you, my love, 'interpret for me. I will not be ſo 'fooliſh as to ſay I abſolutely regard or 'pay any deference at all to dreams; 'but there is ſomething ſo unuſual 'and extraordinary in the preſent, 'added to it's having been repeated 'theſe three ſeveral nights, that you 'muſt confeſs I have ſome reaſon for 'thus earneſtly preſſing you to make 'me happy, and to render all fooliſh 'fears idle and inſignificant.' Caroline could not help betraying ſome little concern, and confeſſing that there was, indeed, ſomething very ſtrange and unaccountable in the dream; yet ſtill ſhe obſerved it was but a dream, and we had no reaſon to expect any ſuch ſupernatural warnings. And ſhe concluded with obſerving, that if Providence had ſo ordered it, that they were not to be joined together, all their power could not prevent it. Mr. Jaiſon was a little diſpleaſed at the laſt ſentence; and obſerved, it ſeemed as if ſhe held a very dangerous notion, and one highly diſhonourable to the providence of God. 'For do you not know,' ſaid he, 'that 'we have all a freedom and power of 'acting and chuſing, and an ability to 'do or refuſe whatever our will ſhall 'direct? Yes, ſurely, or we ſhall caſt a 'ſtain upon that Almighty Governor, 'who, as all-knowing, ſees our actions 'long before, and well diſcerns how 'we ſhall determine: but his diſcern'ing by no means cauſes us ſo to de'termine; it is our determining that 'cauſes him ſo to diſcern. However, 'this is ſomewhat beſide our preſent 'purpoſe; but I cannot ſee my Caro'line in the leaſt erring, and not endea'vour to ſet her right: excuſe me, my 'love, and ſay—what ſhall I do, ſhall 'I preſs my firſt requeſt; or ſhall I, at 'your deſire, ſay no more concerning it?'

Caroline was about to make a reply, when a meſſage came from Mrs. Hodſon, deſiring Mr. Jaiſon's company immediately; with which he complied, promiſing as ſpeedy a return as poſſible. He had ſcarce left the room before Mr. Sanſon entered, with a look the moſt dejected and downcaſt, expreſſive of every woe, and declarative of unnumbered ſorrows. 'Caroline,' ſaid he, 'I have 'been writing to your poor mother. As 'I can ſend her nothing to pleaſe her, I 'am unwilling to ſend her any letter at 'all; yet I muſt write to her: here are two 'letters, I'll read both, and you ſhall 'judge which is moſt proper to ſend.

'MY DEAR WIFE,

'CALAMITIES croud thick 'upon us; expect no happineſs 'in this world; but be reſigned and pa'tient. I have dreadful things to tell

'you;

'you; not one drop of comfort to send, 'not one drop for you or me. Dookalb—oh, the wicked friend! Dookalb 'is a villain! and all the satisfaction I 'have, is to think that I shall see him 'at Tyburn before I die.—Lucy, poor 'Lucy!—oh, my wife, Lucy is—un-'done! dead to me, dead to you, 'dead to every one! Would God she 'were really dead! would God she had 'died in the womb!—Caroline is in an 'unhappy situation, sick, miserable, and 'distressed—we are all so. I am sick; 'I am miserable; I am distressed: my 'old battered frame is almost broken 'to pieces with these shocks; another 'blow or two and it falls. But what is 'worse than all this, I cannot find her, 'our dear, lovely child—alas! no one 'can tell where she is—Lucy is gone, 'and I am most wretched. Yet still 'there is something worse than this; 'my little scanty pittance, my sorrow-'ful sum so dreadfully obtained, is gone, 'just gone, and I must perish for want! 'how can I get home again? No, I can 'never return—see that I have christian 'burial, and let me not be treated like 'a dead dog. Oh, my wife! I am so 'full of fears, so beset with miseries, 'that my brain is well nigh turned! 'How could I tear these old grey locks, 'curse my evil fortune, and expire in 'the bitterness of my soul! I shall ne-'ver see you more: take care of my 'poor children at home; never send 'them to London; all are Dookalbs 'there—never send them to London; 'it is a den of lions, a nest of serpents. 'Farewel; and remember, that misera-'ble as I am made by my children, there 'never was a more affectionate and ten-'der father, or a more faithful husband, 'than, yours,

'J. SANSON.'

'This is a letter indeed, Sir!' said Caroline; 'I would not that you should 'send it for the world to my poor mo-'ther: why would you make her so ex-'tremely unhappy? Alas, alas! that 'ever there was cause!'—'Why, child,' replied he, 'must she not one day know 'the truth? the shock will come, and 'the sooner it is suffered the sooner it 'will be over: she must know it—I 'would give these hands, Caroline; I 'would pluck out these poor old eyes; 'I would suffer every trembling piece 'of flesh to be torn from off the bones; 'oh, I would endure all that cruelty 'could devise, to falsify these truths, 'to make them lyes, and to delight her 'soul with the news of yours and of 'your sister's happiness: but since that 'is fruitless, since this is impossible, 'since she must know it—why should it 'be concealed from her? And yet I have 'written another letter—it shall be sent. 'Poor woman, methinks it might be as 'well to keep her in ignorance: yet 'dreadful, dreadful is suspense; cer-'tainty is far better than uneasy and 'horrid expectation. Observe, child.

'MY DEAR WIFE,

'MAKE yourself easy; I'll come 'home to you very soon: we 'will lie down together in the grave, as 'we have lived together; and if we have 'no hopes in this world, build better 'hopes on that to which we are going. 'Commend me to my dear children: 'may they and you be happy! Fare-'wel. I am, your affectionate husband,

'J. SANSON.'

'Worse, far worse than the last!' said Caroline; 'this brings neither 'comfort nor information. I am mi-'serable to think, that your mind is 'thus oppressed and uneasy; and more 'miserable, O, my father! that it is 'not in my power to give you that con-'solation I wish: but I must entreat of 'you not to express yourself thus to my 'poor dear mother; give me leave to 'write to her, and let us yet hope Pro-'vidence hath some felicity in store for 'us! Let us not despair; we can then 'never be happy: he that gave life to 'the dead; he that created all things 'from nothing; he that ever defends 'and protects us, can change the deep-'est mourning into joy, and raise us 'from the lowest pit to a place of glad-'ness and delight. Trust but in him, 'and we may yet be happy.'—'Oh, 'never, never, my child!' replied he; 'happiness is a thing I have never been 'much acquainted with—and now we 'shall not become friends. Misery 'rocked my cradle, Misery attended 'my youth, and was it's constant com-'panion; meagre Misery has silvered 'over this head; she has not left my 'age; and Misery will close these old

'eyes,

'eyes, and lay this old head on the 'hard pillow of a mournful death! 'Miſery and I have been very intimate; 'and ſhe hates Happineſs: they never 'dwell together. Miſery grovels on 'the ground, and builds her neſt in the 'mire; Happineſs ſoars aloft, and builds 'her neſt on the tops of the towering ce-'dars: ſhe falls often, and the more 'dreadful is it ſo to do. Thank God! I 'never was happy—I cannot fall—wel-'come Miſery; welcome cold and me-'lancholy friend: leave me not in death, 'for baſe it is to forſake in extremities 'an old and loved aſſociate. Oh, Ca-'roline, I grow eloquent! and, now 'I think on't, I'll read you a tale; per-'haps, my child, you may gueſs it's 'meaning.' Caroline burſt into tears at theſe words; for ſhe perceived a de-gree of madneſs in him, which cut her to the ſoul: and, 'Oh,' ſaid ſhe to her-ſelf, 'is this miſery reſerved for me 'alſo! to ſee a tender and moſt kind 'father deprived of his ſenſes—and 'abandoned to diſtraction! Gracious 'Heaven avert the evil! and rather grant 'me to periſh at once, than to behold 'a calamity ſo dreadful and melancho-'ly!' When the old man perceived that ſhe was crying, he ran to her, kiſſed her tears, and mingled his own with them, groaned the moſt piteouſly, and uttered words, enough to melt a heart of ſtone. Never was ſcene more diſ-treſsful—the poor man was not himſelf, and his wild ravings were piercing as the keeneſt dagger to her heart: her tears augmented his diſtreſs; and the ſorrow which both endeavoured to ſoothe and appeaſe, became more powerful and afflicting by thoſe very endeavours; ſo that it would have been difficult for the niceſt caſuiſt to have determined which was the moſt miſerable, the daughter or the father; or which was moſt ſorrow-ful, their lamentings, or mutual conſo-lations. This, however, would admit of no diſpute; that never ſufferers more deſerved compaſſion, never did miſery more forcibly demand commiſeration.

Here then, O reader! let us pauſe a while, and give a generous tear or two to this unhappy father, and ſtill as un-happy daughter; whoſe diſtreſs, ſo far from diminiſhing, will appear likely to encreaſe, when we return to Mr. Jaiſon, and find the unlucky occaſion of his ſummons from Mrs. Hodſon. In the mean time, admoniſhed by theſe ſufferers—let us learn to be humble—from vanity let us turn our eyes, as from a harlot that would ſeduce us into her embraces with deluding love, and plunge us into inextricable evils. Build on no falſe and airy hopes: make Vir-tue your friend, and Innocence your companion; conſult with that beſt of counſellors, true Religion, and lean on her precepts, as on a rock; conſult her ere the day-dawn, and with the ſet-ting ſun ſee thou attend her courts; bring her home to thy houſe, eſpouſe her to thy heart, take her to thy boſom, and fill thy ſoul with her love: unlike all other love, that ſhall never ſatiate thee; it's tranſports ſhall never end; it's raptures ſhall never cloy; time ſhall have no power to diminiſh it; paſſion no ability to ſhake it—for behold, thou building, thou buildeſt on a rock, whoſe baſis is unſhaken, whoſe top reacheth far above the clouds, and which ſhall endure to the longeſt eternity.

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

THE

THE SISTERS.

BOOK VI.

CHAP. I.

THE ARRIVAL OF MR. JAISON'S FATHER IN TOWN: HIS AND CAROLINE'S DISTRESS THEREUPON. THEIR RESOLUTION. MR. JAISON'S SCHEME.

IT will be eaſy to imagine, that Mr. Jaiſon's ſurprize was infinitely great, when, on entering the room, he beheld there his father: little did he ſuſpect any ſuch matter, little did he think of ſo unwelcome a gueſt. He was confounded and diſtreſſed beyond meaſure; he ſcarcely knew how properly to addreſs him, and to pay him that duty and reverence which is demanded from a ſon to his father. The old gentleman, who was naturally not one of the ſweeteſt tempers and gentleſt diſpoſitions, perceived his confuſion, and could not refrain from burſting into a violent paſſion, abuſing his ſon with very groſs language, threatening abſolutely to diſinherit him, and demanding his immediate attendance on him into the country. Mr. Jaiſon ſat down mute and thunderſtruck: he could make no reply; and any reply which he ſhould have made, would have been like oil caſt into a flaming fire. Mrs. Hodſon took upon her the part of a mediator, adviſing the father to greater coolneſs and gentleneſs, the ſon to an exact compliance and obedience. 'Cooler, or not cooler, 'Madam,' ſaid the father, 'matters 'little. I am greatly obliged to you 'for your kind information; and I'll 'not ſit down, and ſee my ſon ruined; 'he either this very day departs with 'me from London, or believe me he is 'no longer a ſon of mine.—What ſay 'you, ſir? which do you prefer, ruin 'or happineſs? Come, come, I'll have 'no delay; for death is not more cer'tain or reſolved.' Mr. Jaiſon, who well knew his father's temper, it's rigid obſtinacy, and pertinacious ſtubbornneſs, thought it better to comply with it a little, as the moſt probable method of ſucceſs in ſuch a dilemma: ſince it is more prudent for a man who hath fallen into a deep and dangerous torrent, to ſwim down with the ſtream, than to oppoſe it's force, and reſiſt it's proudly ſwelling waves. 'I am ready, ſir,' ſaid he, 'to do as you adviſe me; I 'am ready to attend you whenever 'you pleaſe; I am perfectly at your 'command. But, for your ſake and 'mine, we had better proceed with 'a little more deliberation, leſt we 'give the world a handle for ill-talk'ing, and you bring a diſcredit on your 'ſon, which perhaps it may not be 'eaſy to wipe off. I offer nothing, I 'ſay nothing, wholly ſubject as I am, 'and deſire to be, to you, ſir: but I 'would leave this matter to Mrs. Hod'ſon; let her prudence direct us herein.' —'I don't underſtand thee, boy,' ſaid the father; 'what's all this Canterbury 'tale to end in? None of your foolery;

'we'll away.'—'My nephew, brother,' ſaid Mrs. Hodſon, 'ſpeaks extremely 'well; and I rejoice to find him ſo 'ready to obey: I have indeed always 'had great reaſon to approve and com-'mend him; before this unhappy ſlip, 'I never ſaw the leaſt thing improper in 'him. What he means, if I under-'ſtand him right, is, to proceed in this 'affair with prudence and caution, and 'to ſhew himſelf, as he has done in all 'his actions, a gentleman, and a man of 'worth, becoming you and his family. 'He would not have this miſtake of his 'blazoned abroad to your and his diſ-'honour, which it muſt inevitably be, 'if you carry him from town thus ab-'ruptly, and take him off thus ſuddenly. 'Be adviſed, therefore, brother, and ſtay 'a day or two; and then go together 'in peace and friendſhip.'

The old gentleman, though waſpiſh and paſſionate, did not want either ſenſe or affection for his ſon; nay, to ſay the truth, he was remarkably fond of him, and made him his conſtant boaſt, as he was, indeed, his chief joy and pleaſure. Beſides, he had the moſt ſingular good eſteem for Mrs. Hodſon, and was confidently aſſured, that ſhe could never adviſe any thing which ſhe did not know to be for his ſervice and advantage, and that ſhe had ſo much good ſenſe as to be a very competent judge of what was ſo. Accordingly, he liſtened very attentively to her words; and when ſhe had finiſhed, 'Well,' ſaid he, 'what you ſay is 'very true; I cannot deny it; and for 'my part, I would not do Charles 'any hurt: I only wiſh to ſerve the 'boy; but he muſt ſerve himſelf. I 'have a plentiful fortune for him, and 'a good intereſt in the country, ſo that 'the boy may do as well as e'er a one 'of them all; but to go to throw it all 'away, nobody can tell how, would 'it not fret a man? Pox take theſe wo-'men! it would have been better for 'the world, if there had been none of 'them born: his mother that's dead 'never brought me a ſhilling, and yet 'that was my own fault too.'—'Hold, 'brother,' ſaid Mrs. Hodſon, a little moved; 'don't be too hard upon the 'women neither; conſider you have one 'in company, and one whom you have 'been pleaſed at ſome times to regard 'and eſteem; and as to my poor late 'ſiſter, you know that was abſolutely 'your own act and deed; you liked 'her, and my father was too fond of 'all his children, indeed, to refuſe you 'any thing; and ſo he gave you his 'conſent to marry her, though ſhe had 'no fortune: yet, believe me, ſhe brought 'you an excellent fortune in herſelf, 'for never man had a better and more 'faithful wife.'—'Why, aye,' replied he, 'all this is true enough; however, 'the ſtory might have been as well 'omitted now; for if the father was 'a fool, that's no reaſon why the ſon 'ſhould be the ſame: and ſo much for 'that affair. But, pray, where is this 'fine pennyleſs lady which that fooliſh 'fellow, there,' (pointing to his ſon,) 'is ſo mightily in love with? where-'abouts does ſhe grow, that we may 'keep at a diſtance from her while I 'ſtay—And do you hear, young man, 'I expect you are never out of my 'ſight.'—'I will carefully obey you, 'Sir,' replied Mr. Jaiſon. 'You can 'require no more,' ſaid Mrs. Hodſon. 'As to the young lady, you need be 'under no great appehenſions concern-'ing her: ſhe is in this houſe; but, poor 'girl, there is nothing to be feared from 'her. She is of ſo meek and gentle a 'diſpoſition, that we need dread no 'proceedings which will diſturb or diſ-'treſs us.' The old gentleman then enquired much about Caroline, and had her whole hiſtory delivered to him by Mrs. Hodſon, with which his heart was a good deal affected; and after it was done, he whiſpered Mrs. Hodſon, that he ſhould like prodigiouſly juſt to ſee the young woman: but then there were inſurmountable difficulties, and ſo he gave over the thought of it.

Mr. Jaiſon's wit was all the while at work how to manage matters, and how to eſcape the dangers that threatened him; for his heart was too much fixed on Caroline to think of reſigning her ſo eaſily, and his honour too ſtrictly bound to permit one thought of deſerting her: nay, he ſo tenderly and ſincerely loved her, that he would have rather incurred his father's whole diſpleaſure than her's, and rather have relinquiſhed all his birth-right than his better fortune in this amiable young lady. Though determined in his reſolution, he was willing to proceed with all caution and reſerve, and therefore thus ſeemingly condeſcended, though at the greateſt diſtance from a real condeſcenſion. He had gained one main and principal point, which

which was a longer continuance in town, and did not doubt, but by ſome means or other, to obtain his other better wiſhes. Nor was he diſſatisfied to find Caroline's ſtory affecting to his father, ſince he looked upon that as a happy omen; for we generally have a ſecret eſteem for thoſe in diſtreſs, and love is commonly nearly allied to compaſſion. Such preparatives ſucceeding well, and to his wiſhes, he was determined to try the ſucceſs of another attempt; and to recommend his cauſe to a friend of his father's, who was no leſs a friend to him, and for whom his father had the higheſt reſpect and veneration.

The preſent day was ſpent in the company of Mrs. Hodſon and his father, nor had he any the leaſt opportunity to write a ſyllable either to Caroline or his friend, as he propoſed; however, he ſent a meſſage up to her, that his father was come, but deſired her not to be diſpirited. And when they ſeparated for bed, he pretended to go to the Temple, but gave a hint, and got admittance again, and was introduced to Caroline, whom he found dreadfully dejected, and fearfully diſmayed. As the return of the ſun to the ſnow-girt Laplanders, after a long and diſmal half-year's night, was Mr. Jaiſon's preſence to her, comfortable, reviving, and chearing. As melancholy minds are wont, ſhe had fed herſelf with a thouſand uneaſy and racking ſolicitudes, and had perplexed her ſoul with variety of fears and apprehenſions, which had a reality only in her afflicted mind. And ſurely ſhe had cauſe, juſt cauſe to be afflicted. Her father's diſtreſs wrought very ſenſibly upon her, and was a heavy burden, well nigh too grievous for her enfeebled ſhoulders: and the dread of loſing Mr. Jaiſon, whom ſhe tenderly loved, and who was all her hope, her ſtay, and comfort, was a weight added to this, that rendered it perfectly inſupportable. His former converſe recurred very ſtrongly to her mind, and the dream which ſhe before deſpiſed, appeared cloathed in terrors. Thus was ſhe oppreſſed and ſunk in woe, when all unexpected Mr. Jaiſon made his appearance, and roſe like the day-ſtar on her benighted heart. They embraced with all that fervour which true love inſpires; and ſilence, expreſſive and pathetick, a long time ſtopped their words: at length, while a ſpeaking tear ſtole gently down her damaſk cheeks, ſhe thus addreſſed him—'Oh, Mr. Jaiſon! it grieves me 'to the heart, to think I ſhould be ſo 'unfortunate as to cauſe you ſo much 'pain and uneaſineſs: would to God 'I had never ſo afflicted you, but 'that ſome lady worthy ſuch love 'and honour had bleſſed you, and 'given you that happineſs, which I, 'alas! cannot give you, but which 'my heart moſt ſincerely and tenderly 'wiſhes you!'—'I do not underſtand 'theſe words, my love,' replied he: "you give me pain! you cauſe me un-"happineſs! another give me happineſs, "which you cannot give!" Alas! what 'are all theſe things? and what have I 'done, that you have reaſon to ſuſpect 'my love and honour? What have I 'done that has given you cauſe to imagine any other woman beſides yourſelf could give me the leaſt degree of 'happineſs? Alas, alas! Caroline, you 'wrong me abundantly! Never was 'love more ſincere than mine; never 'was love more firm and durable. Do 'not then, my deareſt Caroline, ſuſpect me of any action unworthy that 'love; but join your endeavours with 'mine to forward both our felicities.' She hid her face in his boſom, and wept. 'Strange infatuated creature,' ſaid ſhe, 'that I am! Can you pardon me?—'Sure you muſt deſpiſe me; for, indeed, I deſpiſe myſelf! And yet, in 'ſuch a variety of fears and diſtreſſes, 'ſuch a number of diſcouragements and 'diſagreeable circumſtances, you cannot wonder, that I am ſometimes terribly afraid, and ready to faint beneath my oppreſſion. But, dear Mr. 'Jaiſon, excuſe and ſtrengthen me: I 'have had moſt uneaſy fears upon me, 'ſince I heard your father was come; 'and I cannot, yet, but dread it is to 'convey you from me. Oh, do not impute it to my want of love! Witneſs, heaven and earth, that oft have 'heard my vows! oh, witneſs all things 'to the ſincerity and purity of my heart; 'and be aſſured, nothing but Death's 'cold finger can diſſolve my love!'

'I do not wonder, my deareſt,' replied he, 'at your fears or ſuſpicions; 'for they are but too well grounded, 'and you have but too much cauſe to be 'afraid: but depend upon my truth, 'and there found your hopes firm as 'on a rock, which ſhall never fail you. 'My father is, indeed, come to town,

'with an intention to convey me from 'you. Mrs. Hodſon, out of her abun-'dant kindneſs and reſpect to me, has 'informed him of my amour with 'you, and the neceſſity of his imme-'diate preſence: a wrong, unlucky word 'or two of mine gave her the hint; 'and ſhe failed not to take it. I can-'not and ought not to condemn her; 'ſhe did it in ſincerity, and with a 'good motive. My father was reſolved 'to depart from town immediately; 'but we have carried that point; and 'he now propoſes a ſhort continuance 'here. I know not how we ſhall ma-'nage the affair; but, ſome how or 'other, it muſt be done: for here, my 'Caroline, my wife!—O God, that you 'had conſented, and were but really ſo! 'But why do I ſay *really?*—you are, 'in all honour, and in the ſight of 'Heaven, you are my wife! I call, 'therefore, heaven and earth, and all 'things ſacred, to witneſs for me; and 'may every horror, every miſery, at-'tend me, if ever I forſake thee, if 'ever I prove falſe to the vows which I 'have made; if ever I relinquiſh thee 'till death, O then may I be the 'very mark for Providence to ſhoot 'all it's ſharpeſt arrows at; may I 'then be ſurrounded with ſufferings 'on every ſide; the contempt of all 'men, and the very ſcorn of my na-'ture! Thus far, my deareſt Caro-'line, am I determined in myſelf. But, 'though thus warm in thy love, I 'would proceed with all coolneſs and 'deliberation, that, if poſſible, my fa-'ther may be brought to conſent to it, 'and all things may be eaſy and peace-'able. For this purpoſe, I will pro-'cure and give you a bond for a con-'ſiderable ſum, to be paid upon for-'feiture of my promiſe of marriage; 'and you ſhall do the like to me: 'which, if all other methods fail, may, 'at leaſt, be probable to move my fa-'ther. But my greateſt hope is in a 'worthy friend of my father's and mine, 'for whom he has a ſingular friend-'ſhip, and whoſe opinion weighs more 'ſtrongly with him, than that of any 'other man living. I propoſe apply-'ing to him, and getting him to un-'dertake my cauſe. Fear not, my Ca-'roline; we have Providence on our 'ſide; we have fortitude in ourſelves; 'and, doubt not, but we ſhall ſucceed 'yet to our wiſhes.'—'Methinks, Mr. 'Jaiſon,' ſaid ſhe, 'that Mrs. Hod-'ſon ſhould be the informer, gives me 'great uneaſineſs: that good woman, 'whoſe friendſhip to me I have no rea-'ſon to ſuſpect, certainly judges it more 'for my advantage to have no concern 'with you; ſhe undoubtedly thinks ſo: 'were it not then better—O ſtrengthen 'me, kind Heaven, to ſay it!—were 'it not better—Oh! I cannot, cannot 'utter it!—Good God! that I ſhould 'be ſo miſerable a wretch!' So ſay-ing, ſhe burſt into tears; and Mr. Jai-ſon's heart was little leſs affected: lov-ers only know what lovers feel! Ye gentle fair-ones, and ye enamoured ſhepherds, whoſe hearts glow with that amiable and delightful paſſion, O ſym-pathize with theſe true votaries, this af-fectionate and lovely pair! pour out in ſighs your ardent wiſhes for their bliſs! ſo may the god of love crown all your hopes; ſo may the queen of beauty be your friend; and give to each the rap-tures which ſoft fancy pictures; the tranſports which imagination, glowing warm, and fired with true affection, points to view!

'Oh, my Caroline!' at length ſome-what recovered from his ſilent anxiety, ſaid Mr. Jaiſon; 'well, indeed, it is 'that you cannot utter it—never, never 'more attempt it: your heart can ne-'ver conſent to it; why ſhould you 'ſpeak what is worſe than death to 'you or me? No, Caroline, we will 'never part! no power on earth ſhall 'divide us!—Here am I fixed: come 'what will, I am ready to receive it. 'Be happy, therefore, in this my reſo-'lution; and be comforted under this 'reflection: ſhew the ſame on your 'part, and endure with all the patience 'and magnanimity you are able. Let 'my affection ſtrengthen you; and fear 'nothing, while you have a lover and 'a friend ſo tender and ſtedfaſt: be 'aſſured, there ſhall be on my part 'nothing wanting to perfect our bliſs; 'and I have no fears concerning it. 'All my fears are for you; and I 'would wiſh ſincerely to remove them. 'I come now purpoſely ſo to do; and 'as my time is ſhort and precarious, 'earneſtly entreat, my love, that what-'ever may happen, or however neceſ-'ſity may keep me from you, you 'would be convinced and ſatisfied, that 'I am reſolved as death; and yours 'beyond the power or malice of men

'or

or devils.'—'I cannot doubt it,' replied ſhe; 'but yet excuſe the timidity of a weak woman, and pardon the fears of an unhappy daughter: for to ſay the truth, my father's ſufferings ſo diſtreſs and torture my mind, that I am ſcarce capable of reflecting on any thing beſide. He has been with me ſince you left me; and ſure never was any thing ſo afflicting! I fear he will loſe his ſenſes: and unleſs he, by ſome means or other, recovers my ſiſter, never more recover the right ſtate of his mind. What to do, or how to proceed in theſe diſtreſſes, I am utterly ignorant; nor can I gueſs where they will end; but, indeed, I fear ſomething very dreadful.'—'I have, you know, exerted all my endeavours,' replied he, 'for his ſervice, and to find out your ſiter, if poſſible: our laſt reſource has not yet failed us; for though we have heard nothing from the advertiſements, it is not impoſſible but that we may. As much as I am able, in my preſent ſtraits and diſtreſſes, you may be aſſured I will aſſiſt him. Do not doubt me. Reſt ſatisfied, that I can forget nothing which any way tends to make you happy: and for that purpoſe, though to part with you is worſe than death, I muſt now haſten to my friends, and employ this night in a proper conſultation. Welcome, Caroline, ſleepleſs nights and ſleepleſs days; welcome fears, and every fatigue, ſo be I may but thereby prove my affection to thee, my deareſt love, and at length be rewarded with the poſſeſſion of thee, with peace and tranſport; which will, I am ſure, as much exceed my expectations, as your excellencies exceed all my power to deſcribe or ſpeak them.' So ſaying, he embraced her in his arms with the fineſt fondneſs; and, unable either of them to ſpeak, they ſighed, they wept, they preſſed each other's hands; they wept and ſighed again; they ſmote their breaſts, and parted.

Mr. Jaiſon haſtened to his friend, and though ſomewhat unſeaſonable, begged to ſpeak with him on important buſineſs: he ſucceeded here to his wiſhes; and Mr. Clayton (for that was his name) promiſed to wait at home the next morning, when Mr. Jaiſon propoſed bringing his father to viſit him. This done, he retired to his chambers, and having refreſhed himſelf with a little reſt, roſe early, and was at Mrs. Stevens's long before his father was up. The old man, when he came down, found his ſon very ſtudiouſly reading, and was highly delighted to behold him there, and ſo well employed: his heart was ever fond of him, and it requires no great matter to kindle again the flame of affection. All were perfectly in good humour at breakfaſt, and Mr. Jaiſon propoſed to his father a viſit to their old and worthy friend Mr. Clayton: he readily conſented, and every thing ſeemed likely to ſucceed to their wiſhes. Mrs. Hodſon was highly delighted on perceiving this great amity between the father and ſon, and bleſſed herſelf, for that prudent ſtep which ſhe had taken: ſhe ſpoke very copiouſly and well on the matter, and deſcanted largely and wiſely on the neceſſity every one is under to diſcharge their duty exactly without favour or affection, without any regard to this or that man, and to leave the conſequence to the Supreme. She ſpoke no leſs powerfully on the great duty of obedience to parents, and the neceſſary bleſſings which certainly attend it; than on the immediate duty every parent is under to conſult for his child's good, and to do all in their power to forward his advantage, and to correct his errors. In ſhort, ſhe dwelt well and perſuaſively on every moral topick which their preſent circumſtances might ſuggeſt, and enlarged on every branch of duty which the preſent occaſion gave her an opportunity to introduce; inſomuch that all the company applauded her wiſdom and goodneſs; and Mr. Jaiſon, who was ſo great a ſufferer at preſent by means of it, could not but acknowledge an amiable force and power, which obliged him to commend and admire it, and, ſpite of his reaſonable prejudices, compelled him to revere and eſteem it; ſuch is the perſuaſive rhetorick of real and undiſſembled religion and goodneſs.

CHAP. II.

OLD MR. JAISON'S SATIRICK REMARKS UPON THE TOWN, IT'S DIVERSIONS, LADIES, JEWS, &c. HIS VISIT TO AN OLD FRIEND; THEIR CONVERSATION, FAVOURABLE

RABLE TO THE LOVERS. A VISIT TO CAROLINE SUCCESSFUL ENOUGH.

AS old Mr. Jaiſon walked with his ſon to Mr. Clayton's, there was ſcarce an object which preſented itſelf that did not raiſe his indignation and anger; for he was a true country gentleman, and deteſted all the follies of the town, though he judged many things in it neceſſary. The numbers of bills for plays, balls, aſſemblies, and the like, ſtruck him with great diſguſt; nor could he help exclaiming very loudly againſt the religious governors of this realm, for ſuffering ſuch an abundant quantity of diverſions, ſo contrary to our national eſtabliſhment in church and ſtate, ſo utterly prejudicial to the lives and properties of the ſubject. Nor was he leſs diſguſted at the dreſs of the men and women, the politer ſort I mean, which caſually fell under his obſervation. The ridiculous aping of foreign faſhions cauſed him to lament and forebode great miſeries to England from thence, and to remark that it was no romantick notion, that after we have imported all the follies with the language of France, we ſhall then be ready to import their laws alſo, and to ſubmit to their government: which he pronounced with a hearty, 'God forbid!' and a ſevere ſarcaſm on that nation, which he always greatly diſliked, and the language of which he would never ſuffer his ſon, by his conſent, to learn; eſteeming it, as he uſed to ſay, *progmoſticatory*. The ladies indecency in their dreſs ſtruck him exceedingly; particularly, the immenſe rotundity of ſome hoops which he met, and the dapper conciſeneſs of the ſilken coats, well contrived to diſplay the beauties of the leg and foot; better concealed, than too laviſhly diſplayed to vulgar and unworthy eyes. He was no leſs offended at the diſproportionate littleneſs of their hats; and could not help remarking the ſmallneſs of that concentrick circle to the circle of the hoop, obſerving the ladies were certainly unſkilled in mathematicks; but the enormous length of ribband hanging dangling down, with the ſmart gay cock of the hat, was matter of more mirth than indignation to him: 'Since,' ſays he, 'theſe women are certainly ſtage-dancers, and come abroad to make one laugh, and to entice one to the play-houſes, juſt as your tumblers in puppet-ſhews go about country towns in their fool-coats.' He could not be perſuaded the ladies whom he ſaw ſo adorned were ladies of character and modeſty. You might have as well perſuaded him, that Admiral Vernon was an enemy to Britain; for Admiral Vernon was his *Magnus Apollo*; a patriot, in his eſtimation, greater than ever England before produced: and he had many things to ſay in proof thereof. But there was yet behind ſomething that gave him more diſturbance than all before related, and that was the ſight of a man with a Jew like appearance. Oh, his gall roſe ever to the height on the beholding ſuch, and he could freely have told them, as he ſaid, a little of his mind. 'Anti-chriſtian hereticks, that have not the form of godlineſs; cormorants ready to devour us, to eat up our lands, our lives, our properties, our every thing!' Nor did he ever touch upon the ſubject without an exact and long detail of their ſufferings in the ſiege of Jeruſalem. 'See their reward in that,' would the old patriot ſay, 'for crucifying the King of Heaven! See there what bleſſed rewards attended them! ſee there what choice glories and honours purſued them! ſee there how they were reſpected and renumerated! Oh, 'tis a fine, a glorious proſpect! But, I hope, there will be no ſuch proſpect for us. I would adviſe a return to this Jeruſalem, not a making of England the land of Canaan. We have no milk and honey to ſpare; nay, if once they come in tribes amongſt us, we ſhall have no more milk and honey for ourſelves. Away with them to Canaan; let them build again their old city: the Romans won't hurt them again—and who would not aſſiſt this *poor unhappy people?*'

Thus the old gentleman deſcanted, till they arrived at Mr. Clayton's; who, as ſoon as they were ſeated, and common compliments had paſſed, began to enquire into the reaſon of this unexpected journey of Mr. Jaiſon's to town. To which he returning but evaſive kind of anſwers, Mr. Clayton preſſed him the more cloſely on the ſcore of their ancient friendſhip to inform him, unleſs it were ſome private, or family affairs, into which he had no right to enquire. The old gentleman, ſhaking his head, and very

very significantly looking at his ſon, obſerved that it was indeed a family affair, and one of great conſequence, otherwiſe he ſhould never have taken ſuch a plaguy troubleſome, tedious journey, to ſuch a diabolical, deteſted place as this ſame London; the ſeat of folly, the metropolis of iniquity, the neſt of whores and villains, the ſink of corruption, and the den of plunderers, homicides, and barbarians! 'Hold, Sir,' ſaid Mr. Clayton, ſmiling, 'don't condemn us 'one and all together. I doubt not 'but there may be many ſuch as you 'deſcribe amongſt us; but conſider, it 'is hard, for the offences of ſome, all 'ſhould ſuffer. A little more charity 'would hurt neither your ſon nor my-'ſelf.'—'My ſon!' replied the old man, 'I heartily wiſh I had never been 'fool enough to have ſent him hither. 'To ſay the truth, it was always againſt 'my will; but we country folks know 'nothing; your wiſer heads muſt di-'rect us: your law and your council 'are mighty plauſible arguments for 'young fellows taking chambers, to 'ſtudy—not the law, but the way to 'live *lawleſs*—to ſpend moſt money in 'pleaſure and gaiety, and to lead a life 'of debauchery and infamy. I was in 'great danger of knowing this too 'late.'—'How ſo, my good friend!' ſaid Mr. Clayton; 'what dangers have 'you been in from hence? I hope no 'misfortunes either have, or have been 'like to befal you. I ſhould be in-'finitely ſorry for that; and, I truſt, 'you will not ſcruple to uſe my ſmall 'endeavours in any matter where I 'can be ſerviceable.'—'I am, and al-'ways have been, obliged to you, my 'old friend, for your good-will to me,' replied Mr. Jaiſon the elder; 'but, in-'deed, friend Clayton, that boy there, 'that boy has gone near to ruin himſelf, 'and to break my heart. Well, it is a 'delicate ſubject, and I hope we are 'out of danger now; ſo we may reſt a 'little eaſy.'—'I am heartily ſorry to 'hear this, Sir,' replied Mr. Clayton; 'heartily ſorry, indeed. I have always 'entertained a better opinion of my 'young friend, and I ſhould be ſorry 'to alter it. I muſt own, you ſurprize 'me very much. Surely you have had 'ſome wrong information: I cannot 'think, but you muſt have, by ſome 'means or other, miſtaken the matter. 'I cannot conceive what you ſay: *ruin 'himſelf and break your heart?* im-'poſſible! you ſurprize me exceeding-'ly.'—'Surprized more or leſs,' ſaid the old gentleman, 'ſo it is: for if the 'firſt be true, depend upon the latter; 'if he ruins himſelf, certain it is, he 'breaks my heart; nothing more clear 'and infallible, friend Clayton. Why, 'conſider, he is my only child, and a 'good boy enough in general he has been 'to me. I have a pretty good eſtate; 'nay, to ſay no more, few men, in our 'country, I believe, can touch me—'and, to think of his forfeiting this, 'death and hell! is it not enough to 'make a father mad? Why, man, he 'was on the brink of matrimony—'with—' Upon this Mr. Clayton, laughing exceedingly, ſaid, 'Pray, ex-'cuſe me, Sir, for I cannot help ſmil-'ing at theſe your wonderous fears, 'and at the ſame time rejoicing that 'nothing worſe comes out. I thought 'he had been at a gaming-table, and 'loſt all his fortune. I thought—'bleſs me, I don't know what dreadful 'things I thought!—But come, ſo long 'as a lady is all the affair, we will 'not be very uneaſy, friend Jaiſon, at 'this matter: for put it upon the very 'worſt footing you can, and that is, 'the lady's want of fortune, I ſee no-'thing, and, in your heart, I dare ſay, 'neither do you, that ought to give 'you the leaſt trouble.'—'What! not 'trouble me to ſee my ſon,' replied he, 'married to a woman of neither for-'tune nor family! May he not expect 'one of the beſt ladies in the land?—'He is a fool if he marries any other: 'I will aſſiſt him there.'—'It would 'be no difficult matter, friend Jaiſon,' replied he, 'to give you a ſufficient an-'ſwer on this head: but pray give me 'leave to enquire, who this female is, 'that has cauſed all theſe fears and 'diſturbances.—Pray, Sir,' ſaid he to the ſon, 'who is this lady, whom your 'father ſpeaks of?'—'It would be 'very improper, Sir,' ſaid he, 'for me 'to ſay any thing concerning her, with-'out my father's permiſſion: if he 'thinks proper, I will inform you 'concerning her.'—'You may ſpare 'yourſelf that trouble, Charles,' replied the father: 'I will tell you; ſhe's 'a young woman of not a halfpenny 'fortune, who came up to town here 'to ſeek her fortune, and in good faith 'ſhe had almoſt found it: to ſay truth,

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'my cousin Hodson speaks well enough 'of the girl herself, but what avails 'all that—do you think Charles shall 'ever be so mad as to marry a woman 'without fortune?'—'Of what family, pray, is she?' said Mr. Clayton. 'Her father is a gentleman of small fortune,' replied Mr. Jaison the younger, 'in the North, of a very ancient, good, 'and honourable family: nay, indeed, 'I believe, of a noble descent; but 'what is that to the inborn virtues and 'excellencies of a person's own mind?'—'Well, my good friend,' said Mr. Clayton, 'and was this really the occasion of your journey to town?'—'Yes, truly,' replied he, 'and I think 'a very sufficient reason: for I have a 'right at least to judge of these matters, 'and although perhaps I would never 'intrude a wife upon my son, yet I 'have a negative voice doubtless.'—'Therein I entirely agree with you,' said Mr. Clayton: 'but I am sure you 'have too much good sense to think of 'refusing your son the greatest happiness this world can afford; a free 'choice, and the possession of a woman 'he loves; on account of any such little petty considerations as a few thousand 'pounds: was your estate encumbered, 'or did he or you want money, it 'would be reasonable enough to consult that in a wife; but, as the case 'stands, surely the one only thing to 'be consulted by such a father as you, 'is the happiness of your son. Nay, 'I am convinced, it must be so; or if 'you proceed otherwise, I shall judge 'you have run out your estate, and 'want your son's wife to mend it again.' Mr. Clayton well knew, that this was a string Mr. Jaison could not bear touching, and the only proper one to make him sound as they could wish; and so it proved—'No, Sir,' replied he, 'if I thought you or any man would 'judge thus of me, I would marry my 'son to a woman that had not a groat: 'believe me, friend Clayton, few people have taken greater care of the 'main chance; and I believe also, few 'people have more improved a fortune 'than I have done.'—'I have always 'thought so,' said he; 'but consider 'with yourself, how strange it will appear in the eyes of the world, that 'you should refuse your son a liberty; 'which (pardon me) you took yourself—a power to make himself happy, and a means to please himself in 'one of the principal concerns of life, 'all for a little paltry money! On my 'word, it will sound very odd; I must confess it will stagger me greatly. 'Do not imagine, I would advise you 'to run precipitately into any scheme 'of this sort; no, I would have the 'merits and character of the lady well 'considered, I would have the whole 'affair well and prudently deliberated; 'and if nothing but money was found 'to be the obstacle, then I would have 'you act generously, and as you 'would have chosen yourself in a similar case. Excuse me, my good 'friend; for as I am an absolute stranger to the merits of the cause, I only 'speak and advise as a well-wisher to 'you and your son; and as you have 'been pleased more than once to be 'directed by me, I therefore speak the 'more freely, and the more earnestly, 'as most sincerely desirous that your 'honour should suffer no stain.'

A silence ensued, and the old man, though unable to advance any thing against Mr. Clayton's remarks, was yet absolutely unwilling to come into any such measures. He thanked him, however, for his friendly advice, and observed that his son had found an able advocate in him, but that, as to himself, he was perfectly determined; which Mr. Clayton observed it was not in his power to prevent: he could do no more, nor indeed was it proper for him to say more; as a friend and sincere well-wisher to the family, he had delivered his opinion; in doing which he had no other motive than a true and unfeigned friendship for them, and if they thought not proper to pay any attention to his opinions, it was by no means his fault. 'But pr'ythee, Charles,' said he to Mr. Jaison, the son, 'where is this lady of 'yours, where is she to be found? Me'thinks I should like very well to see 'her; I could give a better judgment 'of the matter if I was a little time in 'her company. May I be permitted 'that honour?'—'Doubtless, Sir,' replied he, 'if you desire it; but as that 'will hardly be agreeable to my father, 'you must excuse his presence there: 'I could wish it were so; for though 'I think myself bound to obey him, 'and though I am determined to do so, 'yet I must openly confess and declare, 'that without her I never can, I never

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'will be happy. It is not poſſible for 'me to be ſo. She has my heart, and 'her many excellencies truly deſerve 'it: ſhe ſhall keep it; and though I will 'not diſoblige my father, yet, in inten'tion, I muſt and ever will be her's. 'Nay, I am bound to her, by ſo many 'ties of honour and love, that I much 'queſtion whether it were even poſſible 'for me to get free. I hope, there'fore, my good and honoured father, 'who has ever been ſo indulgent and 'kind to me, will maturely weigh the 'matter, and conſider, that I am ready 'to obey his will, though at the loſs 'of every thing dear to me, and yet 'muſt not forfeit my honour and oaths, 'for every other earthly conſideration. 'To marry any other, is what I will 'never do; and if I am not permitted 'to poſſeſs this moſt amiable of her 'ſex, I will enjoy her in my thoughts, 'and in melancholy reflection indulge 'the fond hopes I had conceived.' He ſpoke this in ſuch a manner, that it truly reached his father's heart; a tear ſtole down his cheeks, and he made no ſort of reply. Mr. Clayton perceiving it, preſſed the matter home, and urged a viſit of them all to the young lady; to which, after much entreaty, the other conſented, as he was really deſirous to ſee Caroline; and having ſpent an hour or two in ſocial chat, and drank a diſh of chocolate, they made the beſt of their way to Mrs. Stevens's, to pay Miſs Caroline a viſit.

It happened, that the firſt object which preſented itſelf on their entrance into the houſe, was Miſs Jenny Stevens, whoſe figure and appearance very highly diſguſted old Mr. Jaiſon; and more eſpecially, as he imagined her to be the lady whom they were about to viſit. Jenny was pretty round too about the waiſt, which did not eſcape the connoiſſeur's eyes: and her dreſs was exactly ſuch as he hated; ſuch as the ladies of her taſte eminently diſtinguiſh themſelves by in the gay world. The reader may, perhaps, be ſurprized to find her at home again, after her happy alliance with the charming Mr. Fortebrand; but we muſt inform him, that ſome unlucky accident or other happened in the midſt of all their bliſs, which deſtroyed the ſcene of happineſs between them, and unluckily for poor Jenny, compelled her dear gallant to fly the realm, and to forſake the woman whom he ſo *tenderly loved*, and had ſo *barbarouſly ruined*. It is not to be imagined or ſuſpected, that he had made or left any ſort of proviſion for Jenny, or the little miſerable unborn infant. No, he had no regard to any moral or ſacred obligations, and was abſolutely unconcerned for the welfare of any one, however connected or allied to him. The truth of the matter was, he wanted to get rid of Jenny, and therefore contrived a tale to deceive her, and pretending immediate neceſſity, and violent haſte, told it, kiſſed her, damned his ill-luck, and parted from her. Thus was ſhe left entirely friendleſs, without either money or credit, without either innocence or induſtry. She did not, indeed, deſerve pity; but parents feel not like indifferent people. She applied to her mother; and the bowels of her mother yearned to her unfortunate daughter, and ſhe received the miſerable object home again, undutiful and ungrateful as ſhe before had been.

She could not prejudice any one much in her favour, as ſhe had a peculiar pertneſs and levity, which, wherever they are found, muſt be hateful to every reaſonable man. No wonder, therefore, old Mr. Jaiſon was greatly diſguſted; who, turning round to his ſon, 'Pr'ythee, 'Charles,' ſaid he, 'is this your ele'gant miſtreſs? ha!—On my word, 'ſhe is a moſt charming young lady.' Mr. Jaiſon was by no means diſpleaſed with the miſtake, imagining, as was the caſe, the modeſt, meek deportment of Caroline, would not ſuffer any diſadvantage by ſuch a compariſon. He informed his father, therefore, that this was the daughter of the landlady, much unlike the lady they were about to viſit: for which purpoſe they were introduced into Mr. Hodſon's apartment, who was made acquainted with their intention, and deſired to inform Caroline thereof. Mrs. Hodſon, as we may well conceive, was no enemy to Caroline, but, on the contrary, wiſhed her well in every part of life; nor can any ſuch matter be inferred from her proceeding in the manner above related with regard to her nephew. She doubtleſs therein judged and acted very rightly; well knowing the impropriety there was in ſuch a match without the conſent of Mr. Jaiſon's father; well knowing the breach of duty which muſt be made thereby, and the calamities which would be pro-

bable therefore to befal him. Actuated by which laudable motives she certainly proceeded in a manner the most justifiable and commendable. Caroline had too much good sense, and too good an opinion of Mrs. Hodson, to judge otherwise; and, therefore, though she could not but be sorry for the disappointment, yet could she not, in reason, be displeased at Mrs. Hodson for her part in it: whence it happened, that the respect and regard on both sides was not at all diminished or decreased. It was great satisfaction, nevertheless, to Mrs. Hodson to bear such a message to Caroline, as she had really no objection to her nephew's marrying her, if his father saw fitting; as she had no doubt, nay, on the contrary, had the greatest opinion of her modesty and virtue, and a very strong opinion that she would make one of the best and most excellent wives. With much pleasure therefore she went to Caroline's apartment, and informed her of the purport of her visit, desiring her to dress herself as neatly as she could, and to come down to her room.

'Perhaps, child,' said she, 'there 'may be something turn out more to 'your advantage than you are aware 'of. Methinks it seems a good sign. 'Do not imagine me your enemy, or 'think that I would do any thing to 'prejudice you: no, very far from it. 'You may, perhaps, esteem me such 'from what has passed, and from the 'information which I have given my 'brother. But therein I did not more 'or less than my duty: and that it behoves every individual, without favour or affection, always to do; leaving the consequence to an all-wise 'Providence, who cannot be displeased 'at us if we fulfil our parts, whatever 'may be the event. Make that always your standing and invariable 'rule: act according to your conscience, and discharge your duty to 'the full: leave the rest, and be assured it will prosper. In your case, and 'my nephew's, I have proceeded thus; 'and I am assured, whatever is best for 'you and him will follow. For my 'own part, I most sincerely wish your 'welfare; and if my brother thinks 'proper to give his consent, I shall be 'by no means backward: nay, more 'than that, if I perceive the least probability of it, be assured I will do my 'utmost to forward it. I sincerely wish 'you well, and whatever I can do to 'promote your real advantage, you are 'convinced, I hope, that I am ready 'to do; but do not offer to proceed one 'step in any affair or concern of life, 'that may hereafter upbraid you, and 'be a matter of uneasiness and disquietude to your mind.'—'Whatever, 'Madam, I might suffer,' said Caroline, 'I would on no account dare to 'blame the excellence of your proceedings, since I am so fully convinced it 'is in all things right; nor can I ever 'imagine you, who have behaved so 'kindly to me in every respect, my 'enemy; far, very far from that: but 'your kindness will give a little to the 'frailty of human nature; and, I trust, 'will excuse me, if by means thereof I 'have erred a little. Mr. Jaison's behaviour has been altogether such as 'must command my esteem, not to say 'my greatest affection. You are no 'stranger to the many obligations conferred upon me by him: you know 'what I owe to him, even all that I 'enjoy; life, innocence, liberty, and 'every thing. You would, you must 'condemn me, were I ungrateful to 'such a benefactor; had not my mind 'a due sense of the greatness of my 'obligations: and I need not inform 'you how nearly love and gratitude are 'allied. Do but then consider how almost impossible it hath been for me 'to resist those kind and tender offers 'which he has made me, warmed, as 'my heart already was, prepared as 'my inclinations were, by the abundant and singular favours conferred 'upon me by him. You will not blame 'me; for, indeed, I was here a good 'deal involuntary; my mind was not 'perfectly free to chuse or refuse—— 'you cannot condemn me, if I received 'his offers with joy, and felt a satisfaction in accepting and returning his love. 'I will make a generous confession to 'you, Madam, as I esteem you my sincere and undoubted friend: though I 'love Mr. Jaison infinitely more than 'myself, though I can never be happy 'separated from him, yet so far am I 'from desiring any thing contrary to his 'interest or advantage, that I willingly 'give up all right and title to him, hard 'as it may be to my soul, and will endeavour to be contented under my misfortune, if it may render him, his father, and yourself, happy. I trust in

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'God I can reſign, and I will uſe my 'endeavours (though it were far leſs 'difficult to part with life) to part with 'him; and in mournful ſolitude ſpend 'my days, ever wiſhing an increaſe of 'his happineſs.'

Mrs. Hodſon was ſurprized at ſuch an heroick, yet ſo ſerene and pathetick a declaration, and was almoſt ſorry that ſhe had thrown any obſtacle in the way of this worthy pair: however, ſhe was determined to uſe all her endeavours towards their happineſs, and promiſed Caroline her utmoſt aſſiſtance; who, being modeſtly and decently adorned, deſcended, with Mrs. Hodſon, to the room where was all ſhe loved, and all ſhe feared. Old Mr. Jaiſon had retained nothing in his mind ſo ſtrongly as the figure and appearance of Miſs Jenny: he had continued to ruminate conſtantly upon it; and, as he was mightily diſguſted, ſo did he not eaſily forget it. But when Caroline, introduced by Mrs. Hodſon, made her appearance, the compariſon ſtruck him very ſtrongly; and his prejudice was as much warped to the other ſide. Caroline's perſon was, indeed, very ſtriking: her ſickneſs had greatly injured her, having robbed her cheeks of that fine damaſk bluſh, which Nature ſpread over the ivory whiteneſs of her ſkin, and which exceeded all that the painter's pencil ever yet could repreſent. However, this occaſion reſtored it; for, on her entrance, a beauteous glow ſpread itſelf over her face, and her lovely eyes, in modeſt meekneſs fixed upon the ground, diſcovered only ſo much of their luſtre, as helped imagination to form and fancy the reſt. She was tall, and remarkably graceful in her perſon; her manner was peculiarly engaging, and her addreſs particularly pleaſing, as it was particularly modeſt, ſweet, and affable. She was dreſſed in a long white ſack, neat without affectation, and genteel without a fooliſh and forward compliance with faſhions. The exacteſt artiſt could not find a fault in her face, which yet received ſuch an inexpreſſible ſoftneſs from the lovely diſpoſition of her mind, as ſtruck every beholder with delight. She was in no ſmall confuſion on her firſt admiſſion; her little heart beat with tumultuous throbs, and her ſnowy boſom heaved with fearful anxiety. Old Mr. Jaiſon fixed his eyes upon her, and compared her preciſely in his mind with Jenny; ſhe loſt nothing thereby; and was ſecretly much ſatisfied, not to ſay delighted, with her. The converſation grew tolerably ſociable and jocoſe. Mr. Clayton grew merry, and old Mr. Jaiſon's heart began to open; the young folks revived a little in hope, and Mrs. Hodſon was not backward to promote the growing chearfulneſs. In which ſituation we muſt at preſent leave them, as we are ſummoned to attend the concerns of our other worthies, particularly Mr. Sanſon, who appears by his haſte and zeal to have ſome important matter on the anvil, ſome point which requires fiery expedition and diſpatch.

CHAP. III.

MR. SANSON FINDS OUT AND VISITS HIS DAUGHTER LUCY. THE DISTRESS OCCASIONED THEREBY, AND THE MISERY OF THE UNHAPPY FATHER. SHE IS REMOVED BY MR. JAISON FROM THE PLACE WHERE THEY FOUND HER.

HE had heard that Mr. Jaiſon was engaged in company, and therefore went not into the room, but deſired inſtantly to ſpeak with him; with which he complied, and Mr. Sanſon ſcarce beheld him before he cried out, 'She is found; we have her! ſhe is 'found! Oh, pray go with me now 'this inſtant; dear Sir, go with me 'to my Lucy.' Mr. Jaiſon, as was natural, deſired to know whence he had this information. 'From that 'gentleman,' ſaid he, pointing to a perſon who was with him, and who was no other than the identical Mr. Copper, concerning whom we have heretofore heard; who, reading the advertiſement concerning Lucy in the papers, came to give in his information of her, and to receive the reward propoſed. Mr. Jaiſon enquired of him concerning her; and, finding that he was acquainted with her preſent ſituation, promiſed immediately to attend them, after he had juſt given a proper notice to his friends in the next room. Accordingly, he begged his father's permiſſion, letting him know a general ſtate of the caſe; and having procured it, made the beſt of his way with Mr.

Sanſon and Mr. Copper in queſt of Lucy. Mr. Jaiſon ſatisfied Mr. Copper as to the gratuity offered for the perſon who ſhould give information of her: and both he and Mr. Sanſon were pretty anxious in enquiring after her preſent ſituation and ſtate. 'I 'wiſh, gentlemen,' ſaid Mr. Copper, 'it were in my power to give you any 'account that might be ſatisfactory; 'but I fear you will find matters even 'worſe than you can imagine: were 'ſhe a friend of mine—you know beſt '—I ſhould think her far better loſt, 'than ſo found.'—'Man, do not 'make me mad!' ſaid Mr. Sanſon; 'ſhe is my child, my daughter, my 'poor dear child—and ſhall I not re-'cover her again!—Oh, I ſhall now 'ſoon ſee my Lucy, and then to die 'in her arms will be a comfort in-'deed!'—'I am ſorry, Sir,' replied Mr. Copper, 'very ſorry, that ſhe is 'your child; but might I perſuade 'you, (and I wiſh I had known the 'caſe before) I would return back, 'and not think of ſeeing her: worſe 'miſeries are reſerved for you than 'you imagine.'—'Worſe than I ſuf-'fer!' ſaid Mr. Sanſon; 'Oh, igno-'rant and unſkilful! you know not 'what I ſuffer; you are not ſo well 'taught and experienced in the ſchool 'of miſery as I am; you have not 'had ſuch trials—may never man have 'ſuch again!'—'But, Sir,' ſaid Mr. Jaiſon, 'you ſhould let your happineſs 'in ſome meaſure weigh with your 'miſery. Conſider what a daughter 'you have in Miſs Caroline; whoſe 'many virtues and great goodneſs 'ſhould compenſate for almoſt every 'other earthly miſery: conſider how 'much worſe your ſufferings might 'have been, and what a dreadful load 'you muſt have had, if ſhe had not 'eſcaped in this unhappy wreck; and 'if you had not had one drop of hope 'or comfort left in the deſtruction of 'all you love or value. And you are 'convinced that this was no improba-'ble matter. Providence hath here 'exerted itſelf in your behalf; anger 'it not therefore by an utter and ab-'ſolute unthankfulneſs.'—'I thank 'you for your counſel, Sir,' replied he; 'but good now, who are they that 'are ſo wiſe as thus to medicine their 'grief with ſweet words? Oh, they 'come wonderous ſmoothly from a 'heart at eaſe! theſe things appear 'quite light and very trifling—as who 'ſhould ſay I would not do ſo and ſo. 'But mark me, nature is far ſtronger 'than flowery rhetorick, and ſtings of 'parental grief ſeverer than to be 'healed by the gilded pill of counſel. 'Come, come, no more of that: I tell 'you, Lucy is my child, my firſt-'born, my darling; a thouſand times 'I have dandled her on my knees; I 'have joyed in her pretty innocent 'prattle—ſhe was my chief pleaſure. 'And can a man forget his child; can 'a man forget himſelf? Talk no more 'on't, but haſten away and bring me, 'bring me to her; that as I gave her 'breath, I may in her arms reſign my 'own.'

With ſuch diſcourſe they beguiled the way, till they came to Hockley in the Hole, the place were Lucy was; and having, at the houſe, procured an immediate information where ſhe was, Mr. Copper attended them to the door, and parted; having, as he ſaid, no inclination to be preſent at ſuch mournful and diſtreſsful ſcenes. The door was opened; and lo! a ſight, that would have pierced the hardeſt heart of a barbarian! Think then, O reader, think what muſt have been the ſuffering of a tender and affectionate father! Oh! if thou haſt a heart ſuſceptible of the leaſt tenderneſs, if thou haſt a heart the leaſt affected by the concerns of thy fellow-creatures, come here and look, attend and conſider! Behold no fancied ſcenes of flowery imagination, no fictitious painting of licentious fancy! See plain and miſerable truth delineated in it's exact colours! Truth not rare and uncommon, but every day unhappily proved by numberleſs examples in this grand metropolis! Oh, weigh it well, and be wiſe! fly from the firſt approaches to iniquity, and dread the very appearance of ſin! See to what horrid lengths guilt forces us! ſee what calamities are the conſequences of infamy! Ye ſons of pleaſure, liſten and tremble: ye daughters of ſimplicity, mark and be adviſed.

The door, the miſerable door, expanded; and behold, in a little, horrid, gloomy apartment, ſtretched on the ground, on a bed of ſtraw, lay a wretched object, pitiouſly groaning, and ſorrowfully pouring forth her lamentation and woe. Mr. Jaiſon trembled; his blood

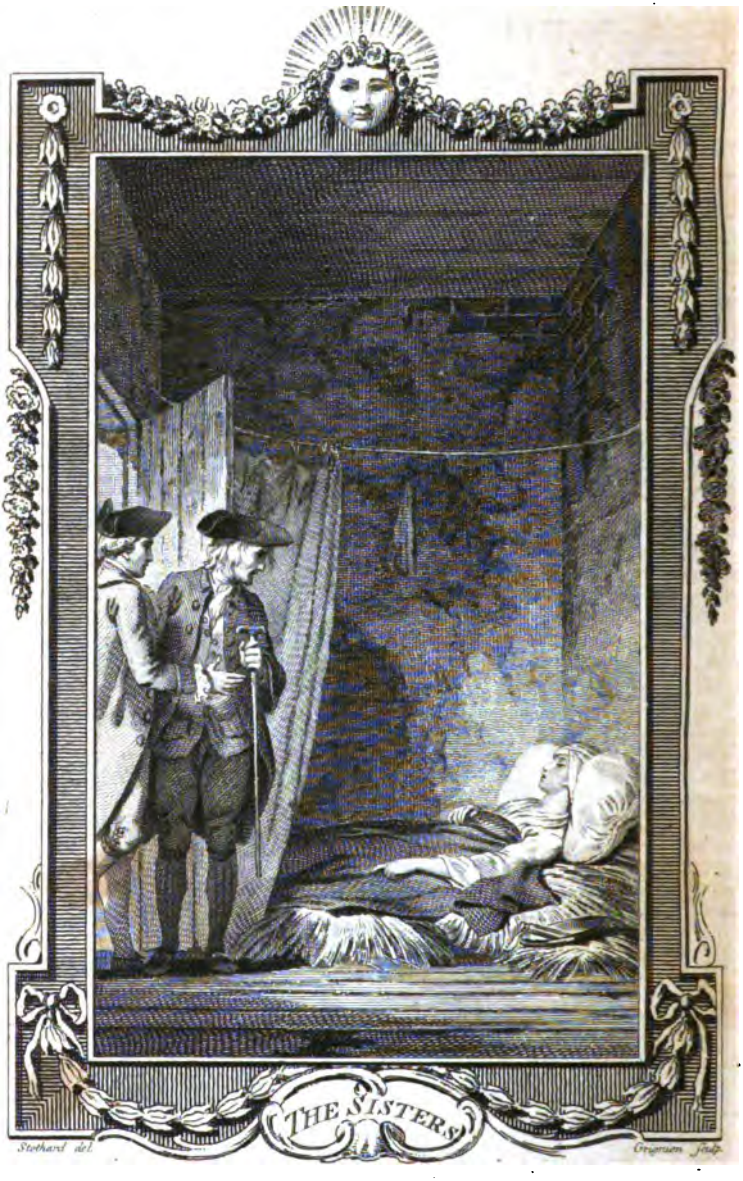

Plate II.

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blood ran cold. The old man turned round ſhort, caught hold of him, and ſaid, 'Why are we brought hither? 'what has this to do with my child? 'what is all this horror to me?'—'In 'truth, I know not,' ſaid Mr. Jaiſon; 'would we were away.'—'Hold, hold!' replied Mr. Sanſon; 'I'll call to yon 'poor wretch—they ſaid my Lucy was 'here; I'll aſk her if ſhe knows her.' Upon which he advanced a few ſteps into the room—his heart again miſgave him, and he turned back, ſent forth a deep groan, and fixed his eyes on Mr. Jaiſon—'Do you ſpeak to her,' ſaid he; 'it is ſtrange—but when I offer to 'ſpeak, my breath is gone, and I know 'not what to call her, or how to ſpeak! 'Pray aſk her if ſhe knows Lucy San-'ſon?' Upon his ſaying which, ſomething louder than the reſt, the unhappy object on the floor, raiſed herſelf a little; and with a diſmal hollow voice, ſighed forth, 'Who enquires for that miſera-'rable wretch, Lucy Sanſon?'—'I, 'I enquire,' replied he; 'ſay, where is 'ſhe—ſpeak at once! where may I find 'her?' Upon which, ſhe raiſed herſelf a little more; and, looking at Mr. Sanſon, cried out, 'Alas, alas, my father! 'Oh, curſed lot! Miſery, miſery worſe 'than all beſide!' Mr. Sanſon was like a man ſtruck into ſtone: he ſtood unmoved, like an image; he held up his hands, and for ſome minutes continued abſolutely motionleſs. Mr. Jaiſon was little leſs affected: he knew not what to ſay or do; and never was reduced to ſuch a melancholy dilemma. At length breaking the horrid ſilence, 'Said ſhe not, *my father!*' cried the old unhappy man; 'ſaid ſhe not, *my* 'father!—hark! let me liſten! Poor 'miſerable object, that in this diſtreſs 'and ſorrow haſt but even now called 'me father! One word more, and I 'have done—ſpeak one word more, 'and I will be no farther curious—'Say thou art my daughter—and there 'needs not another ſyllable to burſt my 'heart-ſtrings—they are already crack-'ing!' She groaned, ſhe wept; and, with a voice that would have melted ſtone, ſhe ſaid—'I am thy daughter! 'thy moſt wretched daughter!—Oh, 'my father, my dear diſtreſſed father!' With vehement haſte, he threw himſelf on the floor by her ſide; and, unable to ſpeak, uttered ſounds far more pathetick and expreſſive than all ſpeaking. At length raiſing himſelf up, he leaned upon his elbow, and looking her full in the face, 'Oh, miſerable deception!' ſaid he; 'fool and mad! ſhe is no more my 'daughter than—— Wretch, who hath 'bribed thee to deceive a poor old man 'in ſuch a barbarous way? My Lucy! 'Oh, ye Powers! my Lucy was a little 'angel upon earth; her eyes were 'bright, and beaming luſtre, that gave 'rapture to my heart when I beheld 'them! thine are dim, are hollow, ſunk, 'and dreadful! Thine eyes had never 'brightneſs; thy eyes ne'er beamed 'heart-warming luſtre; thine are dim 'tapers, clouded, melancholy: Lucy's 'ſpoke life and innocence; theſe are 'not my Lucy's eyes! Then, what a 'ruddy health was in her cheeks!—'Good God! ſhe looked like another 'Hebe! Oh, 'twas heaven to my fond 'heart, when I beheld her bluſhing 'beauties. Thou art wan and pale, 'meagre and thin. Theſe cheeks, over-'ſpread with dreary yellowneſs, could 'never have been like Lucy's: that 'aſpect, full of dread and horror, could 'never have had the ſweetneſs, love, 'and rapture, of my child's. Her voice 'was ſoft and tuneful; it was bliſs, 'it was muſick to hear her ſpeak! and 'thine is hoarſe and hollow. Speak 'again! I cannot be deceived in that: 'I charge thee ſpeak! What? who 'ſhall ſay, though I am a poor infirm 'old man, that I cannot remember my 'child's, my own, my deareſt child's 'voice? I cannot be deceived in it; 'I tell you, it was ſweet beyond ex-'preſſion—Sing me her ſong; ſing 'me that ſong, ſhe ſo oft has ſung to 'chear my melancholy—oh, ſing me 'that, and I'll confeſs thou art my 'daughter!'—'Well, indeed, may you 'doubt!' ſaid ſhe: I am not what I 'was; far, very far different! loſt, be-'yond recovery, to all my former hap-'pineſs! Alas! my father, I wiſhed 'not to have ſeen you—oh, that I had 'died, and you not known my wretch-'edneſs! But now deſire to know no 'more: leave me to my horrid fate; 'commend me to my poor dear mo-'ther; oh, commend me to her; and 'curſe the day, with me, that ever I 'beheld the face of Dookalb!'—'What, 'hath he done it? Did he bring thee 'hither?' ſaid Mr. Sanſon; 'did he 'bring thee to this place of woe? A 'thouſand curſes light upon him! may

'his

'his grey hairs go ſorrowing to the 'grave; and may he only ſuffer juſt as 'I do! May he be tortured thus; and 'ſee a child, the very darling of his 'ſoul, his only joy; oh, may he ſee her 'in ſuch woeful miſery! Oh, Lucy, 'what a change!—My child, my child! 'when laſt I ſaw thee, beauty, life, 'and health, played joyfully around 'thee! I bleſt myſelf, and wondered 'if a father lived on earth ſo happy as 'was I, in children like my Lucy and 'my Caroline!—Now, good God! 'where is my boaſting! where is my 'happineſs! Gone—for ever gone!—'and I may queſtion, if upon earth 'there lives ſo miſerable a father as this 'poor worn out old man! To find thee 'in a place the very ſink of wretched-'neſs, unaided, unaſſiſted, left to pine 'and die alone in extreme miſery! a 'room fit only for the raving madman! 'cold, bleak, dark and dreadful! ſtretch-'ed too on ſtraw: my child upon a bed 'of ſtraw, with ſcarce a covering to 'conceal her nakedneſs; periſhing with 'ſickneſs, cold, and hunger! Oh, fate 'accurſed! O miſerable hour!' Thus was he proceeding to vent his griefs, and give utterance to the bitter ſorrows of his heart, when Mr. Jaiſon, ſoothing him to the utmoſt of his power, deſired his permiſſion to go and procure ſome proper aſſiſtance, that they might remove his daughter from that place, and try all due methods to reſtore her again to health and peace. 'Aye, pr'ythee do 'it, Sir,' ſaid the old man; 'I would 'to God we had a friend! but all 'mankind are falſe; do not truſt them; 'they'll rob you of your children. Cruel 'monſters! they rob your children too 'of innocence and virtue! and then 'what griefs await them! I had a 'daughter once—but now I'm old, and 'every one contemns old age! Oh, 'were my child but with me, ſhe would 'comfort me, ſhe would ſoothe all my 'ſorrows: now ſhe's loſt, I care not what 'may follow!' The air with which he ſpoke this, ſufficiently declared the ſituation of his mind, and therefore Mr. Jaiſon waited not for any reply, but haſtened away with all expedition to procure ſome aſſiſtance, that Lucy might be removed from this diſtreſsful ſtate, to a place where her friends might be able to viſit and relieve her. Mrs. Cox hearing that ſome ſtir was made about this wretched object, whom ſhe had abſolutely given up, according to cuſtom; was willing to make her own bargain and advantage therefrom, and on that account betook herſelf to the place where Lucy and her father were, juſt after Mr. Jaiſon was departed from thence. She entered in her uſual free manner; and as her heart was an abſolute ſtranger to pity or compaſſion, ſhe addreſſed the old man without any regard to affliction or diſtreſs; informing him, that if he wanted that woman, he muſt expect to pay her debts, for ſhe was pretty deep in her accounts. Mr. Sanſon roſe from the ground, alarmed by the loud and hoarſe ſound of her man-like voice, and advancing towards her, fixed his eyes ſtedfaſtly upon her, and ſaid, 'Look'e woman—ſhe's my child; 'if you can give us comfort, do not 'delay it; for in ſad truth we want it 'very greatly: but if you only come, 'ill neighbour, to ſpy out and triumph 'over my miſery, look, fill your eyes 'and heart, ſee it in all it's pomp—'Behold my child—behold her father! '—look and be ſatisfied—get home and 'tell your children of it—ſhake your 'ſad head, and ſigh—bleſs your own 'hap, and go to bed in thankfulneſs.' Mother Cox did not at all underſtand him, and eſteeming it abuſe and mockery, began to be exceeding cholerick, and pronouncing a hearty curſe or two, declared ſhe did not care a ſtraw for his words; her money ſhe would have, and if he did not pay her it by fair means, ſhe knew how to get it by foul; for ſhe was not uſed to be chouſed by ſuch old grey-headed fools as he was; ſhe had lived long enough to know better. 'It is true, good woman,' replied Mr. Sanſon, 'I am old, and very 'fooliſh; but do not mock me for 'theſe old white locks; they ſpeak 'my age, and uſed to challenge reve-'verence; but age and reverence all 'are loſt to me. There lies my daugh-'ter; can you aſſiſt her? Look at her 'diſtreſs—oh, be not too hard-hearted! 'indeed ſhe once was all that's fair and 'lovely! Look at the bed of ſtraw! 'ſee thoſe thin coverings, ragged and 'baſe.—Do you hear her groans? She 'has a mother: it would break her 'heart, yea, in a moment ſtop each 'throbbing pulſe, and lay her lifeleſs 'at her feet, to ſee her child, her love-'ly loving child, her Lucy, her firſt-'born, to ſee her in ſo piteous a con-'dition!

'dition! You are a woman—have a 'woman's heart, and do not deny your 'ſex: weep with me, and lament a 'fate ſo dreadful!'—'You may think, 'perhaps, to put me off with theſe fine 'words,' replied the beldame, 'and by 'finding fault with my goods, hope 'to pay nothing for them; but you are 'miſtaken, man: I know better things, 'I have ſeen too much of life to be ſo 'tricked and deceived; and as to your 'pity, and compaſſion, and nonſenſe, 'I ſee enough of this ſort of ſport eve-'ry day of my life, to deliver me, thank 'God, from all that. No, no, your 'daughter, if ſhe is your daughter, 'old maſter, has been the cauſe of all 'her misfortunes, as you call them: 'ſhe has nobody to thank for them but 'herſelf; and ſo wants nobody to pity 'her. However, bad as her bed and 'covering may be, if you do not think 'proper to pay me, ſhe muſt e'en lie 'on the ground and rot if ſhe likes it.' The old man, as one would reaſonably expect, was aſtoniſhed and terrified at this ſpeech, delivered as it was, with all the malignity of tone and geſture, all the fury of voice and action, which this wretch was capable of ſhewing. In the utmoſt agony of mind, on her pronouncing theſe words, he trembled in every limb, and throwing himſelf again on the ground by Lucy's ſide, claſped her in his arms, and burſting into a flood of tears, cried out, 'She 'ſhall not lie and rot—ſhe ſhall not, 'ſhall not periſh in cold and naked-'neſs! I will warm her in this boſom—'I will cloath her—though I am naked, 'my Lucy ſhall not want a covering!' Upon ſaying which he was about to ſtrip himſelf, when Mr. Jaiſon return-ed with proper aſſiſtance to remove theſe unhappy objects to a more decent and convenient place, where, if all aid ſhould prove unavailing, they might at leaſt die in peace. His mind had been al-ready ſufficiently ſhocked and alarmed, but human nature could not behold ſuch a ſcene unmoved. The poor weeping father was endeavouring to get off his cloaths, crying out, 'I will cover thee, 'my child—thou ſhalt not be naked—I 'will cover thee, and keep thee from the 'cold!' while, the feeble daughter ſcarce able to lift up her hand, was with tears entreating him to forbear, and ſtriving to hold and prevent him! 'Suffer me,' ſaid ſhe, 'to die, and do not farther 'diſturb me:—give me up, my father; 'leave me, and do not on my account 'thus diſtract yourſelf and me. I am 'undone beyond all relief: there is no 'hopes of me; but do not for ſuch a 'worthleſs wretch as I am, do not 'plunge yourſelf into ſuch ſorrow; do 'not add new afflictions to my mother, 'to whom I am now, alas! a ſtranger. 'Do not diſtreſs your other poor chil-'dren; but reſerve yourſelf for their ad-'vantage, and leave me to the fate I well 'deſerve.' In ſuch a ſituation Mr. Jaiſon found theſe unhappy people; and ſcarce-ly was he entered into the room, before Mother Cox fell upon him too, for the pretended debt, and the money which ſhe averred to be due to her from Lucy. Mr. Jaiſon did all he could to appeaſe the fiend, and told her, that ſhe ſhould be ſatisfied if ſhe would apply to him; but begged her not to make any diſturb-ance or farther uneaſineſs at preſent, as ſhe could not be a ſtranger to the miſe-rable circumſtances of this unhappy daughter, and ſtill more unhappy fa-ther. With this, however, ſhe would by no means be ſatisfied, inſiſting upon ſomething, down without which ſhe pro-teſted Lucy ſhould not be moved from thence. Mr. Jaiſon, willing to keep matters as peaceable as might be, gave her a couple of guineas, with which ſhe, acknowledging herſelf contented, retired, and left them to proceed as they thought proper. Such hearts have no feeling, or ſenſe of humanity! The mi-ſeries of their fellow creatures are ſo ge-neral to them, that they paſs off utterly unnoticed. Sighs never touch their ſouls, and tears have no power to affect their boſoms. Anguiſh and horror are as feaſts of joy, and the ſufferings of others are rendered matter of pleaſure or profit to them.

As ſoon as this wretch was departed, Mr. Jaiſon deſired the old weeping fa-ther to ariſe, and give the perſons who attended leave to bear his daughter to a proper conveyance, that ſhe might be carried to a place where ſhe would be in no danger of periſhing by cold, by hunger, and nakedneſs. The old man raiſed up his eyes, and fixing them on Mr. Jaiſon, 'Oh, thou good young 'man!' ſaid he; 'ſtill my better ge-'nius; ſtill in my ſorrows, my only 'ſuccour and ſupport! Oh, this is a 'dreadful time—fearfully, indeed, am I 'now reduced! what can your help

'avail

'avail me? what can your friendſhip 'now farther aſſiſt me? Look only at 'my child—in truth I am not diſtract-'ed: ſay, have I not cauſe to weep; 'ſay, had ever father greater cauſe to 'lament than I have there? Oh, Sir! 'my ſufferings are not for words to ex-'preſs! go then, and be a friend to my 'poor Caroline; commend her dying 'father to her, and be happy.'—'The 'only way, Sir,' replied Mr. Jaiſon, 'that I can be a friend to her, is to be 'ſuch to you and your other daughter; 'whom I would remove from this dread-'ful place, that proper means may be 'made uſe of for her recovery, if poſ-'ſible; and that yet you may be bleſſed, 'however improbable it may at preſent 'ſeem to you. Theſe men will convey 'your daughter to a convenient lodg-'ing, where ſhe may have all due aſſiſt-'ance, and your other child may attend 'her and comfort you.'—'There's rea-'ſon in your words,' replied the old man, raiſing himſelf from the ground. 'True, 'tis a dreadful place, and it 'would be well if both were reſcued 'from it. Come, then, my child, we 'yet have got ſome friends; old and 'moſt wretched though I be, yet view, 'I am not quite forſaken. Give me thy 'hand, my daughter, I'll raiſe thee up. 'Oh, ye Gods!—is this my Lucy's 'hand? the ſoft round arm, the ſnowy 'whiteneſs, all reduced to this—pale 'flaccid ſkin drawn over the ſtaring 'bones!—O cruel weight of miſery! 'deadly ſorrow! how, does thy poiſon 'prey upon the body, and even con-'ſume the faireſt, freſheſt beauties! 'But 'come, no more of this. Time! 'there is always time enough to mourn; 'the wretched never want hours to vent 'their griefs! Here, gentlemen, pray 'be kind, and very careful; raiſe up 'my child with all the niceſt care, for 'ſhe is wondrous weak, and very ten-'der. I'll bleſs you for your gentleneſs; 'it is all a poor wretched father, in-'deed, it is all he has the power to give. 'A bleſſing on you, and a hearty prayer, 'that none of you may ever ſuffer griefs 'like this!' So ſaying, he aſſiſted the men to raiſe up Lucy; and with much difficulty the poor and almoſt dying creature, unable to bear the leaſt ſhock, was conveyed to a lodging which was prepared and ready to receive her, her father never leaving her ſide, but walking cloſe by the bier, whereon ſhe was carried, uttering often pathetick exclamations, demonſtrative of the deepeſt affliction, and expreſſive of the ſevereſt anguiſh. Proper aſſiſtance was called in to her relief, but all was too late; ſhe was now too far gone, and the pangs of death came faſt and fearfully upon her.

CHAP. IV.

CAROLINE AND MRS. HODSON VISIT LUCY. A CLERGYMAN SENT FOR, THE DOCTOR BEFORE-MENTIONED; HIS ACCOUNT OF DOOKALB'S DASTARDLY BEHAVIOUR. A LETTER TO HIM FROM A FORMER FRIEND. MR. SANSON'S TRIUMPH. LUCY'S DEATH.

CAROLINE, whom we left tolerably eaſy and happy, began to be under great anxiety at the long ſtay of her father and Mr. Jaiſon; and was much ſurprized at having heard nothing concerning them. Old Mr. Jaiſon, too, was not quite ſatisfied; though, as the young lady was with him, he was pretty eaſy on that account, knowing nothing could be done contrary to his inclinations. He was much ſoftened by the lenient advice of Mr. Clayton, as well as by the gentle remarks of Mrs. Hodſon; and found nothing in Caroline's behaviour to diſguſt or diſpleaſe him. Nay, rather, to ſay the truth, he was greatly prejudiced in her behalf, and ſecretly approved, though he could not openly commend his ſon's choice. During the time of their anxiety, and as it began to encreaſe, a meſſage came from Mr. Jaiſon to deſire Miſs Caroline's and Mrs. Hodſon's preſence at the place (to which they were directed) where Mr. Sanſon and his daughter Lucy were. Mr. Jaiſon the elder deſired permiſſion to attend them, for reaſons beſt known to himſelf; and accordingly they haſtened away with all poſſible expedition. Young Mr. Jaiſon met them below ſtairs, and informed them of the ſtate of the caſe; upon which the old gentleman had no inclination to go up, but waiting below with his ſon, the ladies went to the room where lay the unfortunate Lucy, juſt breathing her laſt; and the ſtill

more

more unfortunate father hanging over her, and lamenting the misery of his fate.

Caroline could not support the sight. She fainted instantly away on her approach towards the bed where her sister was. The old man was in the utmost consternation; he arose from the side of the bed, ran to Caroline, then to Lucy, and now would stand in the midst between them, holding up his hands, and shaking his head, while the tears trickled plenteously down his cheeks: then he would cry out; 'Oh! it is too much, 'it is too much, righteous Heaven!—'both at once, both in one moment! 'Youth and strength could not sup-'port such misery! what then, can age 'and weakness; what then, can an in-'firm old man sustain such shocks? 'Two strings tie fast my heart. To 'have broke one had surely been suffi-'cient: but to crack each at once, O 'traitor, Fortune—what needed such 'consummate agony! And does she then revive? Oh, Caroline! look there, be-'hold thy sister! Speak, Lucy, one 'word to thy father! Ah, poor girl—'what dreadful groans, what horrid 'sobs are these?—Oh, Dookalb, may 'each groan, each sob of her's cost thy 'accursed heart a stream of blood! mayest 'thou in vilest infamy compleat thy 'days, and full of horror quick de-'scend to hell!—How does my child? 'speak, Caroline—say, Lucy—how art 'thou? Ah, me! I wonder that my 'fiery brain don't burst asunder, and 'furious madness tear my distracted 'senses! Two children, both my dar-'lings, both at once perishing before 'my eyes! Oh, that I were but blind! 'Oh, that long since my body had been 'dust, and my soul slept in quietness 'and peace!' Caroline's eyes and heart were both too full to utter one syllable, or to offer one word of consolation to her father. Mrs. Hodson endeavoured so to do, but fruitless were her endeavours, and very much in vain all her efforts to comfort. When she began to speak, Mr. Sanson fixed his eyes upon her, and seemed to listen with great attention; but she had scarcely began, ere he pointed to the bed where Lucy lay, and threw himself by her side, little regarding any thing which she said. But when she came to talk of death, and it's consequences, he started up, and told them, that was well remembered; for he wished to die, and fain would be prepared: and therefore desired they would provide some worthy clergyman, that he might join in prayers with him and hear if he had any hopes of happiness hereafter. Mrs. Hodson immediately communicated this request to Mr. Jaison, who readily agreed to it; and accordingly himself waited upon the worthy doctor, of whom we have had occasion to make mention heretofore, as the properest person he could chuse for this office. He found him at home, nad very ready to comply with his requests: they, therefore, made all possible expedition to the wretched father, and delayed not to bring all the relief in their power. Mrs. Hodson had, upon Mr. Jaison's determination, informed Mr. Sanson, that the clergyman who would speedily visit him, was that worthy and excellent man, who, out of zeal for goodness, and a desire that iniquity should not be concealed, carried on the prosecution against Dookalb; nay, indeed, was the very author, and principal cause of the whole proceeding. The old man blessed himself upon this news, and rejoiced to think he should not only see and thank so good a man, but have the satisfaction to hear of the compleat downfal of that complicated villain. Even Lucy, wretched and weak as she was, desired to be raised up a little on the doctor's arrival, that, as she said, she might hear of Dookalb's destruction, and then die in peace. The doctor, when present, perceiving that their minds were thus bitterly enraged against this terrible wretch, was somewhat averse to gratify their revenge; observing, that such a state of mind was absolutely unfitting a Christian when in health and strength, much more when in all appearance just launching into eternity; and, therefore, he judged it far better to consider only of the proper preparation for that great voyage, and the due provisions for so long and untried a journey. 'I tell you, Sir,' said Mr. Sanson, upon these hints from the doctor, 'I tell you, he, that cruel, cruel Doo-'kalb—even he, has ruined my child. 'I pray you, turn your eyes to that sad 'bed. There lies my daughter!—Look 'upon her misery, hear her heart-rend-'ing groans, behold her death-like 'countenance! Oh, Sir, contemplate 'for a moment that poor creature, and 'then I will shew you what she was.

'None, none, can even in the leaſt degree conceive the change, but thoſe who knew her beauty! She was the loveliest, and the beſt of children; as fair as good, and no leſs fair than innocent; pure ſnow was not more white and ſpotleſs: ſo ſhe went from me; ſuch ſhe was when ſhe departed from my foſtering arms! This Dookalb, this vile traitor Dookalb, was my friend. He talked of ſervices, he proferred kindneſſes; and I, vain, credulous old man, heard and believed—nay, would you think it, eſteemed him—this ſame monſter—I eſteemed him the very beſt of men, and firſt of friends! All that was valuable, all that was dear, all that was tender to me, I intruſted to this felon; to this falſe, ſeeming friend: this man with whom I would have truſted even my ſoul, ſo zealouſly did I affect him. Oh, could you ſee how I commended to him theſe my dear daughters, theſe my lovely children! How I conjured him by each ſacred tie, by all that is binding to humanity, to guard them, to protect them, to ſecure their virtue, and ſee that nothing hurtful might approach their yet untainted minds! And well he kept his faith.—Oh, heaven and earth unite your utmoſt powers to blaſt the villain! A thouſand, thouſand curſes fall upon him! Nay, I will be but juſt in my demands——make him, O make him ſuffer, only ſuffer juſt what his horrid cruelty hath brought on me!'

'Well, Sir,' ſaid the doctor, 'I cannot but confeſs, that you have the greateſt reaſon to be diſpleaſed and enraged at this wicked man's behaviour and cruel treatment of you; but his puniſhment you muſt leave to that avenging Deity, who never ſuffers vice and villainy like his to paſs away unpuniſhed; and, believe me, he is rewarded to the utmoſt: the moſt ſavage revenge would be greatly more than ſatisfied. It is only to be lamented, that his agonies are not directed into a proper channel; and that he feels the load of his enemies only to torture and diſtract himſelf. You are not ignorant, I ſuppoſe, of the proſecution which hath been carried on againſt him. We had, from the very firſt moment, great reaſon to ſuſpect him guilty of the horrid crime laid to his charge; but we had not ſo full proof as was neceſſary. It pleaſed Heaven, therefore, to give Mrs. Searchwell, his wicked accomplice in many, many dark ſcenes of the vileſt ſort; I ſay, it pleaſed Heaven to give her a ſhort interval from the rage of her fever before her death, which I took and improved to the greateſt advantage. I preſſed her to a diſcovery of the whole fact, which, in the fury of her diſorder, ſhe had ſo plainly opened to us; and, after many and cogent perſuaſions, ſhe came to a full and ample confeſſion; acknowledged, that the girl proving unfit for their purpoſe, Dookalb, from the frequent advertiſing her, fearing a diſcovery, adviſed a ſecret taking her off; which was done with the utmoſt privacy by them, with the aſſiſtance of an old and tried ſervant, who, after they had cut her throat, conveyed her body by pieces out of the houſe; and at different times differently diſpoſed of them, where there was no poſſibility of a diſcovery. Having gained this information from the miſerable dying wretch, and cauſed it to be confirmed before proper witneſſes, my next care was to ſecure this ſervant; which done, he turned evidence, has ſaved himſelf, and condemned Dookalb. The time for his execution is fixed; and he is well nigh dead already. All his friends have forſaken him; and a thouſand ſcenes of ſuch black and vile horror are now laid open, as would make any one hang him. Nothing can equal his daſtardly and mean behaviour. That wonted inſolence and haughty pride which he wore in proſperity, were ſunk before his trial into the moſt abject and groveling meanneſs. He applied to all thoſe great friends, for whom he had infamouſly pimped heretofore, and begged of them to uſe all their intereſt in his favour. From moſt of them he received no anſwer at all; from many, only curſes and upbraidings; telling him, that he had gained at laſt what he deſerved, and that it would be a pity to rob the gibbet of ſo worthy a perſonage, who had ſo long been due to it. *One

* This was no other than that worthy perſonage, known in the former part of our ſtory by the name of Captain Smith.

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" of his friends more eſpecially, who " had conſtantly uſed his aſſiſtance, and " with whom he had lived in great " eſteem, gave him the ſevereſt ſhock. " He had placed his hopes here, and was " aſſured, that let who would forſake " him, this faithful and tried maſter " would never abandon him. He there- " fore wrote to him, and moſt preſſing- " ly deſired his immediate intereſt to " ſave him from the infamy which the " malice of his enemies was about to " bring upon him. In anſwer to which, " he received the following letter, which " he delivered to me on my viſiting him. " You muſt not wonder that he com- " municates any thing to me; for ſo ab- " ject, ſo mean is the man grown, as " even to communicate his grievances " to me, and to apply to me for my in- " tereſt in his behalf; ſo very a coward " is he, ſo infinitely fearful, as well, in- " deed, he may be of his approaching " fate, and ſure impending deſtiny.— " This is the letter.

" IT ſurprizes me, Dookalb, that you " have the confidence to make " any application to me on ſuch an af- " fair, when you well know, that I am " perfectly convinced you wholly de- " ſerve the fate you are about to ſuffer. " Scandalous as your paſt life has been, " and infamous as the preſent crime " laid to your charge, do you imagine " that I can uſe any intereſt in your fa- " vour? No, I cannot. But were not " this the caſe, to ſay truth, I would " not aſſiſt you, unleſs it were to fur- " ther the proſecution, and to forward " that puniſhment which you ſo juſtly " and truly deſerve. Oh, thou vile " pandar, and moſt conſummate of " villains!—accurſed be the day that " ever I ſaw thee, and accurſed the hour " that thy inſinuating hypocriſy found " a way to my heart. My heart?—it " is falſe, you never found a way thi- " ther; you reigned only in my luſts: " my better reaſon ever abhorred and de- " teſted you. What a heap of vengeance " is reſerved for my ſoul by thy means! " what a load of anguiſh now horribly " afflicts my conſcience! Oh, Dookalb, " in whatever hell we meet together, " we ſhall be no ſmall tormentors to " each other! I will be a fiend to tor- " ture thee; and the reflection that I " was ſuch a dupe to be deluded by " thee, will be ſufficient torture to my " ſoul. Know, it is a hell already; " and the miſerable wretches whom I " have robbed of their virtue, and " plunged into irrecoverable ruin, be- " gin to have their revenge, and to be " as very adders to my conſcience. To " think that I have plunged many a " ſoul in hell; to think that I have rob- " bed heaven, to people the kingdom " of darkneſs—what agony can equal " that reflection, and what ſufferings " can be adequate to ſuch a crime? " Thou art about to meet thy due here " upon earth; but let me pour the dread- " ful tidings into thy ears; this, this is " but indeed the very beginning of ſor- " rows! worſe, far worſe than I can " deſcribe, will ſoon overwhelm thee; " and agonies inſufferable will ſpeedi- " ly be thy everlaſting lot. For my- " ſelf, I feel them now; thou art ne- " ver a moment from my view; thou " art my conſtant attendant, and my " conſtant torturer: thou and thoſe " wretched women—(oh, ten thouſand " curſes light upon my luſts and thee!) " ye are ever haunting me; reſt is ba- " niſhed from my ſoul, and ſlumber " from my eye-lids. Comfort or hope " I have none; I live in the very black- " neſs of diabolick darkneſs. I can " neither pray to God, nor expect any " relief from him, whom I would not " believe in, and whoſe power, if poſ- " ſible, I would gladly deny; but that " my heart too forcibly compels me to " own him, and my horrors proclaim " his power and fiery juſtice. May I " never ſee him! O that I could plunge " quick into damnation, and avoid the " conſuming ſhame of that dread day, " when all my guilt muſt be laid open " to every eye, and the whole world be " witneſs to my infamy, my vice—and " above all to my folly, my accurſed fol- " ly, in liſtening to thy abhorred and per- " nicious counſels! See then, here, all " the aſſiſtance, all the intereſt thou art " like to have from me. Think of the " nights of ſhame, the days of filthineſs, " the hours of vice, and the moments " of pollution, which I have horribly, " horribly ſpent, and which thou haſt " introduced me to! Think of the poor " young creatures, whom, fair in pu- " rity, and bluſhing in innocence, I " have robbed of their virtue, by all " the artifices and ſpecious deluſions " which thou could'ſt deviſe, and hell " put into thy accurſed thoughts: think

" of the conſequences of that ruin; the " miſery, ſhame, and ſorrow, which " have involved them, and the curſes " which now come to us; and which, " in the bitterneſs of their afflicted ſoule, " they have ſhowered on thee and me: " think of the parents, the tender fa- " thers, the affectionate mothers, the " kind relations, and beloved friends, " whoſe hearts have been broken to ſa- " tisfy my luſt, and thy—what?—oh " let me call it nothing but thy truly " deviliſh love of doing injury, and " ſpreading deſtruction! All theſe, with " the accumulated force of our many " other weighty tranſgreſſions, our oaths, " blaſphemies, lyes, and, worſt of all " with me, my adultery—oh! there's " the ſting—my adultery, Dookalb!— " Where's your plauſible reaſoning now? " where's your arguments, ſo ſtrong and " forcible for the uſe of concubines, " and defiling the ſacred marriage-bed? " Oh! they vaniſh now: I ſee their " weakneſs, and thy wickedneſs; and " have only to commend my ſincereſt " curſes to thee; wiſhing thee every " woe which a convicted and condemn- " ed conſcience feels; in this world a " fore-taſte of thy ſorrows, and in the " next, a full, very full, and ripe har- " veſt of them. There will I meet " thee; there more largely upbraid thee; " and, in the ſight of every delighted " devil, proclaim myſelf thy tool and " ſlave; led on, ruined, deceived, and " undone, as I am, by thy hypocriſy " and baſeneſs. Read this again and " again—curſe thyſelf and die! Do not " dare to have a hope; but curſe thy- " ſelf, horrid miſcreant! curſe thyſelf, " and plunge into perdition!"

'Here's a triumph!' ſaid old Mr. Sanſon, as ſoon as the doctor had finiſhed reading this letter. 'Did'ſt thou hear it, 'my Lucy?—Ah, poor girl! it is now 'almoſt too late for thee; but I am 'ſtrong I am healthy for revenge; and, 'however otherwiſe weak I may be, 'yet, I am moſt nervous and ſtout in 'this faculty of my ſoul. Give me my 'fill! glut me with a farther detail of 'the miſeries of this execrable fiend! 'Tell me more, more, good Sir! tell me 'more of this accurſed Dookalb, and 'I'll be mute as midnight ſilence while 'you ſpeak.—Lie ſtill, my Lucy.—Oh, 'I could gladly ſit and hear of this ſame 'wicked Dookalb, till my feeble pulſe 'ſtood ſtill, and my exulting heart 'throbbed it's laſt, feaſting on the vil- 'lain's guilty horrors.'—'His hor- 'rors,' replied the doctor, 'are now 'great indeed; and ſuch as even might 'draw compaſſion from his bittereſt 'enemies: his ſoul is already in hell. 'I viſited him in the condemned dun- 'geon, where he lies: but never, ſure, 'was there ſo miſerable a ſpectacle! the 'place added no ſmall frightfulneſs to 'his woe; and the company, the dread- 'ful company! much increaſed the la- 'mentable miſery. Loaded with irons, 'thrown all along upon the ground, 'ſqualid and pale, and filthy; groan- 'ing out the deepeſt woe, and weeping 'with the terror of a child; I beheld 'this ſame Dookalb; late ſo high in 'proſperity, ſo proud in authority, ſo 'inſolent in all his behaviour: he who 'lately had nobles at his beck, had not 'now one ſingle friend to adminiſter 'the leaſt comfort! he who lately had 'admiſſion to the moſt ſplendid palaces, 'and whoſe own dwelling was adorn- 'ed with every elegance, now had not 'a bed whereon to ſtretch his manacled 'limbs, nor aught to ſatisfy his hun- 'ger and thirſt, but bare bread, and 'cold, even cold water! Here is a 'change! here is miſery! Contemplate 'it, and pity him.'—'I do, I do with 'all my ſoul,' ſaid Mr. Sanſon: 'Oh, 'I rejoice that I have the power to pity 'him. Pity him, good Heaven!—I 'thank thee, that I have lived to pity 'Dookalb! Let no man pity me; for 'where is the relief from cold com- 'paſſion? I'll have none of it; but 'greatly bear my ſorrows by myſelf, 'and wiſh for no man's pity! Yet, Sir, 'I ſhall be pitied: I have a wife—and 'could I ſpeak her praiſes, alas! good 'woman, ſhe would find a friend, and 'you would help the widow in diſtreſs. 'Let me unfold my heart. You ſee 'what cauſe, what very little cauſe I 'have for joy. Earth has no comforts 'left for me; and, truth to ſay, I do not 'wiſh it's comforts. Death has nought 'dreadful in his aſpect to me, ſave in 'my better ſelf—and there I die—and 'in the little helpleſs orphans, poor 'fatherleſs, defenceleſs babes, I leave 'behind me! How can they ſtruggle 'through an evil world; how, unbe- 'friended, eſcape the various rocks and 'quickſands that are gaping to de- 'vour them? And where's the com-

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dy?—'tis fruitleſs all. Hope, every wretch's laſt reſource, is gone from me; and I am—words are wanting to ſay what—yet I am a huſband, of all others the moſt unfortunate; a father—O that I had never known the name!—a father curſed beyond the lot of parents. A friend!—O baſe hypocriſy! that word contains all ruin! My brains turn round, my heart's blood boils in fury; and I am mad indeed, whenever I mention *friend!* Dookalb was my friend!' Thus was he proceeding, when deep and hollow groans from the bed called his, and all their attention: the pangs of death laid faſt hold upon his wretched daughter; and poor unhappy Lucy was now about to reſign her laſt breath. To ſee ſo young a creature, ſcarce in full bloom, juſt in the dawn of life, reduced to ſuch circumſtances, and in ſo dreadful a condition, was truly pitiable. She fixed her languid ſinking eyes on Caroline; and preſſing, with a cold and feeble gripe, her ſiſter's hand, while her ſcarce intelligible voice rattled indiſtinct in her ſtruggling throat, ſhe laboured out, 'Commend me, O commend me to my dear ſiſter! to my poor—' *mother* ſhe would fain have ſaid—but death forbade an utterance; and as ſhe was, with all her might, endeavouring to expreſs it, at once deprived her of all power of farther ſpeaking.

Thus fell the once lovely, the once innocent, and once happy Lucy! a prey to the vile artifices of a wicked monſter, and the unbridled luſt of a barbarous deſtroyer! Happy might ſhe have continued, had ſhe continued innocent; lovely might ſhe ſtill have been, had virtue never forſaken her! But happineſs never dwells with vice and iniquity; peace and lovelineſs are never found with ſin and ſhame! Oh, what a life of bliſs and pleaſure might this unhappy maiden have enjoyed! treaſuring up tranquillity and comfort for future times; what exquiſite and compleat happineſs might ſhe have given to ſome delighted partner of her heart, had not the fell deſtroyer blaſted her virtue, and ſpread a conſuming mildew over all her future bliſs! What ſhall ſuch deſtroyers feel? Imagination cannot reach it; fancy cannot picture it! Sons of perdition, knock at your own hearts; enquire there, be terrified, and tremble! Oh, that this example could in the leaſt prevail, or prove, in the ſmalleſt degree, efficacious, to alarm and awaken the unwary virgin, and to ſhew her the horrors that wait on guilty pleaſure! Think it not, ye fair-ones, O think it not the wild invention of a fruitful brain! but read it, as it is, a fearful, horrid truth, which every day's obſervance may confirm to you; and, which too common and notorious experience will ſufficiently declare! Would God, this were the ſole example! But aſk the man of pleaſure, and, in a triumphant ſtrain, he'll boaſt of every hapleſs virgin that he has ruined; and exult (though his own conſcious heart, mean time, ſeverely ſtings him) over every hapleſs heart that he has broken! Behold the wretched women that haunt our populous ſtreets! Aſk of them; enquire, learn the truth: while they ſpeak, your blood will freeze with terror; and while they tell their melancholy tale, your heart will almoſt be congealed to ſtone! Improve their relations; grow ſtrong in virtue; and deſpiſe all the vile and artful inſinuations of vice. The man of pleaſure, unreſtrained by any principle, only ſoothes you to deſtroy you; only attends to ſeek occaſion for your ruin. Dread him, as you would dread the poiſonous adder: truſt not yourſelves too far; but fear your reſolution. Fly carefully from every diſtant, and yet ſcarce appearing danger; and keep your ſouls in purity and modeſty moſt ſacred. Seek for an aid ſuperior to your own, and there rely. Receive counſel, O ye daughters of beauty; and, without fee, hear the voice of inſtruction: faithful are the admonitions of a friend; ſincere and unprejudiced. I am ſincere; I write ſolely for your advantage: I am unprejudiced; for your miſery or bliſs can by no means affect mine. Liſten, therefore, and be happy! read, conſider, and lay it to your hearts!

CHAP. V.

MR. SANSON'S DISTRESS. MR. JAISON'S DECLARATION TO HIM. MRS. HODSON'S AND OLD MR. JAISON'S GENEROSITY. THE HAPPINESS OF THE YOUNG PEOPLE, &c.

SUCH melancholy and diſtreſs enſued upon the departure of this wretched ſoul, as they can beſt conceive who

who have been preſent at ſuch doleful ſcenes. To ſay truth, the death of Lucy was not ſo affecting, or in any degree ſo mournful, as the agony of the father conſequent upon it. His grief was, indeed, before almoſt raiſed to the higheſt pitch; his brain had long ſince appeared diſordered; and the torrent of his misfortunes had well nigh overwhelmed his ſoul. Caroline ſcreamed violently upon the laſt parting gaſp and ſtruggling throe of her ſiſter—upon which Mr. Sanſon ſeized hold of her hand, and ſtanding at arms length from her, fixed his full eyes upon her, whence flowed unbidden and plenteous tears, and deeply groaning, trembled in every limb! He ſtood ſome time thus, not uttering a word; a chill cold horror ran through Caroline's heart, and ſhe was equally unable to vent a ſyllable. At length, ſtarting from her, he threw himſelf on the bed by the ſide of his departed daughter, and clapping his cheek to her's, lay as if watching for, or obſerving when ſhe ſhould breath; but after having lain a few moments in this manner, he raiſed his head up, and looking at Caroline, 'See, child,' ſaid he, 'that 'I am buried by thy ſiſter; one grave 'will ſerve us well!' So ſaying, he again threw himſelf by Lucy's ſide, and lay groaning and ſighing in ſuch piteous ſort, as rendered all hopes of conſolation fruitleſs, and expreſſed the incurable anguiſh of his heart. Caroline was in little leſs diſtreſs; ſhe knelt by the bed-ſide, and claſping her father's hand, bedewed it with tears, and fervently implored Heaven on his behalf. The doctor, by Mrs. Hodſon's advice, offered to do his office, and to pray with them; but Mr. Sanſon waved his hand, deſired to be left alone unmoleſted, ſaying, that there was nothing wanting to fix his mind on God, nothing to incline him to pray. The doctor hereupon retired, and informing Mr. Jaiſon below of the ſtate of affairs, he went up to give all the comfort in his power, and to ſee if he could bring any relief. The mournful ſpectacle before him greatly afflicted his heart; and, as he obſerved, there appeared ſuch juſt and real cauſe for grief, that he could not even offer one word tending to ſoothe or aſſuage it. He at length, however, applied himſelf to Mr. Sanſon, and begged him to leave this diſmal ſcene of ſorrow, and to reſign to the will of the Divine Providence. Upon which the old man raiſing himſelf up, ſhook his head, and with a deep ſigh, 'Oh, I reſign! I do indeed reſign!' ſaid he: 'the worſt is paſt—and I will 'do my utmoſt to ſupport it! But it is 'here; it has ſeized this heart, and is 'too firmly rivetted. I never more ſhall 'leave this diſmal ſcene; a diſmal one 'indeed it is! Look at my child! look 'at my poor dead child! ſee how ſhe 'lies, quite breathleſs—I may call, no 'Lucy now can hear me; I may ſpeak, 'no Lucy now can anſwer: cloſed are 'thoſe eyes, whoſe luſtre gave me life; 'ſtopped is that mouth whence flowed 'ſuch tender ſoftneſs, as gave my boſom eaſe in every ſuffering! There 'lies her breathleſs corpſe! oh, had ſhe 'died by any common fate, I could 'have borne it; well, very well, I 'could have borne this ſhock: but when 'I think, good God! of her diſtreſſes; 'when my mind dwells upon that place 'of horror where I beheld my miſerable 'daughter—oh, Sir! all patience, fortitude of ſoul, and every power of reſolution vaniſhes! You know it well! 'you were a witneſs with me of ſuch a 'ſcene, as would have ſhocked the 'proudeſt heart on earth. Do you not 'remember the dark and gloomy dwelling wherein we found her; do you not 'remember the hollow voice that from 'the ſtrawy bed aſſailed my affrighted 'ears, and proved to be my daughter's? 'oh, do you not remember all the horror—to think of which well nigh diſtracts my brain. How could my 'child; how could ſhe then ſupport it? 'Oh, it was ſuch wretchedneſs as paſſes 'belief; and yet, my lovely, tender, 'darling child, yet it was her's! See 'there the conſequence! talk, then, no 'more of comfort; teach me no ſtoick 'leſſons of forbearance; tell me no 'more of patience and cold reſignation. 'I muſt be patient, and I muſt reſign! 'but I am a father, and a tender one! 'and as a father muſt I feel my woes.'—'Alas, Sir!' ſaid Caroline, 'it is 'grief to me that I ſhould even attempt 'a word of comfort on ſuch an occaſion 'to you; but O remember my poor 'mother, think of your other children, 'and plunge us not all in the bitterest 'woe, by wholly deſpairing, and caſting off all power of relief.'—'Oh, my 'child,' ſaid he, holding her hand, and fixing his eyes ſteadfaſtly upon her, 'would God I had the power to re-

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'ceive and welcome any the leaſt ray 'of comfort! but my ſorrows have been 'ſuch, and my ſufferings ſo great and 'violent, that my feeble nature has not 'been able to ſupport them, and I feel 'myſelf ſinking beneath the burden. 'Indeed, my child, whatever I have 'ſuffered on your loſt ſiſter's account, 'as well as in my dreadful fears for 'you, is yet in ſome meaſure repaid 'by the happineſs of finding you ſafe and 'virtuous. Let nothing, my Caroline, 'let nothing move you from thence; be 'reſolute in goodneſs, and God will 'bleſs you, my child. Remember your 'unhappy father; and if you proſper in 'this world, be a friend to the utmoſt 'to your mother, and my hapleſs little 'family. Oh, Caroline, I ſhall never 'ſee them more! unleſs we meet in ſome 'happier, better world than this: but 'do you, my child, commend me to 'them; tell them my laſt prayers, and 'my ſincereſt wiſhes were for them; 'and if I could have lived, if I could 'have ſuſtained theſe dreadful ſhocks, 'I would have lived, as I have done 'hitherto, only for their and for your 'welfare.'—A flood of tears prevented him proceeding—and embracing Caroline, he continued ſome time ſilent—'It 'rends my heart with anguiſh, indeed,' at length he went on, 'to think of what 'remains for your poor mother to en-'dure! Oh, Caroline! how can ſhe ſup-'port it? Perhaps it will be too mighy 'for her alſo, and you'll be at once be-'reft of both your parents. Then, my 'Caroline, my children have not a friend; 'then are they left utterly defenceleſs! 'O thou All-ſeeing Eye! thou Univer-'ſal Father! befriend, aſſiſt, and pro-'tect them! be to my poor little or-'phans, be to them a father—to thee, 'to thee alone, I intruſt and commend 'them! Oh, if my ſins have not block-'ed up the way for my prayers to thee; 'if they do not prevent my petitions 'from being heard at thy mercy-ſeat, 'hear me, hear me! and let the prayers 'of a tender and affectionate parent 'earneſtly ſtruggle, and at length prevail 'with thee for a bleſſing on his helpleſs 'and deſerted children!'

'Be compoſed and eaſy on this ac-'count, Sir,' ſaid Mr. Jaiſon to him; 'and be aſſured your family ſhall find 'the ſincereſt friend in me. Eſteem me 'as your ſon, for ſuch I really am, and 'as ſuch command me, in whatever re-'ſpect you think proper, or that can 'give you peace. You know and have 'approved my intentions of making 'myſelf happy in your lovely remaining 'daughter; and may reſt confident, 'that I ſhall eſteem myſelf obliged to 'ſerve her family in every reſpect, and 'to conſider and ſtudy their welfare to 'the utmoſt. Have, therefore, dear 'Sir, no uneaſy fears on that head, but 'compoſe your mind: and yet, perhaps, 'things may be better than you fancy; 'they might have been much worſe; 'look upon them only in that view, and 'you'll find cauſe even for thankful-'neſs.' When Mr. Jaiſon had concluded theſe words, which he ſpoke with great earneſtneſs and reſolution, Mrs. Hodſon ſilently departed from the room, and went down and told old Mr. Jaiſon, with whom the doctor had been converſing during almoſt the whole time, ſince he departed from the room; and having now left him, the old gentleman began to be ſomewhat weary and diſſatisfied. The reader may remember he was greatly altered from his firſt opinion and reſolution, and much ſoftened by the reaſoning and perſuaſions of his friend, no leſs than the amiable appearance and behaviour of Caroline, which highly prejudiced him in her favour. Though a man of natural warmth, and much inclined to paſſion, we may obſerve, that he wanted not humanity, and that he was exquiſitely fond of his ſon: he was a perſon of ſuch a temper, as no man could either love or eſteem, becauſe he was ſeldom inclined to do a generous action of his own head; but he would hearken to advice and counſel, and by thoſe people for whom he had an eſteem might, by degrees, be perſuaded to almoſt any thing. Mrs. Hodſon was among the very firſt of his favourites; he had a ſingular good opinion of her ſenſe and judgment; and in that particular affair he was convinced, that whatever ſhe ſhould ſay or advance, muſt be with a ſingle and unprejudiced eye to the good of his ſon, and the advantage of his family; therefore, happily, ſhe was of all others moſt proper to perſuade him.

She was a woman of the greateſt tenderneſs, as well as goodneſs of heart; and though ſhe deteſted every criminal and unjuſt action, yet ſhe was no ſtranger to the proper method of doing a generous one. She ſaw with infinite compaſſion the wretched agonies of poor

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Mr. Sanſon, no leſs than thoſe of Caroline, and was greatly affected by Mr. Jaiſon's declaration to him; which (though perhaps ſhe would have prevented it) as having made, ſhe eſteemed him bound by every ſacred tie to perform; ſince a vow and promiſe given to a dying perſon ought ever to be held in the higheſt veneration. And therefore ſhe was ſolicitous that the power of breaking it might be taken away: wherefore ſhe came down with a reſolution to perſuade Mr. Jaiſon the father to give his conſent, and do his part towards the happineſs of theſe diſtreſſed perſons; for though ſhe was abſolutely averſe to ſuch a match, contrary to the conſent of the parent, yet ſhe had no objection to it with his permiſſion, as reaſoning juſtly, that a fortune on one ſide is ſufficient where there is virtue and the other requiſite qualifications on the other; and theſe ſhe was well perſuaded were all found in Caroline. Accordingly, ſhe repreſented the whole melancholy affair to Mr. Jaiſon as it really was, and did all in her power to raiſe his pity, and to gain her point. I ſhall not trouble the reader with a long detail of the arguments uſed on both ſides; ſuffice it to ſay, that Mr. Jaiſon was at length perſuaded by her to go up ſtairs, and to give before Mr. Sanſon his full conſent to the marriage of his ſon with Caroline. He was greatly ſhocked on his firſt entrance into the room, and could ſcarce refrain from dropping a ſilent tear: for Mr. Sanſon, whoſe appearance was truly pitiable, was after the moſt melancholy ſort endeavouring to cloſe Lucy's eyes, and was making ſome heart-affecting remarks on the clayey corpſe of his deceaſed daughter. There is nothing which more affects the human heart than the preſence of a corpſe; there is, I know not what, of terror in it, which certainly ſtrikes a damp through the ſoul, and curdles the blood into horror and affright. But to ſee an old wretched father hanging over the body of a beloved child, big tears ſtealing down his aged cheeks, deep groans iſſuing from his broken heart, and his hands ſhockingly employed in doing the laſt ſad offices for his darling and his former comfort, is a ſpectacle which few could contemplate unmoved, and to the miſery of which no deſcription can ever in the leaſt degree arrive! The parent only who hath unhappily proved it, can be a judge of it's exquiſite agony: let ſuch ſpeak; it is only for me to remark, that Mr. Jaiſon was ſenſibly affected by it, and his heart bled with feeling commiſeration.

Mrs. Hodſon interrupted Mr. Sanſon in his complainings, and applying with all gentleneſs to him, ſaid, 'I am 'come, Sir, to bring you comfort; 'Providence is ever gracious in all 'it's diſpenſations to us; we have 'never any bitter cup without ſome 'ſweet mixed therein, to temper and 'render it not perfectly naufeous.'—'Comfort for me,' ſaid he; 'comfort 'on this ſide the grave! Alas, that is 'not poſſible! I cannot, nay, I do not 'even wiſh for any comfort, but once 'more, if it were poſſible, to behold 'my dear wife, that beſt of women, to 'take my laſt farewel of her: but that 'too is denied me—and I muſt be contented.'—'But you would wiſh,' replied Mrs. Hodſon, 'if it ſhould pleaſe 'God to take you from her and your 'children, that ſhe ſhould have a friend, 'and that they ſhould have a protector.' —'I would wiſh!' rejoined he; 'oh, 'I would gladly ſuffer every agony 'which cruelty could deviſe, or barbarity inflict upon me; old, weak, and 'miſerable as I am, gladly would I 'endure every torment, and never repine in the midſt of the ſevereſt ſufferings, could I ſecure ſuch a bleſſedneſs 'to my beloved family! could I but 'hope to defend and reſcue them from 'that woe to which unprotected innocency too commonly and too unhappily is ſubject. But where have I, 'where, ſave in that worthy young man, 'where have I any hopes? Alas! I have 'proved the deceitfulneſs of my friends; 'none, none are to be truſted: ſo abſolute was my confidence in that monſter Dookalb, that I did indeed *truſt* 'him, and my *friend* proved my worſt 'and deadlieſt enemy.'—'But,' replied Mrs. Hodſon, 'you have no reaſon to 'ſuſpect any ſuch uſage from that young 'gentleman: and as you have hopes 'in him, I am come to ſettle thoſe 'hopes, and to fix them in ſurety. 'Your diſtreſſes are, doubtleſs, great; 'but, if you would conſider a little, 'your comforts are ſo too. You are 'miſerable, indeed, in one daughter; 'rejoice that you are not ſo in both! 'be glad, that in the other you have 'all occaſion for joy; ſince ſhe is ſo

'likely

'likely to procure the greatest blessings
'to herself and family, and to make all
'happy, as a reward for her excellent
'perseverance in that virtue which shall
'never go away unrewarded. Mr.
'Jaison has desired you to esteem him
'as your son; there is his father, and
'I have the pleasure to inform you, that
'there is no obstacle from that quarter.
'I hope, therefore, you will receive
'such good tidings as they ought to be
'received.'—'And are you come, Sir,'
said he, applying himself to Mr. Jaison,
the father; 'are you come with the
'kind intention to lighten an old man's
'woes? May every blessing descend
'upon you and yours; and may my
'daughter be ever amiable and faithful,
'and so worthy of your son, that you
'may never repent your condescension
'to her!—Come here, my child,' said
he to Caroline. 'It ill would become a
'parent to dwell upon the perfections
'of his daughter; but, believe me, Sir,
'I give you here a jewel, whose value
'rightly estimated, nothing can exceed,
'and whose price is greater than all
'diamonds and jewels. I give her to
'your hands, and I commend her to
'your protection. Be a father to my
'child, and bring down happiness for
'it on your own head: oh, defend and
'guard her! and thou, excellent young
'man, whose virtues I have proved, let
'not thy affections stray from her; re-
'pose thy heart in her bosom; there re-
'pose it, and be happy. Think of the
'sufferings of her miserable father;
'and when you speak of me, drop a
'tear in pity for my anguish; and
'should Heaven bless your embraces
'with a happy offspring, O be careful,
'be nicely careful, to instruct them
'well in virtue, and to bring them up
'in that path of peace which they will
'then never forsake, and which will
'bring continual pleasantness to you
'and them!' So saying, he delivered
Caroline, who wept and trembled, into
the hands of old Mr. Jaison. He re-
ceived her with great regard and tender-
ness—and thus bespoke Mr. Sanson—
'I am heartily sorry for your distresses,
'Sir, and am not willing to augment
'the miseries of the wretched: truth to
'say, I came hither to town with a far
'different purpose than to give my son
'to your daughter; but we know not
'what arguments may arise in favour
'even of matters highly disagreeable to
'us. My friends have set things in a
'different view; and I am persuaded to
'alter my opinion. I have but this
'child in the world; and I love him as
'I love my own soul. It is true, I
'want no increase of fortune for him: I
'have taken care enough of that point;
'though I must confess it would have
'been as agreeable to me. However, I
'would have Charles please himself,
'and as he likes the young woman, and
'I have had an exceeding good account
'of her; why, I must e'en give my
'consent, and may they live long and
'happily together!' So saying, he de-
livered Caroline into the hands of his
son, and both in such confusion of grief
and joy, as they had never felt before,
kneeled down, while with tears the old
man blessed them, and turned away to
conceal the rheum that issued from his
melting eyes. 'Come here too, my
'children, come here too,' said Mr.
Sanson; 'for now I may call you both
'my children, and receive the blessing
'also of another father! May happi-
'ness and love crown all your days!
'may virtue and peace make all your
'life easy and joyful! Remember to
'be dutiful and very kind to your poor
'mother: forget not her, and God will
'never forget you! Be parents to my
'other dear children; consider the cause
'of the orphan, and you will never be
'disregarded by the best of Fathers! Live
'long and happy! and remember, my
'Caroline, to lay my bones by your
'wretched sister's: see us entombed in
'one grave. I feel the pangs of death
'come fast upon me: and my trem-
'bling soul is now preparing to launch in-
'to unknown eternity!—Where I have
'offended, gracious Fountain of Mer-
'cy, look down with a pitying and for-
'giving eye! I know *thy sufferings*
'have atoned for all our sins! I repent;
'do thou pardon! Oh, impute not to
'me my numberless transgressions! let
'my reliance on thee prove a sure and
'stedfast anchor to my soul; and to the
'affectionate father, and most faithful
'husband, speak comfort, and send not
'out the word of thy vengeance! Bless,
'for ever bless, those I leave behind;
'nay, if it be possible, forgive even
'Dookalb. Oh, I forgive, I forgive
'him—O Lord, even as I hope for-
'giveness from thee.'

CHAP. VI.

MR. SANSON'S SUFFERINGS AND DEATH. REFLECTIONS UPON IT. THE DIFFICULTY OF ACQUAINTING MRS. SANSON THEREWITH. DONE BY CAROLINE AND MR. JAISON; WHO GO DOWN TO HER IN THE COUNTRY. HER VIOLENT GRIEF, &c. THE NUPTIALS OF CAROLINE AND MR. JAISON. THE AUTHOR'S TESTIMONY. THEIR HAPPINESS. A CONCLUSION.

LIKE a fond and affectionate daughter, Caroline uſed every means, and applied every art, to ſoothe her father's diſtreſs; and, if poſſible, to bring him ſome comfort. He grew weaker and weaker; and at the preſſing ſolicitations of his daughter, and his other friends, ſubmitted to be removed to Mrs. Stevens's; though not without an abſolute promiſe from her, that the corpſe of Lucy, when laid in it's coffin, ſhould be brought thither to him. To die of a broken heart, is, of all deaths, moſt dreadful and affecting. He took no nouriſhment; he was not able to take it: tears were his only drink; groans and deep ſobs the only food of his ſoul. He waſted daily, and daily conſumed within through pining grief; which now had got ſo much the dominion over him, and preyed ſo faſt upon his vitals, that it was not in his power, how much ſoever it might have been in his will, to receive any conſolation or relief. Indeed no application was wanting to recover and reſtore him. Phyſicians of the greateſt eminence were called in, and their whole art wearied out to aſſiſt him: they preſcribed wiſely, no doubt, and largely; and it is not improbable, but that their drugs tended greatly to haſten his approaching end; for they were abſolutely unavailing, and therefore might be very diſſerviceable. What can medicine do in ſuch caſes—his own art here could not have availed Appollo himſelf—

For who can miniſter to a mind diſeas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted ſorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And with ſome ſweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanſe the ſtuff'd boſom of that perilous ſtuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

He was not eaſy till his daughter's corpſe was brought to him; which he inſiſted upon having placed in the ſame room where he was; and over which he wept in the bitterеſt agony. He would hang over the coffin for many minutes, in the ſaddeſt and moſt ſoleman ſilence; then would he order the lid to be taken off, and contemplate the miſerable body of his deceaſed child; the ſmell of whom now began to be ſo offenſive, that few could poſſibly bear the place where the corpſe was. An incident which affected the old man's heart to ſuch a degree, as haſtened his end, and more precipitately hurried him to the grave. 'Ah, 'lovely roſe!' would he often ſay, 'thou 'art withered now! Sweet bloſſom! thou 'art decayed and fallen; and, even in 'death, I may not enjoy thy ſweetneſs! 'Cruel tyrant! what, rob me of this 'laſt, this mournful ſatisfaction? And 'muſt I no more behold theſe clay-'cold limbs? Oh, my child, my child! 'my Lucy! Thou can'ſt not hear me 'now—deaf, deaf, my girl; thy ſor-'rows have an end; and thou art quite 'regardleſs of thy poor old father's 'grief! Cold, cold, my child! quite 'cold, and pale—and, worſe than all, 'my daughter grows offenſive! I ſee, 'though they would hide it from me, 'that all who viſit this ſad place of ſor-'row, expreſs their diſguſt, and fly 'this charnel-houſe! Oh, that I were 'at reſt! Oh, Lucy! that I were but 'with thee; that, cold and pale alike, 'we might lie down together, give no 'offence to any, but peaceably and 'quietly reſt in the grave, and find an 'end of all our woes and ſorrow!'

Often would he vent his grief in this or ſome ſuch like manner; commending ſometimes his love to his daughter Caroline, and bleſſing her for her great care of, and tenderneſs to him; and often moſt pathetically breathing forth his kindeſt wiſhes and prayers in behalf of his wife and dear children at home; to whom he begged to be carried down as ſoon as he was dead; requeſting alſo, that Caroline and Mr. Jaiſon would accompany his and Lucy's remains; that they might bring ſome conſolation to the afflicted family. After having languiſhed a few days in this manner, the lamp of life being perfectly ſpent and exhauſted, he lay ſenſeleſs for ſome time; and uttering prayers for his dear wife and children, expired at length, and

and with a deep and affecting groan, reſigned his breath into the hands of Him who gave it.

Behold here, ye too fond and inconſiderate parents! behold, in this unhappy man, an inſtance, not rare or uncommon, of a father, undone, ruined, and deſtroyed by his children! Not guilty of any notorious vice; free from any greater blame, he fell a ſacrifice to little foibles, and the vanity of even a tender heart! Let it admoniſh you to guard well your ſouls, not from open tranſgreſſions only, but alſo from thoſe ſame little and deſtructive foibles, which though not ſo glaring, are yet too often equally pernicious with more daring offences. Make it the one buſineſs of your lives, make it the one ſtudy of your thoughts, make it the one ſubject of your petitions, to ſeek and requeſt virtue for your children. Inſpire them ſolely with that principle; and kindle not in their hearts the deteſtable love of pleaſure, and the deluſive ſmoke of vanity. Teach them to be humble, and you teach them to be happy: teach them to be humble, and you treaſure up for yourſelves and them riches indeed; peace which ſhall never forſake you, and comforts which ſhall attend you beyond the grave! Fix their eyes there; do not inſtruct them in the vile arts of gain, or fill their boſoms with the inſatiable thirſt of worldly pomp and glories: tell them they are pilgrims, and muſt ſoon follow their forefathers, either to certain ſhame or certain joy. Thus, if you direct their little footſteps in the way, thus if you put them in the right path, be aſſured, they will ever diligently keep it; and their hearts will eſcape thoſe agonizing throes, which the world-entangled parent prepares for himſelf and his children; which the vain father leaves for an inheritance to his ſon; and which the proud and ſimple mother gives as a dowry to her daughter: a cure for the vanity of the one, a ſtrong medicine for the pride and ſimplicity of the other.

Hapleſs Mrs. Sanſon felt and acknowledged theſe truths; and would have rejoiced, O reader, had ſhe enjoyed the advantages, and received a timely warning! Thou haſt a warning; enjoy it's advantages; and mayeſt thou be happy! Caroline had taken a proper care to advertize her mother of ſome part of the ſorrows, which muſt ſoon be revealed to her. She had written herſelf, as alſo Mr. Jaiſon did, at Caroline's requeſt. She had informed her of her father's ill health, and the probability of his never recovering: ſhe had ſoothed her ſoul with all the comforts in her power, and applied all the lenient medicines ſhe was able. When, however, the fatal ſtroke was at length come, ſhe was utterly incapable of writing, and knew not in what manner to proceed. She was determined to comply with her father's dying requeſt, and to carry him down to be buried: yet ſhe knew not how to inform her mother of it; how to open the melancholy tale. Mrs. Hodſon adviſed, that ſhe ſhould herſelf, with Mr. Jaiſon, and ſome other female friend, go down before the hearſe, and prepare her mother: for which old Mr. Jaiſon's conſent being obtained, that point was fixed and determined. It was death to poor Caroline, or ſomething worſe, to meet her mother in ſuch circumſtances; yet ſuch was her hard lot, and ſhe was obliged to endure it. All things neceſſary being provided, Caroline and Mr. Jaiſon took their leave of Mrs. Hodſon and their father, (who returned to his houſe in the country, and ordered them as ſoon as poſſible to attend him there) and ſet out on their journey. They were three days on the road, and on the third, towards the evening, they arrived at the village; and having before ſent notice that they were coming, found the little wretched family in painful expectation of them. To expreſs or deſcribe the meeting of Caroline and her mother, exceeds the ableſt pen. I ſhall leave it, therefore, to the reader's imagination; begging him only one moment to reflect on the ſufferings of this mother and this child, and the preſent mournful circumſtances of which the one was ignorant, yet ſuſpicious, and which the other well knew, but was afraid to diſcloſe; add to which the great affection of the parent to her child, and the child to her parent, and the ſincere love which always exiſted between them; and then contemplate what a meeting it muſt have been, where ſorrow on one hand, and joy on the other, were ſo ſtrangely and dreadfully mixed and blended! Mrs. Sanſon hung around her neck, wept, and wrung her hands, then run around the room exclaiming

claiming with all the violence of a diſordered mind; then kiſſed her returning daughter, enquired for her huſband, aſked for her Lucy, rejoiced over her Caroline; and, in ſhort, was agitated with ſuch a tumult and hurry of paſſions, as human nature, one would conceive, was ſcarce able to ſupport. When, however, the impetuoſity of her mind was a little aſſuaged, ſhe began anxiouſly to preſs and demand an account of all her miſery. 'Tell me, my child,' ſaid ſhe, 'are they both dead, ſhall I 'never more behold them? Am I the 'moſt miſerable of all wretches? Is 'your dear, dear father's heart quite 'broken, and is Lucy dead too, ruined, 'loſt, and undone?' Mr. Jaiſon took upon him to ſoothe her grief; and, as the only means ſo to do, repreſented how much worſe it might have been, and therefore what reaſon ſhe had for thankfulneſs and reſignation! But, alas! all this was by no means availing: ſhe begged to know the worſt; and when Caroline, weeping with her, could not ſpeak, the miſerable mother fell down on her knees, and implored her daughter, ſaying ſhe ſhould be happier to know all her ſorrow, than to ſuſpect the moſt conſummate miſery. Caroline could not bear this, nor yet could ſhe bear to ſay the horrid things ſhe had to ſpeak. A long, long time was conſumed in this dreadful dilemma of grief: and, by ſlow degrees, at length the whole was poured gently as poſſible into the heart of the afflicted mother, and the wound healed at the ſame time with as much oil of comfort as was poſſible. 'What, both 'at once!' would ſhe often cry out; 'my 'huſband and my child!—Oh, that I 'could die with them! oh, that I might 'be buried in the ſame grave with my 'beloved Mr. Sanſon, with whom I 'have lived ſo many, many years—'and now, wretched widow—whither 'ſhall I turn me?' Then would ſhe fix her eyes on the poor little children who ſtood weeping around her, and laid their ſorrowing heads in her lap, ſadly ſobbing to behold their dear mother in ſuch an agony of diſtreſs. 'Oh, poor 'babes,' would ſhe ſay, 'hapleſs, hap-'leſs orphans, who ſhall protect you 'now, who ſhall guard you from a fate 'like your dear ruined ſiſter's? Oh, that 'I had died the day he was about to 'depart from me!—Fool that I was, to 'ſuffer it—would God I had gone with 'him!—Oh, that I had never parted 'from him! My heart, too, would then 'have been broken, then ſhould I too 'have died! then ſhould I have died, 'and breathed my laſt by my dear, 'tender huſband's ſide, and in one cof-'fin with him never known the miſery 'of ſurviving, the miſery of living after 'ſo dear a friend, ſo affectionate a com-'panion! But why do I live now? Ah, 'fooliſh, weak heart, that can bleed and 'lament on every little occaſion; but 'when ſuch mighty ſorrows lay hold 'of it, is ſtout enough to bear them all, 'and will not, will not burſt and ſet 'me for ever free! Weep not, my pret-'ty little ones; weep not, my deareſt 'children!—Alas, alas! did I bid you 'not cry!—Oh, join your harmleſs tears 'with me, and let us all weep and die 'together!' Thus did the truly diſtreſſed mother, with all the eloquence of grief, utter her deep and heart-affecting lamentations. Little did her ſorrows abate all that night or the next day; and fruitleſs, almoſt wholly fruitleſs, was the voice of comfort from her daughter and Mr. Jaiſon. She ſeemed, however, towards the evening, ſomewhat more at eaſe and pacified—when the doleful bell reſounded, and it's melancholy toll beſpoke the approach of the hearſe to the town: ſuch was the cuſtom of the place, and they had forgot to over-rule it. Soon as ſhe heard it, ſhe burſt into freſh agonies of grief, and cried, 'It is for them, it is for them; 'my huſband, my child are coming, 'and I'll fly, I'll run to meet them! I 'come, your wife, your mother comes! 'Oh, dear remains of all I loved, I'll 'haſten to receive you, and I'll wel-'come you; yes, yes, I'll welcome you 'with ſuch a true and unfeigned grief, 'as none ſhall doubt of, none ſhall 'call a compliment!' The noiſe of the hearſe now approached the houſe: upon which ſhe fell along on the floor, ſtopped her ears, and cried, 'Let me 'not hear it, for Heaven's ſake, let me 'not hear it!—Oh, that I were deaf—oh, 'that I were blind, and could not ſee! 'Yet, ſhall I be ungrateful? Not ſee 'thee, O my huſband! Life or death 'makes no diſtinction in my love—'ungrateful! what, not ſee thy dear re-'mains? and my poor child—where 'are they?' [Here ſhe aroſe.] 'Lead me

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'to them—and I will ſo embrace each 'lifeleſs corpſe, ſo warm with tears 'their clayey, ſenſeleſs limbs, as either—' [The ſound of men removing the coffins ſtruck her as ſhe was uttering this.] 'Oh, horrible, moſt horrible! 'muſt they be then thus handled—can 'they not help themſelves—what, is it 'come to this? I'll help them, then—'my hands ſhall join to do that office 'for them! Oh, ſhe would walk with 'ſuch a ſprightly grace—methinks, I 'ſee her now, ſo nimbly would my 'Lucy tread that threſhold—and now 'rude hands even labour to convey her 'lifeleſs body o'er it! Not ſo ſhe entered once, dear healthful pair! not ſo 'they entered theſe unfortunate doors! 'Oh, happy daughter, thus to be joined 'with thy departed father!—oh, hapleſs 'mother, thus to be ſeparated, thus cut 'off from both!' While ſhe was uttering this, the coffin of Mr. Sanſon was brought into the room. Soon as ſhe ſaw it, ſhe ſcreamed out, ſhe ſmote her breaſt, ſhe wept, ſhe dropped down ſpeechleſs. It would be not only an unwelcome taſk to me, but diſſatisfactory to the reader, to attend this afflicted wife and mother through all the ſtages of her ſore diſtreſs. It will be ſufficient therefore to ſay, that ſhe continued long in the moſt violent extremities of grief, and was very near reduced to death; but time and reflection lent their gentle and benignant aſſiſtance, and theſe joined with the tenderneſs of Caroline, and her approaching happineſs with Mr. Jaiſon, rendered her ſufferings in ſome meaſure ſupportable, and ſtemmed the impetuous torrent of her paſſions; which, indeed, admitted of no aſſuaſives, till the funeral of her huſband and daughter was over, and that melancholy debt was paid to their beloved remains. Theſe ſad and ſolemn rites performed, than which none were ever more ſad and ſolemn; at which the whole village attended, at which the whole village wept; at which even the griping hard-hearted Thompſon wept; (for who could refrain on ſo melancholy an occaſion, who could refrain at a funeral ſo truly diſtreſsful?) I ſay, theſe rites being performed, all poſſible means were uſed to give the utmoſt eaſe to the unfortunate widow; and Mr. Jaiſon promiſed every thing that he had power to offer, which was every thing that could give her tolerable eaſe in ſo mournful a ſituation. All ſhe deſired, was to continue in her preſent place of abode, with a very ſmall addition to her income, that ſhe might dedicate the remainder of her days to God, and prepare for a ſecond and happier meeting with her faithful huſband; and that Mr. Jaiſon would be a father to her children, the boys more eſpecially, recommending them to ſome proper means of procuring their bread: for the girls, ſhe reſolved to inſtruct them herſelf in ſuch a manner, as to leave them able to proteſt and provide for themſelves with virtue and religion.

'I rejoice, Madam,' ſaid Mr. Jaiſon, as ſhe was one day talking to him in this manner, 'that I have an opportunity to ſhew my ardent and ſincere 'affection for your dear daughter, by 'any acts of kindneſs, to thoſe whom I 'know ſhe loves and honours as her-'ſelf. Be aſſured, I ſhall ever think it 'my greateſt happineſs to ſerve and 'aſſiſt this family. Whatever you aſk, 'in my power, is granted. I will be 'inſtead of a huſband to you, and in 'the place of a father to all theſe pretty 'orphans. My Caroline ſhall repay me 'for all; her love and her tenderneſs 'will make me an ample amends, and 'it ſhall be the labour of my life to 'ſhew my great and unfeigned affection for her; in which, I am ſure, ſhe 'will never be wanting to me.'

'Oh, Mr. Jaiſon,' replied Caroline, 'ſuch is your extreme kindneſs to me 'and mine, and ſuch the obligations I 'have received from you, that I even 'bluſh to think of them; and have them 'ſo deeply engraved on my heart, that 'no time or power upon earth can in 'the leaſt degree efface them. May I 'prove worthy of you; and by my 'conſtant attendance to the buſineſs of 'pleaſing and making you happy, ne-'ver give you occaſion to repent of the 'infinite trouble and uneaſineſs you 'have had on my account: I will at 'leaſt endeavour to do my part towards 'it, and I am willing to hope I ſhall be 'ſucceſsful.'—'You are already ſo, 'my delight, my only joy!' replied Mr. Jaiſon, 'and our love is founded on ſuch 'a baſis, as can never move, but muſt 'render us truly bleſſed. My only 'anxiety is, that theſe accidents have 'happened ſo unfortunately as to hin-

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'der me ſo long from the entire poſſeſ-
'ſion of you; for as I have long poſ-
'ſeſſed your heart, ſo I eſteemed you ab-
'ſolutely and entirely my own, though
'the prieſt hath not joined our hands.'
This remark was occaſioned by Caro-
line's declaring to Mr. Jaiſon her utter
refuſal of marriage, till the decent and
proper time of mourning was fulfilled:
during part of which Mr. Jaiſon return-
ed to town, and provided all things ne-
ceſſary, viſited his father, and procured
a proper and ſumptuous dwelling, where-
to he might convey his lovely bride.
He wrote Caroline word from town,
that he ſaw Dookalb's execution; who
ſuffered in the moſt abject puſillanimous,
manner. The mob, to expreſs their high
horror and deteſtation of him, pelted
him all the way to Tyburn, and ſhewed
their indignation by all the means in
their power. It is ſaid, his rage and
fury was ſo kindled againſt thoſe great
and noble friends, who refuſed to uſe
their intereſt in his behalf, that he or-
dered a journal to be brought from his
houſe, which he had kept, of all the
tranſactions of his life, and which con-
tained many the moſt notable ſecrets and
amours of the great world, and ſold it
to a bookſeller, whom he bound under
articles to print it: ſo that the world
may poſſibly expect much entertainment,
many very diverting and extraordinary
relations, when that ſame bookſeller
ſhall think proper to publiſh Dookalb's
Journal.

Of him, then, we take our leave,
and return to our young lovers; who
waited with no very patient expectation
for the happy moment which joined their
hands and hearts for ever, and united
them in the bands of wedlock. Happy
was it to them both; for never did a
couple meet together more truly fond,
more virtuouſly affectionate. Peace and
pleaſure for ever attend them! joy and
felicity crown all their hours! Mr. Jai-
ſon received all that man could wiſh, and
Caroline declared herſelf the happieſt of
the daughters of happineſs. For my own
part, I never yet beheld a couple which
I envied, ſave them: my acquaintance
commenced with this lovely, loving pair,
near a twelvemonth after their mar-
riage. They diffuſe chearfulneſs and
peace wherever they arrive; and where-
ever preſent, tranſport and bliſs reign
in the higheſt degree. They are ever
uneaſy ſeparate, and know not any joy
equal to that of each other's loved ſo-
ciety. Such a tender complaiſance ap-
pears in all his behaviour to her, as wit-
neſſes the moſt ſettled affection; and ſuch
a ſoft and winning ſweetneſs in her's,
as beſpeaks the moſt fond heart, and the
ſincereſt eſteem for her huſband. Nothing
gave them the leaſt ſhadow of uneaſi-
neſs, they declared to me, ſave the want
of children; which for almoſt a year
Providence denied to them, Mrs. Jaiſon
never having been with child: but that
fear has been ſince removed, and ſhe
has made him the happy father of two
lovely boys, and one beautiful girl like
herſelf; the very image of their delight-
ful mother. Old Mr. Jaiſon is become
ſo very fond of her and her children,
that he is ſcarce ever eaſy when he is not
in the nurſery with them; and as he
lives not a great way from them, every
day rides over to viſit and enquire after
his little darlings. Her mother and
family are never forgot by Caroline;
ſhe prevents every wiſh: and that un-
fortunate woman avows, that the dutiful
behaviour and happineſs of this
daughter, almoſt wholly compenſates
for the miſeries ſhe ſuffers; which yet
a ſettled melancholy demonſtrates too
plainly, a conſtant reſervedneſs, and a
love of ſolitude. The whole neighbour-
hood love and reſpect this amiable pair;
the ladies envy Mrs. Jaiſon ſo uncom-
mon and loving a huſband; the gentle-
men envy him ſo tender and lovely a
wife. Happy Mr. Jaiſon! happy, happy
Caroline!

Ye ſons of lawleſs pleaſure, contem-
plate and be abaſhed: fly from the de-
luſive embraces of the wanton and the
harlot; boaſt no more of your ſpeedy-
palling joys; but, to obtain happineſs
ſure and laſting, ſcorn the deluſions of
flattering iniquity, and live under the
awful protection of real honour and firm
integrity!

Ye daughters of ſimplicity, liſten and
be wiſe! She that abandoneth the paths
of modeſty, that once hath trodden in
the ways, the falſely-deemed flowery
ways of ſinful delight—ſhe ſhall fall,
ſhe ſhall wither, ſhe ſhall certainly, in
ſome ſort or other, partake of Lucy's fate,
and ſuffer like that miſerable daughter
of diſtreſs and folly!

But whoſo fixeth her eyes on the
bright chaplet, which Virtue, ſeated on
yonder

yonder golden cloud, offers as a reward to all her ſtrenuous followers—ſhe who fears ſin more than ſhe fears death; ſhe who dreads the allurements of vice more than the ſnares and fury of the Hyrcanian tiger—ſhe ſhall be rewarded here; ſhe ſhall be bleſſed, like faithful, virtuous Caroline; and, like her, ſhall ſhine in never-ending glory! Be ſtedfaſt, therefore, ye daughters of Britain! endure, be reſolute; be watchful, be ſober; be ſerious and reſerved: be virtuous, ye lovely ones; be virtuous, and be bleſſed!

FINIS.

MAR 11 1936